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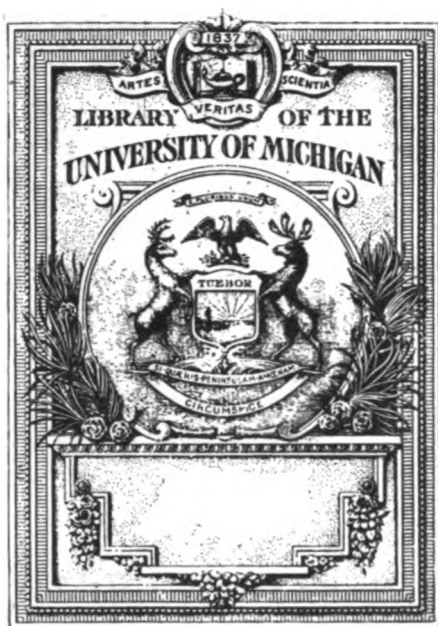
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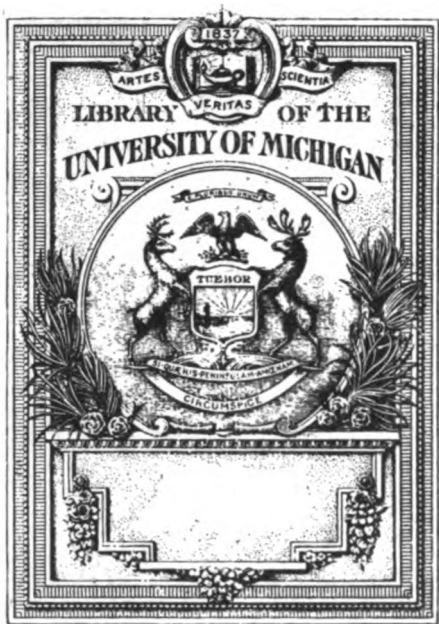


# Blackwood's magazine













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# **BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.**

**VOL. CCVIII.**



**JULY — DECEMBER 1920.**



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# BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCCLVII.

JULY 1920.

VOL. CCVIII.

## THE SALVING OF THE *ULIDIA*.

BY DESMOND YOUNG.

### I.

THE *Ulidia* was a typical "three-island" tramp steamer—3081 tons gross; 330' × 42' × 21', built by Redhead's at Shields in 1903: so much was to be gathered from Lloyd's Register.

For thirteen years she had plodded round the world at eight or nine knots on her lawful occasions, carrying her five thousand tons or so of cargo—a good honest ship for her owners, and a comfortable ship for her officers and crew. It is to be supposed that in those thirteen years she had had her share of the trials and vicissitudes common to all ships; but for me her history began in September 1916 with a sheaf of telegrams in a dusty file at the Salvage Section of the Admiralty—a file entitled "Details of wrecks on the

Murman Coast and in the White Sea," which I read in April 1919.

It was not one of those "all-recording files" of which it is said—

"Every question man can raise,  
Every phrase of every phase  
Of that question is on record in the  
files."

Indeed, the "details" which it professed to give were meagre enough.

From the telegrams and reports, however, it appeared that the *Ulidia* in September 1916, while loading timber at Soroka, on the south-western shores of the White Sea, had parted her cables in bad weather, and had gone ashore on a patch of rocks in the middle of Soroka Bay. Attempts to lighten her by discharging the cargo already

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loaded into barges succeeded only in putting her in a worse position, since those responsible omitted to lay out anchors to prevent her driving further up on the rocks as she was lightened.

The Russian ice-breaker service from Archangel then took a hand, and, doubtless with the best intentions, made fast two powerful ice-breakers to the stern-post and endeavoured to tow off the vessel, now damaged and partly filled with water.

Beyond carrying away the stern-post and rudder they achieved nothing, and returned to Archangel. This was the extent of the salvage operations, and there the ship still lay. Two winters in the ice, with the water rising and falling with the tide in the engine-room and steerage and all four holds, two years' exposure to the winter gales in the White Sea, two years' straining and pounding upon the rocks, to say nothing of a passing Bolshevik occupation of Soroka, could hardly be expected to have improved her condition.

Yet, from the first time I read her name, I felt a premonitory interest in her, though I did not realise that for the next six months she was to be a constant preoccupation, an obsession, and often a nightmare to me.

For one thing, various Russians in Archangel, whose names were afterwards familiar enough, but then were only a jumble of consonants at the end of a telegram,

seemed very anxious to buy her as she lay—though, with remarkable unanimity, the prices they offered never rose above about eight thousand pounds.

At the time I knew nothing of Russians—an ignorance which I was not long to enjoy; but it needed no great discernment to see that any one prepared to pay eight thousand pounds for a ship in such a position and such a place must have some reasonable hope of refloating her, and if she could be refloated, her value, at current prices, was nearer to eighty thousand pounds than eight.

The Admiralty Salvage Section had themselves done the majority of the possible salvage cases in home waters during the war; but North Russia had necessarily been beyond their beat, although casualties on those unfriendly and often unlighted and badly charted coasts were only too frequent, even before the German submarines came round the North Cape into the Arctic Ocean and thence down to the White Sea. Information as to the actual position and condition of ships wrecked up there was difficult to obtain; for cables were delayed and mutilated, while the Naval and Transport Staffs at Archangel and Murmansk were sufficiently occupied during 1918—when Admiral Kemp and General Ironside were holding on to hundreds of miles of the most desolate country in the world with a few hundred "category" men—Marines, Serbians, French,

disloyal Finns, and dejected Russians,—without concerning themselves with so much of a “side show” as Salvage.

Moreover, ships do not, as a rule, choose the most accessible places to go ashore, even on the British coasts. But on the British coasts it is only a question of a few miles from the nearest town in a car, or a few miles from the nearest port in a tug-boat.

In Russia distances are measured by days. That the information in the file was not exhaustive was therefore disappointing but not surprising, and we soon came to the conclusion that the best course was to go and see on the spot what salvage work there was to be done.

The Admiralty and the Ministry of Shipping were ready to encourage British enterprise, for they had a natural disinclination to dispose of what might still be valuable property for a few thousand pounds to Russians who were, so far, the only prospective buyers, and would not discuss salvage except on the basis that all their expenses should be paid, whatever the results. It was therefore with every kind of official pass, and with the official list of wrecks in my pocket (on which the *Ulidia* was marked with blue pencil as one of the “possibles”), that I left Tilbury on May 31st, 1919, in the *Præterian*, which, in addition to Cæsar and his prospective fortunes, carried General Sadleir-Jackson and his brigade staff, and the

46th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, the vanguard of the North Russian Relief Force, whose adventures readers of ‘Maga’ have followed during the past few months.

At Murmansk—a village of wooden huts built in mud and inhabited by mesquitoses—I met a representative from the Admiralty Salvage Section, together with a Russian salvage expert, Captain G., with thirty years’ experience in the Baltic. After an evening’s discussion, we came to the conclusion that the *Ulidia* was the first ship to inspect.

The next evening (June 14th), we took the train from Murmansk for Soroka, *via* Kandalaksha and Kem.

The railway had only recently been finished, and, but for the war, it is doubtful whether it would ever have been finished at all, in view of the appalling death-rate from fever of the labourers employed upon its construction. Chinese had been tried, but these died faster even than the native Russians; and it was not until practically unlimited supplies of German and Austrian prisoners were available, who, as they died, could be buried alongside, or incorporated in, the permanent way, that any real progress was made.

It was six months since the armistice, but some of the survivors of these prisoners were still about; whether because they had no means of returning home, or from some incomprehensible preference for Murmansk, I did not discover.



One large and typical Boche was cook to a lance-corporal and three o.r. (M.F.P.) who lived on the quay, and appeared to be both a good cook and a popular member of the mess.

The function of the lance-corporal and his command was to prevent the looting of cargoes of ships in the port, or the sale of them by the crews to the local Russian. As one instance of which I heard was the disappearance of the entire cargo (general) of a 5000 ton steamer in about a fortnight, their job can have been no sinecure.

For two days we travelled through scenery like that of Canada—pine forests with broad rivers tumbling headlong through them, over very temporary wooden bridges and a track which, having been built largely on mud previously frozen and now thawing, was none too secure, and reached Soroka on the third day.

In this I gathered, from a snatch of conversation overheard, we were lucky.

Young Bill, just out, was complaining of the length of the journey and the tediousness of trains.

"Three days," said old Bill, who had apparently settled down in Russia as he had settled down previously in Flanders, and spoke the language with the same facility—"Three days, that's — debra, that is. Why, we took ten when we come down. The Russki engine-driver went off home and got married half way, and never came back for a week."

In this he was more true to type than another Russki, whose history I heard from a corporal in the Royal Sussex, thrice wounded,—in France, Gallipoli, and Palestine,—who ran the canteen car up and down between Murmansk and the front line near Onega, and was very friendly because he lived in Fulham, while I live in Chelsea.

"We had a Russki carpenter once," he said, "when we were cutting down trees behind the line for roads, and nothing we could do would make him work. He didn't seem to have any heart for it. Then some one suggested dressing him up in khaki and putting three stripes on him. It had an effect like magic. After that we couldn't stop him. He would go on for sixteen and more hours on end, and I don't know how many trees he wouldn't cut down. In fact," he concluded unemotionally, "we had to kill him when we come away—to save the forest."

Soroka is a little fishing village dating back to the twelfth century—a place of banishment in the days of the old régime for those suspects who were not considered dangerous enough for Siberia.

It is built on either side of a shallow rocky river. On the opposite side from the railway station is the sawmill—Peter Belaieff's—which, with Stewart's on the far side of the bay, provided the main industry of the place, and, incidentally, the reason of the *Ulidia's* presence there.

The two portions of the

town were connected by a ferry service of canoes managed and propelled by the local flappers, who must, like many of their kind at home, have hoped that a war which brought their average earnings up to about eighty roubles (£1) a day would continue for ever.

They conducted across odd British, French, Americans, Italians, and Serbians, with good - humour, but without curiosity, and no over-payment, however large, could extort from them any expression of gratitude or even surprise.

I shall always remember my first sight of the *Ulidia*. She was lying about four miles from the shore, and normally little more than her masts and funnels would have been visible from the beach. But when the sun shone, as it did on the day we arrived in Soroka, by some curious effect of mirage she appeared to be floating in air, every detail of her distinct, just above the surface of the sea.

From the sawmill we chartered a tug and went out to her. The channel into Soroka would only allow of small tugs going up it, and then not at dead low water. Big ships had to load their timber from lighters a couple of miles out in the bay. Later I grew to know this channel, and I am one of what is, I suppose, a limited number of people who could find their way successfully up and down it. Whether this accomplishment is likely again to prove of value to

me I do not know. I trust not.

The channel was marked, with a charming rustic simplicity, with the branches of trees stuck in the sand. Trees with a certain variety of leaf had to be left on the port hand, those with another species on the starboard—so that, as an aggrieved naval officer remarked to me after he had piled up a picket-boat through disregarding these marks and trying to come in by the chart at full speed, "You've got to be a ——— botanist as well as a ——— navigator in this place."

The branches were, of course, carried away by the ice every winter and replaced by the oldest inhabitant every spring, as nearly as possible in the same place.

It surprised me when our tug bumped continually over banks and shoal all the way down the channel, but it caused Belaieff's manager no concern; and I learned later that these bumps were a part of the daily routine, which explained another local custom, that of ordering spare propellers for the tug-boats by the dozen.

There can be nothing, I think, so pathetic, or which so gives the effect of loneliness, desolation, and decay, as a wrecked and deserted ship. It is the most melancholy sight in the world, more melancholy than overgrown gardens or uninhabited cities.

We came alongside the *Ulidia* and climbed up a boat-fall. Our footsteps sounded

hollow on her iron decks, on which the rust was thick. The hatches were gone, and, looking down the holds, one could see the ice, which had disappeared from the sea outside, still floating in the dark body of the ship in huge lumps which the sun could not reach to melt. The engine-room and stokehold were more gloomy still, as one peered down through the gratings and saw the level of the water showing black and oily among the rusting masses of machinery. There was no trace of life aboard, save the mosquitoes rising in clouds from the piles of old rope. There had been a watchman the first winter, but the darkness and the ice grinding against the sides of the ship, and the water moving about in her empty holds, had been too much even for Russian nerves, and he had left.

Everything portable, down to the brass handles of the cabin doors, had been stolen by the natives who had come across the ice in the winter from Seroka.

None the less, in the rake of the masts and funnels there was something of life, and she looked too good a ship to be left there until the ice and the gales should destroy her. Then again I felt (or perhaps I only feel now that I felt) a premonition that our hopes and interests were to be bound up with hers.

More important, however, than premonitions was the fact that, in spite of the pounding she must have received on the

patch of, fortunately, flat rock on which she had lain for over two years, there was no sign of her having broken her back. Stanchions in the holds were, it is true, set up, and there was a perceptible upward bulge in the deck; but a very small strain down below is sufficient to show considerable indications above, and, had the ship been broken or very seriously strained, there would have been much more evidence of it. Moreover, though every compartment in the ship had water in it, observations showed that they were not all equally damaged, and that some at least of the bulkheads must be intact.

The total rise and fall of tide in the White Sea is only about six feet.

In the two after-holds, Nos. 3 and 4, the water only rose and fell eight inches, while it rose and fell six feet outside. This clearly showed that the leak in these compartments was trifling, and that the greater part of the water here was probably rain-water accumulated through the hatches being off. The fore-peak was dry.

In No. 1 the water rose and fell about two feet, while in No. 2 and the engine-room and stokehold it rose and fell equally with the tide. The position was therefore clear enough, even before the diver's examination.

In the ordinary way this would have been a simple case, since the ship would easily have floated with the fore-peak, Nos. 1, 3, and 4 holds

empty, even though there was water in No. 2 and the engine-room and stockhold.

The problem here, however, was not how to give the ship sufficient buoyancy to float, but how to make her light enough to float off the rock. She had been half-loaded when she went ashore, but as the cargo was discharged she had worked farther and farther up on to the rock until it was as if she had gone ashore empty, that is, at her minimum draft, whereas she was now partially loaded with water.

Had there been a big rise and fall of tide it would only have been necessary to make tight and pump out Nos. 1, 3, and 4, where the damage was obviously slight; but with a rise and fall of only six feet it was evident that the engine-room, stockhold, and No. 2 must be emptied also to give the necessary flotation. From the way in which the water rose and fell in these compartments with the tide, it was clear that there was very serious damage (local rumour said that there was a rock through the bottom of the engine-room), and this must somehow be dealt with.

Fine weather could only be expected until the end of August or middle of September. We had therefore very little time, for already it was June 19th.

It was a time for quick decision; but I often wonder whether, had I been able to foresee the hazards and anxiety of the next few months, I should have decided as I

did, that we would make the attempt to save the ship. Another decision had to be made at the same time—whether I should cable to England for our salvage steamer, which was ready to sail with motor- and steam-pumps, pneumatic tools, oxy-acetylene plant, air compressors, and all the rest of the gear necessary for salvage work, and a picked crew; or whether I should listen to the old salvage expert from the Baltic, charter a ship locally, collect pumps, diving gear, &c., and men in Archangel, and do the work with local resources.

This was not so wild an idea as it may seem, for I knew that in Archangel were a number of divers, engineers, &c., who had fled from the Baltic, and had had long experience with Captain G. before the war, and were really good workmen, as the Baltic salvage workers are known to be.

It would be at least a fortnight before our own ship could arrive, and then there was not enough water for her to come close to the wreck. Also, she could not carry as many men as it was obvious we should require, and I knew that the experiment of trying to make English and Russians work alongside each other would be foredoomed to failure. Moreover, there was to be taken into account the dead loss on wages, provisions, and, above all, bunkers, on the voyage to and from England.

I therefore made up my mind to employ Captain G. and local labour. Though I

always had, and still have, a great admiration and even affection for Captain G. himself, it would be hard to say how much I regretted this decision afterwards. The reasons will be apparent enough.

Our decision made, the next step was to get to Archangel as quickly as possible. To any one who knows Russia it will be needless to say that the only boat had left the day before, that no one knew when there would be another boat, or, indeed, believed that there would ever be one. We were told that it would be quite useless to go to Popoff, the port of Kem, which was the port of departure for Archangel, and that even if we determined to go there was no train. I was already a little suspicious of Russia, and therefore made my way to the station, struck up an acquaintance with an American private who was clerk to the R.T.O., and the following day we reached Popoff, to find a steamer just leaving for Archangel. There, two days later, we arrived, and began at once to collect men and plant.

There is a story of Conrad's—'A Smile of Fortune'—which tells how the captain of a ship in a foreign port encountered an inexplicable shortage of the particular kind of bag which he needed imperatively for his loading, as a sequel to a very excusable loss of temper with a certain Mr Jacobus, of how his ship was delayed and he himself reduced to despair and to desperate remedies.

I was not conscious of having insulted any one, excusably or not, and came to the conclusion that the polite but persistent obstruction which I encountered from every Russian with whom I had business in Archangel was either a national characteristic or the result of the intrigues of the various interests which saw the prospect of buying the *Ulidia* for a song fading away from them.

I arranged to charter a tug-boat, and she was promptly requisitioned by the harbour authorities. I engaged men, to find them immediately called up for military service. I wanted to hire a donkey-boiler, and the owner discovered an urgent need for it, though previously it had not been used for months. I tried to book passages in the local steamer to take the men whom I had secured back to Soroka, and was informed by the agents that no accommodation was available, and by the Intelligence Branch that the necessary passes could not be issued.

All this only after long interviews, conducted through an interpreter, and by the end of a week I had formed a hearty dislike of Russians and everything Russian, and particularly of Archangel, which even the lapse of time has not dissipated.

The weather was very hot, and by the time I had made three or four journeys from one end of the interminable Troitzky Prospect to the other in a tram-car crowded with

Russians, I was half inclined to abandon N. Russia and the *Ulidia* for ever.

I remember particularly the Chief Engineer of the Port. He had the unusual reputation of being an honest official, and perhaps deserved it; but he had a passion for conversation, for docketts and minutes and for red tape, which no one in a Government Office in England could hope to rival.

A few months ago the Bolsheviks shot him, I believe, and I am not surprised, for he was an irritating old man.

Fortunately for me, the first person I met when I called at the office of the Principal Naval Transport Officer in Archangel was the D.N.T.O. — Captain Dawes, who was universally known in both services as one of the ablest officers in North Russia, as well as one of the best of fellows.

We had last shared a house together at Portsmouth, and this fact, coupled with a sympathetic dislike of Russians, made him find time to give me invaluable help. The Russian officials were terrified of him, for he had a blunt method of dealing with them to which they were not accustomed. But he had a perfectly marvellous knack of getting things done, for he spared neither himself nor those under him, and it was entirely due to him that we got together the gear and men we wanted, and secured military exemptions and passports.

The small coasting-vessels of

the Murman Steamship Co. made more or less regular voyages between Archangel and Onega, Soroka, Kem, Kandalaksha, the ports of the White Sea, and on board one of these the salvage gear (such as it was) was loaded and the salvage party mustered.

The latter consisted of sixty odd men and three or four women. It was the first time I had heard of women on a salvage job, but all Russian ships carry women as cooks. The practice, dietetically, has something to be said for it, though it leads (however unprepossessing the ladies concerned, and these had faces and figures apparently carved hurriedly out of well-seasoned mahogany with a blunt axe) to the troubles which might be expected.

The vessel's sailing was delayed by one of the divers, who, having drunk two bottles of whisky neat in quick succession on the quay, fell off it into the Dwina, and was only rescued with some difficulty and much excitement. Eventually, however, we cast off, towing astern a small steam-launch belonging to Captain G., and astern of that again a ship's lifeboat to serve as a diving boat.

The voyage across the White Sea, in radiant sunshine day and night, was very pleasant, and thirty-six hours after leaving Archangel, on the evening of 1st July, we came to an anchor off Soroka, which we had left ten days before, and boarded the *Ulidia* again.

## II.

Accommodation on salvage work is never luxurious. Men sleep and eat where and when they can. But though she may be carrying three or four times her proper complement, there is usually a salvage steamer aboard which the men live.

Our only salvage steamer was a tug—the *Aleida Johanna*—which, after protracted and irritating negotiations by interpreter with the engineer of the port at Archangel and by telegram with his opposite number at Murmansk, we had succeeded in chartering. She, however, was still at Murmansk, and at the best there was not room for more than a dozen men aboard of her.

All hands had therefore to live on board the wreck, which, having been thoroughly looted and deserted for over two years, did not at first sight look very habitable. But no Russian, given an axe and sufficient timber, would be homeless for more than a day; and on the morning after our arrival the ship was comfortable enough, the saloon and cabins cleaned out for us, and the poop and forecastle fitted for the men with new doors and double tiers of bunks, which bore an extraordinary family resemblance to those in a German dug-out. Indeed, many of the men, nearly all of whom were from the Baltic, were German in speech and appearance. The majority of them by birth were Letts—

good workmen, clean, and studiously polite, with a deference to their employers which, whether it is to be regretted or not, has died out entirely in England. But though capable and industrious, they were of a shifty and violent temper.

"Rovy," Captain G. (himself a Lett) would say in his broken English, "rovvy, like a dog. A werd, and the son kills the father and the father the son. You must keep him in the hand—so—strong—strong. So I keep him all my life." He was to find that the men were now not so easily to be kept "in the hand." Even "the black labour," as he called it, the carpenters and unskilled labourers from Archangel and Soroka itself, were alive to the political changes of the past year or so, and listened the more readily to the one or two agitators on board, and were the more dangerous from their childlike simplicity and entire lack of education.

The first evening they filled the entrance to the saloon to listen to the arrangements with regard to hours and details of work, a proceeding which, though they were respectful enough, aroused Captain G.'s indignation.

"Never have I seen this thing," he exclaimed. "I have him always like a dog treated before in my life." He was the kindest old man, and there is no doubt had considered his men and looked after them well, but he was no believer

is Trade Union methods for Russia.

Our first business, after the men had settled themselves aboard, was to send off the crew for the *Aleida Johanna* by train to Murmansk, and the next to get steam on the wreck. Steam, the life-blood of a ship, to work the winches so that we could lower pumps and gear down into the 'tween-decks, and later to work the pumps themselves.

We had failed to get a donkey-boiler in Arohangel, and the ship's donkey-boiler was at the same level as the main boilers, and therefore under water and useless.

I embarked on what I felt to be a fruitless search for a donkey-boiler in Seroka without any great confidence. The railway station and Belaieff's mill were drawn blank, but luck was with us (as on several occasions afterwards), and I found at Stewart's, the mill on the east side of the bay just opposite the wreck, a new boiler which had been intended for a small tug-boat but never fitted.

It was some hundreds of yards from the beach, in a wooden house which had been built round it; it weighed two tons, and the local manager of the mill was very doubtful as to whether we could be allowed to have it, even at the inordinate price he put upon it. However, it was a very short time before the house was taken to pieces, the boiler hoisted on to a barge, towed off to the ship, and get aboard, and the engineers were busy

connecting up steam pipes to it.

A certain amount of technicality is unavoidable if one is to follow the story of the next two months, and it is perhaps as well at this point to explain the plan of salvage which the diver's examination and our previous inspection led us to adopt.

The soundings round the ship gave at high-water spring-tides 10 feet forward, 12 feet amidships, and 14 feet aft on the starboard side, which was the side furthest up on the ledge of reef. On the port side there was a foot more forward, 18 inches more amidships, and a couple of feet more aft.

The builders had telegraphed to us that for the vessel to float empty, and with no bunkers, but with ballast tanks full, she would require 7 feet 6 inches forward, 9 feet 6 inches amidships, and 12 feet 6 inches aft. We had not much to spare, therefore, and there was no question of leaving the most severely damaged compartment alone. The vessel must be got into such a condition that all compartments could be pumped practically dry.

The fact that the water only rose and fell a few inches with the tide in the two after-holds (Nos. 3 and 4) showed that these were only slightly damaged. Actually we discovered the principal source of the leakage in No. 4—a rivet out in the side of the tunnel—the first day.

These two holds were therefore left alone until the time



should come to pump them out.

In the engine-room the diver found that three manhole doors were off and had disappeared. Here, doubtless, was the origin of the story of the rock through the bottom of the engine-room, no doubt circulated by the same individual who had removed the doors, and had wished in this way to deter any one else from attempting salvage.

New manhole doors had to be made and fitted.

There was no double bottom in the stokehold, and it was here that we anticipated serious trouble. Fortunately, the divers could find none underneath the boilers; but the bulkhead between the stokehold and No. 2 hold had given way at the bottom, and it was evident that at this point (where the ship was apparently resting on a small ledge of rock slightly above the level of the rest) there was considerable damage.

In No. 2 hold there were a large number of rivets out in the tank top, which was badly set up, the seams of the tank were leaking, and in one place the bottom of the bulkhead between No. 2 and No. 1 holds had given way. In No. 1 hold, as in No. 2, there were numbers of rivets gone, and the seams of the tanks were opened out.

It must be understood that there was never any question of making the ship's bottom water-tight. If she were to float at all she must float on her tank tops. The condition

of the bottom we could only guess at, for it was impossible for the diver to get underneath the vessel, sitting flat down on the rock as she was, but we knew that there could be very little of it intact.

The scheme proposed was to build a cement bulkhead, six feet broad by six feet high, inside a wooden box right across the whole width of the ship (42 feet) in the stokehold against the bulkhead between it and No. 2 hold, and another similar bulkhead in No. 2 hold against the other side of the original bulkhead.

These two cement bulkheads would, in fact, constitute at once a new water-tight bulkhead between the stockhold and No. 2 hold, and a patch over the damage to the bottom at this point.

A third cement bulkhead was to be built against the damaged portion of the bulkhead between No. 2 and No. 1 holds.

It was necessary to make these bulkheads six feet high, though it was only the bottom of the ship's bulkhead which was damaged, in order to have sufficient weight of cement on top of the damage to resist the pressure of the water, which would try to force its way in when the ship was pumped out.

It will be appreciated that these bulkheads had to be built by the divers under water.

The method was as follows: The wooden box, or rather wall, was constructed by the carpenters on deck in sections made to fit exactly into each other. It was made of 4-inch

deals, which were fitted as closely as possible and caulked, to make them water-tight. The bottom (where it rested on the tank top) was fitted with a big "pudding" or sausage of canvas filled with hemp for the same purpose.

These sections were weighted and sent down to the diver, who placed them in position six feet away from the ship's bulkhead, until there was a wooden wall right across the vessel.

He then went down and proceeded to fill the space between this wall and the ship's bulkhead with cement. This was mixed dry in the 'tween-decks with sand and stones, and sent down to him, on the endless chain principle, in iron canisters with a canvas bottom fastened with a slip-knot.

He would open the bottom of the canister as close to the ground as possible and spread the cement with his foot as it fell out, when it would, of course, mix with the water.

Fortunately for us, there was a quantity of cement at Murmansk, and more fortunately still, there was a vessel due shortly to leave for Kem, only four hours' distance by sea from Seroka. A hurried cable to the D.N.T.O. produced a promise to ship 300 barrels (at £2, 12s. 6d. a barrel) within a few days.

Meanwhile there was plenty to do in constructing the wooden bulkheads, in cleaning away the debris from the engine-room and stokehold, in strengthening the ship's der-

rieks and rigging new running gear, in bringing aboard and cutting to size heavy 16-inch logs from Stewart's mill with which to shore down the tank-tops to stand the pressure when the ship should be pumped out; in connecting up steam pipes all over the vessel and persuading the rusted winches to work again, in taking accurate soundings in the direction in which the ship should be taken out when she floated, in strengthening the poop and the after-hatch coamings with timber, cutting a hole in the poop and fitting a fairlead (without pneumatic tools) so that the ship could be heaved off to an anchor laid out on the port quarter, in lowering pumps down into the holds and connecting up suctions, and in half a hundred other directions.

The only pumps we had been able to procure were two Worthington pattern steam-pumps each with two 6-inch suctions, a 4-inch steam Worthington and a 2-inch.

Captain G. was very confident that these were all we should need, and that the cement bulkheads would be so water-tight that the ship could be pumped absolutely dry. Fortunately I (by this time regretting—too late—my ship with all her gear in England) believed in taking no chances, and sent a wire asking that a 12-inch Allen motor-pump (capacity 750 tons per hour) should be sent out with a good motor engineer from England to Archangel by the next ship

But how dependent we were to be on that motor-pump, and how good the motor engineer was to prove himself, I never dreamed at the time.

Throughout July the work went well. The *Aleida Johanna* left Murmansk, thanks to Captain Beck, D.N.T.O., after a last attempt on the part of the Russian authorities to stop her and cancel the charter, and duly arrived at Soroka. The cement arrived at Kem and was brought round in barges. Thenceforward the divers lived below in water the colour of milk, and the 'tween-decks were thick with cement dust that filled the hair and the eyebrows and the lungs of the men who mixed it. Five hours on end the divers would remain below, and then would come up and turn the pump for five hours for their relief, —a spectacle that would have sent the Secretary of the National Divers' Union of Great Britain into a rapid decline. For in this country the diver is a great man and will not even carry his own helmet.

The deck was knee-deep in shavings from the fresh-out wood, and the continual clanging and hammerings from the engine-room told of activity there.

The hands turned to at 7 A.M. and worked to 7 P.M., with an hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner.

The skies were blue and cloudless, the sun shone continually with just sufficient warmth to be pleasant; the sea was dead calm, and so

clear that looking over the side one could see on the bottom every rock, and every tin that had been thrown overboard.

The launch—*Permoshnik*, or *Assistance*—puffed in every morning the five miles to Soroka for stores, in charge of one "Rat-Whiskers," an old man in whose veins was salt water instead of blood, who would live at sea until his soul passed into a gull, and whose irritating habit it was, when he went in alone with the launch, to tie up for as long as possible alongside the pier and sleep, when the launch was most needed at the wreck.

Rations we got on repayment from the local British A.S.C. officer, who had been called upon to feed so many strange people that he had lost the faculty of surprise. His flock included the British troops in the district, the Serbians, all the native population, the workers on the railway, a few casual Americans, French, and Italians, Bolshevik prisoners, and several hundred sleigh-dogs left over from the winter (who, however, fed largely on each other). All these had different scales of rations, and when they paid, paid different prices in different currencies. "Salvage," therefore, was only a matter of another daily indent, and "Rat-Whiskers" and the A.S.C. sergeant were soon on the best of terms,—particularly as our rations were "full-scale," and included both rum and cigarettes.

The men would come in

every evening to the saloon by their ratings—divers, engineers, carpenters, blacksmiths, crew of the *Aleida Johanna*, crew of the *Permoshnik*—for their tot of rum and their packet of cigarettes, and afterwards would sit about for an hour or two on deck, clustering round two who played on their mandolines and sang little Russian songs, now grave now gay, in voices of a singular sweetness.

The sun would go down, for we were too far south for the midnight sun, but there would be no darkness.

Kischfeldt, the captain of the *Aleida Johanna*—a huge man with a great heart, before the war the youngest captain in the East Asiatic Company from Libau to New York, and master of the *Kursk*, a 14,000-ton ship—with a passionate fondness for music, would talk to me of "*La Tosca*," which he had last heard in Odessa and I at the Opera Comique, or hum an air from "*Pagliacci*," his favourite opera and mine.

Or he would tell me of what he had seen in the Baltic during the revolution—of the officers of the battleships slaughtered or thrown overboard with weights at their feet, so that when the wife of one sought to recover his body, the diver she sent down found them upright like trees at the bottom of the harbour, swaying to the tide. He would tell, too, of what led up to it all. Of how he had seen train after train full of troops going up to the line with no arms at all, with uniforms of shoddy, and boots

of paper; of notices in the parks in Petrograd, "No dogs or soldiers admitted"; of officers who struck and flogged their men, but never went round their trenches; of how he himself had fought in the battle of Tsushima and seen the Russian fleet betrayed and destroyed by the incompetence of its officers; and of the corruption at the heart of all Russian Government and all Russian institutions.

That Russia was ripe for democracy he did not believe, but he pretended to no regret at seeing the old régime wiped out in blood. Nor could one wonder when one saw the puppet Government we had set up in Archangel and the arrogance of the officers who paraded the Troitsky in epaulettes and spurs, and shewed no disposition to go nearer the front.

The necessity for procuring various stores took us frequently to Popoff, the port of Kem, and occasionally to Archangel. The D.N.T.O.'s mess at Popoff was a very welcome port of call. There was a young and very cheery crowd there, who spent their spare time in learning the language of affection in Russian, and in organising dances at which they competed for the favours of the beauties of the village, whose names I have forgotten but whose dancing I remember. It was curious to watch in the Y.M.C.A. hut, to the sound of a concertina, dances which one had seen at the Russian ballet a few months before at the Alhambra, done with no less grace.

Considerable indignation was felt at the time at the conduct of certain young Flying officers who had gained what was felt to be an unfair advantage over the Navy by having parcels sent out specially from Venns containing garments calculated to revolutionise the ideas of the maidens of Popoff.

It was at Popoff, too, that there occurred an example of poetic justice. A fatigue party was being marched down the plank-road, carrying corrugated iron. To my surprise, the right-hand man of the leading section of fours was my late Bn.H.Q. mess cook in France, who, coming to me in great distress, and out of work after demobilisation, had been given a job at 14s. a day, which he had thrown up at the end of a week. His bad cooking I had suffered in silence for some months, but his ingratitude I was glad to see suitably rewarded.

Towards the end of July I heard that the 12-inch motor-pump had arrived in Archangel, and went over with the *Aleida Johanna* to collect it.

I found in charge of it a small motor engineer about twenty years old, whom I had not previously met. His voice showed that he came from the Tyne, and his look that he preferred Newcastle to Archangel. He paid very little attention to me beyond telling me that he had had to come away at a day's notice, and had not had time to get all the spares he wanted, and devoted himself entirely to the pump, on which he would

allow no Russian to lay a sacrilegious finger.

Both he and I watched it with a good deal of anxiety as, a day or two later, it went up the side of the *Ulidia* and was lowered down No. 2 hold—for the ship's derricks had not been improved by two years' neglect, the pump weighed a ton and a half, and the box containing its suctions and steel discharge-pipes three tons.

However, it was got safely down into the 'tween-decks and pushed aft against the bulkhead.

The purpose of this was that, by cutting out a plate in the bulkhead, and by having one set of suctions in the stokehold and another in No. 2 hold, the pump could be made available for whichever compartment most needed it.

The law of the obstinacy of inanimate objects, which usually ordains that there shall be a stanchion or something of the sort in precisely the most awkward possible position, did not operate in this case; for immediately above the pump was a ventilator, and up this the 12-inch steel discharge-pipes were led. A bend on the top allowed the pump to discharge clear over the side near the gangway.

This led to a number of alarms and excursions; for Reay, the motor engineer, from his position at the pump in the 'tween-decks, never knew whether or not there were boats alongside when he started

the pump, and was not usually inclined to climb out of the hold to find out. There would be a few preliminary coughings and splutterings as he started the engine, but this gave very little warning, and within a few seconds the pump would be throwing water "full bore," and a solid stream from the 12-inch pipe would be falling at the rate of 700-800 tons an hour on to whatever happened to be beneath it.

The *Aleida Johanna* on the first occasion filled nearly up to the rails before Reay could be persuaded to hear, above the roar of his engine, the voices of the agitated Russians shouting down No. 2 hatch.

These episodes were, however, nothing beside the renewed feeling of confidence which the pump gave to all on board.

A few days after it arrived it was considered that the cement bulkhead in No. 2 had hardened sufficiently to allow of our "trying" the hold.

The motor-pump, "Old Bill," as it was christened, was started away, and to every one's delight the water in the hold was seen to be falling steadily. Within twenty minutes the tank tops were dry, and the pump was throwing up a mixture of dirty water, cement, and sand from the bilges.

In order not to put too great a pressure on the tank top, we had decided only to pump on the falling tide and during slack water. Time, therefore, was short. A crowd of men

had been standing by, and, when water was still about three feet deep, they were down in the hold working feverishly to get into place the huge stanchions of 16-inch timber which were to shore down the tank top and make the ship solid up to the deck. These vertical supports stood on horizontal baulks laid along the tank top in order that the strain should not come at a number of isolated points, but should be equally distributed, while between the tops of them and the 'tween-decks were similar logs laid horizontally.

Stanchions of the same size were carried up from the 'tween-deck to the main deck, so that the tank top had virtually the added strength of both these decks, and before it could give way must push them both up with it.

The ship was thus practically "in one piece."

While the carpenters were busy getting these stanchions into place, some of the divers in wading-dresses were working along the bilges locating the worst leaks, while others were busy putting in "tumbler" bolts to replace the many loose or missing rivets in the tank top which were sending up miniature fountains of water.

The tanks were, in fact, a mass of small leaks, and when Reay stopped the pump, it was only five or six minutes before there was a foot or so of water on the floors.

However, now that we had seen the hold dry, it was much easier for the divers to work at eliminating the leaks one by

one, and all hands were in good spirits.

Reay became a popular hero, and an admiring crowd was usually to be found round the pump whenever he gave it a trial run.

Needing an assistant to fetch and carry spanners, petrel, &c., and to swing the engine for starting, he attached to himself one Savonoff, who became his devoted slave.

They spent all day and most of the night in their dark corner of No. 2 'tween-deck alongside the pump. Coming down unexpectedly, I would find Savonoff creeping about on his stomach making explosive noises or gazing at Reay between the crossed fingers of his two hands. Reay would explain that Savonoff was telling him about his experiences in the Russian armoured cars, or how he had gone to gaol for assaulting a policeman in Petrograd. Neither knowing a word of the other's language, they understood each other perfectly, and would carry on long and intricate conversations on all sorts of subjects entirely by gesture—of which Savonoff was such a master that I have always regretted that I did not secure him for the "movies."

For very few other Russians had Reay any respect. Their habit of eating cold raw bacon for breakfast, and putting apricot-jam into their tea, was a constant irritation to him, and certainly it was not pleasant to watch.

Moreover, they were continually grumbling about their rations, which were on exactly the same scale as those of our own troops, and far more liberal than those issued to any other Russians, and it was noticeable that the general tone was not so contented as it had been before. The truth was, that Bolshevik feeling was in the air, and that we had one or two agitators who were quick to take advantage of it. Soroko itself had been in the occupation of the Bolsheviks, and Belsieff's mill-workers and, still more, the railway employees were strongly though secretly in sympathy with them.

From Soroka we had about a dozen carpenters and a certain amount of casual labour, and these were infected with the new principles, and were not slow to begin propaganda amongst the rest.

However, there was nothing seriously to worry about until the end of the first week in August. The work was going on—though not as fast as we had wished, for we had hoped to be ready to attempt to float by this time—and I had gone over to Archangel to persuade the bank there to disgorge some of my money.

It was unsatisfactory to have to go away and leave Reay the only Englishman on board the ship; but the men had to be paid, and the bank, though they readily admitted that my account was several thousand pounds in credit, blandly stated when

I wrote to them that they had no money, and therefore regretted their inability to pay. They continued to do business as usual, however, and, after the D.N.T.O.'s interpreter and I had cornered the manager in his private office and refused to go or to allow him to go until he produced some hundred of thousands of roubles, we eventually got the money, though he attempted to palm off some nine different breeds of rouble, each more obsolete and spurious than the last.

The identification of Kersensky's, Nicolai's, perforated and not perforated, Tzar notes, Archangel notes, British guaranteed roubles, &c., had by this time become something of a fine art.

Having secured the money, I was anxious to get back as soon as possible.

There was a sloop—one of the "Flower" class—calling at Onega and going on from there to Popoff, whence I could get to Soroka by train.

While in Archangel I had heard stories of mutinies of Russian troops and the murder of British officers up the Dwina, but I had not paid much attention to them. On board the sloop, however, was a subaltern in the Rifle Brigade whom I had last seen on the morning of 21st March 1918, opposite St Quentin, when he was taken prisoner. He told me that he was one of five officers detailed to join at Onega the 5th North Russian Rifles—reputed to be on the brink of mutiny. They

had not been allowed to take their servants, none of them spoke Russian, and they had no interpreter. I advised him, unnecessarily perhaps, to be careful, and saw him ashore at Onega. I debated whether I should go ashore myself, but there happened to be a tug just leaving for Popoff which would arrive before the sloop, and I decided to go aboard her.

It proved a lucky decision. In the first place, we had only left Onega an hour when the 5th Russian Rifles mutinied, murdered all the officers in the town, including, presumably, my friend in the Rifle Brigade, and handed over the place to the Bolsheviks' troops. Onega was the next post to Soroka.

Secondly, the navigating officer of the tug was Lieut. E. J. Grey, D.S.C., a New Zealander, and the best type of sailorman, who had been second in command of the famous Q-boat *Stockforce* in the historic action in which her commander, Captain Auten, won his V.C.

He was very interested in the *Ulidia*; we quickly became friendly. I saw at once how valuable he would be to me, and immediately on our arrival at Popoff we both telegraphed to the Ministry of Shipping and asked that he might be demobilised at once.

No difficulties were made, as he was supernumerary, and within three or four days he was in our employment and had joined us aboard the *Ulidia*. He was a very welcome addition.



We kept a discreet silence about the affair at Onega, but the sudden increase of troops passing through Soroko, and the fact of aeroplanes flying over in an easterly direction, made the men suspect that something was in the wind.

Such news travels quickly, and it was soon known on board. The effect was disquieting. The men were already "fed up." They had been working six weeks at Soroka, which had no amusements to offer them, and they now had large sums of money in their pockets which they were anxious to spend at Archangel. Moreover, they were frankly frightened about the possibilities of a Bolshevik advance on Soroka.

In this they differed from the local labour, who were openly exultant about it, and began to grow very idle and truculent.

The first step was a deputation from the Archangel workmen to say that they wished to leave, and insisted on the *Aleida Johanna* taking them home to Archangel at once. We pointed out that it was only a question of a week or so before the *Ulidia* would be floated, and when this had no effect, told them that no one would navigate the *Johanna* for them and that she would not leave.

With the arrival of a deputation from the local labour—armed with axes—things began to look more serious. They stood in the saloon with their caps on and

their hands in their pockets, laughed in an openly contemptuous manner, talked for a considerable time about some purely imaginary grievance, and went on strike.

The sight of them sitting about doing nothing had naturally not at all a good effect on the Archangel party, who were working under protest. Captain G. was wildly indignant, but powerless.

Reay, Grey, and I held a hurried council of war.

An urgent telegram was sent to the ordnance at Popeff, and by the next train arrived two cases. We had the launch in to meet the train, and the two cases were hoisted aboard and carried into the saloon. Here they were hurriedly unpacked—and the first intimation our friends had of their contents was when (having walked unobtrusively up on to the bridge) we "loosed off" a drum from the Lewis gun over the side, and then, idly fingering a Mills bomb, proceeded to call a meeting. At this we explained that the salvage operations were in their most critical phase, and that we had no intention of having them interfered with. That any one who did not work would get neither food nor pay, and that if he wanted to resign his job and go ashore he would have to swim.

The rattle of the Lewis gun had had an instantaneous effect: we were now "top-dog" again and work was resumed.

About this time we had

our first taste of bad weather—a two days' blow from the N.E., the worst quarter. The ship moved about as if she were at sea, and we spent two harassed and sleepless nights as we listened to her grinding and straining on the rocks. Whether as a result of this blow, or of the poor quality of the cement, subsequent pumping tests showed that the ship was far from tight, and that a good deal of water came through from under our bulkheads.

The 12-inch pump could dry out No. 2 in half an hour or so, but it had to be kept running if the hold were to remain dry. The two big steam pumps could pump out the engine-room and stokehold, but the donkey-boiler could not give them sufficient steam, and the *Alcida Johanna*, had to remain alongside and give the steam through a flexible steam pipe.

By shifting the suctions of one of the big steam pumps temporarily to No. 3, No. 3 and No. 4 could be pumped out and could be kept dry with the 4-inch Worthington.

This left no reserve pumping power, nothing for No. 1, and no tug available to get hold of the ship when she floated, and take her across to the other side of the bay where we had decided temporarily to repair her.

To add to our troubles, all local opinion was unanimous that we could expect little more fine weather, and that after the middle of August

strong winds would be increasingly common, and would develop into gales with the commencement of September.

It was now that I regretted bitterly all our pumps in England. But, like the Dutchman's anchor, they had been left behind and regret was useless. It seemed hopeless to look for any more pumps locally.

By a fortunate accident, however, the greater part of Soroka had recently been burnt down, and, a week or two after the fire, there arrived a handsome motor fire-pump for the captain of the port. It had two 4-inch suctions, but was intended to draw water from nearly its own level and throw it to a height.

However, it was a pump, and after prolonged negotiations, assisted by one or two bottles of whisky, it was brought on board in triumph and placed down No. 1 hold on a special staging, Soroka being left to look after itself.

But it was now 28th August—we had spent about £10,000, the ship was not yet afloat, England was more than two thousand miles away, and the evacuation of North Russia seemed every day more certain.

Already the summer was nearly over and darkness was setting in quite early in the evenings, while 2nd September was the last of the spring-tides.

Things looked black. I sent a despairing telegram to Dawes to despatch a big tug, if possible with a pump on board,

and Grey and I went off to Popoff in search of a pump we remembered to have seen there on the quay, after leaving strict injunctions with Captain G. that only ordinary routine work was to be carried out in our absence.

We found the pump where it had lain since it arrived brand new three years before. The harbour-master was only too glad to get rid of it. It appeared that he had indented for a small pump with which to pump out barges. The commission on such a pump would not, however, have been sufficiently large for the official whose business it was to buy it, and he had therefore ordered the one we saw. This weighed over six tons, and was of a type intended to distribute water over a whole town. It had with it no suction or discharge pipes. However, it was a ten-inch steam-pump, and we decided that we could make flanges for it and connect up our spare twelve-inch pipes to it. The additional pumping power thus gained would be invaluable.

Unfortunately the captain of Stewart's small tug, in which we had come round, was quite decided (and not without reason) that it could not be put on his decks without going through them.

A hurried telephone conversation with the A.Q.M.G. of General Maynard's force, and an explanation of our difficulties, produced an immediate order to the R.T.O., Popoff, to supply us with a special

engine and truck and the promise of a clear line to Soroka. My opinion of the staff went up with a bound.

But it was impossible to lift the pump on to the truck in one piece. The engine-room staff of a tug-boat alongside was enlisted, and after a strenuous couple of hours the pump was reduced to its main constituent parts, loaded and securely lashed by Grey, and we were off.

We were soon grateful for the lashings, for it was a hair-raising journey. The track between Popoff and Soroka was very bad, and the single flat truck without sides awayed about in the most alarming manner in rear of the engine. We were afraid all the time that it would capsize, or that some piece of the pump would break loose and take charge. This, however, was not our only trouble.

The engine burned wood, and we travelled the whole way in a cloud of sparks which, falling on us faster than we could pick them off, burned innumerable holes in our clothes.

None the less we were in great spirits, for we had the feeling that we carried with us what might prove the deciding factor in the operations.

We had sent the tug-boat off immediately we had been promised the special train, to give Captain G. orders for a barge and a working party to be alongside the pier to meet us and to get the pump aboard the wreck without delay.

It was eleven o'clock and pitch dark when we ran into the deserted station of Soroka.

It was a mass of sidings and engine-shops, and we were faced with the necessity of complicated shunting to work our truck across the yards and down the pier, the single line of which was usually filled for its entire length with empty waggons. Leaving Grey to watch the engine-driver, who seemed anxious to uncouple the truck and return home, I proceeded to dig out of his bed the R.T.O., who was a friend of ours, and with his help to mobilise a party of Russians. They were not enthusiastic, but after an hour's hard work we were puffing slowly down the pier.

Grey had walked on ahead and I was on the cab of the engine. I heard him shouting, but it was a minute or so before I understood him to be saying that there was no barge alongside and no sign of any one from the *Ulidia*.

The engine-driver took advantage of our agitation to make his escape, and we were left standing alone on the pier—in a state of mind which can be imagined.

There was no hope of any tug in Soroka at midnight, and we made our way disconsolately to the hut in which lived the marine corporal and half a dozen privates, who had relieved the A.S.C., and were now "Supplies, Soroka," with the idea of spending the night there.

Their mess had become a

club for us, and we were soon drinking hot tea and rum with them. This was very welcome, but it could not relieve our anxiety as to the state of affairs aboard the wreck in our absence. Perhaps, however, it stimulated us to make the decision we did.

This was to row off to the ship in one of the small boats used for the ferry—a sufficiently mad idea, for they were hardly larger than canoes, and of much the same construction.

The *Ulidia* was over four miles out—six miles, including Soroka channel—in the open sea. No sign of her could be seen; the night was black, without moon or stars, and there was a fresh breeze blowing. Moreover, there were strong tide-rips in the bay. Grey probably appreciated the risks much better than I did, but we pushed off, carrying a lantern in the stern.

Only one of us could row at a time, and changing seats in our cockle-shell of a boat was not easy.

While we were under the shelter of the land all went well, but when we were out in the open bay our chances of reaching the *Ulidia* seemed very problematical.

Once a tide-rip caught the boat and turned her completely round, and several times we shipped a good deal of water.

For what seemed hours we continued to row in the direction of the wreck without

seeing any sign of her, and we were beginning to be seriously afraid that we had missed her and were rowing out into the White Sea.

We discussed the question of turning round, but the ebb tide was now running very strongly, and it was a question whether we should be able to pull back against it.

While we were discussing what to do, Grey, who was sitting in the stern-sheets, called out, and, turning round, I saw the black mass of the ship looming up broadside on ahead of us. Pulling with renewed vigour we were soon close up to her.

Both of us felt suddenly as though we must be living in some nightmare world remote from reality. The ship was there, and yet there was some extraordinary change in her which we could not understand. Then we realised what it was. She had turned completely round, and her bows were now, as near as we could see, where her stern had been before. Hurriedly we climbed over the side.

The first sound that we heard as we ran forward was the roar of the engine of the 12-inch pump. This showed that something unusual must be happening, for the pump was never run at night. Yet the ship seemed in almost the same position—except that she had turned round.

We almost fell down No. 2 hatch in our haste to get to Reay. He greeted us with a look of absolute dejection, the

only time that I ever saw him other than optimistic and confident.

"They've chucked her away," he said. "Captain G. told me to start the pump about three o'clock. I thought it was just for a trial, so I came down here and got her away. I never knew they'd started pumping all the other compartments as well.

"The first thing I knew, they came rushing to me as if they were mad.

"It seems that as soon as they got her pumped pretty well dry she floated—all except the stern of her, and that's still fast on the same rock—and swung right round with her bows in deep water.

"They can't take her away, because we haven't a tug. The *Johanna* has to stay alongside to give steam for the pumps through the flexible steam-pipe. In any case we couldn't go across this bay at night.

"She's leaking badly everywhere, and here in No. 2 hold I've got to keep the motor-pump running full-bore to keep the water under.

"If it stops she'll fill up and go down in deep water.

"Old Captain G. has been here praying me to keep it going.

"But you can't run a motor-pump like a steam-pump. She's been overheating and missing a lot—she's been running since four o'clock, and it's half-past two now—and I've had to nurse her all the time.

"If she stops, we've lost her."

He concluded with his opinion of Russia and all Russians, and indeed it made one nearly despair to see all our work thrown away by their folly.

Reay was very tired, for he had been up night after night; but the only thing was to trust to his skill and determination, and beg him to keep the pump going, while we went up on deck—first, to relieve our feelings by talking to the Russians, and, secondly, as a forlorn hope to keep a look-out for the lights of the tug from Archangel which—if she had been sent—should soon be due.

Dawn found the position unchanged.

The big pump was still running, Reay standing alongside it, haggard and exhausted and almost asleep, but alive to the slightest alteration in its steady note. Grey and I, who had been pacing the deck together, and were nearly as tired, had scanned the horizon in vain for the first glimpse of smoke.

As soon as it was a little more light, Grey roused out the unwilling crew of the launch and went off in the direction from which the tug should come. Soon the launch was a mere spot in the distance, and then she had disappeared altogether from sight.

I was sitting down on the bitts on the forecastle head, feeling as hopeless as I have ever done and almost asleep from exhaustion, when, look-

ing up suddenly, I saw a trail of smoke.

Was it the launch returning, or was it the tug? I ran for my glasses, only to put them down again dejectedly. It was the launch. But looking up again a few minutes later, I saw more smoke astern of her, and it was not long before I could make out the shape of a big tug of the "Saint" class coming up at full speed. As she drew near, Grey went aboard her. It was evident that he had convinced those aboard of the urgency of the case.

Beautifully handled, she came alongside the *Ulidia's* port bow, her crew all on deck making her ropes ready, and unlashng the 6-inch motor-pump she carried.

Within twenty minutes the pump was aboard and was down No. 2 hold, close to the 12-inch, with its suction and discharge-pipes connected up, and the *St Mellons* was fast alongside.

The ship's own engineers could not get the pump away, being more accustomed to steam; but Reay, leaving the 12-inch, pumping full-bore, to its own devices, put in a few minutes' strenuous work, and it was soon pouring a stream of water at the rate of 300-400 tons an hour over the side of the *Ulidia*.

Thenceforward Reay divided his time between the two pumps, going from one to the other as either showed signs of stopping.

Grey took charge on deck

and arranged for signals to the *St Mellons* and to the *Aleida Johanna* (made fast on the star-board side) from the top of the bridge.

Then he gave the order, "Ahead—slow," to both tugs.

The ropes tightened, and, even before we had time to wonder whether she would come, the ship began to move almost imperceptibly ahead without a jar or a quiver from the rock on which she had lain for over two years.

"Half," and she began to gather speed.

Then "Ahead full" to the *Johanna* and "slow" to the

*St Mellons*, and she swung gradually round and headed for the pier across the bay, alongside which we intended to put her.

It was a beautiful morning—Sunday, August 31st—the sunshine brilliant, and the waters of the bay fringed with woods, flat calm.

Grey handled her magnificently, steering her to a nicety by varying the speed of the tugs.

As we came off the end of the pier the *St Mellons* coast off and went out astern, and the ship came alongside so gently that one could hardly feel her touch.

(To be concluded.)

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## THE TERROR BY NIGHT.

BY AN IRISHWOMAN.

WITH the fatality that dogs so many of the measures for suppressing crime in Ireland, the order for motor permits considerably augmented the dangers and inconveniences of life. Before its introduction we could use our cars when and where we wished. The Government having decreed that permits signed by the British Executive were obligatory, and Sinn Féin having declared that such permits were an insult to the "Republic," the motorist ventured on the road at his peril.<sup>1</sup> Should he fall in with a Sinn Féin picket he might merely be turned back with a caution and his permit torn to shreds. But the chances were that his car would be wrecked under his eyes while a revolver was held against his head. The pastime of blocking the road and opening fire upon every motor that came along was extremely popular, for it could be indulged in by any one possessing firearms and a little spare time, and like most Sinn Féin practices, offered perfect safety to the aggressors.

It was past three o'clock on New Year's Eve, and forty-five miles of bad road lay between us and home, when the police sergeant at Kilfanaghan refolded the motor permit he had just

examined and handed it back to me.

"Let ye hurry, Miss, the way that ye'll be home before dark," he said, "though, indeed, 'tis dangerous to be travelling the roads day or night since them permits was invinted."

His glance strayed to the many-coloured line on the chauffeur's coat.

"'Tis a target for death ye are with them medal-ribbons," he observed cheerfully. "God knows, 'tis peace and safety the soldiers should be having now wherever they'd be, and in place of it 'tis a reign of terror for them in Ireland."

As the car moved slowly on we exchanged the compliments of the season, and an ominous form of greeting that has crept into use of late: "May you be alive this day twelvemonths."

I had been duly warned of the risks of motoring long distances, but it is always difficult to realise the possibility of danger when outward conditions appear normal. The morning's run to Kilfanaghan had been a complete success, and I had no misgivings for the return journey. Indeed, the familiar country seemed peaceful enough for anything, while the roads were agreeably if significantly free of traffic.

When we emerged from the

<sup>1</sup> The permits have been modified to suit Sinn Féin susceptibilities.



woods surrounding Kilfane-ghan, the blue and violet outlines of the mountains were already growing grey and indistinct. An hour or so later the car broke down at a wild and lonely spot in the middle of a notoriously "republican" district. Darkness had set in, and it was an added annoyance to find that neither head-lights nor side-lights were in working order.

Twohig, the chauffeur, after a superficial examination, decided that the clutch-disc was torn. He was confident of repairing it in "no time." I was less hopeful. Removing the clutch-disc is a slow business, even by daylight. With a small electric torch propped beside him Twohig was obliged to work more by faith than by sight. He was, moreover, inexperienced as a mechanic, and the cold mountain air numbed his fingers.

Four hours later, though the clutch had been repaired, the car still refused to move. Twohig turned his attention to the gear-box.

Although the little village of Tubber-naphooka was scarcely a mile off, and there were, besides, several farms in the vicinity, yet in all those hours no living creature had come into sight. This was the more surprising because news travels fast in Ireland, and the Irish peasant has an unfailing "flair" for accidents.

In the winter of 1914 I had

a breakdown on this very road, and in less than ten minutes the car had been thronged by interested spectators proffering advice, assistance, and hospitality. It had been as difficult to restrain them from "slapping a cupful of paraffin into the machine, to see would it hearten it," as to convince them that neither the chauffeur nor I needed a "taste of whisky" to keep off a "fit of cold, or maybe a wakness."

Remembering this, I determined to follow the short-cut, half-bohereen, half-water-course, that led to Tubber-naphooka, and to ask for the loan of a lantern. At every cottage or farmhouse in Ireland the wayfarer, whether friend or stranger, is always sure of a welcome, and tea, I knew, would be pressed on us as a matter of course. As I approached the dilapidated cottages grouped round the ancient walled-in spring<sup>1</sup> that gives its name to the village, I felt there was something unusual about the place. The wind, blowing over the chimneys, brought no whiff of turf-smoke; no window shewed a light. I went from door to door. All was silent. There was no sign of life anywhere.

Beyond the farthest cottage the whitewashed front of the police barrack standing behind its rustic fence was discernible against a dark mass of heather-covered hill. On reaching the fence, I groped stupidly for the gate before I realised that

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<sup>1</sup> Tubber-naphooka, "the well of the Phooka," i.e., a fairy horse that lives in water.

the fence was in ruins and the gate was gone. Inside, the narrow slope between fence and house formerly was ornamented with the badge and monogram of the R.I.C., skillfully carried out in whitened stones. Now the moon, suddenly shining out, revealed an alteration in the design.

Instead of the harp and crown, the pebbles depicted a skull and cross-bones, and below, in uneven letters, ran an inscription—

#### DEATH TO THE R.I.C.

There is always something sinister about deserted houses at night; and though we Irish have ample opportunity for growing accustomed to the emblems of death, yet they acquire a fictitious significance when encountered gleaming by moonlight on a lonely hill. I was glad enough to hurry back to the road and to see again the familiar dark bulk of the car.

On the road a strange figure confronted me, rising from the shadows. The creature wore an unusual-looking coat, and a cap of light material, tilted rakishly to one side of his head, gave free play on the other side to a great bush of tousled hair. The lower part of his suspiciously dark face was swathed in a muffler. I noticed his coat bulged over a hard shape—was it a revolver?

Instinctively I placed myself with my back to the car, and then I laughed outright, for Twohig's voice came from behind the muffler.

He explained that during my absence he had made up

“a bit of disguise” by turning his greatcoat inside out, ruffling his hair, and using a cap he had found in the tool-box. His face, as he observed truly, was already black enough from motor grease for either a “Wran boy” or a raider.

“If any of them raiders comes along it will be best for you, Miss, to hide in a bunch of furze,” he said. “I’ll tell them I’ve secret orders from the competent military authority—Republican army”—here he grinned—“and any one interfering with me will be reported! Sure, I’ll go Sinn Féin for the duration of the night, and they’ll not destroy the car on me then.”

The scheme scarcely seemed practicable; still, stranded and helpless as we were, it was well to have any definite plan of action, and at least it offered a chance of escape should raiders come on the scene. Besides, that a respectable citizen should be obliged to disguise himself as a malefactor in order to ensure safety struck me as thoroughly in keeping with the times.

Twohig cheerfully resumed his repairs, and for another hour or two tinkered away with no result. I sat on the step of the car, ready at a moment's notice to plunge into my “bunch of furze.”

The moon was hidden by clouds, and a little icy wind crept down from the mountains, stirring the bushes with a faint sound suggestive of rattling bones. Overhead plover called eerily; now and then the melancholy howl of a

dog rose from a distant farm. Gradually I became aware, sitting there in the dark, that the whole spirit of the country, that psychic atmosphere which is nowhere more perceptible than in Ireland, had altered from what it used to be. The former sense of cheerful friendliness and careless goodwill was superseded by an atmosphere of mingled menace and apprehension. Irish people, it is true, are notably sensitive to unseen influences; but I believe even the least impressionable "Sassenach" with any previous experience of the country would be conscious of this change.

The night had grown very dark and a fine rain was falling, when the drone of a motor became audible, rising gradually to a roar as it climbed the long hill from the bog-road. Twohig, who had been reduced to carrying on his experiments by the light of innumerable matches, crawled from beneath the car and raised his head to listen.

"They're up to no good racing that way in the middle of the night," he exclaimed. "'Faith, they're going as if the devil was behind them, and they'll be into us when they turn the corner."

Our car stood on a high ridge of hill where the road, bending sharply, followed the curving side of a glen. To the right the edges fell sheer away, to the left a rocky field rose steeply, and a long slope of grass and furze-bushes encroaching upon the road made

the corner still more abrupt and dangerous.

Without stopping to think, I seized the electric torch and ran across the angle of grass, forcing my way through the furze, and reached the strange car a few yards from the corner. The torch which I waved was almost used up, but it flashed a couple of times before giving out completely. At the same instant Twohig, a disreputable-looking figure with his blackened face and wild hair, came dashing down the middle of the road in the full glare of the headlights.

He raised his arm warningly; the car stopped dead, and the head-lights went out.

An awful moment followed for me, for I had had a glimpse of the occupants of the car, and they appeared to be wearing masks!

I was sorry then I had not chanced the strange car crashing into ours. Twohig's sage advice that I should hide recurred to me too late. Hitherto it had not struck me that I actually was a source of danger to poor Twohig: only for me he might have carried out his plan of "going Sinn Féin" for the night, and thus at any rate have saved his own life. Now, thanks to my folly, the masked men were bound to know that he was a chauffeur in loyalist employment, with a permit signed by British authorities. They were equally certain to discover that he had been a soldier, and had fought against their "glorious ally" the Hun!

He was indeed a target for death.

I felt bitterly angry with myself, and decidedly frightened as well. Meanwhile there was neither sound nor movement in the strange car.

However, I pulled myself together somehow, and addressing the denser darkness beneath the hood, asked, with as much arrogance as I could assume, who they were and where they were going. I had hardly spoken, when a man's voice said in tones of unmistakable relief, "Turn on the lights, Regan." And the head-lights flashed up again.

A small light in the body of the car was also switched on. It showed that the men—though their faces were darkly shadowed by caps and mufflers—were at all events not wearing masks. I felt immensely relieved—and it was amusing to find that the strangers shared my relief, for they also had been alarmed. The sudden flash of a torch in the bushes, and the sight of Twohig confronting them in the middle of the road, had left no room for doubt that they had been ambushed by raiders!

The owner of the car said his way lay through the village of Clashagoppul, some fifteen miles farther on, and offered to drive me there. As it happened, I knew a family in Clashagoppul who would surely take me in for the night.

The chances were all against our car being fit for the road again that night, and in any

case we had no lights. The stranger gave Twohig a lift as far as a cottage by the roadside, where I hoped he would easily obtain food and shelter, for the Irish peasant is the most hospitable creature on earth. To my surprise, as we approached the cottage, the light in the window suddenly disappeared. We knocked and called in vain; nobody would answer the door.

At the next house a man was leaning out over the half-door when the car stopped. He withdrew precipitately, and the light was extinguished. However, he presently emerged cautiously by the back-door, and though he announced he would admit no strangers into his house, I was able to persuade him to give Twohig some food, and allow him to warm himself at the fire.

Meanwhile my benefactor was showing signs of impatience. This was the worst district in the country, he said. Quite close by, a police barrack had been evacuated, and a small village deserted on account of the prevailing lawlessness; the sooner we moved on the better.

We covered the distance to Clashagoppul at a record pace. Regan, the driver, dashed the car through muddy hollows, over stony ridges, and round perilous corners with equal impartiality. His master peered out from time to time, urging him to go faster. The rain battered our faces, and the car leaped and swayed on the bad road till one did not know one moment where one would

find oneself the next. Round-  
ing a turn into a sheltered  
hollow, a faint whistle sounded,  
and we raced past a cross-  
roads: for a second I heard  
the skirl of pipes, and caught  
a glimpse of a long row of  
men drilling.

The sudden slowing of the  
car, accompanied by an ex-  
clamation from my benefactor,  
made me open my eyes, which  
I had closed owing to the lash-  
ing rain. We were passing  
through a deep-wooded glen  
a few miles from Clashagop-  
pul. Just ahead, a great ob-  
stacle reared itself right in the  
middle of the road. At first  
sight, lit up as it was by the  
white glare from the head-  
lights, it suggested a model  
of the rising sun carved in  
rough stone, the rays spread-  
ing fan-like to either side of  
the road. A closer view  
showed it to be the stump  
and roots of a huge tree  
placed on its side, reinforced  
with brushwood, and to all  
appearance completely block-  
ing the road.

Regan, however, must have  
detected a weak spot, for after  
a moment's hesitation he  
rushed the car to the left of  
the obstacle, and though it  
grazed the roots on one side  
and the edge of the road on the  
other, it came safely through.

I fully expected a volley of  
shots from the high rocky  
banks, but it is evident that  
those responsible for the ob-  
stacle had grown tired of wait-  
ing in the rain for a chance car,  
and had taken themselves off.

In spite of the lateness of  
the hour, lights were still

burning in the main street of  
Clashagoppul. I wished to  
telephone to my people at  
home, knowing they must be  
anxious about me; so my bene-  
factor put me out at the  
grocery-store owned by one  
Daniel Herlihy, a very respect-  
able man, who had installed a  
telephone and electric-light in  
his shop, and who owned a  
Ford car and a permit, though  
rumour said he had been  
warned to make no use of  
the latter.

To my surprise, before I  
could reach the door it was  
slammed in my face; I heard  
the key grating in the lock,  
and the cheerful shop-window  
became dark. I knocked and  
shook the door violently—some-  
thing gave way, and it opened.  
The shop was plunged in com-  
plete darkness. I stumbled in  
a little way and stood still,  
uncertain what to do next.  
Regan, who had evidently  
grasped the situation, followed  
me.

"Ah, Danny, come out of  
that now," he said; "sure  
ye've no call to be afraid this  
time. 'Tis only a lady wanting  
to telephone." He switched on  
the light; Danny Herlihy rose  
from beneath the counter, look-  
ing foolish, and thrusting into  
an inner pocket something  
suspiciously like a revolver.

He was profuse in his apol-  
ogies. "When I seen the  
mator at the door, I thought  
maybe some of them Sinn  
Feiners was after me permit.  
'Faith, there's no knowing when  
they'd take a notion to come  
out and shoot ye; and they'd  
shoot ye dead, mind! They're

that badly rared and vulgar," he explained in a cautious whisper.

My friends the Fagans lived at the far end of the main street. Mr James Fagan combined farming with a little horse-dealing, and had married the heiress of a small general store. I had known them a good many years, and before the war had often stepped at their shop for tea on my way home from hunting.

The shutters were already up in the shop window. Through a chink I observed Mrs Fagan, her little niece, and Hannah, the elderly maid, counting the money and tidying the shop for the night. After knocking at the door with no result, I again peeped in. The child had vanished, and the two women were hurrying out of the back-door. Mrs Fagan, staggering under the weight of a large cash-box, glanced back as she passed through the door; her eyes were terrified, her usually ruddy cheeks chalk-white. A moment later her husband darted into the shop with the desperate air of one consciously facing death. He seized the hanging-lamp—a puff, and it was extinguished. In the darkness I heard the back-door slam.

It was an uncomfortable position in which to find oneself at midnight in mid-winter, having had nothing to eat for just ten hours, and with torrents of rain falling!

Across the street stood the police barracks;<sup>1</sup> I half thought of applying there for shelter, but judging by the reception given me by Herlihy the grocer and the Fagans, it seemed futile to expect any response from the police. For the R.I.C. live in hourly expectation of death, and a summons to the door by night can have but one meaning for them.

So, with the energy of despair, I went on knocking at the Fagans' door, and by-and-by a slight creaking overhead told that a window was being cautiously opened.

"Mrs Fagan," I called, "don't you know me?"

"God bless us and save us this night!" was the reply in the voice of Hannah, the elderly maid.

Too utterly astonished for any speech except breathless invocations upon the saints, she let me in at last, and pointed to the staircase. Upstairs, upon the landing, the Fagan family were assembled in silent consternation. The little niece was crouching under a table; Mr Fagan, armed with a stout hunting-crop, was supporting his wife, who later on told me that after hiding the cash-box under the tick, all she could do was to clap her hand on her heart and say, "God help us, Jameey, *they've come!*"

The Fagans were horrified at what—in spite of the excuse of the "quare times"—they considered an unpardonable

<sup>1</sup> A few nights later this barrack was blown up by Sinn Feiners after a fight lasting several hours.

breach of manners on their part. They overwhelmed me with kindness and with food. Though at first they inquired if I had been "hurt," all further allusion to the "accident" was carefully avoided. The conversation during a meal that must have lasted nearly an hour, was skilfully directed into safe and seasonable channels, such as the weather, the joys of Christmas, and the probable number of foxes in the country.

Yet some instinct told me my hosts were consumed by a burning curiosity which I could do nothing to quench, as I could not guess its origin. The plain and simple fact of my car having broken down, and of the chauffeur having remained to look after it, seemed so very plain and simple that it surely could give rise to no speculation, and certainly called for neither comment nor explanation.

Just once Jamesy Fagan lapsed from his attitude of caution and asked a question bearing on the events of the night: "The shaffer that was driving you, 'twas not the fellow you had a year or two back?"

I told him that Twohig was a recent acquisition, and an ex-soldier.

"Ah, the poor good man! God pity him!" they both exclaimed.

Raising a corner of the tablecloth, Mrs Fagan wiped her eyes, while Jamesy gazed gloomily into the fire.

That they should take a

sympathetic interest in soldiers was only natural, for their son, Cornelius, had joined up for the war, and served with considerable distinction. It struck me there had been no mention of him so far—perhaps because I had emitted to inquire for him.

"I hope Cornelius is well," I said. "Is he at home now?"

Mr Fagan shot a repressive glance at his wife.

"He is not," he replied. "He got a notion to go to England. Have you the old foxy horse still?"

Formerly the subject of Cornelius was inexhaustible; now his parents shrank from the mere mention of his name. It was my turn to feel curious. Nevertheless the hint I had received was too definite to be disregarded. I wondered, but asked no questions.

Mrs Fagan gave me a tidy little room once occupied by Cornelius.

She lingered after saying good-night. I guessed that, unhampered by her husband's presence, she was on the verge of either asking or divulging something of importance.

It is never wise to question my fellow-men except indirectly, so all I could do to help her was to repeat my thanks for her kindness and hospitality, and to express the pleasure I felt at seeing her and Mr Fagan again.

"Indeed himself and me always had a great wish for you since the time you'd come here with the foxy horse for a cup of tea," she said. "Sure didn't me heart stop dead

when I heard you'd met an accident! Thank God you were not hurt, anyway." The smile left her face all at once. "Tell me," she asked in a loud whisper, "*was he anointed?*"

Reply was impossible, for I was quite at sea.

"Did you get Father Heapfy from Tubbernaphooka to him? Could you get ne'er a priest for him at all?"

I had a glimpse, as it were, of land.

I shook my head. "There was no need——" I began; but before I could say more she grasped her thick grey hair with both hands and rushed out to Mr Fagan, who lurked, candle in hand, on the landing.

"Oh, Jamesy," she cried, "*the shaffer was killed dead!*"

It was no easy matter to convince the Fagans that Twohig was as much alive as I. From the first, apparently, they had put their own construction upon the account I gave them, and had taken for granted that we had been waylaid, and that Twohig was either lying wounded by the roadside or had been escorted away by the raiders.

On learning that he was an ex-soldier, all possibility vanished of his life being spared, and the one remaining point of interest was whether he had been killed instantaneously or had survived long enough to see a priest. Even after I had gone over the whole episode again and again, enlarging upon every detail, I found they still thought I was trying to hide the truth with elaborate and circumstantial lies, lest I

should somehow expose myself to the imputation of giving evidence against Sinn Fein!

Yet the Fagans are most superior people, intelligent loyalists, and acquainted with "the ways of the gentry!"

I did not sleep well that night. Below in the street the Clashagoppul Tin Band defied the New Year and the R.I.C. well into the small hours of the morning. The discordant strains were accompanied by squeals and cat-calls, cheers for de Valera, and invitations to the police to "come out and be shot." Towards morning a variation in the noise was introduced by sharp whistles, words of command, and the measured tramping of Sinn Fein feet. I fell asleep eventually, and awoke to the sound of church bells. Mrs Fagan, dressed for early Mass, was standing by my bed.

She asked anxiously if I had heard the "music" in the night, and assured me the poor fellows would have played louder only for a death in the village and they being very soft-hearted!

I had told Twohig that should he not turn up with the car by nine o'clock I would take steps to get back to the spot where I had left him. So, while the Fagans were at Mass I went across the road to the police station and telephoned to various garages and car-owners in the neighbouring towns. But the reply was the same in every case—either the drivers had refused to apply for permits, or the owners were afraid to take out their



cars. I wondered whether Danny Herlihy might be persuaded to run me out in his Ford car; but the police sergeant, whom I consulted, thought it would be a pity to let the poor decent fellow risk the pelt of a bullet after him on New Year's Day. "Maybe he'd have had luck the whole year if he'd get shot on New Year's Day," he said solemnly.

Just then the Head Constable at Dunreagh rang up to ascertain my whereabouts. It was most opportune, for I explained the situation and was told in return that an ex-soldier car-owner in Dunreagh would come to Clashagoppul for me in a couple of hours.

The matter being settled, I spent the morning in the Fagans' comfortable sitting-room. Daylight is a great reviver of courage, and I found that much of the caution displayed overnight by my hosts had melted away in the sunshine. Moreover, they had almost succeeded in believing I had told them the plain truth about my adventure!

I was anxious to solve the mystery surrounding Cornelius. Mrs Fagan herself actually led up to the subject.

"'Tis seeking the picture, you are?" she said. "Indeed, 'tis after leaving a great gap on the wall."

Now that my attention was drawn to it, something certainly was missing from the wall facing the window—a fact emphasised by the square of wall-paper showing its original unfaded colour.

"Cornelius thought the

world-wide of that picture," went on Mrs Fagan. "Didn't he buy it in London the first leave he got after the King visiting the Army in Flanders, and a grand gold frame to go round it, and a Union Jack flag to hang over the top! Sure every one in the country did be admiring it!"

I recalled the picture then—a large and gaudily-coloured portrait of King George V.

"It was a beautiful picture," I said. "Did Cornelius take it to England with him?"

"He did so," said Mr Fagan, settling himself into his wife's chair by the fire, for the shop-bell had rung suddenly and she hurried away. "'Faith, it was on account of the picture he went. And I'm glad he's gone, though Herself and me is lost without him." He lowered his voice, and, leaning towards me over the arm of his chair, went on: "I wouldn't say a word last night, for I didn't know whether *them that stopped you on the road* mightn't be after you still; and 'tis best to know nothing, the way you'd be giving them no occasion to take your life. God knows I'd not be telling you a lie on New Year's Day, but if Cornelius would be here now he'd be dead!"

He launched into a long description of the vicissitudes of Cornelius after he had been demobbed. With his wife and little boy he had intended settling permanently at Clashagoppul to help the old people with the farm and shop. He had counted on a

pleasant life of industrious freedom after the years of war and hardship.

But Sinn Fein willed otherwise.

Cornelius was subjected to a persistent and relentless persecution. It began with a kind of social boycott. Nobody spoke to him on his way to or from Mass. Nobody would have any dealings with him at local fairs. He was warned, anonymously, to keep away from the pony races. Then the men employed on the Fagans' farm left without notice at the busiest time of the harvest. The cattle kept breaking out mysteriously and straying into bogs and glens. A valuable young horse was found entangled in barbed wire on an adjacent farm.

"Cornelius had great spirit in him always," said Mr Fagan, "and he knew it was because he had been fighting *agins* the Germans in place of for them that the Sinn Fein had him persecuted. But it vexed him when his wife was in dread to go outside the house, and when his young son would be playing at shooting policemen and shouting, 'Up the rebels!'"

"'Where did you learn that at all?' says Cornelius. 'At school, sir,' says the little fellow, and 'Up Dublin! Down England! Up the Huns!' says he, proud-like of his learning. Cornelius was lepping mad, and he wouldn't let him go to school any more. And didn't they come after that and throw stones on the roof in the middle of the night

and say they'd shoot him the same as they'd shoot a policeman. He thought to best them in the latter end, though his wife was crying all the time to go back to England. But it was the picture settled him. He was smoking his pipe one evening after giving the young horse a gallop. Two men came to the door on bicycles. 'Ye have a picture within in the house,' they says. 'That's true maybe,' says Cornelius. ''Tis a picture of ould George the Englishman,' says they, 'and bedad! ye've got to take it down.'

"'Get out of that, quick,' says Cornelius.

"Well, they made off on their bicycles, fer he put the fear of God on them with the look he gave them. But didn't ten of them come with black masks and guns at one o'clock in the night, and they bet the back-door in. Cornelius got a stick and went to the head of the stairs. 'We'll not allow a picture of the English King in the Irish Republic,' says they. 'Let ye take it down at once or we'll shoot it down,' and they up the stairs to the sitting-room. But Cornelius was in front of them in it, and had the picture whisked off the nail and into a cupboard in the wall.

"''Tis down,' says he, quiet enough; 'I'd not give ye the satisfaction of firing at his Majesty, ye dirty cowardly tinkers,' says he. They left him then, but he was terrible angry, and did no more, but away with him and his wife and child to England.

"'I fought for the freedom of

the world,' says he, 'and it's not the freedom of a dog I'd get in Ireland.'

There was little one could say in comment on this tale. Mere words seemed inadequate, and it is a shameful fact that similar cases occur continually all over the country.

Fagan poked the fire vigorously. "The Government will be driving the decent people to go Sinn Fein to save themselves," he said bitterly. "Wirra! what ails them at all that they can't govern? Is it the way they're afraid of Sinn Fein?"

"Well, they seem to be going to give us Home Rule now, and perhaps that will settle the country," I suggested.

He laughed hoarsely.

"Is it Home Rule to settle the country when divil a man in Ireland can keep a law, let alone make one?" he asked; "and it's not a republic that would settle the country either, no, nor twenty republics! Though for the matther of that, it's not twenty republics there'd be in Ireland within six months, but forty, and the whole lot of them persecuting each other and wanting England to help. 'Faith, it's the English would have their fill of hardship in the latther end!" he concluded with gloomy satisfaction.

The sound of a moter-horn in the street told me the soldier and his car had arrived.

"Look," said Mr Fagan as I rose to go, "what's wanted is for the English Government to govern. Not to be fooling

with Heme Rule Bills and hungry-strikes and motor-permits. Let them keep the Union on and give us martial law till the country's settled again. What's that you're saying?—martial law would inconvenience the quiet people? Well, and what's in it now for us? Is it convenience we're having? It is not! Is it safety we're having? It is not! Have we liberty to do as we like? We have not! Then for God's sake let them give us martial law and *enforrce it!*"

Late that afternoon I passed through Clashagoppul on my way home, and stopped to say good-bye to the Fagans.

The sun had set, and with the long hours of darkness before them their nerves were again in the ascendant. Mrs Fagan suggested I was incurring needless danger in being driven by a soldier.

Mr Fagan, with an uneasy laugh, referred to the political views he had expressed that morning as "all talk and thrash—same as you'd see on the newspapers."

Both implored me to say nothing about Cornelius.

"Herself does be very frightful by night," said Mr Fagan, "and indeed there's no saying quare things mightn't happen to us these quare times."

His parting words, gravely uttered, seemed to sum up the situation for many in Ireland at present—

"Wirra! what good is your life to you at all when you'd never know the minute that you'd lose it?"

## CHANDRAGUP.

BY AL KHANZIR.

A CERTAIN afternoon of March this year found me at the City Station in Karachi on my way up-country after an absence from India that had extended throughout the War.

Now, if there is one thing that can make Indian railway travelling almost bearable, that thing of course is privacy. But on this particular day the train was crowded, and I looked in vain for an empty compartment. Finally, I had to content myself with an upper berth in a coupé, the lower berth of which was already taken up by a green canvas Wolseley valise. An upper berth for the two days' desert journey to Lahore!—it was a black business. I sat thoroughly soured and glared at that roll of bedding, wondering resentfully what manner of owner would eventually materialise.

But, after a little, mere vulgar curiosity got the better of me, and I furtively turned the valise over to take a peep at any name there might be underneath. There was nothing to be seen but four large white initials. Still, these told me all I wanted: for any one with such queer initials has surely no need to name his property in full. I felt that "J.U.D.E." could stand for no one the world over but for "Judy" Elkington. Now Judy and I

had started life at the "Shop" together; and we had met again, in Simla-days before the War, when he had been in the Intelligence Branch at Army Headquarters. So we were old friends.

He had always been a good all-round man, had Judy. Within a very few pounds of the best professional jockeys on the flat, they used to say; and you might find his name, too, more than once in Rowland Ward. But that was only one side of him. For he had a quaint love for roaming the byways of Indian history and religion, and was a shining light of more than one learned Asiatic Society. Still, he never rode this hobby of his to excess, and was always the best of company. I was in luck after all; the Sind desert began to lose many of its prospective horrors.

Just before the train started I caught sight of a well-remembered figure strolling over from the bookstall, and we were soon shaking each other by the hand and making the usual remarks and inquiries that go with such a meeting.

The first hour or two of our journey were fully occupied in comparing notes. Then came Kotri Junction, with its adjournment for dinner. And afterwards, as the desert sand began imperceptibly to creep

through every crack and cranny, our first flow of reminiscences was exhausted and we had time to turn our attention to the daily papers that we each had brought.

Mine was the 'Pioneer.' But there happened to be remarkably little news that day, and I began to feel distinctly bored with it. However, just as I had finished the telegrams and leading articles, my eye was caught by a headline referring to the recent discovery of oil in Baluchistan. Now oil is such a vital commodity these days that none can help feeling vaguely interested in it; so I read the paragraph carefully. It was highly technical and left me little the wiser; but I gathered that the district where the oil had been found lay on the Makran Coast in Southern Baluchistan, about midway between Karachi and the Persian border.

"I don't know much about the oil," said Elkington in answer to a question of mine,

but they tell me that it is no good. The whole formation is volcanic, you see, and the strata is so broken up that the oil has leaked away. But I was out in those parts this winter, so let's hear what the 'Pioneer' has got to say."

"Here you are then," I said, "just see what you can make of this." And I read him the following extract:—

"The oil-fields in question lie in the Malan Hills, not far from the Arabian Sea coast. Gaseous hydrocar-

bons would appear to have gathered in a state of pressure along buried anticlines underlying the impermeable clays. For, at different points, these gases have forced their way through fissures in the clays—to form remarkable mud-volcanoes. It is claimed that liquid hydrocarbons (petroleum) must also exist in large quantities, for the gases are continually discharged from the volcano craters, accompanied by an unceasing flow of liquid mud and brine. Indeed, during paroxysmal eruptions, these gases have been known spontaneously to ignite. . . ."

"By Jove, they have," Judy interrupted somewhat fiercely. "I've had more than enough of mud-volcanoes."

"But why this heat?" said I. "I was under the impression that a mud-volcano was the sort of creature a child might play with. You don't mean to say that you were rash enough to fall into one?"

"No, I wasn't ass enough to fall in, but I was precious near being pushed. The yarn has nothing to do with oil; but perhaps I had better inflict it on you, just in case you should still think I was in any way to blame."

"A little something with a spice of Canterbury Tale about it, to beguile the weary hours? That sounds delightful. Commencez donc, monsieur, s'il vous plait."

"Last autumn, then," Judy began, "when I came back

from Palestine, I had a couple of months' war-leave due. But England didn't seem to be much of a country to spend them in at the time. So I made up my mind to do another shooting trip. Now I had never shot a Persian ibex—the smooth-horned fellow, you knew,—and the Makran coast was said to be full of them.

"Makran, too, was a place that I had always wanted to go to. You see, since the beginning of time it has been the great link between India and Western Asia. And there are a lot of things in the country well worth seeing, from an antiquarian point of view; those Shami<sup>1</sup> tombs, for instance, of which no one seems to know the origin. And much of the hinterland is still practically unknown.

"On the other hand, of course, I knew Makran to be one of the most poisonous places in the world. For it is nothing but a barren maze of broken hills—as hot as hell, where it rains with luck once a year, and the little water you get is guaranteed to corrode any but indigenous innards. But, after all, my leave was in winter, when the climate anyhow would be bearable. So finally I decided to go to Makran.

"The beginning of December found me setting sail from Karachi in a bunderboat, and shaping my course up the Arabian Sea. I don't want to dwell on that voyage. A

bunderboat isn't built for deep-sea voyaging; it is an open affair for carrying goods inside Karachi harbour. The winds were contrary, and for five days I lived cheek-by-jowl with my Muhammadan crew in no more privacy than that enjoyed by a galley-slave. It was rough, too; you try a bunderboat in an Arabian Sea swell if you want to appreciate what Horace meant by 'inverse mare.'

"We were out of sight of land most of the time. But on the third day we sighted a low range of hills far away on the starboard horizon, the coastal range of Southern Baluchistan. And like enough, that was the very landfall that Nearkos made on his northward voyage, after he and his fleet parted from Alexander by the Indus mouth. As the hills grew clearer and clearer, I allowed my thoughts to wander to the succession of men of many races—Assyrian and Greek, Sassanian and Seljuk, Arab and Mongol, and as many more, who have thirsted and cursed and died in Makran—before the British came.

"In the end we reached the mouth of the Hingol river. It is about the only decent river in the country; though there are lots of others that start hopefully in the mountains, only to disappear in the sand long before they reach the sea. We crossed the bar at the mouth without difficulty, and found my camels waiting there as previously arranged.

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<sup>1</sup> Syrian.

"With the camels was old Ismal, a local hunter come to offer his services as ghillie. He was a Brahui by tribe—a Muhammadan of course. A picturesque old boy was Ismal, old and shrunken, with flowing white beard and clean-cut Semitic features. His most cherished possession was his prehistoric matchlock jezail—a weapon of dread, and his body was slung round with a perfect armoury of powder-horns, cartridge-belts, and curved daggers. But, old though he was, I never could see the way he went—up a hill.

"While the camels were being loaded, I took a look round. The view did not impress me. In the foreground stretched sand and still more sand; in the background rose cruel naked hills of pale-grey clay and marl and limestone. It was the bare walls of a country in the building, to which the paperers and painters have still to come to add the grass and trees.

"Yet there was vegetation of a sort—grey ghosts of unfriendly vegetation perished of thirst. For here and there a squat aborted growth of camel-thorn and acacia, dwarf-palm and cactus, and suehlike prickly shrubs, eked out a miserable existence on rock and sand. Occasional clumps of tamarisk in the river bed lent the sole touch of green to the landscape. And one called to mind those Phœnician camp-followers of Alexander's army who had paused to gather the myrrh on the tamarisk, as they

toiled painfully in rear through this nightmare land.

"A gale was blowing as we landed. Afterwards I came to associate Makran with constant gales,—gales that blew down my tent at night and blew away my bedding; gales that made it impossible at the critical moment to hold the rifle steady for a shot; gales that filled mouth and eyes and nose with dust and grit. In the shadowless glare of noon-day the hills loomed flat and unreal through the driving sand and dust-haze—as though fashioned from cardboard.

"On the beach close by was a cluster of matting huts tenanted by long-haired fisher-folk. And it was not difficult to picture these hovels as still harbouring Arrian's Iohthyophagoi—'barbarians clothed in skins of fish or animals, covered with long hair and using their nails as we use fish-knives . . . fighting more like monkeys than men.' For such, he tells us, were the forefathers of these fishermen; the men who opposed Nearkos on that very spot when he touched at the Hingol to draw fresh water and to land supplies.

"On the sandy plain between shore and mountains a queer conical white hill gleamed in the sunshine. From his descriptions I recognised old Chandragup—to give him the name by which the Hindu pilgrims know him. He is one of the largest mud-volcanoes in the world. So I sent my camels on to camp while Ismal

and I made a detour to pay our respects to Chandragup.

"It was a long hot walk to his foot. To reach his crater I climbed laboriously to the top of the cone of dried mud that rises a good three hundred feet above the plain. This crater of his, by the way, is unlike that of an ordinary volcano, in that its contents are flush with the top; in fact, the black viscous mud bulges upwards above the rim like the surface of a brim-full cup of tea. Ever and anon there is a mighty heaving in his bowels, and the liquid mud is thrust up to an accompaniment of sullen gulplings—to sink again as seen as the paroxysm is past. Round the crater's rim there runs a narrow slippery path over which the contents are ever spilling during these eruptions—to trickle down the outside of the cone and dry in a crust of glistening brine.

"These hills be Darya Cham,'<sup>1</sup> remarked old Ismal. 'If you take but one little step beyond that path-edge, the black mud will gulp you down for ever.' Then, spitting contemptuously into the crater, he added, 'The Hindu pilgrims think that a goddess lives beneath the mud, and, in my father's day, those sons-of-burnt-sires would throw in live boys and girls to make the goddess speak; but now human sacrifice is forbidden, so they have to offer cocoanuts and suchlike trash instead.'

"Goop! Goop! Goop! mut-

tered old Chandragup, in sullen lament over the sorry offerings of a decadent age. I was to meet Chandragup again; but even then I felt that there was something inexpressibly sinister about his black tortured surface, as though some evil spirit were troubling the pool.

"That evening we camped where the Hingol leaves the hills. Next day our camp moved a little farther up the gorge, while Ismal and I went to look for ibex. I shot disgracefully, I remember, and missed a sitting chance at a grand old cream-coloured patriarch, with great curving horns and a dark chocolate saddle-mark on his wither. The climbing was poisonous, and I get back to camp thoroughly tired and disgusted.

"I found my tent pitched in the narrow Hinglaj gorge, just below the shrine of Kali. New this shrine was one of the things that had brought me to Makran, for it is a place with a very queer history. To-day it is held sacred by both Mussulmans and Hindus, though more particularly by the latter; but that is by no means the beginning of the story. For the shrine lies under the hill of Nani Mai, or Mother Nani, and men worshipped at the foot of Mother Nani long ages before the Prophet fled from Mecca; aye, and even before the Indo-Aryans first sang their Vedic hymns on their southwards march to Hindostan. Nani

<sup>1</sup> The Eyes of the Sea.



Mai is none other than Nana The Earth, wife of Anu Heaven, first of the Twelve Great Gods of the Assyrians. And she is older even than Assyria; for we know that Nana was worshipped by the Accadians in Chaldea a thousand years before the birth of Abraham.

"But Mother Nani has fallen on evil times. For to-day her main supporters belong to the Hindu sect of the 'left-handed' Saktas. Obscene worshippers of Kali these; their bible is the Tantra and their fierce licentious worship is based on unbridled indulgence in the 'Five Makaras'—to wit, wine, flesh, fish, mystic gesticulations and sexual intercourse. Human sacrifice once formed a common part of their ritual; and the prosaic coeeanaut that the pilgrim still presents at the shrine is symbolical of the human head decked with flowers—once the favourite offering of the goddess. To this day, too, you may see shrines where the blood of humbler victims is never allowed to dry upon the sacrificial stone.

"Ismael had assured me that I should find the shrine-gorge a very paradise of verdure. But to my eyes, still unattuned to desert unutterable, it seemed a gloomy unhallowed spot. There were pools of water lying amongst the boulders, it's true; but the sheer walls of rock towered frowning on either hand to a good thousand feet.

"Just before dawn that night I was awakened by the barking of my bull-terrier, 'Jock,'

so I looked out to see what was the matter. Outside I found the gorge in inky blackness, save for its very topmost rim silvered by the level rays of a setting moon, while overhead, incredibly remote, was a narrow strip of starry sky. From the direction of the shrine above, a wild music of chanting and the blaring of a conch came pealing down the gorge: the devotees of Kali were greeting the goddess before the beginning of another day. It was a scene for the pencil of a Doré; and I thought that it would be hard to find a more appropriate setting for the shrine of the deity whose worshippers picture her as a black fury dripping with blood and hung about with snakes and human skulls—the helpmeet of Siva the Destroyer.

"Bands of Hindu pilgrims from all over India collect periodically to tramp together to the shrine,—a weary tramp from Karachi of nearly two hundred miles by desert and mountain. And from the shrine they make an excursion to Chandragup. For, as Ismael told me, they throw offerings into his crater, and hold his answering burblings to be the divine voice of Kali. But between the visits of these bands, Nani Mai is deserted by all save a few hermits who stay as guardians of the shrine, and it was the chanting of those guardians that had disturbed us.

"Next morning, after breakfast, I strolled up to have a chat with them and to see the shrine, taking care to bring a

bottle of whisky with me—to pave the way to amicable relations.

"The shrine itself turned out to be a disappointing sort of place, for it was merely an open cavity in the rock, about ten feet above the level of the stream. It was faced with a low mud wall, and contained nothing but a few tawdry decorations of feathers and a heap of vermilion-smeared stones, representing the female counterpart of the Lingam.

"But by the cave-mouth two Yogis<sup>1</sup> were seated in the shadow. They presented a marked contrast to one another. The one was a slim fair-complexioned man, with finely-modelled features and slightly cocoanut-shaped head,—a typical Brahman clad in spotless white. His body seemed wasted by his vigils, and his eyes were sunken like those of a corpse; it was a marvel to me how he had ever crawled as far as Nani Mai. I put him down as one of those speechless mystics who, by long suppression of their breath, think to pass into unearthly union with the godhead Siva. But the other was a very different sort of fellow; a bullet-headed beetle-browed ruffian, with an unkempt shock of brick-red hair and naked body smeared with ashes.

"Now these ascetics and yogis fascinate me intensely. A large percentage of them, of

course, are mere religious impostors and charlatans,—men of the same kidney as the rascally dervish in 'Hajji Baba.' But they are good value even so. And I have no false pride. Before now I've fraternised with a gentleman clad in little beyond a coat of ashes, and found him extraordinarily entertaining.

"But this time I let myself in for a rebuff, for, much to my surprise, the two Yogis would have no truck with me whatever. The Speechless Mystic, it's true, seemed lost to all mundane affairs—a state perhaps partly accounting for his lack of cordiality. But, as for his shock-headed companion, Strewal Peter, he was actively offensive. For he glared at me with insolent bloodshot eyes, contemptuously waved aside my offering of Best Old Scotch, and spat loudly as I turned to go. A most unpleasant fellow altogether, I thought.

"We had decided to stay for some days in our camp below the shrine, for I wanted another shot at that big ibex. A few evenings later, as we were coming down from shooting, our way took us past the shrine. One of the periodical parties of pilgrims had turned up that day; but the enthusiasm of my welcome was distinctly damped by the fact that they were now busy washing away their sins in my water-supply, while the stream ran red with the blood of sacrificial goats.

"They were a queer mixture,

<sup>1</sup> Professional saints and mystics. There are thirteen different brands that worship Siva.

these pilgrims. Among them were sleek money-lenders from the bazaars of Indian cities, who had trudged the weary miles of sand to acquire the merit needful to balance their many extortions, and aristocratic Brahmins from Holy Kashi<sup>1</sup> on the distant Ganges, holding aloof from the vulgar crowd; barren wives in quest of heirs, and mothers more successful giving thanks for the fruits of a previous pilgrimage; virgins brought by doting parents, and everyday citizens by the score.

"But these were the respectable elements. There must have been close on a thousand pilgrims altogether; and it was the Yogis who caught one's eye—by their picturesque dress or lack of it. For I noticed naked figures smeared with ashes from the funeral pile and tricked out in necklaces of human skulls, and mystics wrapped in meditation clasping their gourds and begging-bowls; jugglers with performing goats, and other saints whose stock-in-trade was a miniature merry-go-round of rope and pole, about which they would whirl skewered through the muscles of their shoulders; penitents who took their ease upon a bed of nails, and all the miscellaneous rascals of a religious fair.

"And one there was, too, his naked body seamed with scars of self-inflicted wounds,—a ghouliah figure brandishing a chain with which to flagellate himself in the frenzy of re-

ligious ecstasy; when we have mentioned him we have touched the bed-rock of bestiality, for he was an Aghori—a devourer of carrion and human corpses.

"Strewal Peter seemed to be holding some sort of indignation meeting as I passed, for he was standing at the cave-mouth with a crowd collected beneath him in the stream-bed. He was too far off for me to hear what he said, but he pointed and shouted some obviously insulting remark. The crowd turned to stare, and one or two of them waved their pilgrim staves threateningly; so I hurried on to avoid a scene.

"This incident gave me to think quite a lot. For the crowd was unmistakably hostile; but I couldn't for the life of me think why, though I felt sure that Strewal Peter was at the root of the trouble. Ismal didn't like the look of things a bit either, and was all for our moving camp. But I wasn't going to give up that ibex to please any naked gentleman in need of a hair-cut. So we stayed on where we were, taking care to avoid the neighbourhood of the shrine. Still, the men were pretty jumpy, and I think we all had a feeling of impending trouble.

"This feeling was heightened two days later. A camel had strayed up the gorge, and one of the camelmen went to fetch it. But he was set upon and stoned by a party of pilgrims,

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<sup>1</sup> Benares.

and came back to camp very badly scared.

"And that evening the storm burst. I was sitting in my tent after dinner writing my diary. Outside all was silent save for a subdued murmuring where Ismal and the camel-men were busy cooking their evening meal, and a vertical moon was pouring into the gorge making it as bright as day. Then suddenly the silence was shattered, and I found myself outside my tent staring towards the shrine.

"Have you ever unwittingly disturbed a swarm of bees in the jungle? Well, then, you will know what I mean: one moment there was stillness absolute, and—the next—a crash of angry sound almost as sudden and as startling as the bursting of a shell. It's a nasty noise, isn't it—the hum of the angry swarm thirsting for blood? But there is one nastier: the roar of a crowd that is hunting man. That was the sound that I was listening to now; and worst of all, I had a more than shrewd suspicion that I was their man. It was altogether a horrid sound.

"I did some pretty quick thinking in the next few moments; appreciated the situation—as they say in the promotion examinations. It seemed to me that there were three courses open: to cut and run; to shoot; or to try the power of the human eye. Ismal & Co. were all for the first, and frankly it appealed to me much the most strongly. But then, thought

I, what a fool I shall feel if they aren't after me after all; I'm damned if I'll be scared by the howlings of a pack of Bedlamite fanatics. The second course I hardly considered. For, if once you start shooting, you must go on, or you are for it; and even with a magazine rifle one man has precious little chance against a mob. So I plumped for the third alternative. For after all the Englishman in India finds it hard to believe that the Indian will ever dare to lay profane hands upon his sacred person; even in these democratic days of race equality, there is a sort of sanctity that hedges him about.

"So I told Ismal that it would be 'all right on the night,' and that there was to be no shooting. Then I got up on a big rock in the bed of the gorge, and hoped for the best. All this time, the noise was getting nearer and nearer—it was the worst five minutes I've ever spent. Then, with a crash, round a bend in the gorge the yelling pack came into view.

"The leading hound was that Aghori—naked, ash-smeared, horrible—brandishing his length of chain. Close on his heels crowded the remainder—fat worthy citizens, fanatics, impostors—a panting, screaming mob; but now in the eyes of one and all gleamed the same lust for blood. I looked about everywhere for Strewal Peter, expecting to find him taking a leading part; but much to my

surprise there was no sign of him among the crowd.

"But he is a queer fellow, your Indian; you never knew how you have him. All his life he may have been your best friend, capable of acts of extraordinary devotion, yet one fine day some one works upon his feelings and he tries to cut your throat. Hysteria, that's what it is. Why, there was a stout banker there in the forefront of the mob. New, in the ordinary way, he was the sort of fellow to be content to make his 60 per cent all his days and to end up a Rai Bahadur<sup>1</sup>; but to-night he was a madman. And I could see that, for the moment, all that he longed for in life was to sink his nails into my flesh.

"The height of the rock that I was on had prevented the first wave from swamping me; and as the pack caught sight of me they bunched together, and their music ceased for a moment. That gave me my one chance. I talked, and I believe I might have held them even then.

"Then that damned fool Ismal went and spoilt the show. For all of a sudden his old matchlock went off with a rear in the background, and some one yelped and fell. That was the end of that. With a bellev of rage the crowd swept forward and lapped over my neck. I get that fat banker one on the point of the chin, and then I went down—but not till I

had caught a glimpse of poor old Jock as he jumped for the throat of a naked ruffian, only to be spitted on an iron trident.

"I don't know much about the immediate subsequent happenings; an Indian crowd doesn't handle one nicely. But one memory will ever linger—of the fetid stench of sweating humanity; that bouquet peculiar to the Indian, combined of garlic and hot black-lead. There were too many of them on top of me at once—that was the only thing that saved me. And, just as I felt that life was being squeezed out of me, suddenly the pressure lightened, and I realised in a dazed sort of way that the Aghori was beating off my most intimate assailants with his chain. It worked like a charm—that chain; soon I found myself lying in a battered heap below the rock, while the Aghori harangued the frantic pack, leaping and baying round us in a circle.

"I suppose I'd had a knock on the head. Anyway, all this time a queer kink of memory kept some verses buzzing through my brain. Unpleasantly appropriate verses they were, too. Do you remember your 'Ingoldsby Legends'?—

"'They have pulled you down flat on your back!

Blondie Jacke,  
And they smack and they thwack,  
Till your funny-bones crack,  
Good luck! What a savage attack!'

"Blondie Jacke had never before had his proper meed of sympathy from me.

<sup>1</sup> An honorary title.

"Then I vaguely realised that the stragglers from the pack were improving the shining hour by breaking up my tent. Fer, crash! out came my 'X' bed—closely followed by all my other most cherished possessions. And again memory automatically supplied the rhythm. I found myself repeating—

"In your tower there's a pretty to-do;  
Blondie Jacke;  
In your tower there's a pretty to-do.  
All the people of Shrewsbury  
Playing old gooseberry  
With your choice bits of taste and  
vertu."

"Gradually, as my senses came back to me, I began to grasp what the Aghori was saying. And then I got a nasty shock. For he wasn't urging the mob to mercy, but merely to utilise my vile body according to his views. The goddess apparently was hungry for human sacrifice—long denied her; and he pleasantly suggested that I filled the rôle to perfection. His motion was carried unanimously. With shouts of 'Chandragup! Chandragup! Throw him in, and the Terrible One will answer,' they hustled me to my feet, and bundled me down the gorge towards the shore.

"It was seven miles to Chandragup. Mere dead than alive, I was half-dragged half-carried in the centre of the mob. And every now and then some one would catch me a buffet to speed me on my way, or spit into my face at point-blank range. But by this time I was past worrying much about what

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happened, and all hope was pretty nearly gone.

"Then suddenly, in the sea of faces round me, I picked out one I knew. It was the Speechless Mystie's. He had looked more dead than alive when I had seen him at the shrine, but now he was legging it like a two-year-old. In fact, he was one of my most energetic persecutors, and it was his persistent proddings with his pilgrim's staff that now drew my attention to him.

"Then a most unexpected thing happened. For, as he bent right over me as though to give me a particularly vicious poke, to my utter amazement I caught a hasty whisper in English, 'Watch me and try to keep your head; I am a friend.' Next moment, it's true, he had begun again to belabour me with the best of them. Still, his blows, I noticed, hadn't much weight behind them. So I began to have just one faint ray of hope.

"We reached Chandragup at last, standing cold, white, and silent in the moonlight. The pack had tailed out a bit, but the check up the slope closed them up again, and we reached the top fairly well together. And there on the slippery brink they threw me down. The Aghori still dominated the proceedings. With his chain he beat the others down the slope, and he and I were left alone beside the crater.

"Then began a weird dance of death. For round and round the narrow slippery path the

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Agheri capered in the moonlight; while the crowd swayed back and forward on the slope below and bayed in unison. Leaping high in the air, he would swing his chain repeatedly between his naked thighs—mercilessly belabouring his own back and loins in his ecstacy; while the crowd called on Kali by her hundred names to hearken to them and to vouchsafe a sign: ‘Oh Bloody Toothed One! Answer us. Oh Horrible One! Harken unto us.’ Naked and ash-smear’d, his antics called to mind the leper’s dance in about the best short story Kipling ever wrote. For you remember how the Silver Man danced naked with his shadow, while Strickland was heating the gun-barrels?<sup>1</sup> . . .

“And all this time, by my side, within a few inches of me, lay the cruel black surface of the mud, momentarily at rest. How long would it be before I went down for ever in its choking embrace?”

“Then came a point where I have never been quite clear what happened. I suppose the climax had been reached and the time for my star turn had arrived. For there was a sudden forward rush of the crowd. But, at the same moment, I heard a shriek even above the din, and next moment the mud was heaving sluggishly. The Aghori had disappeared beneath its surface. I had a vague impression that some one had pushed him from behind. But he may have

slipped—I can’t be certain. Anyway, in his place, the Speechless Mystic was now standing by my side.

“And that Aghori fairly stirred up Chandragup, for he had been quiet enough up till then; but now he gave us one of your ‘paroxysmal eruptions’ with a vengeance. First there was a heaving and gulping, as if he had swallowed something that simply wouldn’t agree with him, and then all at once his whole orator was aflame—for all the world like a colossal Christmas pudding.

“The pilgrims had got their answer. And they didn’t seem to like it. Back they went to the bottom of the hill; while the Speechless Mystic hauled me after them—to a safe distance. But he wasn’t speechless any longer. He talked to them like a father—pointing out to them the error of their ways, and the punishment that had befallen the Aghori. It was a very chastened audience, with most of the religion frightened out of it. And, a few minutes later, as the last flames were flickering out, we two found ourselves alone.

“Then, as soon as the strain was over, I realised how absolutely done I was, and there and then on the side of the volcano I fell asleep. But my sleep seemed scarcely to have lasted a moment before I found myself being shaken back to consciousness; and I woke to find the Speechless Mystic

<sup>1</sup> “The Mark of the Beast.”

bending over me. Ismal, too, had reappeared from somewhere, and was standing at the bottom of the slope holding a camel. Dawn was just breaking, and it was bitterly cold; I was chilled to the bone and so stiff that to move was torture. However, despite my protests, I was promptly bundled on to the camel. Then Ismal set off towards the shore with the nose-rope in his hand.

"I was much too miserable to question his movements. That ride was a nightmare. A baggage-camel with a pack-saddle is bad enough at the best of times; in my then state, the tortures of the Inquisition were as nothing to it. At last, more dead than alive, I rolled off at the door of one of the very huts that I had seen on first landing, the huts of the Ichthyophagoi.

"And in that hut I lived for five days—slowly recovering, while I waited for a boat to take me back to Karachi. My host was a great strapping fisherman called Billee, and no one could have looked after me better. In fact, I ran some risk of being killed by kindness; for I was plied with delicious soles of Billee's catching and with succulent Makran dates from Mrs Billoo's store-cupboard, and cosseted with broth of mountain-sheep fallen to Ismal's jezail; while the Speechless Mystic massaged my battered limbs as only an Indian can.

"And, lying on the hot dry sand in the shadow of the blanket-awning, while the

breeze blew cool through the screens of tamarisk, I first learnt the inward history of that hectic night.

"For I had many talks with the Speechless Mystic. His is a profession in which it is always war-time, and he has been risking his life for the last dozen years in as many different countries. In San Francisco and in London, in Geneva and in Japan, he has carried his life in his hand to watch the innermost circles of the Indian anarchists. For he is perhaps the leading Indian agent of the C.I.D.<sup>1</sup>

"The War he spent in Berlin. But no sooner did he get back to India for some well-earned leave than he found himself recalled to headquarters in connection with the new Bolsheviki menace from Central Asia. Well, as he figured it out to me, in dealing with Bolsheviki propaganda you have two main objects in view—to stop as many agents as possible from getting into India, and to catch the rest after they get there.

"As regards the first of these objects, the northern passes of India are fairly easy to watch, and so are the regular seaports. But just look at the map and you will see that Makran is a weak point. For any ruffian can board a coasting dhow, say in the Persian Gulf, and land unquestioned somewhere in Makran. And, from there, it is a matter of no great difficulty to filter through over the border into Sind, for the ad-

<sup>1</sup> Criminal Investigation Department of India.



ministration of a country like Southern Baluchistan is bound to be pretty sketchy.

"Now suppose your Belshievik agent has managed to reach India. Where does the best field for his labours lie? Where better than at the great centres of pilgrimage? For at these religious fairs thousands—in some cases, hundreds of thousands—of pilgrims collect from the four corners of India; so seed sown there is sown broadcast. And the pilgrims are then just in the right frame of mind, too, to be carried away by the pernicious doctrines of any self-styled saint or reformer.

"So it was with these considerations before his mind that my friend was sent to Southern Baluchistan, with orders to keep a special watch on Nani Mai. He travelled to the shrine in the disguise of an ascetic, and there he found Strewal Peter already in possession.

"The rest of the tale is briefly told. My friend soon saw that Strewal Peter was the very man he was after. So he took care to pal up with him, and to listen reverently to his teachings. When the pilgrims arrived, the work of propaganda at once began. And in his pose of Yogi, Strewal Peter knew well how to combine religious arguments with all the subtle doctrines of the Soviet—to kindle fanaticism against British rule. But at this stage mere murder was no part of Peter's programme; for he wanted his hearers to

go quietly to their homes—to spread his teachings in preparation for The Day.

"But he made a mistake very common with agitators. He overrated his powers of control over the forces that he was generating. And before he realised it his leadership was gone, and the Aghori ruled the mob. So then Peter decided that the time had come for him to seek pastures new; for he had no wish to share in the limelight of an untimely murder.

"'But'—my friend remarked—'do not fear; he will not escape us. For every police and levy-post is warned. And he has given me much useful information,—such as the names of their agents under training at Tashkend and Merv and Askabad, with the routes they mean to follow. Oh yes, we have done very well. But you, sir, you had an uncommonly narrow shave.'

"With that verdict I entirely agree. And, if ever any one asks me to visit Chandragup, I shall think of the reply of Sinan bin Selama, the Arab, when appointed by the Caliph to command the Makran Expeditionary Force: 'Then showest me the road to Makran—but what a difference lies between an order and its execution! I will never enter the country, for its name alone terrifies me.' He knew a thing or two, did Sinan; and Makran has not altered greatly for the better during the twelve hundred odd years since his day."

CURIOUS MISUNDERSTANDING WITH REGARD TO THE  
TEMPERANCE (SCOTLAND) ACT, 1913.

BY LYDIA MILLER MACKAY.

NOT long ago two simple Scottish electors, having been deluged by leaflets either advocating or denouncing Prohibition in view of the Local Option poll expected next November, and having heard much talk and many arguments in and out and round about the Temperance (Scotland) Act, 1913, took the extreme and, as it would now almost appear, the unusual step of expending 2d. in the purchase of a copy of the Act, and reading it over for themselves. To their amazement they found that it had nothing whatever to do with Prohibition, and that, so far from those who framed it having apparently so extreme a step in view, it seems to have been drawn up with the caution that has long been associated with our national character.

I think it is G. K. Chesterton who, in order to prove how our senses may deceive us under the influence of a preconceived idea, once wrote a fantastic tale of an old gentleman who was murdered on the top flat of some London mansions. The murder, it was proved by circumstantial evidence, must have been committed and the body removed within a few minutes of midday, and the case was the more puzzling because the porter and several other persons

swore stentily that they had watched the door of the flats during the whole of the time in question, and that no human being had gone in or out. After a long period of bewilderment, the mystery was solved by some clever amateur who came to the assistance of the law and discovered that the deed had been done by the postman. This supposedly harmless official had called at the usual hour, and, contrary to all precedent, had taken away the body of the old gentleman with the mails in his post-bag. So little, however, had the witnesses associated the thought of murder with a postman, and so sure had they unconsciously been that a post-bag could contain nothing more mysterious than letters and newspapers, that they had not even seen the postman in this new and unexpected character.

Exactly the contrary seems to have happened in connection with this Temperance Act. So sure has the public been that it contains Prohibition, that the shadowy form of this gigantic spectre has been seen flitting in and out of pages where assuredly it is not.

The other alternative one dismisses hastily. It cannot be that people write leaflets and make speeches about Acts which they have not read!

Experts here and there have, doubtless, put the facts plainly, but these facts seem, for the most part, to have fallen on unheeding ears. Let us, then, rid our minds of all preconceived ideas, and see what the Act really contains.

Words and names are often so loosely applied as to befog the imagination, and a definition may clear the air.

Prohibition, as demonstrated across the Atlantic, means that the manufacture, sale, importation, or distribution of alcoholic drink is entirely forbidden. The wealthy classes may still be able to have wine on their tables from cellars stocked under the old system, but no one, from end to end of the United States, can now buy a single glass of spirits without putting himself into opposition to the law.

Under the "No - License Resolution" of the Scottish Act, on the other hand, the wholesale trade in liquor is allowed to go on pretty much as it did before, and hotels, inns, and clubs will still be allowed to sell alcoholic liquors to their guests, or to any one taking a meal on their premises. With a doctor's order liquor may be bought at a chemist's; restaurants may provide spirits, wine, or ale with meals, and the well-to-do person need not be under any apprehension that his cellar will be interfered with; for, providing that he buys not less than two gallons at a time, his liberty to drink may even degenerate into license, without any interference from the

Act. If, then, the No-License Resolution is not Prohibition, what is it, and why has it been the Nemesis of the "Trade" and the hope of the Temperance Party for the last seven years? On what, exactly, are we asked to vote in November?

We are to have three options put before us. (Here are the exact words of the ballot paper.)

1. No Change Resolution.

(Means that the powers and discretion of the licensing court shall remain unchanged.)

2. Limiting Resolution.

(Means that the number of certificates for the sale of excisable liquors shall be reduced by one quarter in accordance with the provisions of the Act.)

3. No-License Resolution.

(Means that no certificate for the sale of excisable liquors shall be granted except for inns, hotels, or restaurants, in special cases, in accordance with the provisions of the Act.)

With the first two options we are not here concerned, but as to the third, half the story of the meaning of the Resolution depends on the little word "except," and the exceptions above mentioned seem to the writer to clear our post-bag from any suspicion of containing the body of that much-murdered old gentleman, "Prohibition."

And now for the mere particular meaning of the

**No - License Resolution.** If, by a majority of 55 per cent of the recorded votes (not less than 35 per cent of the electors for the area having voted in favour thereof) the Resolution is carried in any area, the grocers' license and the drinking bar go out of existence. The cause of Temperance reaps the enormous benefit that this entails, for the serious temptations to secret drinking offered by the one, and the scandals of the streets so largely caused by the other, are immediately swept away.

This is not all, however. The licensing authorities, and, be it noted, the same licensing authorities as we have at present, may in any area issue fresh licenses for inns or restaurants, where, as in the Carlisle experiment, any one may have beer, wine, or spirits with his meals. It is true that the premises of such a public-house or restaurant must be structurally adapted to the provision of food; but the almost sure result of the passing of the No - License Resolution would be that a certain number of the public-houses would, in their own interests, alter their premises so as to meet the demands of the Act, and that these public-houses would go on with their business under a new and reformed system in May 1921, when the Resolution will come into force. Things would indeed work

out very much as they did in the Carlisle area experiment; and the "Trade," which, in many instances, seems sincerely desirous of doing its work in a better atmosphere, would be given the opportunity of fulfilling the aspirations which many of its members have recently expressed in regard to reform.

And here an interesting point may be noted. After the expiration of the first year of the new restaurant license, the proprietor of what we may call the Reformed Public-house must satisfy the licensing authorities, through the figures shown by the excise, that he has not made more than two-fifths of his profits from the sale of alcoholic liquors.<sup>1</sup> This provision, which seems to have been somewhat overlooked so far, should work out, it seems to us, in such a way as to make the limitation most felt precisely where it is most needed. It surely means that where the inn, hotel, or restaurant makes large profits through the provision of lodgings, food, &c., this enactment will be little felt; while in the lower districts of great cities for instance, where the whole profit must be made on these very meals with which "drink" is provided, there will be very real restriction. If any one wants beer or spirits with his meal, he may have it; but, on the other hand, if he only wants

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<sup>1</sup> This two-fifth provision is only indirectly mentioned in the Act. The reader is referred to an older Act, which gives this as the condition of the renewal of the restaurant-keeper's license.

beer or spirits, with a biscuit thrown in, it will have to be rather an expensive biscuit.

It must be admitted that the No-License Resolution is far from perfect. It goes too far for some of us, and not far enough for others. It is not free from a suspicion of class legislation, although on this head it may be noted that the Independent Labour Party has recently, by a majority, voted in its favour. It removes drinking-bars and grocers' licenses without compensation, and it is so hedged about with "buts" and "exceptions" that it practically leaves the situation in the hands of the licensing authorities — a body that has not always been so wholeheartedly in favour of Temperance as some of us would desire.

With all its faults, however, it is the only measure of temperance reform new before the country. An interesting article, which appeared in the November number of 'Maga,' advocated State Purchase as an amendment to the 1913 Act. Scotland did not, however, rise to this idea, and although it is being discussed for England, there is no suggestion of its being offered to us Scots at present. Neither does the country appear to be ripe for Prohibition. Whatever might have been the case in the early days of the war, it seems certain that Scotland is not now inclined to follow America's example. Rightly or wrongly, she does not wish to go "dry." Half

a loaf, however, is surely, in the present instance, better than no bread, and the objections before mentioned are not, after all, insuperable. Since the Act gives the whole matter into the hands of the electorate, the working man will not vote for "No-License" unless he likes it. As a matter of fact, when in 1887 a plebiscite of the city of Edinburgh was taken on the subject of Prohibition, the largest number of votes for the closing of the public-house was recorded in the poorest part of the city, and the smallest in the West End, where the miseries connected with the present system were known only to the imagination. As to the hardship entailed by the publican and licensed grocer, they, after all, have had seven years of warning and of plenty in which to insure against loss; the licensed grocer, moreover, loses only part of his trade, and the publican may reconstruct his premises and turn restaurant-keeper. To add to this, the whole thing is in the nature of an experiment, and need only last for three years, a reflection which should make an appeal to the canny Scot; while, as a guide to possibilities, it is interesting to remember that Ontario tried the same experiment many years ago, and that when, after three and a half years, she had an opportunity of going back to the old conditions, the demands for Repeal were almost negligible.

If, then, the Act is a real

compromise, why should not all fair-minded members of the community unite in supporting it? Might not the "Trade" itself consider whether it is ever likely to secure better terms than those offered to it now?

Whether we like it or not, we have henceforth to reckon with a dry America. What the effect of the action of the United States may be no one can exactly tell for some time to come. Ten or fifteen years ago the State of Kentucky was famed for its blue grass, its magnificent breed of horses, and above all for its whisky. It was a very "wet" State indeed. When it decided on local option, and the little town of Richmond in the heart of it voted for total prohibition, the dissentients raised up their voices in horror, and the most gloomy prophecies were made as to the effects of such a step. Trade, it was declared, would desert Richmond altogether, for labour would naturally leave a town where no alcohol was procurable for others close at hand, where it was to be had as before. The result of the experiment was as surprising as it was remarkable. Within a few years the trade of Richmond had increased to such an extent that it was pointed out as a model of prosperity. People flocked into the city, and whole streets of new houses had to be erected. Money poured into the banks, and the Corporation were able to spend huge sums in improvements, while crime so

diminished that three policemen sufficed to deal with the ill-deers.

Now, it is just possible that, although in this case the experiment was on too small a scale to alter trade conditions in the country generally, the effect of a "dry" and enormously prosperous America upon the "wet" countries of the Old World may be so great, that ten years hence the labouring and business men of this country may, if in the interval there is no drastic reform of our drinking customs, themselves demand total prohibition as their one means of economic self-defence. The No-License clause may well be the last bulwark of the "Trade" against Total Prohibition.

Whatever our views on Temperance, we cannot afford to face the social and industrial problems that have come on us as an aftermath of the war with the old incubus of drink pressing upon our shoulders.

Keen prohibitionists are apt to talk as if it were the desire, as well as the interest of the "Trade," to have as drunken a Scotland as possible; but so far is this from being the case, that many brewers, distillers, and retail traders sincerely deplore excessive drinking, and would fain lift their business above the degradation associated with it. In 1899 the majority report on licensing, containing the following striking statement, was signed by eight leading members of the "Trade":—

"It is undeniable that a gigantic evil remains to be remedied, and hardly any sacrifice would be too great which would result in a marked diminution of this national degradation." The point at issue between such men and the teetotaller is not drunkenness, but moderation. No right-minded man wants excess. It is on the methods by which to attain sobriety that many of us differ.

The prohibitionists, as well as the "Trade," will have in reality a good deal to give up. After all, their dream of making a nation sober by Act of Parliament is a fair one, and not nearly so historically impossible as many people seem to think. In the ancient world, Rome, through the firmest and most drastic laws, practised total prohibition for a period of 500 years of prosperity; while in regard to one of the newest States of the New World, Kansas, the writer of the article in 'Blackwood' before referred to says: "Kansas has 103 counties; in 84 of these counties there are no paupers; in 35 there are no prisoners; and in 87 there are no lunatics. Her banks and barns are full to overflowing. Some of the counties have had no criminal prosecutions for ten years, and the death-rate is the lowest of any nation on the earth." Small wonder, perhaps, that some of us, who have known most nearly what Drink has cost us in the past, and the needless suffering and whole-

sale loss of life for which it was responsible during the war, should turn from such a dream with reluctance and regret.

Yet though all lovers of their country are agreed on the necessity for reform, we would point out that reform will not come automatically next November: unless the electorate are sufficiently awakened to the needs of the situation to go to the polling-booth and to record their votes, we shall sink back into pre-war conditions. "He trespasses upon his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy."

Already, with the removal of the war restrictions, criminal prosecutions and prosecutions for cruelty to children have gone up by leaps and bounds. To return to our old drinking customs is unthinkable. Liberty, temperance, self-control are the normal ideals of our faith, and Prohibition is itself a compromise. Yet liberty may become a mockery, and such restrictions as are offered by the No-License Resolution of the Temperance Act may give us back more than they take away.

Among the early memories of the present writer is that of a doctor in a remote district of the Highlands, who lost his practice through drink. He was a man of brilliant parts, and being also something of a sardonic humorist, it occurred to him to make up for the loss of his income by taking inebriate patients.

His advertisements to this end met with marked success, and he soon had a little bevy of paying guests. It was his custom to welcome each newcomer into strictly teetotal surroundings, but in a week or two, when the patient had begun to feel at home, the doctor would remark genially that it was time he was learning to *resist*. He would accordingly order in large quantities of the fiery spirit, and he and his guests were in the habit of finishing this part of the experiment under the table.

This makes an excellent tale of a somewhat grim humour. Yet the reflection that, under the present system, we are dealing with the drink problems of our great cities in much the same fashion might well make us pause. In the "Royal Mile" in the city of Edinburgh, between the Castle and Holyrood Palace, there are thirty-nine public-houses and licensed premises. In the Grassmarket, which is about the size of a West End square, there are eight. We are there training the men and women of least strength of will to *resist*!

In these days of 1920 there are daily drifting by these public-houses, thousands of the lads who fought and endured

for us in the agonies of the great war. They are as yet unemployed, and are restless, disappointed, discouraged. Strange if, as they are demobilised, we can welcome them with nothing better than the repeal of the "No-Treating Order."

Daily, too, the problems of the Labour World become more difficult and more menacing. Opponents of the Act would scare us by a propaganda of posters into the belief that we are arbitrarily closing the doors of the public-houses, and by so doing are making these problems only more dangerous. But the argument is not true to fact, for this precisely is what the Act does not do. On the contrary, it gives the keys of the drinking-bars into the hands of the people of the country, so that they, if they will, may close these particular doors for themselves.

We believe that a large section of the public, when they realise that this, and not Prohibition, is the meaning of the No-License Resolution, will gladly welcome the opportunity of taking their individual part in a reform that has never, in all the history of our country, been more urgently required than it is now.



## VIGNETTES.

BY ELLA MACMAHON.

## VI. FLYNN.

OFFICIAL records would describe him as "a person having no fixed occupation." But, as a matter of fact, his occupations and pre-occupations were manifold and various, while among them there was one quite fixed and immovable. That, alas, was what has been poetically described as the pursuit of the vine! Not that Flynn knew or cared much about the vine, or its succulent fruit, the grape, except in so far as the latter yielded liquid; anything liquid, he boasted, he could drink, with the sole exception of water.

That he could not swallow.

"Ye'll understand me," he would explain with ingenuous gravity, "that it's not because I'm the least objectin' to it, but because it turns me stomach."

But it was to the golden liquor distilled by the famous firm of John Jameson that Flynn's heart was closely bound; although he was no bigot where whisky was concerned, and, failing the greater, would take of the lesser distillers with complete broad-mindedness.

During the interludes of his fixed pursuit, he worked about on people's places. In harvest-time, when autumn gardens needed digging and autumn leaves sweeping up, when the

plough was going over the land, when the hay was making, when the "thrashers" and the threshing-machine were in the yard—on all these occasions Flynn found occupation. Withal he lived a somewhat vagrant existence, even though he dwelt in the house of his mother, who was a widow, and the mother of another son as well. This other, Flynn's brother, was a carpenter, and a person of sterling respectability. It was said, indeed, that in his extreme youth Flynn's brother "could take a drop," but that a "mission" had converted him. Gossip added that he was a pleasanter "fella" before that than he had ever been since. Be this as it may, geniality was certainly not a marked characteristic of Flynn's brother, nor did they dwell together as brethren in that unity extolled by the Psalmist. In company with his brother, Flynn had taken the pledge, being ever willing to oblige; but the luck, as he himself averred, being always "agin" him, he had had the misfortune to be caught, not long after his solemn renunciation, with the neck of a whisky-bottle sticking out of his coat pocket. In spite of this damning evidence, and the yet further evidence of the spirituous

aroma exhaled by his breath, he added falsehood to his broken pledge, in a solemn asseveration to the priest in question that the bottle contained "nothing in the world but a drop of holy water borrowed out of the chapel for to cure the cough on his mother's chest."

Ingenious though this may have been, it availed him nothing, and henceforth his relations with the clergy became slightly strained.

Owing to circumstances never clearly explained, Flynn got into the war. His brother declared that the police took him when he was drunk, and he never knew another ha'p'orth about it till he woke up at the front! This explanation, although displaying on the face of it glaring improbabilities, possibly contained a germ of truth. The fact remains that Flynn enlisted in a service battalion of one of the Irish regiments, and in due course went forth with a certain Irish Division to find himself upon the stricken shore of Gallipoli. He lived through that hell to be taken prisoner by the Turks, but not before deeds of gallantry had won for him the Distinguished Conduct Medal. Some months after the Armistice our Flynn returned to us, decorated aforesaid, and demobbed, and bearing upon him the marks of honourable warfare in the shape of what he described as "the hurt to the limb," otherwise fragments of shrapnel in his right leg. During the years which the locust of

war had eaten, his mother had died. He came back to the old home to find her chair empty, and not only her chair but her feather-bed empty likewise. The brothers, still bachelors, were not better stable companions than of yore. Indeed, a raging conflict sprang up almost immediately over the mother's feather-bed. Flynn swore that from the time of his earliest childhood his mother had promised to leave him her feather-bed. Feather-beds in Ireland are domestic bequests of high value, forming as they often do the substantial part of a girl's dowry, or an offering meet from a bridegroom to his bride. The late Mrs Flynn's feather-bed was reckoned one of the finest in the whole barony. Possession being as we are assured nine points of the law, or if not, at any rate, a distinct advantage, Flynn's brother refused not only to give Flynn the feather-bed, but to allow him to sleep on it. Feeling ran high, for there were not wanting many who supported Flynn's contention as against his brother, adding that "all the world knew" that Flynn had been his mother's favourite. For some time this internecine strife, after the manner of its kind, found vent in verbal dispute of incessant and acrimonious repetition. In spite of what had gone before, Flynn had the temerity to appeal to the parish priest to support his claim; but the reverend gentleman seemed scarcely averse to arbitrate. Moreover, Flynn's

brother fell back not merely upon the right of possession but upon the claimant's apostasy in fighting for the Enemy of his country—an accusation which Flynn denied, with many oaths.

"Give me me rights, give me me mother's feather-bed," was his daily iteration.

"I'll *not*," was the diurnal reply: "let ye go now and get a feather-bed from the English Gover-mint. 'Tis the lovely one they ought to give ye for fightin' the Germans for them."

"Ah, don't be botherin' me. Ye know well enough I never fought the Germans, nor wouldn't, for no one."

"Augh! An' who did ye fight?"

"I've told ye till I'm sick and tired of tellin' ye. I fought the Turks, haythen Tarks; 'faith ye'd fight them yerself if ye seen them comin' at ye in blaek haythen hordes, so ye would, for all yer so careful of yer ould yalla skin."

"Ah, ye may say what ye like, ye have a dirty ould English medal in yer poeket!"

"I have not; that's a lie anyhow. There's no medal in me poeket."

There was not. It was in the pawnshop.

"I don't care where it is: ye had it, and ye got it, and ye can't deny ye got it; an' what did ye get it fer if it wasn't for——"

"Ah, shut yer mouth; sure don't ye know very well 'twasn't my fault, I couldn't help gettin' it. Could I go and lave poor Tim Dooley—

an' he powerless—with them leppin' divils of Turks firing on him! Could I lave him to be kilt dead, and poor Mary his wife and their innocent ohild cryin' their eyes out for him, and them never to see a sight of him again! Sure that was the whole of it all. Would ye have me run away and lave the poor good quiet Irishman to be conshamed entirely by them—them—blaek cannibals?"

"Ah, ye may talk, but ye took their ould medal, say what ye like."

"I took it! Glory be to God, and d'ye know anything in the earthly worrld about th' Army! Took it! Bedad, when ye get in there they don't ask ye if ye'll 'take' anything, they give ye what they like, and that's all about it. Give me me mether's feather-bed, and hould yer whisht, and stop gabbin' of what ye know nothin' about."

"Ye may ge whistle fer it, I'm tellin' ye."

Thus it went on day in day out, until the day when Flynn ate his brother's dinner. The dinner in question happened to be a particularly good one, and had been specially prepared for the brother on his return from a long job some distance away. He was late, and Flynn, coming in, proceeded to wolf every bit of it alone. The last savoury mouthful was even yet in his throat when he for whom it had been destined arrived, and caught Flynn *flagrante delicto*. Thereupon, as the newspapers would express it, a scene of

violence ensued. Tired, hungry, and incensed, Flynn's brother ordered the culprit out of the house once and for all, and would listen to neither excuse nor apology.

"If ye put me out," said Flynn at last, with all the solemnity of utterance befitting a resolution so awful, "I'll lay a CURSE on ye!"

But the brother was proof even against this. "I'll chance the Curse," he retorted grimly: "out ye pop."

And out Flynn popped. The eviction was accompanied by the usual dramatic accessories. For not only was Flynn thrown out, but his personal belongings were thrown after him in the approved method of forcible ejection.

Each article was the subject of insult as it was flung into the street. Finally, a pair of khaki "slacks" went hurtling through the air, and with them opprobrium reached its climax.

"Go on now," roared Flynn's brother, much to the joy of a hasty assemblage of onlookers, "and take yer blasted English uniform to hell along with ye. I'll not have it pollutin' me honest house any longer."

And having thus accomplished the purgation, he slammed and bolted the door of the honest house aforesaid, to a murmur from the public, wherein sympathy for the greater part, but some disagreement also, were distinctly mingled.

Flynn slept that night in a neighbour's barn with the khaki slacks for a pillow.

The following day, as it happened, was that upon which the instalment of a grateful country's pension became due to him. Having drawn it, he forthwith proceeded, as might be expected, to drown care in the golden bowl of John Jameson. The immersion, however, did not cause him to forget his grievance, nor the string of his tongue to be straitened. On the contrary, the noise of his argumentation rent the air, while he ceased not day or night to revile those who, he believed and declared, had entered into a nefarious conspiracy to defraud him.

Among the latter his whiskey-fed imagination included the parish priest. That blameless personage had indeed aroused Flynn's worst suspicions by declining to throw the weight of his influence either to one side or the other. Inflamed by ardent spirits and rankling suspicion, Flynn followed the unfortunate cleric whenever he caught sight of him, and lifting up his voice beyond the bounds of decorum, gave utterance to disrespect so gross as to warrant the terse description of his state given by the village as that of—"terrible mad."

Although the object of these attentions wisely forbore to notice them, it became almost a daily occurrence to see Flynn pursuing his pastor, shouting meanwhile at the top of his voice: "Give me back me mether's feather-bed, ye ould bag of feathers. D'ye hear what I'm sayin' to ye? Ah, ye ould hypo-crit, ye ould bag

of feathers! How dare ye keep me out of me mother's feather-bed?"

The Law, however, at length overtook Flynn with its proverbially long arm. Ninety-six hours in a place of detention restored him to sobriety and a sense of his situation. He was brought forth unresistingly and placed before the judgment-seat—in other words, the court of petty sessions presided over by a benevolent bevy of justices of the peace. Here, in due order, his case was called, and the enormity of his offence gravely detailed. Flynn, new calm, confronted the "Bench" with a deferential and even obsequious air. There was not one of its occupants for whom he had not worked at some time or other and in varied capacity. They, for their part, knew him quite as well as he knew them. In the end, asked by the chairman what he had to say for himself, and why he had insulted his clergyman and broken the peace in a manner so disgraceful and unwarrantable, he replied with ingratiating candour—

"Yer honour's worship, 'tis an exthor-nary thing, but the fact of the matter is, that somehow or other, whenever I do have a drop of drink in me, it always turns to clerical abuse." The face of the "Bench" remained unmoved and composedly stern, nevertheless for the fraction of a second a ripple of light seemed to irradiate it with passing humour.

The decision went in Flynn's

favour. Taking into consideration his previous character—in reality his war service, but the magistrates were too prudent to say this openly—they discharged him with a caution. He left the court accordingly a free man, exchanging smiling greetings with these sympathisers who hailed his release with invitations to (liquid) refreshment. These he declined with an inflexibility which would have done justice to a Pussycat candidate for a Prohibition Parliament.

Thenceforward our Flynn seemed lost to us. Rumour as to his whereabouts varied; one report asserted he had fled his native village, declaring that only in so doing could he avoid having his broken heart still further lacerated by the daily sight of those "that was rebbin' him an' his mother, and she in her grave." Another gave out that he had re-enlisted, but this gained scanty credence.

A little later the following appeared in a London daily paper:—

#### NEW REIGN OF TERROR IN IRELAND.

"A mysterious description of outrage has just made its appearance in remote parts of the country. It takes the form of kidnapping. A respectable carpenter named Flynn was torn out of his bed a night or two ago by a party of masked and armed men, and having been bound and gagged, was carried to a wood and there deposited, quite naked, save for his night-shirt. The

unfortunate man, who, so far as is known, had no personal enemies in the district, must inevitably have perished of cold and exposure, but that by some extraordinary stroke of good-fortune his brother happened to be passing through the wood at the time and came upon the miscreants and their victim before the former were able to decamp. With great intrepidity this man—who, we understand, is an ex-soldier and fought with much gallantry in the late war, in which he was severely wounded, winning the D.C.M.—attacked his brother's assailants and actually beat them off. He then lost no time in summoning the police, and with their aid conveyed his brother back to his home, where he lies suffering from shock. The occurrence has caused considerable excitement in the district. It is conjectured that the fact that Flynn had his soldier brother living with him recently, incurred for him the enmity of the local branch of Sinn Féin, which is very strong in this part of the country;

or it may have been one of the usual raids in search of arms, as the raiders—who, however, could find no weapons of any sort—left the house in much disorder. Some articles of furniture have been broken or damaged, and some are missing, notably a large feather-bed. . . . Interviewed by our representative to-day, the rescuer, who is the D.C.M. hero already mentioned, was modestly reticent about his own prowess, though there is no doubt whatever that his brother owes his life to his brave intervention. As usual, no arrests have been made. . . .

When I next met our Flynn I inquired for his brother, who was reported to be still "dawny," an adjective signifying weakness or tardy recovery.

"It was a queer business," I ventured. He looked at me with very open gaze.

"It's the Curse werkin', that's what it is": his accents were grave. "Ye can never defeat a Curse, an' annywan that tries—God help them! . . ."

## THE DREAMERS.

"If you can dream and not make dreams your master,  
If you can think, yet not make thought your aim."

—KIPLING.

## I. THE SUBALTERN.

"A SORT of glorified jump, Manning, that's really all it is."

The speaker, a tall, thin, soldierly-looking man, with sparse grey hair and keen blue eyes, fumbled in his pocket for a match to relight the cheroot which he had carelessly allowed to go out in the heat of the discussion. An eminently practical man, typical of his years and service, Colonel Smythe had little use or sympathy for dreamers, as he stigmatised people like the subaltern opposite to him, who, sprawling at full length in the ruined archway, was watching the evolutions of a pair of white vultures below them, drifting steadily backward and forward, level with the battlements.

They had driven out from Delhi to look over the old ruins to the south, and the evening found them ensconced in a corner of the walls of Purana Qila, as Humayon's Fort at Indrapat is called locally, while Patrioia Smythe manoeuvred with the tea-basket.

"But, sir, the gliders have been held in the air for ever twenty seconds."

"Only owing to the momentum they started with. It's just like a rifle bullet. If you give enough way to any pro-

jectile it will keep up a certain distance in the air. But that's got no relation to bird's flight at all."

"But surely it's the same thing: a plane launched into the air, and gliding through it just like a bird. If only one could keep up the momentum by some means, one could go on indefinitely like the bird does."

"Yes, but you can't, and never will be able to. Man wasn't meant to fly, or he'd have been made differently."

"I don't agree, sir: I think he was meant to do everything—in time; the question is, how near we've got to the time for flying. Personally, I think we're just on it." He stopped thoughtfully. "And when we do stumble on it, it's going to revolutionise things a bit."

"Pass me the teapot, please, Mr Manning: the kettle's just boiling."

The girl's clear voice broke in on the discussion, and Manning, sitting up, pulled the tea-basket towards him.

"Here you are, Miss Smythe; I'm sorry for not assisting, I was so busy arguing."

"Oh, you'll never convince Dad. I've tried, and it's no go. He's certain men weren't made for flight, and so that settles it for good and all,

You never dream dreams, do you, Dad?"

"Lucky for you I don't, Pat. One wants some practical brains in a family of hopeless dreamers like you and your mother."

"All the same, you wouldn't like us if we didn't dream, Dad: think of Mum's becoming practical—Heavens!"

She poured the boiling water into the teapot and stirred it, while Manning passed over the milk and sugar—a slim slip of a girl in a biscuit-coloured tussore frock, with heavy coils of auburn hair gleaming under the shady brim of the white panama splashed with the vivid green of a silk veil twisted round it.

Such a fresh dainty-looking girl, with nice, clear, honest, hazel eyes and a rather adorable mouth, thought Manning, as he watched her pouring out the tea, sitting up in the shade of the old stone archway which looked out through the thickness of the walls on to the sun-kissed panorama of dome and minaret and yellow soil. A charming picture, with the light falling on face and straight well-poised neck, a shaft of sunlight from a crevice just catching the heavy jade and gold earring.

She passed over a cup to Manning and one to Colonel Smythe, and helped herself to a piece of cake.

"Why are you such an unbelieving Jew, Daddy? Why shouldn't men be beginning to fly, as Mr Manning says they are?"

"Because, my dear, it's

theoretically and practically impossible. Man's not constructed for it: he's meant to move about on the earth."

"What about the sea? He manages to move about on and under that all right, Dad."

"That's different: he's not acting against gravity there, whereas to fly, except in some form of balloon, he's got to counteract gravity, and that's the secret he can't find."

"How does the bird do it, sir, anyway? We know something about it. He's got to push himself through the air, and the reaction of the air on the wings holds him up. If we can make wings and push them through the air, we ought to get the same result."

"Too much weight to carry in the first place. The bird weighs practically nothing at all, and is specially built for flight—for movement in its own element, the air."

"We could build our flying-machines on the same lines."

"And then they'll break up and drop you with a bump."

"All right, sir—you wait and see. But I'll bet you anything you like that we shall be flying within the next ten years."

Manning sat up and passed his cigarette-case over. "Cigarette, Miss Smythe?" He lit it for her, and then lighting his own, asked—

"Who's for climbing the gate?"

"Not me, thanks, Manning," said Colonel Smythe; "I've climbed enough broken stairs to-day."



"Will you come, Miss Smythe?" asked the subaltern, turning to the girl.

"Yes, love to," she said, "and Dad can pack up the tea things." She stood up and brushed the crumbs and dust from her frock.

"I utterly refuse to pack up any tea things," replied the Colonel, extending himself luxuriously. "I shall lie here in peace and comfort with a chereoot while you two young idiots go and climb impossible stairs to get exactly the same view as I get here."

"It's much better higher up, sir."

"Well, I'll wait till your flying-machine is going, thanks."

"Be a good girl, Pat, and don't break your neck if you can help it," he added as she stepped out into the sunlight on to the broken old stone stairs leading to the upper battlements, where the reserved gate-towers of carved stone stabbed the vivid blue of the sky.

Manning followed the slim figure that stepped so steadily on the very edge of nothing, until they reached the top of the high gate-towers, where two little stone "ohattri" pavilions of carved red granite, still gay with inlay of blue and green tiling, lent an air of dainty finish to the massive strength of the gates rising in double tier well over eighty feet of sheer smooth-cut ashlar, topped with the warmer red of old Moghul brick.

The girl climbed into one of them, and resting one

shapely arm on the red stone where the gold bracelet glinted vividly, pointed out over the wide landscape—tomb and tower and ruined palace.

"Dreams of dead kings, Mr Manning. Isn't it fascinating? I wonder what the man who built this fort thought when he stood here and looked out. Do you think he pictured this lying ruined, and you and me standing here, 'strangers within the gates'?"

"He must have had some dim foresight, since he had imagination enough to design this place. But I suppose he said to himself, 'It'll last my time, and his, and theirs, and the rest is with Allah.'"

"Seven cities . . ." murmured the girl as her eyes swept over the plain . . . "and now . . ."

"Tumbledown tombs and crumbling arches," said Manning, "but, which is eternal, roses. I picked that one at Humayon's Gardens." He held out a great, heavy-scented, yellow rose.

The girl took it and held it to her nostrils. "How lovely! Why do they always have such teasing flowers in these old gardens?"

"I sometimes think that never blows  
the rose so red  
As where some buried Caesar bled,"

quoted Manning. "Rose-petal perfume of past grandeur. No, it's for you," he said, as she offered it him back.

"Oh, thanks awfully." She pinned it into her dress with an enamel brooch.

She pointed out in front.

"Look at that vulture coming down wind." The great bird swept past them noiselessly, and turning into the wind, hovered over the battlements awhile and then swept back again.

"That's real flight, Miss Smythe, and you and I will do it yet: do it soon now, too, I think. We shall fly over this very place with its atmosphere of dreams and lazy sun-kissed hours."

"You do really believe it, don't you, Mr Manning? It's not only to make Dad argue?"

"Of course I do. The Wrights have shown that it's possible, and all we've got to do is to make it really practicable."

"And then what is there left? We shall be like Alexander, with no more worlds to conquer."

"Not in reality. Man's found out about one-millionth of what there is to be found out, and the discovery of another millionth won't finish everything. But it's going to revolutionise war when it does come."

The girl looked at him. "I wish it could revolutionise it out of existence," she said.

"I'm afraid it won't do that yet," he replied gravely. "But we're getting on pretty fast. Think! Three hundred years ago Humayon stood on this very gate watching his troops marching out, horse and foot and elephants, all in clinking clattering mail. You and I, perhaps, will stand on this gate and watch the troops of the future passing by, not horse and foot and elephants,

but horse and foot and birds—chiefly birds, great birds sweeping past, with the glint of brass and steel over the gleaming fabric of their wings, and the dull blue of machine-guns and pompoms. When that comes, the horse and foot will begin to go and wars be won in the air."

The voice was full of enthusiasm, and the speaker's face held the far-off rapt look of one who gazes from the high hills over a new strange country, yet one which seems half familiar from being so often visualised in the lonely halts of the long uplimb.

The girl looked at him in wonderment. What funny things men were. Why did they sometimes suddenly wander out into the blue like that, where you couldn't follow them? It was bad enough now with "shows" and expeditions on which they vanished periodically. If they could fly off into the skies as well, poor woman might give up trying to hold them at all. Unless—why not?—she should go with them, lend grace and lightness as well as lissom strength to the great wings. Why shouldn't a woman do as much as a man in that line? Surely if flight were to come, woman might claim her equal right of wings to soar above the dust and haze into the higher clearer level where legendary has always held her sphere to be.

The thought fired her. Why shouldn't she try the new road with this dreamer?

"Will you teach me some-

thing about it, Billy? I'd love to learn."

He came back to earth with a jump. It was very rarely that she called him Billy.

"Rather," he stammered; "but do you really want to learn?"

He had learnt from bitter experience to keep his hobby to himself on most occasions, for it bored the majority of people to tears.

"Honour bright, I'd love to. I'm not fooling. I do really want to understand all about it."

So Manning launched forth—with into the elemental facts of the cambered wing and its action in the air, its wenders and its paradoxes, making his subject live as only one who loves it can, while the great

white vultures and the curved-winged kites swam past on motionless outstretched wings, with slow lazy turnings of their heads, to look at the two engrossed figures in the rose-red pavilion, until Colonel Smythe came shouting up the stairs to ask if they wanted to spend the whole night there.

As they went down the broken steps the girl's head was in a whirl with angles of incidence and relative speeds and negative pressures; but the boy's head was also in a whirl with just something else, for "Parler de soi à celle qu'on aime, c'est presque parler amour," and talking of flight was to Manning practically "parler de soi," and—well—Pat was—Pât.

## II. THE DAWN OF REALISATION.

The squadron commander sat up and looked at his wrist-watch. "It's about time they started over," he said. "You've got a new roll of films in, Pat, haven't you? I'm very keen to have that snap of a bus just clearing the gate."

"Yes, dear. I put one in before we started. The light's just right this evening, and if they come low down we ought to get a first-class picture. Do you remember when we sat on the gate tower and talked of possibilities, and you said that one day we would look out from here and see the troops of the future—horse and foot and birds?"

"I should think I do, Pat, darling. I began to hope that day." He clasped the cool hand she laid on his shoulder as she sat leaning against one of the stone pillars of the pavilion on the Sher Mandal in Purana Qila. "And because hope sprang up, I forthwith began to babble hectically about angles of incidence and cambers and centres of pressure."

"One can make love in most languages and dialects, I think, dear. You used to be really quite good at doing it in a terminology of lift-drift ratios, I remember," she smiled reminiscently. "Anyway, it was good for me, since

it made me realise that if a woman wishes to be a real companion to a man instead of a plaything for his leisure moments, she's got to take an interest in the things he's working at, and a little understanding is essential to interest. Then you'll get on towards sex-equality and real companionship. Like the Brownings, for instance."

"Well, you've got it, Pat, darling, haven't you? There's precious little about flight that *you* don't understand. You generally lead the way now."

"No, I don't, dear, but I've learnt to share your dreams a bit, especially the great one. Do you think we're tumbling on the edge of things a little now?"

Billy Manning sat up and pointed to a kite wheeling round over the Qila Kuhna Mosque, the slow spirals bringing him past the Sher Mandal every half-minute or so.

"Never a tremor of wing except just the flexing and twisting of the tips for balance as one uses one's ailerons. And yet he not only keeps in horizontal flight but climbs steadily. We know what his wing is: the same cambered 'plane we use ourselves; we know its action, and we know that to secure lift from the air that wing must be driven through it at a certain minimum speed, a speed that you and I have calculated out dozens of times. We know that if the relative speed drops below that figure the lift will fall and the bird must glide

down. There's nothing visible driving him through the air—he's stopped his engine so to speak, no longer flapping his wings—and yet he maintains sufficient flying speed to go on climbing continuously and circling by the half-hour. You can't assume that his original momentum keeps him going, because if you do you're abolishing air resistance and getting perpetual motion.

"Therefore, one comes back always to the same conclusion, that some unknown force must be driving him through the air at a relative speed, high enough to give him a margin of lift and climb."

"I know, dear: we've worked it out dozens of times and always come back to that. But what? . . . what? . . . what?"

"God only knows!" said Billy. "He made the cambered wing that we've copied, and He made the bird; and now He's left us to find out, as He always does. That's what we were given brains for."

"Is it heat or is it light or is it electricity?" said Pat reflectively. "Some force produced by the bird itself which sends it forward; some alteration in pressure front and rear. I suppose we *shall* stumble on it some day."

"Some one . . . somewhere . . . some day," said Billy. "Perhaps you and I, Pat—who knows? It won't be for lack of searching." He threw a stone at the kite as it sailed by six feet away. The bird checked, swerved, and dived and zoomed back

into level flight again. "We'll tower by bare inches, it do that better than you soon, my friend," he said.

A faint, far-off, humming vibration of the air, felt rather than heard, caused them to look up over the walls to where, against the *cau-de-nil* sky, three aircraft showed like midges.

"There they are," said Pat, getting to her feet and unstrapping the camera. "'Herse and foot and . . . birds.' I wonder if the dust of dead kings is stirred?"

The aeroplanes drew nearer, B.E.2s, prehistoric machines to Western eyes, but the last word in flying for India. They swung out on a circle to Humayon's tomb, and then turning, bore down on Indrapat, looking like long thin dragon-flies gleaming in the sinking sun.

"I told Adam to come low over the South Gate," said Pat, as she focussed the camera. Adam Smythe was her cousin, a keen lad fresh from home, who had recently been posted to Billy's squadron. I thought that would give us a real fascinating photo, the wall and gates of the city of dead kings and 'planing above them, the living realisation of mankind's eternal dream."

"It's a fine symbol, dear, and it's good for mankind to see its dreams realised sometimes, even if only partly, lest it lose heart altogether. Look out; here he comes."

The leading 'plane swooped down to the gate, the pilot pulling her up at the last moment—clearing the gate

tower by bare inches, it seemed.

"Good lad," murmured Manning, who liked to see clean well-judged work. "Got him, Pat?"

"Nicely, thank you," she replied, as she turned on the film.

The whole amphitheatre of the old walls seemed full of sound as the machines circled low above them, and the steady hum of the engines woke the kites to remonstrance as one 'plane even lower than the rest swept past the Sher Mandal, Pat waving back in response to the observer's raucous greeting on the Klaxon.

She secured another snap of one that swept round over the mosque, and a final one as Adam Smythe, cart-wheeling above the west gate, slid back over the river and then banked left-handed towards Delhi Fort, the other two close behind.

"Well, Pat, there's some display for the ghosts of the old kings. I wonder if Baber and Humayon and Akbar are anywhere about at the moment? I'm sure Akbar would have been as keen as nuts to see that display."

"Or Baber, who held that no knowledge could come amiss to a king," said Pat, closing the camera.

"They were a sporting lot anyway," remarked Billy, as he seated himself on the edge of the low circling wall. I think these old buildings of theirs always seem friendly to people like you and me, dreamers of dreams."

He watched the 'planes turn west towards the aerodrome out at New Cantonments, and pointed to the white blur that marks Imperial Delhi.

"The eighth city," he said. "I wonder if Qutb-ud-Din Aybek gets up o' nights to look at it from Mahrauli, or Tughlak Shah from his ruined city, or Prithvi Raj from the tumbled walls by the Qutb, and how long they give it to last.

'After me cometh a builder,  
Tell him, I, too, have known.'

Myself I prefer this; they knew how to build in those days, and didn't inflict 'temporary' rubbish on one. I'll bet the Lath will outlast the eighth city, as it's outlasted the other seven."

A car rumbled in under the massive archway, and a short fat man got out and walked up towards the Sher Mandal.

"Capt. Walker," said Pat. "He said he might be out this way to-night, so I told him to look for us here."

He came up the plinth and waved to the Mannings.

"Come up and have drinks," called Pat. "You're too late for tea."

"Ta muchly," he shouted, and vanished into the staircase built in the thickness of the wall to emerge presently on the top.

"What's the stunting display for? Some one going on leave?"

"No; only a special séance for the wife who wanted some allegorical photos of the old walls with a bus over them.

Sort of 'bridge-the-centuries' picture."

Walker settled himself in comfort with a long peg and lit a cheroot.

"Interesting lecture that of yours last night, Major, but I don't follow the part about the birds when you said we're not flying really, only making a fictitious imitation. Surely the cases are not parallel. The bird is a living thing in its own element, and that makes all the difference."

"But the fact of its being the bird's element, as you call it, can't alter the fundamental laws of gravity, of action and reaction, of air pressure and resistance. The fact still remains, that certain classes of birds achieve continuous soaring flight without any apparent expenditure of force; whereas we, to do the same, have to fit a huge engine and expend thousands of foot-pounds of energy. There must be something we haven't found yet."

"And you and Mrs Manning are going to find it? Well, wish you luck; but I think you're looking for the impossible. Besides, even if it does exist and you find it, what will it enable you to do that our modern machines can't?"

"Save weight firstly—the weight of the engine and fuel; secondly, make a reliable machine instead of an unreliable one; and thirdly, give us the silent aeroplane. The next war is going to be won in the air; and an absolutely reliable silent machine with no engine to go wrong and the weight of the engine

put into armouring and armament, is going to knock every other kind of bus out of sky. And then God help civil population of the losers, for they'll get it night and day until they chuck their hand in! Five hundred conventions won't stop it, now that every one has realised that the old idea of armies is dead—armies as opposed to non-combatants, that is. Now and henceforward wars are going to be the affair of the whole nation."

Walker looked at him. "Go it, Major. Fancy enthusing like that!"

Manning smiled. "Rather diffusion of words to the mouth, I'm afraid; but it's my pet lunacy, and the mem-sahib shares it."

"But," put in Walker, "I thought wars were going to be off in the future. League of Nations; eternal embraces, &c., &c."

"I think not, until we render war so utterly terrible that no nation will dare to make it. When you execute the nation that goes to war, as you hang the man who cuts his neighbour's throat, methodically and inexorably, *then* war will go out of fashion; and there, it seems to me, that the perfected aeroplane is the obvious instrument to suppress war. If, for instance, on Germany starting war in 1914, we had been in a position to own the skies and send over enough well-equipped perfect aircraft to blot out methodically the country from the German border eastward, mile after mile, hour

after hour, with explosive and gas, the war would not have lasted a week."

"I don't think that would ever be possible. Whatever one side turns out with in the way of new frightfulness, the other side is sure to find a counter. It is only the old old story of the gun and the armeur."

"Yes, but it wants time to find the counter-measure. My point is that, if some nation finds out a revolutionising secret like that of true flight, and keeping it really secret get their blow in first without a shadow of warning, the other side will never recover in time to find a remedy."

"Well, I hope it won't come in my time. I prefer the old-fashioned out-and-thrust type of game with a certain amount of sport in it. Cold-blooded elimination of the ether bird doesn't appeal to me. But to come back to our muttens: do you honestly believe there is still some undiscovered force, as you made out in your lecture?"

"Every time. It's the only thing that explains an otherwise inexplicable phenomenon."

"Don't you think that perhaps it's a question of ascending currents of air? I've noticed kites and ravens soaring in the hills over re-entrants, where the mist, driving up, showed an unmistakable upward wind."

"Yes, possibly in some cases that is so. And certainly kites like hovering round a natural breakwater where the wind

must drive up, as you can see any day over Delhi Fort walls. But that doesn't explain the birds you see climbing up and up, without ever a beat of wing, in a hot dead calm."

"Probably the heated air is ascending and taking them up although there is no wind showing."

"All right in theory, but hardly practicable, because as a rule the upward speed of the air would nowhere near suffice to keep the bird in even horizontal flight, assuming him to be gliding with gravity as his motive power, still less to carry him upward, even after allowing for his head resistance being far less than that of any type of aeroplane yet built. A very strong wind deflected sharply upwards, as by a high wall, could do it within a limited area under favourable conditions, but you don't get that where you see the birds circling up on a still day in the plains, for instance."

"Well, I don't understand it, but I think you're on an impossible quest myself. When you can make feathers and flesh and blood you might find it, always assuming that there is anything to find, which, mind you, I don't by any means concede yet."

"Anyhow, it doesn't cost anything, and it interests us no end, and that's something these days. Talking of interest, what about the prospects of leave?"

"Fairish to good. Me for Chamba and the little bears next month. Three months of the best, I hope. I'm bored to

death with taking Members of Council for joy-rides, and talking shop about 'commercial aviation' to greasy profiteers in the intervals of doing post-man. What are you two going to do in the leave line?"

"Laze in a house-boat on the Wular and then drift up to Gandarbal, and after that trek up beyond Senamarg. Think of the far snows, and the swirl of ice-water down the Sinde valley!"

Pat stood up and looked north-east over the plain, where the rim of the sky was rapidly darkening, the blue deepening to indigo and dusky purple as the radiance died out of the western sky. High overhead a flight of cranes barred the sky, ghostly in the fading light.

"Time for home, isn't it, Mrs Manning?" said Walker. "It's getting late and you're dining with me before the show to-night."

"All right. Call up the coolie—will you, please?—for the things," she replied mechanically.

"What are you looking at, child?" asked Billy. Walker was busy shouting to the coolie below.

"Nothing. Only wondering what it was like, when they stood here and looked out to the north for the invader, year after year, century after century. Can't you picture the old-time sentries leaning on their spears watching, and the wailing women on the walls staring out into the dusk, with the horizon stabbed by the ever-nearing spears of



yellow flame from burning hut and byre as the terror drew closer! The last frantic efforts, the sorties, the final oulminating horror of the assault with the gateways choked with dead and dying as the stormers, drunk with lust of blood, swept in in a scurry of steel.

"And now we stand here with half a world talking of endless peace as though men's passions had radically changed. But *I* think I can

feel the dread still, out of the north as ever—vast, formless, menacing."

She shivered slightly. "Stupid, aren't I, Billy, dear? Be glad you're not a woman."

She turned and followed Walker down the steep stone steps. "Mind you don't imitate old Humayon, Captain Walker, and take all the steps in one," she said with a light laugh. "Even Billy's unknown force wouldn't help you then."

### III. THE BLUE 'PLANES.

In the first light of the dawn, two men were standing on the aerodrome at New Delhi. The elder of the two, a man of medium height, with blue eyes and grey moustache, wore General's badges on his Flying Corps kit. He limped slightly when he walked, but his face was keen and his bearing alert, and he was young-looking for his rank.

He turned to the other man, a subaltern, who was ruefully surveying the aerodrome. It seemed to have suffered considerably, being methodically ploughed up with bomb-orators until there was barely a clear fifty-yard run in any direction. Behind them a row of temporary hangars appeared to have shared the damage, two of them being little more than twisted girders and charred timbers.

"Lucky we had that underground hangar ready last night, Bob. I wonder they didn't try this aerodrome before."

"Hardly worth their while, I suppose, sir. It's more amusing to shoot us out of the skies than wrecking our landing-grounds. And both forms of amusement are equally safe for them, since our machines are, if possible, as antediluvian as our Archie's."

The subaltern's tone was wrathfully despondent, and with good reason. The unexpected war had found India with but a few squadrons of machines, intended only for work against tribesmen, and utterly outclassed by the enemy's aircraft, thanks to his new petrol turbine-engines, which gave twice the power for weight of any other nation's. The enormous success of his carefully-guarded secret had probably been one of the contributing factors to his sudden declaration of war—a war sought for the destruction of our civilisation and all it stands for.

New machines were being

rushed out from home, but could not be expected for another ten days at the earliest, even provided that the Canal remained open. Concentration was consequently being hampered in every way, for the Indian 'planes had been simply swept out of the air, and all day long, and every day, the bridges and main railway junctions were alive with bursting bombs, and heavy with drifting gas-clouds; while at night the burning wreckage of trains and dumps gave the enemy 'planes the most useful of guiding lights.

The enormously - increased range of aircraft placed Delhi within reach of the larger machines; and being the capital and an important railway centre, the enemy visited it regularly. During the six days that operations had lasted they only lost one 'plane, and that due more to Archie's luck than good judgment. The native population had largely fled out into the districts where, as in plague-time, the country-side was scattered all over with little encampments wherein the fat Delhi banias sat shivering, while the blue 'planes circled overhead, dropping an occasional gas-bomb for the pleasure of seeing an encampment break up. The people, however, had learnt by now not to come back after the bomb had burst, but to wait until the evening winds had cleared the haze where the contorted, blue-lipped remains lay.

"I'll just go over and ex-

plain things to the pioneers, sir," continued the subaltern. "They ought to get a short run clear for you very soon now. Lahore's not reported sighting the beasts yet."

"I'll walk over too and have a look at the 'Hawk,'" replied the General.

At one corner of the aerodrome a working party of Madras pioneers were putting the finishing touches to a ramp running down below ground, evidently leading to some kind of large dug-out. A camouflage screen just removed had hitherto concealed the entrance from above. At the bottom of the ramp two mechanics were sliding back steel doors which revealed an electrically-lighted concrete-walled shed.

General Manning walked down and entered the shed, leaving Bob Trevor in consultation with the subaltern of pioneers, who was supervising the clearance of a run between the bomb-craters.

Inside the dug-out, or hangar as it really was, stood a grey biplane of an altogether new type. It possessed no propeller, nor as far as could be seen any engine. The wings, folded back on either side, were ridged on top from front to back with laminated plates of a peculiar grey metal; while on the under side, let into the featherweight metal skin which, both on fuselage and wings, replaced the fabric of earlier models, ran row upon row of transparent celluloid tubes enclosing metal filaments.

In some respects the machine

approximated to a largish scout type, but thanks to the lack of propeller, the under-carriage was lower than usual. By means of rather ingenious locking levers the pilot could draw it up when in flight, so that it closed upward and forward into recesses in the under side of the fuselage, and resistance became practically nil.

The centre section of the fuselage consisted of an armoured cockpit of bullet-proof aero-steel, fitted with a stream-lined cover which could be slid over the top at will, closing the cockpit entirely except for a horizontal slit all round for view. When closed the pilot was practically immune from danger as regards machine-gun fire.

The controls were of the conventional type, and the instruments normal, except that the rev. counter was replaced by a dial marked "Power" and divided off into a reading of pounds' pressure per square foot. Enclosed in the cockpit were a pair of machine-guns with belts set with armour-piercing, soft-nosed, and incendiary bullets alternately. Between the machine-guns at the very bottom of the fuselage was a short-barrelled automatic gun, firing a one-pound shell. The extending practice of armouring the engine and tanks, and the pilot's seat, in all except the very lightest machines, had rendered imperative the necessity for some heavier weapon than the rifle-calibered machine-guns.

The teleaxial gear enabled

the gunner to aim his guns by the aligning of a small sighting telescope so connected with the guns that they moved in accordance with its movements, the axes of guns and telescope always remaining parallel. Check-stops prevented the telescope from being moved beyond the horizontal and vertical radius of action of the guns.

The armament was so calibrated that at fifty yards the strike of the machine-gun bullets coincided exactly with the point of impact of the shells. The idea of thus calibrating and connecting them had been evolved by Trevor, a gunnery enthusiast. The intention was that the percussion-shell should smash up the light armouring, and the accompanying and following flight of incendiary bullets passing through the holes made would complete the work. The armour-piercing bullets might also find weak spots on lightly armoured machines, and the expanding bullets were calculated to do far more damage to struts and cables than would the hardened pointed ones.

The actuating buttons of the guns, with Bowden connections, lay on the joy-stick just under the pilot's fingers, so that either all three or any individual gun could be brought into action as desired.

The cockpit was fitted with all the usual accessories for comfort—racks, electric lighting and heating gear, map-roller cases, and so on.

Billy Manning stepped up

to the machine and spoke to the flight-sergeant, who was examining the instruments.

"Fully charged, Jenkins?" he asked.

"Fully, sir. You've six hours' power without generating at all, but in this weather you'll start generating as soon as you leave the ground. She's in beautiful trim, giving maximum pressure."

A wireless messenger entered with a signal pad, which he handed to the General.

"Lahore report three enemy planes passed over five minutes ago heading south. Frontier also report heavy storms working up, and snow likely in the hills."

"Thank you," said Billy, initialling the pad. "Tell Mr Trevor I'm running her out now." He turned to the flight-sergeant—

"Have her run out, Jenkins, and I'll take her up. See that all the guns are ready and the spare belts in position. And bring along my coat and gloves. It'll be cold high up."

He climbed up the ramp out of the dug-out, and walked over to where his car stood, reflecting as he went on the perversity of life in general. If this war had only come six months later all would have been well,—trials over, his machine adopted in general use, with plenty of trained pilots, instead of there being only one machine built, though others had been hastily begun. Worse still, there were no pilots, for besides Pat, Jenkins, and himself, only two others knew the secret, which natur-

ally had had to be kept very close in the experimental stages. One was Welsh, the head of the aircraft factory at Bombay, and the other was a selected squadron commander whom Manning had sent home to report to the Air Board and arrange for material for India, the wing metal being unprocureable locally. Manning himself was to have followed in a couple of months.

But before the trials were properly finished war had broken out, and now the railways were busy rushing every available man and horse and gun to the frontier.

He and Pat—mostly Pat, he always said—had found the secret at last, stumbled on it, as they always said they would, and hit on the absurdly impossible fact that the back pressure generated by the wing of a soaring bird under certain conditions of light causes the forward reaction of the whole wings, and consequently produces the necessary lift.

Then followed the years of patient research before they and Welsh of the Aircraft Factory evolved a combination of metals and chemicals which would produce the same result. Just two years ago they had found it, and made the first model. He could see Pat now, as with bated breath she launched it on the aerodrome. It dropped, and failure seemed certain, when it fluttered, steadied into horizontal flight, and then banking to the set of the rudder Pat had given it, circled round and round, trailing a long line of hairlike

silk which they had attached for recapture if necessary.

But the little model wouldn't fly at night, and they had to seek some means of producing an artificial light action so as to be independent of atmospheric conditions. It was Pat who proved that electricity applied properly to the artificial nervures of the wings gave the same result as light; but it was Welsh who had devised a storage plant light enough to be of practical value.

Now the first machine was ready and had been flown, Manning himself bringing her up from Bombay with a dummy propeller run by electricity fitted on for the occasion. She had done all they asked of her and more, shewing undreamed-of possibilities, and to-day Billy was taking her up to see if she could drive down the enemy's planes as they had driven down the antiquated machines opposed to them.

He had settled it the night before. It was not his place to go out scrapping on his lonesome, but the "Grey Hawk" was the only machine that stood a chance, and he was the only man who could fly her. He could send up other machines as well, the few he had left, but they would only get downed to no purpose, and their slow speed would tie him down. Better save them for night-work, where in the darkness they might be less at a disadvantage, and superior skill and grit make up for mechanical failing. Also there was a distinct shortage of pilots, and Billy's face grew

grim as he thought of the men he had lost, shot down without a chance. He had the gift of making friends of the men who served under him, and every loss had been a personal one.

Last but not least, his best flight commander, young Saunders, lay a still, white, uncomplaining mass of bandages in the big hospital, and the "Babe," Billy's daughter, had only been engaged to him a fortnight. He would be lucky to live, still luckier if he ever walked again: the doctors had told the General privately the night before, when he had driven round with the "Babe," a little, white, tearless, pathetic slip of a girl, dark-eyed from three nights without sleep. Luckily he had been shot down close to home, and his observer, a sergeant of exceptional coolness, though wounded himself, had brought the machine, half the engine clean blown away from a direct hit with a small shell from one of the big blue 'planes, down in uncertain giddy spirals, and landed her, or rather crashed her gently, just as a smouldering longeron burst into flame near the leaking petrol tanks.

"The filthy swine," muttered Billy. It was so utterly unnecessary and unprovoked, such typical war of the kind we thought we'd finished with in 1919—the inevitable war bred by a materialistic people, with their foul teeming breeding-grounds, their shibboleth of the "earth to the strong"—i.e., to the bestial unrestrained mob; its worship of mere num-

bers as the be-all and end-all of a nation, its glorification of the State at the expense of the individual family.

Pat Manning, sitting in the car, leant forward as he came up. She was pale, and her hands were very tightly clasped, but she spoke bravely.

"Any news, dear?"

"Yea. Three of the blue beasts have passed Lahore, coming this way."

He got into the car and lit a cigarette. Pat's hand found his under the rug. The chauffeur was talking to a mechanic some distance away.

"You'll take her up now, I suppose." The tone was a statement, not a question. Much as she loathed letting him go, Pat was not the one to stand in the way of what she conceived to be her man's duty; and this job was particularly his or "theirs," as she preferred to call it. Had it been a two-seater, she would most certainly have gone too, if she could have prevailed on Billy to take her.

"Yea. They're just running her out. It'll be her first real work, and she carries enough, Heaven knows. If we can't stop them in a few days, the whole of our concentration will go west."

Pat tightened her hand on his.

"You've got the best of all possible machines—haven't you, dearest? and you'll have me with you, for we've put the best of us into her, you and I together. But . . . you won't take any unnecessary risks—promise."

She broke off a minute, and

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then pointed towards the "Hawk's" hangar. "There she is now. Doesn't she look ripping?"

The grey biplane had been brought up the ramp, and the riggers were bolting the 'planes into flying position. The first rays of the sun gilded the edges of the 'planes where the metal blades turned over in a sweeping curve, and lit up the stream-lined silvered boss in front, which terminated in a beautifully modelled little hawk's head, the "Babe's" design.

"Come along then, dear, and give her your blessing before we start." He got out of the car, and turning, held out both hands to help Pat out. She stepped down, a slim, straight, girlish figure still, despite the grey streaks in the heavy hair.

They walked silently over to where the flight-sergeant had guided the machine into the best bit of level ground he could find, and the pioneer working-party had cleared a narrow track running into the wind. The subaltern was talking to the sergeant, and both saluted as the Mannings came up.

"Good morning, Mr Trevor. Good morning, Jenkins," said Pat. "It's lucky she can take off so quickly, as they've made such a mess of the landing-ground. How is she to-day, Jenkins?"

"Beautiful, Mrs Manning. You can feel her like a live thing under your hand."

"Well, come along and let me see for myself."

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She and Sergeant Jenkins walked round to the other side, and Pat climbed up into the cockpit, where she busied herself testing controls and generally overhauling things, in close confab with Jenkins perched on the wing, while Billy and Trevor stood talking a little way off. Pat was a person who always inspired devotion, but she had no mere devout worshipper than Jenkins, who considered her something almost more than human ever since she had pulled his wife through a bout of diphtheria.

A rigger came up with Billy's coat and helped him on.

"Your cap and goggles, sir," he said as he handed them to the General.

"Thank you," said Billy, as he slipped on the cap and gave his forage-cap to the man. "Put my gloves in the rack, will you, please. It's coldish these days up high."

He turned to Trevor. "I think it's time I started; Bob. I want time to look around and test her a bit. Keep on the telephone all the time."

He stepped up to the machine. Pat got out on to the wing, and he climbed into the cockpit and examined the guns and belts, and settled himself comfortably. Then he began trying the controls.

"They're all in order, dear. I've tried them."

"So I guessed." He pointed with a smile to the control lever. Knotted round below the gun-buttons was a cotillion favour, a little grey bird with gaudy tinsel streamers.

"Not mine," she said. "It was the 'Babe' who made me promise to put it there. It was Jimmy's favour at the New Year ball."

"Oh!" There was a world of understanding in Manning's voice as he fingered the tinsel streamers.

"I've put things in the racks, dear,—chocolate and biscuits, and a flask. They're on the right, and in the left"—there was a slight catch in the voice—"you'll find dressings and iodine."

"Shan't want them, dearest. The blue birds will though, probably, if they get time to use them," replied Billy resolutely.

Jenkins and Trevor were discreetly looking the other way. "Good-bye, dear," said Pat, as she leant over and kissed him once. "Shoot straight."

She stepped down from her perch on the wing. Jenkins came to the front of the machine, and the men took up their places at the wing-tips.

"Holding?" called the General.

"Holding, sir!" replied the sergeant, raising his arm.

"Contact!" called Billy, and then pushed forward a small lever on his left, that slid over a brass-faced dial.

The "Grey Hawk" began to vibrate gently with a faint whirring noise. The wings rocked slightly, and little trails and whirls of dust began to dance away behind, and the men at the wing-tips felt them strain against their hands.

The needle slid across the face of the power meter as

Billy pressed over the lever and then pulled it back.

"Stand clear!" he shouted, and the chooks were pulled away from the wheels. He waved back the wing-tip men; Jenkins, with a last look round, saluted and stood clear; and with a wave of his hand to Trevor and Pat, Billy pushed over the pressure lever. The machine quivered an instant, and then slipped forward, noiselessly gathering way as the air-speed dial-hand slid round, "20, 25, 30." The joystick came back at the very edge, it seemed, of a bomb orator, and she lifted into the air like a soaring kite lifts over a wall.

True flight this, felt Manning. No whirring propeller, no clattering roaring engine spitting oil, just the poetry of motion in perfect silence, save for the faint whirring noise the wings made, and only the whip of the wind in your face to show that you were moving. He pulled her up more, climbing straight towards the city with its domes and minarets gleaming in the morning sun. The altimeter rose steadily, 3000, 4000, 5000—something like 2000 feet a minute. He crossed the walls at 7000 and pulled the stick back to see how steeply she would climb before stalling.

He knew it would be a pretty big angle, farther back than in any 'plane he had ever seen, but this time practice was in advance even of theory. It was nearly 24 degrees upward inclination before he felt the control slacken and the

stick waver idly in his hand as she slid back on her tail. He pulled back the pressure lever and let her go. She hung in the air, hesitated on a wing-tip, and then her nose dipped and she shot downwards, the stick steadying in his hand as she flattened out automatically to a gliding angle that must have been about one in fifteen.

He forced her down once more, pushing over the pressure lever as he dived. Then he pulled her over in a series of perfect loops, finally sending her down in a spinning nose-dive to well under the thousand mark, when he flattened out and started a steady climb in great sweeping spirals, for all the world like the vultures he passed at intervals.

Pat was right. He certainly had the best of all possible machines, the nearest thing to a bird that man had yet flown. Nothing else ought to be able to stand up to him, not even the big multiple-engined triplanes.

The buzz of the wireless telephone-receiver, attached to his cap, drew his attention, and he slipped up the mouthpiece from the breast-pocket of his coat.

"Halloa—is that you, Trevor?" A feminine voice came back—

"No—me—Pat. How's she going?"

"Beautifully; but what are you doing there? No outsiders allowed near the wireless . . ."

"I'm *not* an outsider—I'm the inventor, or co-inventor, if you prefer. I just told Mr



Trevor I was coming in, 'bus,' so there. The 'Babe's' rung me up here to tell me they're operating on Jimmy now. It'll be touch and go, I'm afraid."

"Poor little Kiddy. Tell her to keep smiling and he'll pull through all right. I'm off north new. Tell Trevor to keep on the line all the time. Good-bye, dear."

The "Gray Hawk" was climbing steadily, and a glance at the power-indicator showed that she was running on generated power direct without touching the storage-plant. The atmospheric conditions were perfect—clear bright sky and hot, although cooler every minute now as they drew nearer the 10,000-foot mark. Manning wanted to get well up, over 15,000, before the enemy arrived. They would probably be flying pretty low, contemptuously low they had been of late; but he liked to be on the safe side.

The growing cold made him pull his gloves on, for he was cursed with a bad circulation. While doing so he sat up and looked round the empty sky, and then behind him to where Delhi lay, a formless ant-heap of houses fast fading into a blur, as he set her head towards Panipat, where in the past Delhi's fate had been settled more than once. To-day might settle it yet once more, for if the "Hawk" failed, that would be the end, since another uninterrupted week would enable them to wreck the concentration beyond hope of redemption. Even now it was pretty well delayed.

He thought of the tumbled heap of wrecked girders and broken piers that marked what had been the Delhi Jumna Bridge, its destruction doubling the strain of traffic on the western lines.

He looked at his watch. They should be along shortly now: the wind was in their favour. He pressed the buttons of the guns one after another, and they stammered away cheerfully.

Once more he strained his eyes to the north. Surely something this time, just a speck on the horizon below him. He steadied the machine and pulled out his glasses. Yes, there they were, or rather two of them, for the third was nowhere to be seen. He craned out to try and locate her, but without success. Perhaps she had gone off on a special stunt.

As they drew nearer, he studied them intently. They showed up clearly in the field of his large-aperture prism-glasses, while with the sun behind him and at just the right angle, he was in all probability invisible to them.

Big triplanes, pale blue all over, save where on the upper 'planes a curious red conventional sign showed the nationality. Quite three times his size, and probably very heavily armed with guns fore and aft. He could hear now, faint and far off, the hum of the big multiple turbine-engines, growing in intensity as they drew nearer.

He slid forward the armoured head-cover, although he would far rather have taken his

chance with it open and kept the better field of view. But he could afford no chances to-day. The blue 'planes drew closer, passing to westward and below him. He swung the "Hawk" round, and with full power on dived on to the rear 'plane.

Noiseless, and dropping out of the eye of the sun, it is probable that the enemy did not realise his presence until he was within range. Certain, it seemed but a bare second from the time he saw through his telescopic sight the rear gunner fling himself round and bring his gun into action, and then flop, an inert mass, over the mounting, till, as with all three guns going, Manning swept diagonally across the blue 'plane, raking her from end to end, and saw three shells burst one after another on the armoured fuselage just where he knew the fuel tanks to be.

As he cart-wheeled round right-handed to get behind her again, he caught a glimpse of smoke and saw her nose going down, while at the same instant the splash of bullets on his armour showed that the other 'plane was taking a hand in the game, and she shot back past him on a climbing turn.

But his pace was too fast, and as she swept round again to catch him he was two hundred feet above her, and climbing at nearly twice her speed.

The first 'plane was well alight now, thank goodness. She was diving unsteadily down, with great gouts of black smoke streaming behind;

and as he watched, Billy saw her tilt over with one wing flaming, and then lurch sickeningly downward.

"One up," he muttered, and dived towards No. 2, who pulled up to meet him, letting drive with an automatic from above the top 'plane as she came. The angle was too steep to bring her heavier guns into action without stalling, and the pilot evidently feared to lose height against this new machine that could climb so fast.

Billy swooped straight for her, and as he swerved off at the last possible fraction of a second into a vertical bank, he saw the man in the forward cockpit hanging out helplessly over the side. He pulled up the "Hawk" at that marvellous climbing angle of hers, and she shot up like a partridge towering, and hung again above the enemy 'plane.

A third dive brought him several more bullets clattering on his armour, and one splintering on the edge of the vision-slit ripped open his cheek; but he had a perfect position as he dropped from straight behind, spraying the blue beast from tail to nose, and suddenly found her drop out of his sight as he looped over almost on top of her wings.

"Good-bye-ee, I think," he said, pulling out. The blue biplane was spiralling down, apparently hopelessly out of control. He wiped the blood from his face and followed. She didn't seem to have much kick left, and the rear engine had stopped. Drawing closer,

he let her have it once more as close as he could get, and again saw the burst of shells on the fuselage as he slid past without drawing any answer. The pilot seemed to have vanished—probably slipped, dead or unconscious, from his seat. Billy watched her down-spinning in aimless erratic circles until she crashed just outside a village.

He circled slowly round for a minute or two, fingers on gun-buttons, but nothing moved in the wreckage. Then sliding back the armoured head-cover, he climbed again to see if the third enemy 'plane was anywhere in sight. The sky, however, seemed absolutely empty, so he turned Delhiward, calling up as he did so on the wireless telephone.

"That you, sir?" came the anxious voice of Trevor at Delhi. "What luck?"

"Found two, and pushed 'em down, but number three's missing. Ask Lahore if they've any further news. And tell my wife the machine is perfect, will you."

He circled high above the ridge until the telephone started again.

"Lahore report that one turned back after bombing Ferozepur. They think she's having engine trouble, and are hoping to hear of her coming down *en route*. Hill with the only 'plane at Ferozy has gone after her, and if her engines are really giving trouble, he might stand some chance."

"Hope he downs her. All three down would give the

swine something to think about."

"Frontier report very heavy storms and snow in the hills, sir. Probably no more will come over to-day."

"Right-oh; then I'll come down."

Billy switched off and dropped her nose, and with her wonderful, bird-like, flat-gliding angle she spiralled down. He slipped off his gloves. The aerodrome drew nearer, and as he circled in and turned up wind for the run in, he caught sight of Pat standing near the wireless.

With hardly a tremor the "Grey Hawk" touched ground, and as she did so he altered the wing incidence and brought her up all standing in thirty yards. He mopped his face and did his best to clean his fur collar for Pat's sake. Face wounds seem to bleed such a lot.

She found him thus engaged, and apologising for not having used the dressings. "Forgot all about them, dear; I was so busy thinking about the 'Hawk' and all she could do, and it's only a deepish scratch really. How's Jimmy?" he said, as she fussed over him with lint and iodine.

"They've finished now, and Colonel Williams is far more hopeful. I rang him up and asked. They say he has really a good chance now of getting over it."

"Thank God! We'll both go round this evening." He lit a cigarette as Pat finished with the bandage. "You've made me feel as if I really

was wounded," he said ruefully as the iodine livened up.

Trever came up full of congratulations and hungry for details. He showed the General a code wire from Welsh at Bombay announcing the despatch of two completed Hawks, accompanied by some of the mechanics he had been specially training. Also, best of all, the wire stated that the two pilots he sent with them had flown the machines after four hours' instruction; and though, of course, further practice would be required, they ought to be perfectly at home in them in a couple of days.

"That means arrival to-night," said Billy. "Good old Welsh. Tell Parker to have everything ready, and the workshops should have them in flying trim by the morning,

if we're left in peace. Thank Heaven for the storms up north. I'm off for a bite of breakfast now, and, I suppose, a visit to the hospital *en route*. I'll give you a lesson in handling the 'Hawk' afterwards."

He climbed out of the machine, and leaving Jenkins to run her in, walked over to the car with Pat.

"So the dream has come true after all, dear, hasn't it? Do you know, I was dreaming all the way back of what the future might hold now that we've found it, and what utter horrors it would have meant for the world if the others had found it first."

She slipped her arm in his and looked at him tenderly.

"Trust you for dreaming, darling—always—always."

GANPAT.

## A SECRET SURVEY.

BY REAR-ADMIRAL BOYLE SOMERVILLE, C.M.G.

## II.

BUSHIRE is a town situated at about eighty miles southward from the head of the Gulf, whose original *raison d'être* was, no doubt, its harbour. This reason still exists, but not for modern vessels, as it is far too shallow for anything except dhows. Regarded with the tourist's eye, it has all the appearance of a large and excellent bay of tranquil water; but when the navigator produces a chart, it is seen from the soundings that a steamer of ordinary draught would have to anchor between three and four miles from the town, and quite outside the protecting shores of the bay itself. The place was a fishing village for 1200 happy unregarded years, until 1750, when it was chosen by the Shah to be the Portsmouth of Persia. This pre-eminence persists; and when we arrived there in the *Sphinx* we found the entire Persian Navy anchored in its principal home port. This was H.I.P.M.S. *Persepolis*, a gunboat of the most extreme antiquity. We gazed on her with the respect due to age and infirmity, and then exchanged with her commanding officer the proper pompous naval visits, in the best modern style, "the usual compliments" being paid on either side, in superfine Dartmouth French and its Teheran equivalent.

The land around the harbour is, for twenty miles, a low flat plain. At its confines, the great rampart of mountains suddenly springs up, on whose top is the real Persia, 3000 feet and more above the sea, stretching all the way to the Caspian. The hot little town of Bushire, tightly squeezed within its white wall at the tip of a point of land which projects into the bay, is surrounded on three sides by the water. All the foreign consulates, and even the house of the Persian Governor, are left panting outside the wall, on the scorching plain. In 1856 we had a little war with Persia, during which Bushire surrendered to our forces, and remained in our occupation for some months. Since then, we have retained not only a consulate at the town, but also a Political Resident, whose Residency is at Rishire, six miles away.

The drive there, to report our proceedings to date, was an interesting experience. It was undertaken in a vehicle whose only living counterpart, probably, is to be found in Napoleon's carriage at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. The ropes with which, like St Paul's ship, it was bound together, front to rear, fortunately held during the drive. As we hopped over the Alpine corrugations of the hard-baked

track, Kemp and I had grave fears of being left behind on it, in the stuffy after-part of the chariot, when, as seemed inevitable, the narrow curving isthmus which connected us with the front wheels, coachman's box, and horses, should at length yield to *force majeure*. We drove thus, in deep trepidation, past the British Consulate, the Turkish, and the Russian; then past the French and Dutch Consulates, amicably conjoined; past the Imamzade Mosque, conspicuous on its little hill, and came at last, with the two parts of our coach still wonderfully undivorced, to the British Residency. The country on each side of the road was already, by the end of May, a brown desert. The crops, green six weeks earlier, were all harvested, and nothing was now alive but a few late trees, blossoming in feverish haste before the rapidly advancing summer should overtake and shrivel them; casting the flowers and leaves of to-day, to-morrow into its oven.

The Residency is an immense building, all pillars and roof, like a vast hay-barn. The rooms in it are merely spaces screened off amidst the pillars and made mosquito-proof. Its coolness and amplitude were absolute heaven, by contrast with the cramped, sweat-box cabins of a ship,—even of a ship expressly designed for hot weather, such as the *Sphinx*.

It takes a sailor really to appreciate the "blessings of the land," for the enjoyment of which he prays daily; and seldom have I been so truly

grateful for anything as for the night spent under that great roof—as wide as it was hospitable.

A couple of days later we left, to resume my running survey of the Persian coast. For thirty miles to the southward of Bushire is a wide and featureless plain, whose every indentation and kher was well known, and quite unnecessary to re-survey. From that point onward, the flat land bordering the sea is but a narrow strip—a mere foot-step between the water and the great ranges of barren 5000-foot mountains, which stand behind it as a wall for 300 miles to the southward. Somewhere along this cramped seaboard there might—but very improbably—exist some unknown cove, or even some bay; and as the water was deep, the coast could be approached sufficiently closely to investigate it comfortably and with certainty.

To the British eye, accustomed to a cool gray heaven and a green and fruitful earth, the view of the naked ribs of the brown mountains, roasting under the furious furnace of the Persian sky, raised an unceasing pity for these condemned to live in this Earthly Hell. There seemed to be quite a large number of such unfortunates. Everywhere along the dismal coastline, village succeeded village, tiny, ancient, fringed with date-palms, and surmounted, usually, by towers of strength against the enemy, whether sea-pirate or robber of the

mountains. Desert lay between each place of settled abode; desert mountains, of drear and monstrous outline, lay behind them; the green desert of the sea mourned in front of them, whitening as it broke over nameless rock and shoal. The most ambitious Power could not but pause before committing its fortunes and its children to the arms of this Moloch land, to wither miserably in the brazen heat of its arid wastes.

Our first stopping-place, ninety miles southward from Bushire, was named Ras-al-Mutaf. There is here a flat point of land, with its end curving round in a long sandy shoal, between which and the shore there is a space of moderately protected water. Here we anchored, with the double intention of making such survey as should show whether this uninviting anchorage, with its neighbouring village, could ever be sophisticated into a naval and commercial port; and also to clear up several doubts that existed as to its geographical position, as to the correctness of the charted soundings, and as to other reported details concerning it. Our intentions were frustrated. The long-pending Shamál came down on us, in a burst, out of the blazing north-west. A hurricane of flame, almost, is this terrible wind. As it strikes you, you seem to be passing the door of an open furnace: you gasp with heat and astonishment. It sweeps along the shore in a deep-brown cloud of flying dust and grit.

The date-palms, the only living things that rejoice before it, bend, tossing their tough green fronds and load of ripening fruit. The sky and the land disappear in a hot murk; mankind, too, disappears into dug-outs in the ground, shaded by boughs, while it passes over. There is nothing hid from the heat thereof. Between the gusts you may still see the slow camels, sloping southward along the coast road, burdened, strung out, sterns to the wind, disdainful even of the Shamál, without haste, without rest. Surveying work becomes impossible. There is no sun or star visible by which to find latitude and longitude. No feature remains, whether of mountain summit or of coastal rock, that is not either blurred, or else quite invisible in the brown haze; and the fierce wind raises so big a sea, with white-crested waves, that boat-work and sounding are out of the question. For three detestable days and nights the Shamál blew fiercely, and still we watched and waited. At last, on the fourth day, it moderated sufficiently for us to decide that the place was useless as a harbour, both from its depths and from the fact that there was no protection from the wind.

June had opened upon us when we continued the "running survey" to the southward. It is not possible to describe the method by which such a survey is made, without becoming either unintelligible or else desperately boring.

The underlying principle is a simple one—the results produced are a mere pioneering sketch; but, for all that, in practice, it is certainly the most difficult method that exists for the charting of a coast; and it needs long experience to produce good results. When one has five or six assistants, all experts, as in a regularly commissioned surveying vessel, it is, even then, work requiring the closest care and application, and is a most exhausting performance for everybody concerned. A single day of it reduces body, brains, and eyes to the merest pulp. At a distance of seventeen years, it still requires me reminder from my journal of that running survey of the Persian coast to bring back to me the aching memory of the task. Instead of six skilled assistants, I had but two—the captain of the *Sphinx* and the navigating officer—neither of whom, naturally, had ever undertaken anything of the sort before. Fortunately, both of them turned out to be most helpful, not to say devoted. Without them, in fact, the work would have been impossible, and I should have collapsed, blinded by that blinding light, cooked in that terrific heat, while, day after day, as we steamed past it, the austere khaki coast unfolded itself ahead endlessly, and disappeared astern. Behind us stormed the Shamál, now settled down into its usual “seventy days” of summer life, when it blows continuously, often blotting out, in a sudden whirl of dust,

the “prominent object” on the coast-line, on a bearing of which I was depending to fix that part of the shore, and rendering my work of no avail. It was a most exasperating survey, but it had to be done. There was no other method by which doubt might be set at rest regarding the possible existence of an uncharted bay or harbour along the coast. For oneself, seeing might be believing; but, in order to persuade a doubting Admiralty who had not seen, it was necessary to produce on paper, not merely a written report stating that there was no such harbour, but also an actual plotted survey of the coast, together with the angles and observations on which it was based, to show that the truth was in you! Little—already known—harbours and tiny notches we passed, and in some we anchored and took soundings, while Kemp went ashore to pay a polite visit to the local Sheikh, as “eye-wash” against our real activities. It was one of his duties to pay such visits from time to time; and the] Sheikhs, no doubt, thought this was merely one of these occasions. All of these places proved to be entirely unsuitable, either for naval purposes or for commerce. Many of them were exposed to the blistering Shamál, which, though worst in the summer, blows at intervals through nine months of the year, while others were open to the S.E. gales of the winter, or to both winds. Apart from disabilities of this nature, there was everywhere



the lack of fresh water; and, topping everything else, there was the climate! An efficient naval base could never be maintained by any northern nation in this Gehenna.

At length we reached Kishm Island, and, with it, the end of the survey came in sight. Kishm occupies a strong strategic position, exactly facing the narrow entrance to the Persian Gulf. It is a mountainous island, sixty miles in length, separated from the Persian coast by a long narrow channel, named "Clarence Strait" (after good King William IV.) There are three towns on it—Kishm, on the eastern extreme, which gives the island its name; Laft, on the northern side; and Basidu, on the western end. It was to the latter spot that we directed our weary steps; and, on our arrival, had the satisfaction of seeing the Union flag run up on the flag-staff of the village—for Basidu is British! It has been so since 1809, after what cannot have been other than a hot engagement. Laft was "reduced" at the same time, but it was left at that; while Basidu became the sanatorium of the Gulf for our ships' companies, and there was also maintained there a garrison of Indian troops. The hospital and barracks, long disused, are ruins; and there is now only a small village of ninety men, who, with an old Arab, our faithful Agent, represent the colony, and are established on an area, scarcely as much as one mile square, of bare and brown, but British soil.

When Kemp visited the Agent he heard from him that, not long before, the Russian Consul for the Gulf had arrived in his small sailing dhow, on a tour of the coast. On his arrival there was immediately hoisted on the flagstaff the Union flag of Britain. The Consul, a little man but a fierce, landed; and pointing to the flag, shook his fist at it, cursed it, and demanded to know why it had been hoisted, and for how many years it had been flying there. The Agent, himself an old man with a grey beard, replied that it had been flying ever since he could remember anything, but that there was a still older inhabitant who might know more. On being sent for, this ancient replied in like manner, that he could not remember any condition of affairs in Basidu other than the British supremacy and flag. The little visitor, it appears, then danced with rage (it was in January, and the temperature permitted, without great discomfort, this exhibition of the Russian ballet), and he called both of the old Arabs "liars." "Very well, then," says our Agent with high composure, "if you know better than we do, why do you ask us?" And with this firm reply a grave international crisis closed. The Consul went back to his boat, simmering but thoughtful, and resumed his inspection of the coast.

Having thus "made our number" at Basidu, we left, and first steamed along the south side of Kishm Island, visiting, as we did so, the small

outlying islet of Henjam at its south-eastern end. Then, after passing the crumbling ruins of the old Portuguese fort at Kishm town, on the east of the island, we rounded into Clarence Strait and anchored off Laft. In 1622 we sent five ships—or the Honourable East India Company sent them—to assist the Persian forces in besieging the Portuguese at Kishm. The Persians, it seems, wanted their island back, and we wanted the Portuguese trade. Hence the alliance. Both of us got what we wanted, though in doing so we suffered an unexpected loss. William Baffin, the famous Elizabethan Arctic navigator of Baffin's Bay, was killed at the beginning of the siege of Kishm by a shot from the Portuguese castle. He certainly went in for extremes of climate during his wanderings, and would have been better advised to have stuck to the icefields and the snow!

Laft, the delightful seaside resort off which we now found ourselves, is a harbour completely enclosed, easily accessible, fairly deep for anchorage, strategically well-positioned, and defensible without difficulty—yet, with all these virtues, it is, like Naaman the Syrian, “a leper.” Not only is the fresh-water supply of the most exiguous character, but the position has the reputation—a true one, for we tested it—of being the hottest place in the whole Persian Gulf, and that is to say, in the whole world. Not a breath of outside air, not even the Shamál, gets into it. We sat

and dripped helplessly all day, completing a vicious circulation of moisture by pouring down inside us bottle after bottle of partly-cooled aerated waters, which panting Goanese stewards made haste to supply. One could do nothing else but drink, and without liquid one would have become as a desiccated fruit, dried-up, mummified. I have thus consumed, in a single day at Laft, as many as twelve large bottles of the most uninspiring “pop”; and this was well below the average official thirstiness of the *Sphinx*. When night-time came I reposed on a grass-mat laid on my chart-table on deck, clad in the absolute minimum of clothing—in bathing-drawers, to be exact—for pyjamas about one were as abhorrent as a mattress beneath, while the temperature slowly rose, after nine o'clock, until it was well up in the hundreds by 2 A.M. The heat then steadied, and between 3 and 4 A.M. there was a blessed, blessed time when it really fell a few degrees. Then came untortured rest. But with the first crack of dawn, buzzing flies attended the death-bed of sleep, and galvanised their limp victim into sufficient activity to arise, don such raiment as might satisfy the conventions, and start off in a boat, armed with sextant and theodolite, for surveying work “in the field.” The temperature then might be as low as 97°; but by 8 A.M. it would be well up in the hundreds once more, and, in order to avoid a heat-stroke, it was necessary to return on board the ship, to the shelter of

trebleawnings. Nothing could be done outside that protection until about six o'clock in the evening, when an hour might be snatched before darkness closed the scene. Left could not therefore be considered as a possibility for a "naval base," in spite of its other decided advantages.

It was late in June when we steamed back through Clarence Strait, and anchored at its eastern entrance off the town of Bandar Abbás, which stands on the mainland here, and is faced by that famous island, Hormuz. Basra at the head of the Gulf, and Hormuz at its mouth, are names to take you back, as on a Magic Carpet, accompanied by Sindbad the Sailor, to a sandal-scented and romantic past. Until the seventeenth century Hormuz was the Mart of the East, where all the riches of India met in exchange with the pearls of Bahrein, with the attars, the pungent gums, and spicery of Araby the Blest; with dyed garments from Basra, with silks and carved work, damascened weapons, and delicate filigree of silver and gold from Baghdad the Fortunate. Iohabed! The glory has departed, indeed! Not a vestige now remains of it all, save dry ruins, houses crumbled so small that the few poor fishermen who still cling to the place cannot utilise them as dwellings, but make for themselves rude wigwams of date-palm leaves. On a low point above the village is the battered but still threatening remnant of a fort built by Albuquerque,

when, in September 1507, the Portuguese seized the place and its riches, and reduced its inhabitants to subjection, with no circumstance omitted of audacity and cruelty. There the Portuguese remained, in complete lordship, until 1622, when, after a siege of three months, Hormuz fell, with Kishm, before John Company's ships, aided by a Persian force. Beside the ruined fort there are many ancient tanks, now empty and dry, cut into the rocky heart of the island. In the days of its splendid youth, water for these reservoirs was brought off in skins by boat from the river Minab, ten miles away. There is no other moisture obtainable, save for a saline trickle from the hills after rain. The general appearance of the little island is very remarkable. It consists of a rounded lump of hills, with three or four central conical peaks, seven hundred feet high. The lower parts, all completely barren, are striped, and patched, and barred with a geological "dazzle-painting" in ochre and red, brown, purple, and buff, while the surmounting cones, in strong contrast, are pure white. The whole effect is that of some monstrous pudding, standing on the blue-and-white plate of the sea, over whose apex has been poured (in pre-war days!) a large jug of thick cream.

A telegram was waiting us at Bandar Abbás, which ordered us to Maskat, to await the next mail steamer, which was bringing written orders for further survey

work required, before I should leave for England. We sailed at once, rounding Cape Masandam, the Arabian gate-post of the Gulf, where it is only twenty-five miles across to the Persian shore. The extremity of the point is a tattered peninsula of hills whose heart is penetrated by deep volcanic fiords, the whole being joined by a narrow neck to the mainland to the southward. On its barren slopes there clings a settlement, said to be formed of the last remnants of the aboriginal inhabitants of Arabia, children of Shem, undiluted by the restless Bedouin blood of Ishmael, the race now dominating the remainder of that highly undesirable land.

It was refreshingly cool at Maskat, outside the Gulf limits, for the Monsoon had "broken." The gracious moisture and coolness which the Monsoon brings across the sea to India does not actually reach these deserts; but it affects the whole Indian ocean generally, so that every coastline bathed by its waters rejoices therein. The five days that followed at Maskat, while we waited for the mail, were pleasant enough. There was a good deal of back survey-work to be plotted and reports to be written, and the busy days on board the ship were usually ended by cheerful sundownings at the Residency, with tennis and tea. The Residency was a house, however, to be approached with some circumspection, in spite of the hospitality of its inhabitants. It is built around the

four sides of a central courtyard. You come into it through an archway at the back, and find a broad flight of stairs on the right hand, leading to the cool verandah and living-rooms on the first floor, which thus are well raised above the heat of the ground, and look widely forth on the harbour. Mrs Resident was a lady whose kindness of heart extended itself far past the plane of humanity, and reached down, even, to our distant and nasty little relatives, the Apes. She kept, in the courtyard of the Residency, a collection of the more highly-coloured of these creatures. No Thames barge, brilliant in red, blue, and yellow, can display more startlingly effective baws, or a more originally conceived stern decoration than could these Simian guardians of the stairs; and no bargee ever had such a command of the language of execration as they. They gnashed their teeth, yearningly, at the unfortunate visitor; they leapt and danced at the full extent of their straining waist-chains, clucking and gibbering at him, or hideously shrieking battle, murder, and sudden death; they seized the hand-rail—mercifully a stout one, and they could only just reach it—and shook it in impotent fury. In brief, they put the wind up you. By closely hugging the wall on the starboard hand, and not hauling to the wind again, until well past these dangers, it was, however, just possible to circumnavigate them; and the delightful wel-

come that greeted the visitor on the top landing made quite well worth the Passage Perilous below. One day there was to be a pionic, which (it was so arranged) was to take place on the top of the steep rocky crags that rose immediately behind the Residency, to a height of about three hundred feet. There was no path, it was real mountaineering, and involved stepping upwards, nearly perpendicularly, from one dangerous and precarious foothold to the next. It was supposed to be cooler up there than on the shady verandah, and in any case it was a change. Such pionies had often taken place before, and special wooden trays, upon which to carry up the tea things, formed part of the Residential equipment. No diminution was permitted in the glory of the repast. It was set forth on the topmost crag as exquisitely as on the verandah; the silver, the linen, the delicate china—all had to be carried up by the "house-boys." No difference whatever was allowed, and they must have been jugglers of no mean attainments to have scaled these precipices, as they constantly did, carrying the heavy trays, without either smashing or spilling anything. When we, from the *Sphinx*, arrived that afternoon and had successfully evaded the raging monkeys, we were in time to witness an impressive scene and to learn a lesson in household management.

It appeared that Selim, head house-boy, had struck! He had refused point-blank again

to carry the tea things up that atrocious precipice. In my cowardly and sympathising heart I could not blame him. Not so Mrs Resident. With high originality of method, and entire knowledge of human—and especially of Arab—nature, she summoned to the verandah her whole household,—there seemed to be about twenty of them. Selim was then ceremoniously conducted to the largest and grandest chair, while the remainder of the "boys" were directed to pass before him, there enthroned, and to salaam, deep and lowly, proffering respectful salutations to one who had grown so great as even to equal the Mem Sahib in the giving of orders—the very Mem herself, upon whom the eyes of all, hitherto, had waited! It was great fun; and no strike was ever more effectively or good-humouredly broken. By the time the fourth reverential mocker had passed, Selim had had enough of it. He leapt from the chair, seized his tray of silver, and presently, with several others, his chamois-assistants, was scaling the difficult peaks, where presently we followed them, deeply impressed.

The mail steamer came at last, and the orders she brought were for us to visit, and report on, Chahbar, a good-sized bay, 150 miles away on the Makran coast, opposite Maskat—whether Persian or Beluchi, it would be difficult to say. It was of strategic importance, and that was enough for us. We sailed immediately for that delectable spot, and spent

there five days in obtaining replies to the strenuous string of questions to which it was my task to find the answers. The old *Sphinx* rolled ceaselessly and abominably day and night on the Monsoon swell which swept in and round the bay; but apart from that, and apart from its almost entire barrenness and lack of water, the place certainly had possibilities. In the pursuit of angles and heights, I climbed the hills that lie beyond the plain on which the little town stands; and I have often wondered since if any True Believer came across and cursed my heel-marks in the sand. India-rubber heels were comparatively new in those days, and mine were screwed on with a metal arrangement which left a clearly marked impression of a Geneva cross behind it, easily to be construed by an imaginative native into a sign of the times! We left Chah-bar, our work completed, profoundly sympathising with the staff of the Indian Telegraph Station there marooned in the desert, in tantalising touch with the news and the affairs of the great world, and, like lighthouse-keepers on some isolated rock, in sight of its passing ships, but condemned to stand outside it, a lonely link in the chain of Eastern Empire.

Three days later I was packed up, and steaming away into the night, by the 10.30 P.M. train from Karachi to Bombay. The line goes across a great stretch of desert, and

plunged us at once into heat and draught nearly up to Persian Gulf standards. As I lay in my carriage gasping for air, parched with thirst, the train drew up at the platform of some unimaginable place of habitation in the wilderness, and there came in at my closely-shuttered window—for I had a whole carriage to myself—a voice which said: "*Would you like some iced grapes?*" I imagined at first, in some dismay, that this was only "light-headedness," and the premonition of a heat-stroke; but it turned out to be a real offer, which almost immediately materialised. If Mr Bell, of the Indian Police, and his sister have forgotten that kind act, and how they shared the contents of their ice-box (without which no sane Indian travels by train in the height of the summer) with an unknown griffin wayfarer, who had no such equipment, they may now know that it has ever been remembered by a ceaselessly grateful recipient!

I sailed from Bombay in the good ship *Arabia*, and got home at the end of July, cool once more, and happy, bringing my sheaves with me—sheaves, in this case, of reports and charts, which included, I may humbly believe, discoveries of a useful character. The Admiralty letter of thanks, which in due course they evoked, made a stimulating glow in that dark corner where each one keeps, or should keep, a critical estimation of his own deeds.

## THE KING'S PRIZE MONEY.

BY GILBERT SINGLETON-GATES.

CALL it what you will, prize bounty, prize award, prize fund, it is all the same thing—the King's prize money—earned by his seamen and marines in time of war.

After hundreds of years it is still regarded as the rightful reward for the Admiral of the Fleet and the ship's boy. Surely none can begrudge this extra remuneration to the men who spent the fulness of their years on the grey seas, who went down to the deep waters in queer ramshackle ships, seeking the unseen, who endured and fought and gained great victories.

Thus shall it remain as an encouragement to zeal and gallantry and enterprise—though in actual reality, prize money has had its day and its glories have departed for ever.

No longer can an indomitable Admiral, imperverished by circumstances, despatch his frigates in war-time to pick up a few prizes to fill his purse. No longer can an Anson wait for a treasure-ship worth a million and a half. No longer do seamen "fry" silver watches over the galley fires in an effort to expend their suddenly acquired riches.

Possibilities of huge hauls of treasure at sea did not exist in the late war. The largest seizures of ships took place at the inception, and our com-

mand of the waters was such that few enemy merchant ships ever ventured into the highways of ocean.

As Mr Laird Clowes once pointed out, prize money was the strongest incentive to service in the Navy during the eighteenth century. The one side of the gamble was this chance of wealth. The other side appears in the statistics of the Seven Years' Campaign against Spain. Of 184,893 seamen and marines employed, only 1512 were killed; but 133,708 died of disease and were missing—deserters in many cases, owing to the wretched conditions of naval life. We have no such gamble to-day.

Early in 1914 the Admiralty abolished prize money, holding that "the private enrichment of individuals by acts arising out of warfare is not compatible with the highest conception of the military or naval profession." The proceeds of the sale of captured enemy ships were to be used instead for a system of bounties in which the whole of the Navy, in place of a limited number of fortunate crews, might share. Thus arose the Naval Prize Fund.

By the Order in Council in 1915, His Majesty declared his intention to grant bounty (by virtue of the Naval Prize Act of 1864) to the officers and crews of such of his ships of

war as were actually present at the destroying or taking of any armed ship of any of His Majesty's enemies. Such officers and crews were entitled to have distributed among them as prize bounty, "a sum calculated at the rate of £5 for each person on board the enemy ship at the beginning of the engagement." Such constituted Naval Bounties as distinguished from the Prize Fund.

There was also a further reward, prize salvage, arising from occurrences such as came before Sir Samuel Evans in March 1916.

The *Pontoporos*, although a Greek vessel, was carrying coal from British merchants at Calcutta to British merchants at Karachi when the *Emden* captured and commandeered her cargo. Then the British light cruiser H.M.S. *Farmouth* appeared, and found the *Pontoporos* in company with the *Markomannia*, a supply-ship to the *Emden*. The *Markomannia* was sunk and the Greek vessel released, and the law action was a claim by Captain H. L. Cochrane and the crew of H.M.S. *Farmouth* that they saved the latter from certain destruction, and were thus entitled to remuneration for prize salvage and recapture.

These proposed changes were cordially welcomed in the Navy. The new plan meant that all would share in the harvest reaped by a few. Under the old and now obsolete system, the vessels engaged in capturing enemy

ships, besides having the stimulus of constant exertion and excitement, reaped a rich harvest, while the main fleet blockading the enemy's ports, denied the zest of action but faithful to duty for long months together in all weathers, received nothing. Yet the blockading fleet, like the Grand Fleet, was the shield behind which the capture of enemy's commerce was made possible.

But the Admiralty declared they were unable to make any distributions until after the close of hostilities, with the result that not one, but many officers and men advertised publicly their willingness to accept cash offers for their post-war prospects of prize money. Not indeed that such a withholding of prize money was an innovation. On the contrary, it seemed the general practice in the ancient days to withhold these rewards till long after the participants in the actions had died, and oftentimes their relations as well.

By appointing a Prize Claims Committee which decided whether compensation should be given to claimants whose claims are not recognised by the prize law, but would be good in equity or civil law, the Admiralty brought more of the legal element into the matter of prize law, and their expenses became added to the already large sums spent on commissions and claims and costs of sales. So the lawyers have taken their dues, until at present the Naval Prize Fund



amounts to £5,600,000, a single full share being earned by thirty months' qualifying service. The value of one such share is 50s. Upon this basis I observe a recent writer calculated that the first distribution would result in the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet receiving £2500, and the ordinary seaman or marine £7, 10s.

Despite the large amount that has been allowed to the lawyers, and incidental expenses, all of which accounts the Admiralty guard most zealously, there still remains this large sum, and there is the absolute certainty of its being received by those entitled to it. This was not so in the old days, even apart from the peculations of prize-money agents.

Nicolas observed that prize money seems to have been as ancient as the Navy itself. Originally a force developed for piratical purposes, "it is not surprising that the men of the Navy sought for loot as a reward of their prowess, and as a recompense for the scars of battle." In the reign of King John, all captures at sea were regarded as the property of His Majesty entirely, and whether any reward was paid to the captors depended on his bounty alone. It is related that in 1205 the King granted a moiety of their takings to a number of galley-men in the service of Thomas of Galway, and a few years afterwards the sum of £100 to mariners and galley-men on account of the sale of the goods of a ship

which was captured by them off the coast of Wales.

The King's purse was the real deciding factor. If his fortunes were at low ebb, the mariners received nothing. If the King was in funds, there was a chance of his being generous. But usually he pocketed the whole amount.

The Crown in practice, however, in the following reign, admitted the right of the captor to a share of the takings, and in the famous Black Book of the Admiralty of Edward III. the division of prize money is expounded in the Norman-French language in which that book was written. One quarter was assured to the King's Majesty, and another quarter to the owners of the capturing ships, while the remainder went to the captors; but the Admiral and a chosen few of his officers would appear to have secured by far the greater part, for bitter dissatisfaction existed amongst the seamen and mariners, culminating in a proposal emanating from an inquisition of mariners held at Queensborough in 1375, that after the deduction of the King's share, and in the absence of the Admiral, the remainder should go—one-half to the owners, and one-half to the captors; but that the master of the ship should have twice as much as any mariner. But nothing occurred to secure further consideration for the mariners' claims till, in 1596, the instructions and articles for the Cadiz fleet by Robert, Earl of Essex, and Charles,



Lord Howard, Lord High Admiral of England, contained the following references to prizes:—

“XVIII. When you shall be appointed to give chase and that you shall surprise any enemy ships that shall have treasure or merchandise of value in her, you shall take great care that those commodities in her be preserved; in respect whereof, and for your loyal and faithful service to be done on this voyage, Her Majesty's favour, bounty, and pleasure is that a third part of that which shall be taken from the enemy, so it be not the King's treasure, jewels, or a carraok, shall be employed to the commodity and benefit of the whole company, over and above his ordinary wages, according to his desert.”

Parliament in 1642 assigned to officers and men of the capturing ships one-third of the value of the prizes taken by them; but it was the practice to make unjustifiable deductions on various pretexts, and with the delays in payment that always characterised these awards, discontent in the Navy was general. The sums were often not paid for many years.

An Act of 1649 gave the seamen half the value of a man-of-war taken, the other half going to a fund for the relief of the sick and wounded, widows and orphans. Men-of-war were paid for at the value of £12 to £20 per gun. The

proceeds from the sale of merchant prizes were one-third to officers and men, one-third to the widows' and orphans' fund, and one-third to the State. A further new scheme was instituted in 1653, by which ten shillings per ton of every prize was paid, besides £6, 13s. 4d. for each gun carried and to £10 per gun for every man-of-war destroyed.

Three millions sterling was the extent of the booty at the capture of Havana in 1762 by our combined naval and military forces. What happened to it is best told by the historian Howitt, who says:—

“The same dishonourable conduct in the distribution of prize money, which has too often disgraced our service, was most flagrant here and incited the loudest murmurs. The Admiral and General pocketed each £122,697; the sea captains £1600 each; and the field officers only £564; the land captains £184 each (not so much as a naval lieutenant, who had each £234), whilst the poor sailors had nearly £3, 14s. 9d. each, and the poor soldiers, who had borne the brunt of the heat, the labour, and the fighting, received the paltry sum of £4, 1s. 8d. each. What had been the nature of the service to these poor fellows may be known from the fact that eleven hundred of them were killed by the climate and the enemy, and of the remaining army, at least 10,000 men, not more than 2500 were capable of service. By this conquest the passage of the

Spanish plate fleets was left entirely at our mercy."

Rodney—always a poor man, and a far greater fighting sailor than Pöcock—had net the honour of taking Havana, and with it the sum of £122,000, which fell to its actual captor as prize money. Rodney was, in fact, in command in the West Indies at the time, and had most brilliantly captured Martinique, St Lucia, and other islands. Yet by a disgraceful piece of official jobbery Rodney had been recalled, or rather left with the Leeward Islands command and a diminished force; while Pöcock, with a huge fleet and large land forces, had the distinction of reducing Havana and pecketing a fortune in prize money.

Discontent over prize money slumbered for years after this enactment, till the famous Cochrane (later the Earl of Dundonald) began his vigorous campaign against the Admiralty Prize Courts and naval lawyers and agents generally, in an effort to secure for the actual captors some modicum, however small, of the value of their prizes.

Referring in his autobiography to these scandalous speculations of the Courts and the lawyers, he says:—

"We got all the fighting, whilst the Admiralty Court and its hungry parasites monopolised the greater portion of our hard-won prize money. In many cases they took the whole, and in one case brought me into debt, though the prize was worth several thousand pounds."

The mutineers at the Nere in 1797, when they presented their demands, referred to this matter of the unjust distribution of prize money; but nothing came of that petition, save that it was the commencement of a series of exposures by Cochrane of the existent evils.

One may well wonder how it came about that the captors of prizes received nothing, and as the gallant Admiral remarked, in some cases were put into debt for an act of valour on the high seas. When Cochrane was appointed to the *Pallas* in 1805, he received his sailing orders from the Admiralty; but the Admiral of the Port of Plymouth recalled those orders, copied them, and reissued them to Cochrane. This allowed the Admiral, Sir William Young, to claim his share of any prize money that the *Pallas* might make. The Admiral's jurisdiction extended no farther than Plymouth Sound. But by re-issuing the sailing orders he extended his authority wherever the *Pallas* might sail.

That ship had a wonderful cruise. She captured three Spanish ships laden with gems and dollars and golden ingots, and of the proceeds of these captures Sir William Young claimed, and actually received, one-half of Cochrane's share. Returning to Plymouth after this cruise with some £200,000 in specie and Spanish merchandise, "his lordship [Cochrane], by way of gratifying the seamen of his ship, and to show how lucky she had been in Spanish prizes, ordered

to be hoisted on the fore, main, and mizzen-tricks of their respective masts three massive Spanish golden candlesticks, which, glittering in the sun, had a whimsical effect to hundreds of spectators assembled below Government House."

Assiduous investigations by Cochrane revealed amazing scandals and abuses with regard to this money, particularly at the Admiralty Prize Court at Malta, dealing with the prizes in the Mediterranean, at whose hands both he and his crew had suffered considerably. A pirate ship he had captured near Corsica was condemned as a *Droit* of Admiralty, it being currently reported at Malta that certain persons connected with the Admiralty Court had a share in her. No one on the *Pallas* obtained a farthing of that money, but, on the contrary, the ship's company was condemned by the Admiralty Court to pay 500 double sequins as costs.

So bad had it become that Cochrane tried, with little hope of success, to get back to England to expose these robberies of the Malta Court, "the officials of which were reaping colossal fortunes at the expense of naval officers and seamen, who were wasting their lives and blood for official game."

Finally he did manage to get home, and on the floor of the House of Commons exposed the appalling extortions of the Prize Courts. In the course of his speech he said that "the most insignificant vessels were condemned at an expense equal to that of the largest, so that the condemnation of a fishing

lugger might be swelled up to the expense of condemning an Indiaman; the labour of capture ending in nothing but putting money in the proctor's pockets." He instanced the case of a Jewish agent who received two-thirds out of the produce of the vessel, the remaining third being for the Admiral, Captain, and seamen.

The Judge of the Admiralty Court was most angry at what he called the unfounded accusations of Cochrane, but the Treasurer of the Navy, Mr Rose, admitted in his reply that there were such cases, and instanced one in which an agent at Portsmouth, who had £62,000 to distribute, made up his charges to £9462, of which £1200 was for postage.

Captain William Stanhope Badoock, an officer of Lord St Vincent's day, recounts that he was so unfortunate as to lose every penny of the prize money to which he had become entitled during the French war, owing to bankruptcy in various parts of the world of four agents to whom he had entrusted his prize affairs.

"These honest people," he says, "have an easy way of getting rid of money committed to their charge. A ship brings captured vessels into harbour. On board comes Mr A., B., C., or D., with a smirking face and soft tongue, making low bows, hoping that he may have the honour — being an accredited agent under a bond of £20,000 — to transact the affairs of H.M. ship. Officers generally being strangers in the port, and having orders frequently to proceed to sea again in forty-eight

hours after completing water and provisions, have no time to look after or make inquiries about stability of prize agents, and therefore trust their concerns to the first that come. The prizes in the meanwhile are sold by the agent. Now, what does he do generally with the money? Why, speculates with it on his own account. If he fails, the prize agent breaks, and off he starts, paying perhaps net a 1s. in the £."

No redress of these evils was attempted. A few years later, Cochrane, finding himself in debt for prizes, went to the Admiralty Court at Malta to discover why, and succeeded in stealing and smuggling away to a friend in Corsica the table of fees that hung in the Court. Great consternation and alarm arose in Malta, and he was even

arrested for being in possession of the documents. He escaped from confinement, and again brought the matter before Parliament, by unrolling the table of costs of the condemnation of one of his prizes in the House, and the bill when unrolled was as long as the floor of the chamber itself.

Cochrane made interesting discoveries. The chief officer at Malta was a Mr Jackson, who held the office of marshal by deputy in order that he might perform the duties of proctor. He dealt with each prize in each separate capacity, and "right profitably did Mr Proctor Jackson perform the duty of attending and consulting himself as Mr Marshal Jackson," as the following extract from the table of costs of one prize reveals.

	Cra.	rla.	sc.
Attending ( <i>as proctor</i> ) in the registry and bespeaking a monition	2	0	0
Paid ( <i>himself as marshal</i> ) for said monition under seal and extracting	9	0	0
Copy of said monition for service	2	0	0
Attending Mr Marshal ( <i>himself</i> ) and seeing and instructing him to execute same	2	0	0
Paid the marshal ( <i>himself</i> ) for service of said monition ( <i>on himself</i> )	2	0	0
Certificate of service ( <i>on himself</i> )	1	0	0
Drawing and engrossing affidavit of service ( <i>on himself</i> )	2	0	0
Oath thereto and attendance ( <i>on himself</i> )	2	2	3

In addition to this, the marshal claimed as perquisite one - half per cent on the inspection of prizes, one per cent for their appraisement, and two and a half per cent on sale. So that on a prize of £100,000 the marshal's share alone was £4000, irrespective of any other fees instanced above.

Yet despite all these efforts the matter was shelved, and it was not until 1864 that the

Naval Prize Act came into being, an Act which continued in force until the war began in 1914.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the seamen of the early days were always badly treated in this matter of prize money. At times huge rewards came their way.

Five hundred thousand pounds of treasure from the Spanish register ship *Hermione* fell a prize to the

British frigate *Active* and the sloop *Favourite*.

The public rejoicing at the birth of a new prince (George the Fourth) was heartened by this evidence of the prowess of the Navy; and the captains of the ships received £65,053, 13s. 9d. and £64,872, 13s. 9d. respectively, and their officers £13,004, 14s. 1d. each. Thirty-six petty officers had £1804, 0s. 4d. to spend as they chose, and sixty-eight seamen found themselves with £485 in gold. These men were at a loss to know how to dispose of so much money. They bought up all the watches in Portsmouth and "fried" them over the galley fire. Then they passed a resolution making gold-laced tabs *de rigueur*. Those who failed to abide by the resolution were liable to severe penalties.

One wretched sailor overburdened with money escaped these dread consequences only by his powers of persuasion. The last to arrive at the shop, he discovered that all the gold lace had been bought up and he had to content himself with silver lace. His shipmates were wroth indeed. Only did he avoid punishment by his insistent plea that he had forced the salesman to accept the full price of the gold-laced article.

H.M.S. *Phaeton*, Sir A. Douglas, fell in with a Spanish galleon off the Lizard, one April day, and her cargo was valued at £1,200,000, of which sum her captor received £935,000.

Admiral Anson was a fortunate fellow in encountering

valuable ships. During his voyage around the world he seized the far-famed Manila galleon, rejoicing in the high-sounding name of *Nuestra Señora del Caba Donga*, which used to sail once a year for Spain laden to the hatches with treasure. Anson's original squadron of six ships, which had sailed round the world, had been, through various vicissitudes, reduced to the *Centurion*, the flagship, with a crew of 201, of which 45 were effectives.

The Admiral deliberately set out to waylay the Spanish vessel, which was both heavily armed and manned. She carried 42 heavy guns and 28 smaller pieces (*pateraroes*), with a perfectly healthy crew of 550.

Nothing daunted, Anson gave battle, and after a fight lasting ninety minutes the Spaniard hauled down her flag, having lost 58 killed and 83 wounded. The actual vessel herself was sold at Canton. The value of her treasure was a million and a half dollars, and this money was brought home and drawn in triumph through the city of London in thirty-two wag-gons, "preceded by a band of military musicians, and guarded by a detachment of the ship's company."

On board the French *Concepcion*, a prize of 1745, was a remarkable cargo of cocoa, sixty-eight chests of silver, gold and silver to the amount of over £200,000, a two-wheeled chaise, the wheels and axles of which were silver set with diamonds and other precious stones, and a quantity of gold in bars.

"When the ship was put up for sale, the French captain, upon the promise of a reward from Captain Frankland, the captor, discovered to him 30,000 pistoles, which were concealed in a place where no one would ever have dreamt of finding anything."

By these means did the seamen of those days secure at times large sums of money. In 1812 the *Caroline* was paid off at Portsmouth, after having been eighteen years in commission. Some of the crew were entitled to £2000 prize money, in addition to an accumulation of ten years' wages.

Possessed of wealth such as that, the seamen's hilarity knew no bounds. Their one aim was to spend their money. Devious and ingenious ways were adopted to get rid of it. One fore-mast man at Plymouth, who had just received £700 and twenty-four hours' leave of absence, hired three carriages and four—one for his hat, another for his stick, and a third for himself—and in this fashion rode about the streets of the town from public-house to public-house till the expiration of his day of liberty.

The most interesting stories of the way prize money was disposed of are related in the memoirs of Colonel Landmann, who served from 1789 onwards. Referring to Plymouth at the close of the century, he declares it was full of gaiety.

"Fore Street was almost crowded with the officers of the Navy and Army—the former swimming in prize

money—whilst the dillys (hackney chariots) plying between Dook and Plymouth, *vid* Stonehouse, at sixpence each person, or eightpence for the whole, were continually not only filled with sailors, but covered by them, all anxious to expend large sums of money, which had just been paid them in guineas, and which they were frequently seen carrying about the streets in their hats under their arms. A sailor in these days had no idea of saving up anything for the future. His only thought was to get rid of his money, and to such an extent was this desire for squandering it carried, that I recollect being on board the *Swiftsure* with Captain Phillip, when a sailor, carrying a pewter pint-pot in his hand nearly full of guineas, came to his captain on deck, and begged very earnestly to be allowed to go on shore for the remainder of the day, in order to expend his prize money. Phillip knew the man, and stiffly refused his petition; the man soon reduced his demand to 'one hour on shore, if you please, dear Captain, and I promise you most sincerely to have then spent the last guinea.'

"'No,' replied Phillip. 'I know you will not return but when brought on by force,' and quickly turned towards the cabin.

"The sailor again, hat in hand, followed his commanding officer, begging for leave to go in the boat about to push off for the shore, and assuring the Captain that he would remain in sight of the

officer in charge of the boat; he was denied.

"‘Then,’ exclaimed the tar, as he uttered a deep groan, ‘what’s the use of money if a man can’t get leave to spend it?’ and at the same time he dashed the pot of guineas overboard, and hastened away to the fore-castle without uttering another word.”

The general waste of money by the seamen was appalling. Another instance is related by the Colonel which he witnessed at Mutton Cove, Plymouth. He observed a group of sailors, women, and Jews anxiously watching some proceedings going on within a ring they formed. Being attracted to the spot, he perceived two sailors sitting on the ground, each of them holding a shoe by the toe and with the heels hammering a watch to pieces, whilst there were several other watches lying by their sides, seemingly waiting to undergo the same operation.

“I was quickly informed by some of the lookers-on that the two watch-pounders were ‘poor fellows whose hard-hearted captains, not allowing them one hour’s liberty on shore to spend the prize money they had that day received, amounting to more than £70 apiece, had obliged them to remain on the waterside in sight of the middy in charge of the boat.’

“To all the women looking on they had behaved with great liberality, by dividing amongst them a great portion of the money, and I was further informed that they were now endeavouring to get rid of

the remainder by breaking watches.

“‘But tell me,’ said I, ‘how and by what rule they are going on?’

“‘Why,’ said a large heavy-looking woman with short petticoat and bloated face, ‘I don’t suppose it’s of any use to tell you nothing about it. The way on it is, they buys a dozen of them there watches for £5 apiece, from that tall half-starved Jew as you sees t’other side; but they isn’t worth £1 apiece, God bless you, and then they goes to work and tries which can beat to crumbs his half first for a glass of grog all round.’”

These exploits of the captors and the extortions of the Courts have faded into insignificant history, when viewed to-day after the cataclysm from which the world has only recently emerged.

Yet even to-day there is a savour of unpleasantness about the distribution of prize money. An official balance-sheet of all payments and expenses from the Admiralty would be a document of absorbing interest to the Navy at large. Procrastination and the excuses that have been proffered to inconsistent questions in the House of Commons have accentuated the feeling in the Senior Service that there might have been a more expeditious division of the money earned during the war.

The consoling feature about the present distribution of the 50s. shares is that the awards are not subject to income-tax. That, at least, is some small solace.



## THE MAD MULLAH OF BRITISH SOMALILAND.

EVEN those most interested in the march of events in our outposts of empire had very nearly forgotten Somaliland and her long-standing problem, when it was announced last February that the Mad Mullah's dervishes had been utterly routed and destroyed, and that with the assistance of a few aeroplanes a twenty-one years' war had been ended in as many days, at a cost which was as trifling in money as it was in blood (two native soldiers killed). If our imperial enthusiasts could scarcely recall the position in Somaliland, it is hardly a matter for surprise that the general attitude towards an event of no small importance in Africa and the Middle East should be that portrayed by "Mr Punch," when he announced in the same breath that Willesden had won the London Draughts Championship, and that the Mad Mullah of Somaliland had been beaten again. This paper, then, is an attempt to enlighten those who may wish to be enlightened about Somaliland, by tracing the causes and the history of the Mullah's movement, and by giving some very brief description of the recent operations.

Fifty years ago, Ismail I., Khedive of Egypt, acquired from the Porte the Somali coast from Berbera to Zeyla. In 1884, however, difficulties in the Sudan constrained the Egyptian Government to evac-

uate their Somali colony; and early in the following year Great Britain concluded separate treaties with six of the eight Somali tribes now living under its protection. Thus some 58,000 square miles were added to our African empire, and an important littoral on the main sea route to India came under British suzerainty.

Responsibility for this newly-acquired possession devolved upon the Government of India until 1898, when, with a view to the development of the resources of the interior, the administration was transferred to the Foreign Office. This projected development would, doubtless, have proceeded along lines similar to those followed in our other Crown Colonies and Protectorates, had it not been for the ambitions of one man, who for twenty-one years successfully defied the power of the British Government.

Mohammed bin Abdullah Hassan, better known as the Mad Mullah, was born in the interior of Somaliland, some say at Kirrit, in the late 'sixties, his father an Ogaden Somali, his mother a Somali of the Dolbahanta tribe. His boyhood was much like that of other Somali boys, spent sometimes with his fellow-tribesmen and their stock in the interior, sometimes in Berbera. Now and again, perhaps, he voyaged in some friendly buggalow carrying Somali produce, hides and *ghes* and

sheep, to Aden and the Arabian coast. Be this as it may, when he was about seventeen or eighteen, he determined to see the world, and is said to have enrolled at Aden as a fireman in one of the liners plying between East and West. His employment in this capacity must have greatly influenced his future career. For, doubtless, at Egyptian ports in native *caravanserais* he often listened awestruck to many a strange story of the Mahdi from the mouths of refugees from the Sudan. Following on his experiences at sea, Mohammed having now fully attained to man's estate, made the pilgrimage to Mecca—a journey which is the common ambition of all Somalis. So impressed was he by what he heard and saw that he made several subsequent journeys to the sacred city, joining the Mohammed Salih, an insignificant but fanatical Mohammedan sect, whose tenets are of a harsh and uncompromising nature as compared with those of the Kadariyah, which is the predominant sect in Somaliland. On his return from the last of these pilgrimages in 1895, he gained some notoriety in Berbera by denouncing certain practices of the Kadariyah to somewhat bored and unsympathetic audiences. With all the strident fervency of a born agitator he would inveigh against the luxury of the age, the immorality of chewing "kat,"<sup>1</sup> or the gluttony of gorging the fat of sheep's tail.

For a living he depended upon the alms of the charitable; and there is an old Arab woman in Berbera who has often wondered whether he would repay the four annas she lent him in the days of his need should the opportunity ever offer. He gained but few adherents among the comparatively sophisticated inhabitants of Berbera, and so in 1899 he repaired to the interior, where he lived in the Nogal valley among his mother's kin. Here he started a movement advocating the expulsion of the British infidel from his Mohammedan country. Many adherents flocked to his banner. Some were fired by his religious and political teaching. Others were attracted by promises of the wealth to be gained by raiding the stock of those tribes which espoused the infidel's cause. Others again were inspired by a dual motive, religious and material: they saw an admirable opportunity to lay up for themselves treasure in the Mohammedan paradise by confiscating other tribes' treasure upon earth. For three years the Mullah disciplined his followers, eradicating the tribal feeling, which is normally one of the chief characteristics of the Somalis, and substituting his own authority for that of the elders of the tribes. Then early in 1899 he perpetrated his first overt act of hostility to the British Government. Suddenly swooping down upon Burao, a consider-

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<sup>1</sup> A herb of very stimulating qualities.

able native centre some eighty miles from Berbera, he raided the wealthy Habr Yunis tribe, and forced a section of the Dolbahanta to join him. After the raid, his fighting men were estimated to number 3000.

If one would understand the full meaning of the Mullah's movement in Somaliland, it is desirable to pause here to examine more closely its leader's original motives. In the initial stages the political and racial object of the movement was the substitution of the Mullah's authority for that of the tribal headman and the infidel overlord. In other words, it was a nationalist movement. Such a project could not but appeal to the Somali. Semitic in origin, of a high standard of intelligence, and imbued with more than his fair share of that useful but dangerous gift of self-confidence, he boasted strong nationalist tendencies—up to 1910. In that year, however, the British Government evacuated the interior of Somaliland, leaving the tribesmen to their own devices. Three years of Somali self-government and the most terrible carnage ensued, during which it is estimated that one-third of the total population was exterminated, with the result that since the reoccupation of 1913 the Somali has exhibited a very keen appreciation of the benefits conferred on his country by an impartial British administration. At the time of the Mullah's rise, however, the call to a national banner was well calculated to make an eloquent appeal to

the Somali's spirit of independence.

Then there was the religious plank to the Mullah's platform. While one would yield to no one in admiration of the excellent moral qualities possessed by the Somali, and although it is undeniable that his high code of morality is partly attributable to his religion, one is constrained to admit that superstition plays the largest part in his religious concepts. It was on this superstition that the Mullah traded when he first embarked on his mission rather than on any readiness to accept new beliefs for old. At the same time, there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of the Mullah's conversion to the Mohammed Salih doctrines, or the sincerity of his desire to impose the sterner teaching of this sect upon his fellow-countrymen in replacement of the milder tenets of the Kadariyah. But unquestionably he was at far greater pains to encourage a belief in the sanctity of his own person. Nor was he ill-advised. Throughout the twenty-one years of his revolt it has been to him an invaluable and an inalienable asset. Many are the stories of his miraculous powers which are told and believed, not by his followers only but by all Somalis alike. Before his rise, he was once seen reclining outside Berbera, pushing the town into the sea with his feet. At the instance of one of his followers, however, he refrained from giving the town a final kick into the Gulf of

Aden—to the everlasting regret of those who are now compelled to reside in Berbera's unpleasant climate. He was generally believed to possess an amulet, with secret life-saving powers, presented to him by a well-known *shaitan*, or devil, at the request of a lady lizard whose life he had magnanimously spared. Or, again, when "Z" Squadron of the Royal Air Force arrived in Somaliland to join the recent expedition, *on dit* in the town of Berbera that the Mullah was quite undismayed; that, on hearing the news, he had pointed out six hawks which were circling around his *haroun* at Medishe, and at a word from him they had fallen dead at his feet. So would he deal with the infidel airmen! If such stories gained credence among his enemies, one might well ask what his followers may not have believed.

When once the nationalists and the superstitious had been gathered to his banner, the Mullah had *volens velens* to appeal to yet another quality possessed by his fellow-countrymen—their pugnacity. Intertribal fighting and raiding constitute the Somali's national sport. To live, it was necessary for the Dervishes to have cattle and camels, sheep and goats, to give meat and milk. This could only be achieved by looting the friendly tribes which espoused the infidel's cause. Such a prospect was irresistible to the poor and bellicose Somali, to whom a share in such raids would

spell affluence; while to the rich and timorous Somali, whose grazing grounds were in the vicinity of the Mullah's activities, adherence to his cause was in the first years of the rising almost the only form of life and property insurance available.

The Dervishes, thus collected from motives good and bad, were ruled by a terrible discipline. For the most trivial offences, mutilation and torture and death were the recognised punishments. Death, indeed, was meted out to those who were only suspected of offences. On one occasion 66 men were murdered because it was thought that they contemplated desertion. On another occasion, 300 women were mutilated and executed because the Mullah dreamt they would not pray. Whenever a Dervish succeeded in deserting, all his family, and possibly all his section, would be killed. But terrible as were the punishments which the Mullah inflicted on his peccant Dervishes, they were surpassed by the atrocities perpetrated by the Dervishes on the friendly tribes—men, women, and children—whose villages were successively raided. None escaped the most revolting mutilation; none escaped death. Yet, in the House of Commons, a distinguished Nationalist once described the Mullah and his Dervishes as "brave men striving to be free."

It is noteworthy that, as the years passed by, the political, racial, and religious motives which originally inspired the

movement became less and less prominent; and that the Dervish horde was kept together only by the sure knowledge that desertion would entail the murder of their women and children and relatives, as well as the loss of their stock, and by the generally accepted belief, carefully fostered in the *haroun*, that successful deserters were subjected by the British Government to tortures even more terrible than those practised in the Dervish camp.

Although the similarity is more apparent than real, it is difficult to consider the Dervish movement in Somaliland without making some comparison with Mahdism in the Sudan. The rebellion of the Mahdi was primarily a revolt against the injustices and corruption of the Egyptian officials, which had turned fertility into scarcity, and the native content of the savage into the misery of the oppressed. The Dervish movement in Somaliland was also a revolt against the rule of the foreigner, but against a foreigner who had come to give peace to warring tribes, to replace corruption by justice, and penury by prosperity. The political revolt in the Sudan was only made possible by the fire of religion or fanaticism, call it what you will, which the Mahdi kindled in the humble breasts of his starving and naked followers, uniting them proudly under his inspiring leadership. The Somaliland Mullah also invested his political object, the expulsion of the foreigner,

with the glamour of a divine mission. In the Sudan, the Mahdi turned indifferent Mehammedans suffering from political oppression into fanatics and patriots. In Somaliland, the Mullah traded upon the superstition and independent spirit of his fellow-countrymen to convert them into robbers and out-throats. In short, Somaliland dervishism was but a despicable imitation of a genuine patriotic and religious revolt.

To resume, the Mullah followed up his first coup of April 1899 by a further successful foray against the Habr Yunis in August, and he reoccupied Burao with a force estimated at 5000 men. He gave himself out as the Mahdi; and ominous rumours spread foretelling an advance on Berbera. The Consul-General urged an expedition on the Home Government, but our commitments elsewhere, more particularly in South Africa, were such as to preclude the immediate adoption of this course. During the first seven months of 1900, the Mullah was comparatively inactive, but in August he suddenly swooped down upon the Aidegalla tribe and caused all the friendly tribes to evacuate the Haud in confusion. Next month the Habr Awal tribe suffered severely at his hands.

It would be superfluous to discuss here in any detail the campaigns which followed. They are exhaustively described in the 'Official History of the Operations in Somaliland, 1901,

04,' published by the War Office in 1907; and it will be sufficient for the purposes of this paper to outline very briefly the general course of events.

The first expedition started in April 1901, and operations terminated in the following July. The force employed consisted of a locally-enlisted and hurriedly-trained levy of 1500 men, of whom 500 were mounted. The casualties inflicted on the Dervishes were estimated at some 1200 killed and wounded, and, in addition, 800 prisoners were taken, including some notable headmen.

The Mullah's power had thus been appreciably shaken, and for a time he remained quiescent. But not for long. In October 1901 he renewed his activities, and, thanks to the illicit arms traffic, he had, by January 1902, not only recovered from his losses, but had forced the majority of the Dolbahanta tribe to return to his standard. By the time our second expedition was launched in June 1902, his following was estimated at 15,000, of whom 12,000 were said to be mounted and 1500 armed with rifles. Against this, our Expeditionary Force consisted of some 2000 rifles, partly King's African Rifles, but principally locally-enlisted and locally-trained Somalis. During this expedition, which culminated in the severe but successful action fought at Erigo in October 1902, the Dervishes sustained some 1400 casualties, lost a large number of prisoners and some 25,000

camels, in addition to many sheep, cattle, and horses. But disorganised transport and the shaken *moral* of the Somali levies prevented the pursuit of the Mullah to his retreat in the Mudug district.

It was now evident that the situation was such as to demand regular and seasoned troops. At the time of the action of Erigo, the force in Somaliland had consisted of 2400 rifles, of which no less than 1500 were local levies. This force was immediately increased by a further contingent of 900 King's African Rifles, and by 300 Indian infantry. A strong column was to advance from Obbia in Italian Somaliland and occupy the Mudug. Another column was to operate on the Berbera-Bohotleh line. And, simultaneously, an Abyssinian force of 5000 rifles, accompanied by British officers, was to advance along the Webi Shebeli, to prevent the Mullah's retreat westward. The advance from Obbia commenced on the 22nd February 1903; and the enemy immediately fell back on Walwal and Wardair, denying us an opportunity of trying conclusions with his main force. On two occasions, however, small advance parties engaged large forces of Dervishes. At Gumburu, a reconnaissance of two companies of the 2nd King's African Rifles and 48 rifles of the 2nd Sikhs came up with the Mullah's main force, commanded, so it is said, by their chief in person. The fight which ensued appears to have lasted two and a half hours. The Dervishes charged the Brit-

ish square from dense bush some 300 to 600 yards distant, their horsemen and riflemen being driven back time and again with cruel losses. The square was eventually broken by a rush of spearmen, but not before all our ammunition had been exhausted. The Dervish casualties, estimated by some at 2700, are unknown: for no British officer survived to tell the true story of Gumburu. Our casualties were all officers (9) and 187 men killed and 29 men wounded. Another action at Daratoleh—in which were engaged some 800 Dervishes, flushed with their victory at Gumburu, with their leaders wearing the uniforms of the dead British officers—resulted in the infliction of heavy casualties on the enemy, our losses amounting to 2 officers and 13 men killed, and 4 officers and 25 men wounded. In the meantime the Abyssinians inflicted a crushing defeat on the Dervishes, claiming to have killed 1000 of their spearmen. Immediately after this engagement, which took place on the 31st May 1903, the Mullah made a daring but successful movement eastward to the Nogal valley. Unfortunately, however, it was impossible to intercept this movement, as, owing to camel transport and other difficulties, our troops were being withdrawn to Bohotleh.

His Majesty's Government now decided on a further increase to our force in Somaliland in view of the Mullah's position in the Nogal and its proximity to our sphere.

More than 8000 troops, of which 1000 were British, were employed, in the hope that the Mullah's power would be permanently shattered. The enemy's force, which numbered between 6000 and 8000 fighting Dervishes, was concentrated at Jidballi, where the Mullah, deciding to make a stand, received a most crushing defeat. His casualties in the actual fight at Jidballi (10th January 1904) must have been very large; but far greater were his losses during the course of his subsequent flight northwards to Jidali, and thence eastward into Italian territory. On the other hand, our casualties were slight, except in officers, of whom 3 were killed and 9 wounded, out of a total of 27 killed and 37 wounded of all ranks. It appears that the Mullah only sought sanctuary in Italian territory after receiving solemn assurances of a safe passage from Osman Mahmud, the Sultan of the Mijjertein, the Italian Somali tribe, who was equally solemnly pledged to us to prevent him from crossing the Italian frontier. Had it not been for this breach of faith, the Mullah would doubtless have had no alternative but to surrender.

Thus, this fourth expedition was completely successful in all but bringing the Mullah himself to bay, and so putting an end to his movement. The greater portion of his wealth, which among a desert-dwelling nomad people consists of the flocks and herds upon which their very existence depends,

had been captured. The *moral* of his Dervishes as a fighting body had been utterly destroyed; and their numbers, estimated at 6000 to 8000 before Jidballi, could not have exceeded 800 on the conclusion of the campaign. Above all, the Mullah's personal prestige was temporarily shattered; and the discredited refugee in Italian territory must have cut a poor figure as compared with the defiant enemy who, during the third expedition, indited the following letter to the British people:—

"I wish to rule my own country and protect my own religion. If you will, send me a letter saying whether there is to be peace or war. I intend to go from Burao to Berbera. I warn you of this—I wish to fight with you. I like war, but you do not. God willing, I will take many rifles from you, but you will get no rifles or ammunition from me. I have no forts, no houses, no country. I have no cultivated fields, no silver, no gold for you to take. I have nothing. If the country were cultivated or contained houses or property, it would be worth your while to fight. The country is all jungle, and that is of no use to you. If you want wood and stone, you can get them in plenty. There are also many ant-heaps. The sun is very hot. All you can get from me is war—nothing else. I have met your men in battle, and have killed them. We are

greatly pleased at this. Our men who have fallen in battle have won paradise. God fights for us. We kill, and you kill. We fight by God's order. That is the truth. We ask for God's blessing. God is with me when I write this. If you wish for war, I am happy; and, if you wish for peace, I am content also. But if you wish for peace, go away from my country back to your own. If you wish for war, stay where you are. Harken to my words. I wish to exchange a machine-gun<sup>1</sup> for ammunition. If you do not want it, I will sell it to some one else. Send me a letter saying whether you desire war or peace."

In March 1905, the Illig or Pestalozza Agreement was concluded between the Italian Government and the Mullah, whereby peace was declared between the Dervishes on the one hand and the British and Italian Governments on the other. The Mullah was assigned a port and certain territories in Italian Somaliland, beyond which he and his Dervishes undertook not to encroach. The Mullah also agreed to become an Italian protected subject. This agreement was, however, nullified soon after it was concluded, as the Mullah left Italian territory, and by 1907 had re-established himself on the British side, raiding and looting far and wide.

In 1909 the Home Government decided upon a change

<sup>1</sup> *Scil.*, a machine-gun lost by the King's African Rifles at Erigo in October 1902, and recovered by them in January 1920.



of policy in regard to Somaliland. The administration, military and political, was entirely withdrawn from the interior, and all direct control was abandoned. Active administration was limited to the three coast towns; and the friendly Somali tribes in the interior were given arms and ammunition with which to defend themselves against the Mullah. This policy had been carried into full effect by March 1910. Disorder, which beggars description, ensued. The friendly tribes abandoned themselves to an orgy of internecine warfare, using against each other the arms which had been given them to defend themselves against the common enemy. The motive was not a desire for supreme control on the part of any one tribe, but the Somali's besetting sin of acquisitiveness, which impels him to raid his neighbour's flocks and herds—if he can. It was impossible to control such a situation from Berbera. Loss of confidence in the British Government, the disaffection of Somali Government servants in the coast towns, and a collapse of trade, were the immediate *sequelæ* of this state of unchecked anarchy. In the meantime, the Mullah was not slow to take advantage of so deplorable a situation. By sudden and unexpected attacks upon the friendly tribes, whom he found scattered and unprepared, he obtained the stock, food, clothing, and ammunition which he so urgently required; and by the innumerable atrocities and mutilations which he practised upon the

vanquished, he resuscitated the old dread of the Dervish name.

Such a state of affairs could not be permitted to continue indefinitely; and in 1912, with a view to keeping the main trade routes in the vicinity of the coast towns clear, it was decided to form a small Somali Camel Constabulary, 150 strong, to maintain order among our friends within a radius of fifty miles or so of Berbera. This expedient proved an immediate success, and comparative peace was restored among the friendly tribes—so much so that the force, encouraged by initial successes, was subsequently based on Burao, eighty miles inland. But in August 1913 they encountered at Dulmadoba and engaged a party of Dervishes estimated at 2000 rifles. The heaviest casualties—estimated at between 200 and 600—were inflicted on the enemy; but 50 per cent of our small force, including the Commandant, were killed.

After this set-back the Camel Constabulary was reorganised on military lines and its numbers raised to 500, and the Indian contingent was also increased to 400 strong. This addition to the military establishment at the disposal of the Protectorate Government was sanctioned for the purpose of enabling the friendly tribes to avail themselves of their grazing grounds and water without molestation by the Mullah. The objects in view in Somaliland were defined in the House of Lords on the 13th April 1914 by Lord Emmott, then

Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, as being "to keep order in the West, and to prevent the further advance of the Mullah in the East."

Immediately after the action at Dulmadoba the Mullah sent some of his Yemeni Arab masons to erect forts at Shimber Berris, whence the Dervishes could dominate the Ain valley, which provides the chief grazing grounds of our friendly tribes. Six double-storied blockhouses were constructed with considerable skill, and from this stronghold several successful raids were carried out. Operations against the Shimber Berris position were undertaken by the local troops, and despite a stubborn resistance by the Dervish garrison, all the forts were captured and demolished. The Dervishes were completely driven out of the Ain valley, and retired to their main positions at Tale (the Mullah's headquarters) and Jidali.

Our preoccupations elsewhere during the war precluded the necessary reinforcements and auxiliary services being made available for a further active offensive against the Dervishes, to drive them back or to effect their final overthrow, and for nearly five years the local troops were on the defensive, the object being to confine the Dervishes to a limited area and to protect the grazing grounds of the friendly tribes from Dervish incursions. The initiative thus remained with the enemy; but, despite

the fact that our troops had a 300-mile front to defend, from the Makhir coast to Galadi, a very considerable measure of success was achieved. Very seldom were Dervish raiding parties allowed to gain their objective, and on several occasions the severest punishment was meted out to them. To the extreme mobility, endurance, and gallantry of the Somaliland Camel Corps this success was due.

In the meantime, the civil administration was far from idle. From 1914 onwards the interior was gradually reoccupied. The Somali proved himself responsive to an administration which was so clearly bent on furthering his interests, and his confidence was gained to a degree which had never previously been thought possible. Often described as the "Irish of the East," the Somali is notoriously difficult to handle, and the evacuation of 1910 certainly did not decrease his truculent tendencies. Moreover, there was the Turko-German propaganda from the neighbouring Abyssinian province of Harrar to counteract — propaganda which was well calculated to estrange a somewhat fanatical Mohammedan people from their Christian rulers. The various departments of government were reorganised to deal with ever-expanding activities; the local revenue was quadrupled, and the highest efficiency possible with the very small funds<sup>1</sup> available was

<sup>1</sup> Some £50,000 annually for all civil services—i.e., staff, pensions, district administration, medical, police, prisons, customs, public works, post offices, telegraphs, education, &c.

achieved. There was a spirit of enthusiasm abroad among the dozen civil and political officers stationed in Somaliland which could not but spell success in their arduous and difficult task.

Such briefly was the political and military situation in Somaliland when in the autumn of 1919 His Majesty's Government sanctioned offensive operations for the following January, with a view to the final overthrow of the Dervish power. The forces at the disposal of the Protectorate Government for this purpose consisted of one flight of aeroplanes (D.H. 9), Royal Air Force, known as "Z" unit, the Somaliland Camel Corps, (700 rifles), a King's African Rifles Contingent (700 rifles), 1st/101st Grenadiers, Indian Army (400 rifles), and his Majesty's ships *Odin*, *Clio*, and *Ark Royal*.

The operations commenced on the 21st January with an aerial attack on the Mullah's *haroun*<sup>1</sup> at Medishe, near Jidali. It seems that the Dervishes were as unaware of the termination of the Great War as they were of the existence of aviation. Many were the conjectures as to what the aeroplanes might portend. A few guessed the truth, but feared to communicate their guess to the Mullah, death being the recognised punishment for the bearer of evil tidings. A certain Turk suggested that they were a Turkish or German invention from Stamboul come to tell the

Mullah of their victory in the war, and to pay their respects to him. Others, with the Oriental's native *penchant* for flattery, suggested that they were the chariots of Allah come to take the Mullah up to heaven. However that may be, the flight failed to locate the *haroun*, the paramount necessity for secrecy having prevented any aerial reconnaissances, and the Mullah sat watching them with his Dervishes around him in a circle. When the machines had passed by, he returned to his house; but no sooner had he entered than news was brought that one machine had returned and was flying very close to the *haroun*. Thinking that this speedy return indicated that the occupants of the machine wished to speak with him, he left his house, leaning on the arm of his uncle and Prime Minister, Amir. Then the first bomb fell. Amir was killed, and the Mullah's garments were singed. Thus the first shot all but ended the campaign. For the death of the Mullah would have led to the immediate disintegration and surrender of the Dervish forces, except, perhaps, for a few die-hards. On the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th January Medishe and the neighbouring fortress of Jidali were bombed twice daily, but the Mullah found sanctuary in a cave in the hills behind Medishe. On the 27th January he heard that the King's African Rifles were in possession of his fort at Baran. His escape eastward into Italian

<sup>1</sup> I.e., armed encampment.

territory was thus blocked. On the same day he learnt that the Camel Corps had captured his forts at Jidali. The news of these two events was the first intimation he received of the proximity of the ground troops. It was surprising that our intentions were concealed from him so completely, and that his intelligence department failed him so dismally. On hearing of the fall of Baran and Jidali, the Mullah decided to move southwards. Two bandoliers were issued to every Dervish, and instructions were given for the packing and transport of the ammunition, treasure, and machine-guns. On the 28th January, with about 700 riflemen and all the *lares* and *penates* that he could muster, he embarked upon his *hagira*. Two days later the Camel Corps received news of his flight and immediately started in hot pursuit, covering 150 miles in seventy-two hours. During the pursuit and the days that followed no reliable intelligence as to the whereabouts of the Mullah could be obtained, although a large number of his leaders and relatives and followers fell into the hands of the troops or the Somali irregular levy, which was most ably organised and commanded by a political officer, assisted by a well-known Somali native officer. On the 9th February, however, news was received that the Mullah was in Tale, his capital, a walled citadel surmounted by thirteen forts (constructed by the Dervishes between 1907 and 1919, and not by the Egyptians 2000 B.C., as sug-

gested elsewhere). But on the same day, before the troops were in position, he left this stronghold with a small following. The Camel Corps bivouacked about one mile from the main Tale fortress, the whole of which fell into the hands of the tribal levy that night. By dawn, on the next day, the Camel Corps had picked up the Dervish tracks, and a hot pursuit ensued, during which all the remnants of the Dervish force were accounted for except the Mullah himself, his eldest son, a brother, and three trusty followers. Time and again small parties of Dervishes were caught up and annihilated; but the Mullah, seeking safety in isolation, had struck off with one or two others on a line of his own. If a fugitive leader is prepared to abandon his family, his followers, and all his possessions, and seek refuge in the African bush, he becomes a wellnigh impossible objective for a military pursuit.

The march of the Camel Corps from Jidali to the southern border of the Protectorate was a magnificent feat of endurance which deserved to be rewarded by the capture of the Mullah himself. Men and animals were often on half rations—and towards the end on no rations—for their camel transport had been abandoned early; but the pursuit was maintained until there was nothing more to pursue. *Ne plus ultra.*

The Mullah and his four or five followers found their way into uncontrolled Abyssinian territory. Negotiations for his

surrender are now in progress; and, if his surrender does not materialise, there is every reason to hope that he will perish in the continuous inter-tribal fighting in that region. In any event, it is certain that he can never resume his old activities in British territory. His stock, which represents almost his sole means of subsistence, is ours, as is all the rest of his property. The whole of his family (but two) and all his followers have deserted him, or have been killed or captured.

During the expedition many evidences of his atrocities were found—at Medishe the corpse of an unfortunate Dervish who had been chained up and roasted over a slow fire, and in a neighbouring ravine the bodies of many who, at the tyrant's whim, had been hurled from a peak to a terrible death on the rocks below. There were also many evidences of his organising ability: orders regarding the defence of grazing camps and the care of horses which would have done credit to a G.S.O. 1. There were signs, too, that he was alive to his comparative weakness, which many years of attrition had brought about; and it is confirmed that he was plotting last December to obtain the persons of one or two British officers with a view to holding them to ransom, and so obtaining terms which would be acceptable to himself. It would be of interest to know what those terms would have been.

No account of the Mullah would be complete without

the story of the adventures of a certain German named Emil Kirsch (or Casson). A mechanic by trade, he had travelled extensively in South and East Africa, mending typewriters and other machines. The outbreak of the Great War found him at Jibouti, the capital of French Somaliland. To avoid internment, he hastened to the neighbouring and neutral country of Abyssinia, where he remained until August 1916. In that month he was sent to the Mullah's *haroun* at Tale by the Mohammedanised, anti-Entente, and subsequently dethroned Prince of Abyssinia, Lij Yasu. It appears that he was given to understand that he was on a five months' contract to make ammunition and to repair the Dervish machine-guns and rifles, and that Lij Yasu was personal security for his safe return. Whether or not he realised the foolhardy nature of his enterprise we shall never know; but, if he did not, he was very soon to be disillusioned. On arrival at Tale he was given quarters in the main fort, where he was virtually a prisoner. However, he immediately set to work mending rifles and manufacturing ammunition; and he received no actual ill-treatment until his savage masters demanded that he should perform impossibilities—manufacture rifles without material and plant, and mend Maxim guns without component parts. Then buffeting and abuse were his lot,

and subsequently, when he asked to be allowed to return to Abyssinia, on the ground that his contract had expired, his request was received not only with threats of mutilation, but with actual manifestations of the most unspeakable atrocities. Thus his last few months at Tale were all but intolerable, and frequently he contemplated suicide. Finally, he decided on an attempt to escape. Day after day, his shoes were filled with sand to harden his feet by his devoted servant Ahmed, a native of Nyasaland, as he realised that his tracks would soon be picked up in the desert by the Dervishes if he attempted to escape in European foot-gear; and then one night in June he let himself down from the fort by means of a long rope and a grappling-iron, and working by compass, he headed for the northern coast with the intention of surrendering at the Italian port of Alula. After many days of wandering without food or water his strength gave out, and he bade his faithful servant leave him and make good his escape if he could. Ahmed staggered on for another three miles, where he found water, with which without delay he returned to his master, only to find him dead under the bush where he had left him. This story is given as related by Ahmed, and subsequently confirmed by deserters; and it may be regarded as reliable. Needless to add, the eight Dervishes

who formed his guard were executed as soon as his escape was discovered.

For twenty-one years Dervishism has spelt economic stagnation for Somaliland, and ruin for many of its inhabitants. In the Dervish area of the Protectorate and the districts impinging upon it no security for life or property has been possible. Such money as has been granted from imperial funds—in recent years some £85,000 annually—has been expended on the maintenance of military forces of a magnitude which would have been unnecessary but for the Dervish menace; and no money has been available for the establishment of adequate communications or for other development schemes. As a consequence, the general impression of British Somaliland is that it is politically an unmitigated nuisance and economically a sterile jungle incapable of development. If this false impression is now perpetuated, it can only mean that the country will continue indefinitely to be a burden on the British taxpayer. But if, on the other hand, the money saved by the reduction of the military forces, which is now made possible by the removal of the Dervish scourge, can be made available for the development of the Protectorate's resources, then there is no reason why Somaliland should not take her proper place in the near future among our prosperous and self-supporting African Protectorates.

D. J. JARDINE.

## MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE CASE OF GOVERNOR EYRE—THE TRAGEDY OF AMRITSAR—A PLOT AGAINST EUROPEANS—GENERAL DYER—THREE PROCLAMATIONS OR FOUR?—CONSPIRACY OR REBELLION?—THE RESULTS OF GENERAL DYER'S DISMISSAL—MR GEORGE AND KRASSIN—COMMERCE OR A TREATY OF PEACE?—THE PRIME MINISTER'S TWO VOICES—FRIENDS SACRIFICED TO ENEMIES—PATRICK SHAW-STEWART.

IN the year 1865 "the black gentlemen" of Jamaica, stirred up by the harangues of agitators and the spiritual addresses of Baptist ministers, armed themselves with bayonets, outlasses, and pikes with the kindly intention of murdering all the white men they could find. "We want the Buckra men to kill, but we don't want the women now; we will have them afterwards"—such was the amiable cry that was heard on all sides. The "black gentlemen" murdered with all their own savagery the Custos of Morant Bay; they cut to pieces a small band of volunteers, who made a gallant resistance; they beat policemen to death for no better reason than that they were not afraid to do their duty; they destroyed plantations, and they burned houses. As the historian says, "nothing could exceed the brutality with which the infuriated negroes perpetrated their atrocities. At the court-house the eyes and hearts of some of their victims were torn out, and the women showed themselves even more cruel than the men."

The white men and women,

who were but a handful, were saved only by stern and swift measures of repression. Happily, Governor Eyre was a man who did not shrink from responsibility. He went at once to Port Morant with a man-of-war and a gunboat, the only naval forces at his command, and made his dispositions to crush the rebellion. He hanged those who deserved to be hanged, he flogged others, and with the help of martial law he succeeded in saving Jamaica from a far worse massacre than had already drenched it in blood. Wherever he went in the island he found that a coloured member of the House of Assembly, who called himself Gordon, had exercised a malign influence over the natives. This miscreant had taken refuge in Kingston, which lay outside the proclaimed area, and when he saw that sooner or later his capture was inevitable, he gave himself up to General O'Connor. The Governor instantly put him on board the *Wolverine* and sent him to Morant Bay. There was a divided opinion concerning the treatment of Gordon. He was arrested at Kingston, where

martial law was not proclaimed. On the other hand, his home was at Merant Bay, where the insurrection had broken out at his instigation, and his accidental escape to Kingston was not enough to shield him from the consequences of his crime. Moreover, Governor Eyre made quite clear in his despatch the reasons of his prompt action. "Considering it right in the abstract," thus he wrote to the Secretary of State, "and desirable as a matter of policy, that while the poor black men who were being misled were undergoing condign punishment, the chief instigator of all the evils should not go unpunished, I at once took upon myself the responsibility of his capture."

Governor Eyre had saved the lives of all the white survivors. Concerning that fact there was no dispute, and there was indeed no discussion. Even those who condemned him were forced to admit that praise was due to Governor Eyre for "the skill, promptitude, and vigour which he manifested during the early stages of insurrection." But the politicians, bereft of imagination, and packed with the futile sentimentality of the moment, took alarm. Governor Eyre had saved the lives of white men by punishing instantly and severely a band of black rebels. That was enough to set John Stuart Mill and P. A. Taylor, whose literal minds could not picture the horror of a black rising, on the war-path. They made the usual speeches in the House of Com-

mons, full of inflammatory falsehood. They clamoured for the recall or suspension of Governor Eyre, and saw their baleful wishes gratified. They urged the Government to send out a commission of inquiry, and they were rewarded with one of those timid reports, familiar to us all, which are glad to wound and afraid to strike. These gratifications did not content them. They pursued Governor Eyre, who had saved their compatriots from murder and ravishing, most acrimoniously with charges of murder. In 1867 Messrs John Stuart Mill and Peter Taylor applied at Market Drayton for "a warrant against Mr Eyre on the charge of having been accessory before the fact to the murder of Mr George W. Gordon." The warrant was refused. The sleuth-hounds, hot upon the track of their victim, would not desist. The following year they made a similar application at Bow Street, and suffered a second repulse. They were sure, these good people, who lived at home at ease, that Governor Eyre had no right to proclaim martial law. No doubt he should have written home for instructions from the Government, and witnessed while he waited for a reply, if indeed he were alive to witness, the massacre of his fellow-countrymen. He should have permitted the worst criminal of them all, the man Gordon, to complete the infamous work he had done at Merant Bay by stirring up all the disaffected



rascals in Kingston to rebel. Such is the fatuity of politicians, who pretend to believe that savage countries should be tried always by the standards which prevail in their own suburbs, and that the policeman at the corner should be sent to argue politely with the madman who is resolved to kill him.

Happily, Governor Eyre found true and wise supporters in England. Lord Derby had the courage to plead his cause in the House of Lords. And Carlyle, to his honour be it said, did not hesitate to assail "the knot of rabid Nigger-Philanthropists barking ferociously in the gutter." He at any rate had a firm faith in martial law. "In the same direction," said he, "we have also our remarkable Jamaica Committee; and a Lord Chief-Justice speaking six hours . . . to prove that there is no such thing, nor ever was, as Martial Law;—and that any governor, commanded soldier, or official person, putting down the frightfullest Mob-insurrection, Black or White, shall do it with the rope round his neck, by way of encouragement to him. Nobody answers this remarkable Lord Chief-Justice, 'Lordship, if you were to speak for six hundred years instead of six hours, you would only prove the more to us that, unwritten if you will, but real and fundamental, anterior to all written laws, and first making written laws possible, there must have been, and is, and will be, coeval with Human

Society, from its first beginnings to its ultimate end, an actual *Martial Law*, of mere validity than any other law whatever.'"

Enveloped in this cloud of rhetoric are the only security of life and the only sanction of government. But Great Britain is slow to learn the simplest lessons of history, and the wise courage of Governor Eyre has sunk as deeply into forgetfulness as the brutal excesses of the Nigger-Philanthropists. And now once more we are confronted with the same problem. Once more a brave man is thrown to the wolves of the ballot-box. The tragedy of Amritsar resembles in all points the tragedy of Jamaica. The two reports show the painful uniformity of the official brain, and they might have been signed by the same hands. In each is manifest a fear to acknowledge the facts, a plain determination to find the verdict which would be agreeable to a pusillanimous government. The gentlemen who examined the case of Governor Eyre applauded his resolution and approved his suspension. The gentlemen who investigated the conduct of General Dyer paid him the same barren compliment that was thrown at Governor Eyre, and by their censure made it easy for the Secretary of State to disgrace him. At Amritsar, as in Jamaica, the man who saved his fellow-countrymen from murder and his fellow-countrywomen from outrage, is branded as a felon by pedants who were never asked

to face anything more dangerous than a legal quibble, and the wonder is that the British Government ever finds faithful servants to do its bidding.

On 10th April 1919 there was a violent rebellion at Amritsar. A "hartal," or general shutting of shops, had been ordered by the rebel leaders. A poster, inviting the people to "die and kill," had been displayed in the Clock-tower, and the invitation had been generally accepted. If the people was unwilling to die, it was at least eager to kill; and when two doctors, efficient stirrers up of strife, called Kitchlew and Satyapal, were very justly deported, the mob marvelously increased in bitterness and violence. "Where is the Deputy-Commissioner?" it asked; "we will butcher him to pieces." Speedily the crowd gathered volume until it numbered some 30,000, and passed with little delay from words to deeds. The rebels began their work of destruction with the banks. They beat to death the manager and assistant - manager of the National Bank, burned their bodies, and set on fire and sacked the building. With the greed that commonly accompanies the lust of blood, they threw open the godowns to all those who were willing to loot them. Then they turned their amiable attention to the Alliance Bank, murdered its manager, and flung his body from the balcony into the street, where it was drenched in kerosene oil and burned. With

characteristic care, the building itself was not destroyed, because it belonged to Indians who, having butchered the manager, were not willing to sacrifice their rent. Presently, having battered in Sergeant Rowlands' skull with a straining screw, they encountered Miss Sherwood, a lady missionary, peacefully bicycling in a narrow street on her way to one of her schools. Here was too good a chance to be missed. The intrepid mob knocked her down by blows on the head, and when she was safely on the ground they beat her unmercifully. The poor woman got up to run, and again and again she was knocked down. When she attempted to take refuge in a house, the door was slammed in her face, and the monsters desisted from torturing her only because they thought that she was dead.

That the rebellion expressed from the very first a murderous hatred of Europeans is not in dispute. The mob cried aloud for the deaths, not of officials merely, but of all Europeans. What could be done to restore order was done immediately, and that the ever-increasing mob might have a fair warning, a proclamation was issued forbidding all gatherings of persons and processions, and urging all respectable persons to keep indoors. On the evening of April 11th General Dyer arrived at Amritsar and took command. That there might be no mistake concerning his policy, he supplemented the

first proclamation by another. "The inhabitants of Amritsar," said he, "are hereby warned that if they will cause damage to any property or will commit any acts of violence in the environs of Amritsar, it will be taken for granted that such acts are due to incitement in Amritsar city, and offenders will be punished according to military law. All meetings and gatherings are hereby prohibited, and will be dispersed at once under military law." It might be thought that this warning was clear enough to check the murderous ardour of the mob. It had little or no effect. The outrages continued unabated. The telegraph wires were cut, railway lines were torn up, and a train was derailed. Accordingly, General Dyer, with infinite patience and restraint, made another attempt to recall the rebels to reason with words. On April 13th he issued the proclamation that follows by beat of drum: "No person residing in the Amritsar city is permitted to leave his house after eight. Any persons found in the streets after eight are liable to be shot. . . . Any procession or any gathering of four men will be looked upon and treated as an unlawful assembly, and dispersed by force of arms if necessary." The people, hearing this proclamation read, refused to treat it seriously. On all hands it was dismissed as mere bluff. "The General will not fire," said the rebels. "You need not be afraid."

It is necessary to cite the proclamations with some care,

because General Dyer was presently condemned for not having sufficiently warned the people. No warning would have been sufficient. The rebellion suffered no check. The day after he had made his proclamation by beat of drum, General Dyer was informed that a meeting was being held at Jallianwala Bagh, contrary to his plain order. He fired upon the mob, which, as we are told, believed that his order was a "bluff," and he achieved his object by the only possible means—the display of adequate and determined force. Had he thought more of his career than of the safety of India, he would have forgotten his duty and stayed his hand. But he is a brave far-seeing man, and he knew that in the midst of a revolution the mob must be taught a lesson. The same fate overtook him that overtook Governor Eyre, that has overtaken unnumbered servants of the Empire. The pedants who sat to try him, and who did not disdain to call him as a witness, to be used, if necessary, against himself, had no difficulty in finding such a verdict as should be agreeable to the government. In brief, they found that General Dyer was "open to criticism (1) because he gave the people no warning; (2) because he continued to fire after the crowd began to disperse." The first plea is obviously ridiculous. The rebellious mob received not one warning, but three. It laughed at them all, and pronounced them "bluff."

Judging General Dyer by the British Government, it was convinced that he would not dare to shoot, and that there was nothing to be afraid of. Of what use, then, would a fourth or a fortieth warning have been? The warnings would have been unheeded, and General Dyer would have been condemned, whatever he had done. But it is necessary to put it on record that he is dismissed from his command and from India because three warnings and not four were given to the apostles of revelation.

Nor can General Dyer be blamed because he continued to fire. His own explanation is perfectly truthful and candid. "I fired, and continued to fire," says he, "until the crowd dispersed, and I consider this is the least amount of firing which would produce the necessary moral and widespread effect which it was my duty to produce, if I was to justify my action. If more troops had been at hand, the effect would have been greater in proportion. It was no longer a question of dispersing the crowd, but one of producing a sufficient moral effect from a military point of view, not only on those who were present, but more especially throughout the Punjab. There could be no question of undue severity." The gentlemen who drew up the report regard General Dyer's conception of duty as mistaken, and the government agrees with them. Mr Montagu, who has hastened to endorse the report, and

to fling his own stones at General Dyer, asserts that it is the policy of the Government to use the minimum of force necessary when military action is required in support of the civil authority. So there's an end of it. General Dyer, having displayed "honesty of purpose and unflinching adherence to his conception of his duty," is regarded as no longer "fitted to remain entrusted with the responsibilities which his rank and position impose upon him." He is therefore directed to resign his appointment, and his case will be referred to the Army Council. We congratulate General Dyer on having incurred the insistent censure of Mr Montagu. We congratulate him also on his prospect of seeing his case examined by a body of soldiers who are not intimidated by the voters, and who have no natural love of agitators and incendiaries.

But in order to justify themselves, the gentlemen who drew up the report were obliged to declare that there had been no conspiracy at all. To put up a poster upon the Clock-tower, calling on the people to die and kill is, then, no sign of conspiracy. They who preach to a willing audience a bitter war against Europeans are not conspiring. It is no proof of a conspiracy when a mob, some thousands strong, burns banks and murders their managers with every circumstance of venomous brutality. The blood of white men, no doubt, may be shed with impunity. It is the consistent opinion of our

Government that murderers deserve no censure, and that they who defend themselves righteously must be called upon to justify their indiscretion. Lord Hunter's Committee, indeed, takes a view of conspiracy which outside official circles is happily rare, and we do not suppose that any evidence, short of its own extermination, could be brought before it which could convince it that revolution was imminent or possible. "There is nothing to show," it says, "that the outbreak in the Punjab was part of a pre-arranged conspiracy to overthrow the British Government in India by force." And having said so much, it seems to be instantly stricken with doubt and repentance. It then admits incontinently that the Punjab Government had been advised by its legal advisers that the Satyagraha movement, which was in full force, "amounted to an illegal conspiracy against government." Nor does this admission stand alone. As though to make quite clear the flagrant injustice that had been done to General Dyer, the Committee proceeds to the following confession: "The general teaching of the doctrine of civil disobedience to laws to masses of uneducated men must inevitably lead to breach of the peace and disorder. . . . In the situation, as it presented itself day by day, there were grounds for the gravest anxiety. It was difficult, probably unsafe, for the authorities not to assume that the outbreak was the result of a definite

organisation. Apart from the existence of any deeply-laid scheme to overthrow the British, a movement which had started in rioting and had become a rebellion might have rapidly developed into a revolution."

If these words mean anything, they mean a complete exoneration of General Dyer. There were grounds for the gravest anxiety; it was unsafe not to assume that the outbreak was the result of a definite organisation; a movement which had become a rebellion might have rapidly developed into a revolution. And General Dyer, in staying the revolution, which might have been far worse than the famous Mutiny, deserved, instead of the censure of the confused thinkers who condemned him, and who make a distinction between "conspiracy" and "rebellion," to receive immediate promotion and a vote of thanks. Alas! we are forgetting the call of politics. The agitator, at all costs, must be protected in the exercise of his calling. "'Tis no sin," says Falstaff, "for a man to labour in his vocation." And Mr Montagu, in an impudent comment upon Sir Michael O'Dwyer's administration, testifies boldly to his agreement with Falstaff. With tears in his eyes he regrets that the Punjab Government, under Sir Michael's O'Dwyer's direction, "was determined to suppress not only illegitimate, but also legitimate and constitutional political agitation." We commend it as a proper

task for those expert dichotomists of the truth, the members of Lord Hunter's Committee, to discover, in the ample leisure they have won by their labours, when and how "agitation" is "legitimate and constitutional" in such a country as India. If they cast their eyes upon Ireland, they will find an interesting parallel. And as for Mr Montagu, whose racial characteristics give him a natural taste for agitation, he need not despair. He has ensured for Great Britain, in which he is a sojourner, many years of the rebellion, which, in the golden words of Lord Hunter's Committee, "develops rapidly into a revolution."

We have not heard the last of General Dyer's case. Even in these days, when the Cabinet is hypnotised and the House of Commons is paralysed, there must still be left one or two just men to speak the truth and to warn the country. In the meantime, it is well to consider the immediate results of General Dyer's dismissal. The unanimity with which the officials condemn him must be consoling to him. With a kind of ferocity the Government of India approves the report of Lord Hunter's Committee, and Mr Edwin Samuel Montagu goes one better than the Government of India. One and all hasten to involve in a cloud of obloquy the man on the spot, who alone was competent to understand what measures should be taken. One and all overlook, though they assert that they do not, their own resolution, "in which they

promised full countenance and support to officers engaged in the onerous task of suppressing disorder." General Dyer was engaged in that onerous task, and they have given him neither countenance nor support. Yet it is not for General Dyer that we feel the profoundest sympathy. He knows that he has won the approval of honest men, who still believe that the soldier who saves Englishmen from bloodshed and Englishwomen from outrage has earned the nation's gratitude. It is for those hapless soldiers, administrators, and their wives, who are left to do their duty in India, that we feel the sincerest pity. To the handful of Indians, chiefly agitators, who take an interest in politics, the report of Lord Hunter's Committee, with the unctuous commentaries of the Government of India and of Mr Montagu, will appear a full license to outrage and rebellion. Henceforth they know well that no soldier will dare to suppress a revolution unless he hold in his hand a written permit from a civil magistrate or a Secretary of State. Henceforth all sense of responsibility is stripped away from those in military command. You cannot expect a soldier to do his duty if he knows that the solemn promise of countenance and support is not worth the brittle paper on which it is written. Mr Montagu and his puppets have done something worse than disgrace a gallant soldier. They have rendered the soldier's profession hazardous, if not im-

possible. They have deprived every European in India of security in life or property.

The truth is, our Government cannot make up its mind to do anything. It stands in hourly dread of action. It would far rather overlook the crime of murder than punish the monstrous assassin. It obstinately refuses to forgive the slaughtered victims. Relying for its continuance upon a lawless fringe of anarchists and communists, it shrinks most cravenly from playing the man. It believes, perhaps erroneously, that the just punishment of crime is unpopular, and it views without a strong disapproval the murder of policemen in Ireland and of Europeans in India. But some day or another it will be forced into adopting a definite policy. It may come to the conclusion, like the Radicals of fifty years ago, that "Perish India!" would be a profitable cry at the hustings. In the meantime we are deeply committed to the Government of India. We have ruled the country for more than a century. We have brought peace and prosperity to a fertile land. We have assuaged the feuds which once divided prince from prince and race from race. And we have done all this without outraging the customs or offending the prejudices of a sensitive people. We cannot do what we have done if we allow a minority of two per cent of the population to intimidate us on the false ground of self-determination. Either we

must leave India to the confusion and the carnage which surely would follow our departure, or we must govern it as men and not as the puppets of the polling-booth. The hand-to-mouth policy of flattery and sentiment can end only in disaster. Upon Mr Montagu lies the heaviest responsibility. He holds a place which should never have been his, which he should have been disqualified from holding from the mere fact that he is a Jew. It is not his fault that he does not understand the British soldier's conception of his duty. But he will not be absolved when, in the mutiny which he, an Oriental, has done his best to ensure, Englishmen are murdered and Englishwomen are outraged.

While Mr Montagu is doing his best to promote political agitation, "legitimate and constitutional," in India; while he is handing over the 98 per cent peaceable inhabitants to the malign influence of the wire-pullers, whom he loves and fears, Mr George is putting Great Britain under the heavy disgrace of peace with murderers. In other words, Mr George, attended by the silent members of his Cabinet, who take his orders and register his decrees, has received Krassin, the representative of the most brutal and bloody-minded tyrants that ever brought suffering and destruction upon an outraged people. The monsters who employed Chinese assassins to do their hellish work, cynical Jews, men of no country and no associ-

ations, are to-day publicly acclaimed our political friends and equals. Of the many blows that Mr George has struck at England's dignity and England's honour, this is the heaviest, and he can escape from his ignoble position neither by false history nor by inapposite jesting.

We do not suppose he feels any indignation against the scoundrels whom Krassin represents, because they have murdered with an elaborate cruelty the Czar of Russia and his family. Monarchs and princes cannot vote, and are therefore but of small interest to politicians. It is unlikely that Mr George should shed a tear over the unavenged murder of our naval attaché at Petrograd. Naval attachés are not a numerous body and may safely be left to perish. Nevertheless it is well to remember that Mr George is now conferring with a set of miscreants and regicides who murdered an English officer, and who have hitherto refrained from expressing an apology or regret. For this callousness, we believe, there is no precedent, and the prestige of Great Britain has suffered an irreparable blow. Again Mr George will be unmoved. But even he, we should have thought, would have shrunk from taking the hand of those who have murdered and tortured thousands of working men and peasants, and have put to forced labour those whom they have permitted to live. This is hardly

work for the self-appointed "champion of the liberty of the world." However, from the very first Mr George could not wholly dissemble his love for Lenin and Trotsky. We all remember the tragi-comedy of Prinkipe. The intercession of Mr Bullitt, whose story remains uncontradicted, is not yet forgotten. Yet, as usual throughout the controversy, Mr George has spoken with two voices. He has abused the Bolsheviks with all the resources of his vocabulary, at the same time that he has paid them assiduous court. He has expressed his horror of Bolshevism a dozen times. He has declared that he would refuse to take it by the hand; he has deplored "its horrible consequences — starvation, bloodshed, confusion, ruin, and horror"; and he has taken it by the hand, making light of its "horrible consequences," and palliating its crimes. Moreover, he has given a solemn undertaking that he would not have any dealings with Russia before he had consulted the House of Commons. And he has received Krassin at Downing Street without previously throwing a word to the elected representatives of the British people.

The same uncertainty has shrouded his dealings with Krassin from all save his obedient servants of the Cabinet. Many stories, contradicting one another, have been told. We have heard that there is to be nothing between us save an agreement of barter.



Then there came a rumour that British goods were to be paid for by ingots of gold, which were not Lenin's to give away. To expect a plain statement from Mr George is obviously absurd. It is perhaps injudicious of him not to settle beforehand which tale he will tell and stick to it. But we shall be wise if we reject the legend of goods for goods, and resign ourselves to play the criminal part of receivers of stolen gold. There is the taint of blood and theft upon every ingot that is offered us by the Bolsheviks, and all the idle words poured out by Mr George will not avail to remove the indelible stain. "The horrors of Bolshevism have revolted the conscience of mankind," says Mr George. So come let us trade with the Bolsheviks and gorge ourselves upon their bursting granaries!

We are used by this time to Mr George's cynicism. The worst of it is that he is bolstering up the Bolshevism which in other days he condemned without reserve, at the very moment when Bolshevism is dying of its own incompetence and misdeeds. Nor will the defence, which he made in the House of Commons, convince a single waverer. It will persuade those only who are bound in the bonds of slavery, or who believe that the world will come to an end if they lose their seats. Mr George began by declaring that in starving Russia there is grain and oil and flax and timber. He pro-

duced no evidence in support of his assertion, and when it is disproved he will not be disconcerted for a moment. Then, said he, "I am told you must not do business, because we disprove of the Government. That surely is a new doctrine." It is not a new doctrine. It was a doctrine preached by Mr George himself a year ago, when he refused to take Bolshevism by the hand. It is a doctrine put into practice at this very hour, when we have kept a strict blockade—itsself a form of war—against Russia. It is the doctrine which inspired Pitt and Burke in fighting with all the force at their command against an armed opinion. Mr George, we believe, is not a reader, and perhaps he is not familiar with the writings of Edmund Burke. If he were, he would see at once that the doctrine which he now pretends to be new is not new at all. It was held as stoutly by the statesmen who directed our policy at the time of the French Revolution, as it was held a year ago by himself. When the Regicides of 1796 made overtures of peace, they did it in the same amiable terms as were used by Lenin. Lenin will be satisfied with no pact which does not permit him to propagate his vile opinions. The Regicides declared in 1796 that they would have no peace until they had accomplished our utter and irretrievable ruin. And here is the reply which the Georges of the day received from Edmund Burke: "To this conciliatory and ami-

cable public communication," wrote the author of the 'Regicide Peace,' "our sole answer, in effect, is this—Citizen Regicides! whenever you find yourselves in the humour, you may have a peace with *us*. That is a point you may always command. We are constantly in attendance, and nothing you can do shall hinder us from the renewal of our supplications. You may turn us out of the door, but we will jump in at the window."

That is the method of speech always adopted by our Georges, whenever they are born into the world, which is, alas! far too frequently. Our own Mr George addresses the Bolsheviks as his predecessors addressed the Regicides. There is no window into which he will not jump, though he should know well that Lenin is waiting to catch him, and that the prospect of a peace with Great Britain will be the best stimulus possible to the spreading of his armed opinions. For of course it need not be said that the arrangement made with Krassin is no mere arrangement to trade; if it be persisted in, it will grow into nothing less than a solid treaty of peace with regicides and assassins, a pledge of forgiveness to those who have foully murdered and imprisoned British officials and British citizens.

Then, asks Mr George, in contradiction to his own former statements and with complete irrelevancy: "Have we never traded with countries guilty of atrocities?" It is possible

that we have. We have never traded with countries which spend their money in debauching our citizens, nor have we ever made peace with countries whose rulers have killed our representatives in cold blood and have refused apology and reparation. But Mr George, not content with unsaying all the valiant things which he had formerly said about the horrors of Bolshevism, assumed in his speech that the latest set of opinions which he had held were nothing less than axioms. And then he proceeded to make the sort of careless jests which may be acceptable on the hustings, but which are wholly out of place in a debate before the House of Commons on a question of high policy affecting the honour and the safety of the British Empire. However, it may be that Mr George knows his audience, and is right in believing that his own sorry provincialism is good enough to deceive the elect of the British people.

Thus, through a tangle of contradictions, we begin to understand what it is that Mr George has committed us to. We may dismiss as a pretence, now some weeks old, the assertion that our only engagement with Russia is to barter goods for goods. If the negotiations proceed we shall soon hear of the arrival from Russia of gold and platinum. And when the gold and platinum have arrived, which Lenin has no right to send, and Mr George has no right to accept, we shall hear the office of the "fence" de-

fended with the familiar levity. The next step will be the announcement of a firm peace between the Court of St James's and the Soviet Government. Thus at last will the dream of Prinkipo come true, and Mr Bullitt will be justified of the confidence which he is said to have reposed in Mr Philip Kerr. It is a disgraceful story, which will be written in black upon the tablets of our history, and the only chance that we have of retrieving our national honour is that Lenin himself will go back upon his bargain.

With his usual lack of candour, Mr George made a great parade of the Allies' unanimity. He declared that there was no strong feeling manifest in France against his action. One of his secretaries, acquainted with the French tongue, might have kept him better informed. Not merely does the French Government hold the opinion very strongly that Lenin's gold cannot be used for payment, since it belongs not to the Bolshevik Government but to the creditors of Russia; not merely does it threaten legal action: the French Press also is unanimous in condemning Mr George's cynicism. It cannot understand what is Mr George's aim, and the charitable view to take of the uncertainty is that Mr George does not understand himself. Meanwhile the Entente is put to a severe strain, and it seems possible that Mr George's frivolous temper may alienate

the one friend we have in the world. France and Great Britain have been comrades in arms. Their courage and persistence broke the power of Germany, and the one hope of Great Britain as of France is that the two countries will still be knit together in the bonds of friendship. The civilisation of Europe will, in truth, be threatened if we come to loggerheads. Even were the mythical granaries of Russia really on the point of bursting, even were to trade with murderers found exceedingly profitable, it would avail us nothing if, in the process of enriching ourselves, we parted in anger from the French. The one sentiment which we are bound in duty to cherish is the sentiment of solidarity with our neighbours across the Channel. But Mr George, who aspires to the autocracy of Europe, cares as little for the friendship of France as for the good repute of England. He must have Lenin's alliance at all hazards, and when he dies Prinkipo will be found written upon his heart. What hope, then, have we for safety? The fragile hope that there exists one or two honest men in the House of Commons, who will dare, in open rebellion against the Prime Minister, to plead the honourable cause of England.

Mr Ronald Knox's admirable biography of Patriok Shaw-Stewart needs no word of apology. It is but just that the men of high promise, who fell in the war, should live in

the records of their friends. A life out short prevented Patrick Shaw-Stewart and many another of his kind from proving to the world the force and talent that were in them, and it is a pious duty to rescue them from oblivion. We would not, if we could, turn away from what Mr Knox calls "the imperfect monuments of a generation that died before its time." The more monuments, perfect or imperfect, the better shall we understand what we have lost in the great generation which has been taken from us. And what we value most highly in these plain records, in these collections of familiar letters, is the detachment of mind which they suggest. The men who became soldiers, not because soldiering was their business, but because they were discharging the duty they owed to their country, were no specialists. They needed no maps to explain their movements. As Mr Knox says, "their letters do not speak of advances or of hand-to-hand fighting, but of books, of quiet hours, of welcome rest-camps; they appeal, not for credit or sympathy, but for trivial daily needs, pathetic because trivial—boot-polish and pipe-cleaners and shaving-soap."

Of those who died quietly and without parade none is better worth a record than Patrick Shaw-Stewart. He was, above all, a competent man. If he felt that he had no definite vocation in life, he knew also that few of life's

prizes were beyond his reach. He had that serviceable and efficient sort of brain which could be turned to any account. He passed through Eton and Balliol with an air of easy triumph. He won the Newcastle, the Ireland, the Hertford, and capped his career at Oxford by winning a fellowship at All Souls. Truly, as his kindly biographer says, he "was not one of the passengers of his generation." And it is his very distinction which makes the work of portraiture difficult. He was too busy in converting life into a success to express himself in literature. He left no lasting memory of himself in words, as did his friend Julian Grenfell. Whatever lay before him, he took in his stride without fuss and without emphasis. "He had a genius," says Mr Knox, "for relating means to ends, for doing just so much work as was required to gain this scholarship, for making just so much impression as was required to consolidate this acquaintanceship; and his whole life (I think) was mapped out on a plan which involved the acquisition of an assured position in the world before he began to toy with literature, with Movements, with serious politics." In other words, there was a kind of worldliness in Patrick Shaw-Stewart which he shared with very few of his contemporaries. He meant to get on, and not to sacrifice the hope of solid happiness to any forlorn hope of art or letters. His system of life, if rarely

applied, is clearly intelligible. The danger is that, when men have attained an assured position, the impetus "to toy with literature" is weak indeed. Literature is a jealous mistress, apt to punish severely the slights that are put upon her in youth. Alas! it is too late to speculate about what Patrick Shaw-Stewart might have done. It is enough to record that in many fields he accomplished as much as or more than the most of his friends and colleagues.

Moreover, as all those who knew Shaw-Stewart will remember, he purposely put stumbling-blocks in the path of those who would understand him. Mr Knox points out that he had acquired at Eton a habit of writing in a sort of parody of journalese. He did not think he was writing good English when he dealt in long words and stock phrases. He wanted you to know that what he said upon paper he put into inverted commas. And, as Mr Knox adds in a passage of clairvoyance, he was in inverted commas himself. He had a "fierce candour both about himself and about other people which sometimes left his friends aghast. He hated false enthusiasms and sham

certainities: an enthymeme, for him, should never do duty for a syllogism. He could not bear that any action of his should be ascribed to a good motive if there were any unworthy motive that had put a grain on the balance of decision." It was consonant with his character, then, that he should take the work that he did in the war lightly and gaily. He never complains or repines. The ready jest is on his tongue; a literary allusion or reminiscence is always at the point of his pen. He found his way about the East with Homer and Herodotus for his guides. He recognised Eumæus when he met him on a Greek island, and belies at every turn the half-contempt which he poured upon his own scholarship as a means of deceiving the examiners. But that, of course, was only a part of his inverted pride. He died in France, fighting with the highest gallantry, and refusing, though wounded, to go back to Battalion H.Q. to be dressed. His life, so far as it went, was rounded and complete; and fortunate in many things, Patrick Shaw-Stewart was fortunate also in finding so profoundly sympathetic and so wisely understanding a biographer as Mr Knox.

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# BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

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VOL. CCVIII.

SHYLOCK, MACBETH, AND IAN MACTAVISH.

THE STORY OF AN INEXCUSABLE HOAX.

BY ALAN BOTT.

BROADWAY, from 30th Street to Columbus Circle, changes its electric signs, idols, and habits with whirligig frequency according to the behaviour of its box-office receipts, its Press agents, and the officials who try their ineffective hardest to enforce the 18th Amendment to the United States Constitution, which prohibits the manufacture and sale of liquor vitalised by more than one-half of 1 per cent alcohol.

Its traditions, however, remain unchangeable as fate. Among these are, that good fellowship is beyond humility, that the big drum is more effective than the lyre any day, and that Englishmen have no sense of humour. The

last-named belief is so deeply rooted in Broadway lore as to have become an *idée fixe* of international misunderstanding, with the rigidity of an unassailable axiom; so that a black-faced comedian can always be sure of a laugh if he retails an anecdote wherein an Englishman misses the oh-so-subtle point of an oh-so-funny joke, and unmovedly inquires, "An' did she do ut?"

I once made an analytical inquiry into the reasons — ancestral, climatic, historical? — why my race, the race of Chaucer and Charles Chaplin, Shakespeare and Chevalier, Fielding and Phil May, Max Beerbohm and Marie Lloyd, should be deficient in humour, whereas our cousins, descend-

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ants of our great-great-great-grand-uncles, who sailed to America as high-hearted Puritans, pioneers, and merchant adventurers, should have developed that divine quality until they possessed a higher degree of it than any of the older nations. At least, that is what I had been told by an American named Steifelhagen; and who should know better? After much mental wrestling with comparative values, I was forced to admit that my training in logic and my understanding of psycho-analysis were insufficient to conquer the problem. They could not carry me beyond a humiliating admission that the humour of 'Punch' was not in the same class as the Mutt and Jeff cartoons; that William Schwenk Gilbert invented no lines or lyrics comparable to those heard on Broadway in such leg-song-and-bedroom shows as "Good Gracious, Annabelle!" and "Nightie-Night!" and that the British Parliament never enlivened the public with anything so richly comic as the American Senate's resolutions on Sinn Fein Ireland; but hush! the propagandists deprecate irresponsible discussion of Anglo-American relations in terms of high politics—politics high as a very dead pheasant.

Now, many Englishmen, for their part, allow themselves to be convinced by hearsay that Scotsmen are inhumorously inclined. This rumour spread long ago to America, although one would imagine that, to the mind of Broadway,

its origin in a people so unwinking as the English should be proof enough of absurdity. Nevertheless, your average American, like your average Englishman, may chuckle at the delicious fantasy of a Barrie play, cheat sleep by laughing in bed over 'The Lunatic at Large,' and next day tell the office Caledonian that a steam-driven crane is needed to hoist a joke into a Scotsman's head. Be that as it may, if one wants to cover a ribald intention with solemn plausibility, the most effective cloaks for the purpose are lined with tartan plaid. Which brings me to the tale of Shylock, Macbeth, and Captain Ian MacTavish of the Jordan Highlanders.

New York was entering upon the second stage of its career as the City of Dreadful Drought. The first stage, from 30th June to 16th January, had not been so very dreadful. "After the 1st of July, Good-bye, Wine, Women, Good-bye!" was sung no more in the cabarets, but the saloon-keepers refused to be down-hearted. The ice continued to rattle in their glasses, for many old-timers were willing to pay 40 cents for a small portion of oily diluted whisky. In some saloons, a teetotal drink was difficult to obtain, for a man who demanded ginger-ale would be given a rye-highball and a wink. A protest that he wanted real ginger-ale would bring more winks and the reply, "I gotcha foist time you said it, bo.

That's the reallest ginger-ale there ever wasn't." In the smaller restaurants, cocktails were served in *consemme* cups. For the rest, it was permissible to bring one's own liquer when dining in public, so that Manhattan Dollardom trooped into the Ritz - Carlton carrying flasks, and even medicine-bottles.

But after the Supreme Court had upheld the Enforcement Act, the leash tightened and the second stage arrived. There were fearsome pronouncements, which precluded the carriage of a likely-looking bottle from one street to another without danger of a hold-up. There were raids and rumours of raids, prosecutions and hush-money avoidances of prosecutions; and the wealthy laboured under the hardship of having to make inroads on each other's private stocks in each other's private houses, while those who were both improvident and unable to leap from excessive indulgence to excessive abstinence, made shift with bay-rum, eau-de-Cologne, methylated spirits, and strange harmful drinks brewed secretly. Six months later we had merged imperceptibly into the third stage, which was semi-realisation that the machinery designed to maintain extreme teetotalism was both costly and unworkable.

New York, I repeat, was entering upon the second stage of its career as the City of Dreadful Drought. My excuse for mentioning the fact is, that it was the sole reason why the

Man with the Crooked Brain trudged through the snow to my Madison Avenue flat in quest of a drink, and became godfather to Ian MacTavish. The transient in New York will often travel far for a late evening stimulant; and an hour earlier Crookbrain had seen me leave a mutual friend's cellar with a cylindrical bulge on my pocket.

Before his arrival I had been cogitating over a conversation at the house in which I had left him. Did we know, asked my table neighbour, a high-spirited and voluble actress, "that nice young man named Smith, who is now the Lord Mayor of London, I believe"? She had met him, it appeared, at a distinctly unofficial gathering; but she understood he came to America during the war on an official mission for the British Government. Arrived home, I searched the booklet in which members of the British Mission told each other who was who amongst themselves, but failed to find a Smith important enough for office approximating to the Lord Mayoralty of London. But a recapitulation of the appearance and attributes of the Smith described by the actress led me to the awesome truth. The nice young man named Smith was none other than the very venerable Lord Chancellor!

And then, displaying a thirst and an evening newspaper, there entered the Man with the Crooked Brain. Having dealt suitably with the thirst, he unfolded the newspaper and

pointed out a glaring headline in half-inch display: "Shakespeare's Shylock a Slander, Says Education Board."

"Jewry," said my visitor, "has declared war on Stratford-on-Avon."

Now the Man with the Crooked Brain, while nearly sane on some matters, is madly over-earnest on the subject of the peril to the human race of Jewish domination. His road to En-Dor leads him through a maze of sinister combinations of financiers, of subversive Sanhedrins, of diabolic secret protocols, of theories on the organised undermining of Christian virtues, of tales of Lenin's alliance with the Tedeschi-Ashkenazi, of arguments on how the strings of war and peace were pulled from London, Frankfurt, Rome, and Alexandria by Oriental millionaires. These and other monstrosities he had rammed down my throat until I was sick of the taste of them. Hearing the word "Jewry," therefore, I tried to head him off his obsession by telling the story of the nice young man named Smith.

But Crookbrain would not be diverted, and began to read what underlay the headline. The Jewish Anti-Defamation League had induced the Board of Education of Newark, New Jersey, to withdraw "The Merchant of Venice" from the school curriculum, so that Shylock should no longer prejudice Christian children against their Hebrew brethren. Sim-

ilar action had been taken at Hoboken and elsewhere, and the Anti-Defamation League intended to continue its campaign until Shylock was ousted from every school in the United States of America. Moreover, a letter to the Press from one Dr Benjamin Marcus praised the action of the Newark Board of Education, and suggested that a portion of the New Testament should undergo the same censorship as "The Merchant of Venice."

While disagreeing very heartily with most of Crookbrain's fantastic beliefs on the subject of a Jewish world-peril, one could not but stagger under a Jewish indictment of Shakespeare. The Jews have given us Spinoza, Disraeli, and many another great man, head and shoulders above his fellows; but Shakespeare certainly did not invent the attributes of Shylock. As Crookbrain pointed out, if one asked a Russian peasant, an Albanian mountaineer, a Dago sailor, a Bedouin of the desert—unlettered people who have never heard of Stratford-on-Avon, much less of "The Merchant of Venice"—for his idea of a typical Jew, the reply would suggest the character of Shylock,—a virile flea on the back of humanity, a middleman who grows rich on his neighbour's needs and difficulties.

But Shylock *qua* Shylock had little to do either with the hallucinations of Crookbrain or with the views of the no-doubt learned members of

the Newark Board of Education; for he was not conceived as a typical Jew, but as the most notable character in a great play, a perfect part of a magnificent mosaic of passion, wit, revenge, friendship, hatred, nobility, drollery, intelligence, trickery, and charm. It is unnecessary to show how, if Shakespeare slandered Jewry through Shylock, he likewise slandered England, Venice, the Man in the Street, and the National Union of Textile Workers, through Falstaff, Iago, the crowd scene in "Julius Cæsar," and Nick Bottom the Weaver.

"The best way to stop this foolishness," commented Crookbrain, "is to carry it further. The Danes were given some nasty whacks in 'Hamlet'; they should be the next to hit back at Shakespeare." And he spoke truer than he knew.

"If I were a Dane," said I, "I'd do it and keep the ball rolling."

"Let's be Danes," suggested Crookbrain, inspired by a second glass of prohibited whisky. And thus was born an idea that caused many a man in many a land to scribble an article or set up type or tap a telegraphic transmitter.

But the Danes, we decided, were rather too neutral for war against the creations of genius. The Irish would have done well enough, for is not Captain Macmorris ("Henry V.") a scurvy rogue, and is it not announced in "Henry IV." that "the uncivil kerns of

Ireland are in arms"? But the Irish are suspected of native wit, and if Irishmen had discovered a grievance against Shakespeare the Englishman, the public might have kept its feet firmly on the ground, so that its leg should not be pulled.

"Stands Seotland where it did?" quoted Crookbrain suddenly.

"The very thing," I agreed. "'Macbeth' shall be the password, and we'll stalk the censors of Shakespeare under cover of Birnam Wood."

And, indeed, no better screen for a tongue-in-cheek purpose could have been found, for of all national labels that of the Scot inspires the most confidence in reliability and serious intention.

"My name," I announced, "is Ian MacTavish."

"Mine's Malcolm MacPherson," said Crookbrain.

"And we claim redress for an ancient slander. I believe there's an Hotel MacAlpin?"

Crookbrain said there was.

I sat down and wrote the following, which may have been a resolution passed at the Hotel MacAlpin that same evening by the League of Scottish Veterans of the World War, but probably wasn't, since no such League existed:—

"In view of the action of the Newark Board of Education in barring 'The Merchant of Venice' from the school curriculum because of alleged slander of the Jewish race

through Shylock, We, Veterans of the World War who fought in Scottish Regiments, do call upon the American people to extend the same courtesy and privilege to Scotland as to Jewry.

"We demand that, to remove anti-Scottish prejudice, 'Macbeth' also be removed from the school courses of Newark and elsewhere in the United States of America.

"Too long have the noble clan of the Macbeths and the whole of the Scottish race been traduced by William Shakespeare's misrepresentation in presenting King Macbeth as a traitor and a murderer.

"We consider that if the Jewish gaberdine is to be cleansed by American Boards of Education, the stain should likewise be removed from the Scottish kilt.

"Signed, on behalf of the League of Scottish Veterans,

"IAN MAC TAVISH, Captain,  
Gorden Highlanders.

"MALCOLM MACPHERSON,  
Captain, Black Watch.

"DONALD BAILLIE, Lieut.,  
Royal Scots Fusiliers."

It was then close upon midnight. Soon the machinery of the New York Press would be thundering forth its millions of sheets, printer's-inked with the daily *mélange* of news, comment, politics, baseball, market prices, and alimony. We decided that the Scottish Veterans must make known their racial grievance before the members of the editorial staffs wished each other good-

night. To each newspaper in turn I telephoned the Macbeth resolution, assuming an accent that was accepted as Scottish, although Crookbrain said it reminded him more of Hamburg than of Aberdeen.

In some cases the message was received with never a comment nor a smile, in others with tactfully suppressed chuckles. One man muffled his snickering by holding a hand over the voice-transmitter, so that the earnest-minded Scot at the other end of the wire should not be offended. The 'New York Herald' obtained a telephone interview with Captain Ian MacTavish. All were courteous and believing.

Next we rang up the Associated Press, and asked if our protest could be wired to the newspapers of other parts of the United States. The Night City Editor of that great news agency was especially interested in the League of Veterans. Mentioning that he had served in France with the Dublin Fusiliers, he asked if he could join it.

"Sorry, old man," replied MacTavish; "it's for veterans of Scottish regiments only."

But Crookbrain happened to have been brigaded with the Night City Editor's battalion at the front, and by exchanging reminiscences over the telephone, was able to establish friendly relations, so that he promised to acquaint the whole of America with the Shakespearean injustice to Scotland. So, after an indefinite invitation to luncheon

with the Night City Editor, and inward regrets at the bamboozling of so pleasant a conversationalist, I wrote out a cheque to a press-clipping agency, and went to bed.

"What news on the Rialto?" MacTavish asked next morning, when Crookbrain entered with a sheaf of papers. He said not a word, but unfolded the topmost sheet, which happened to be the 'Sun.' Prominently displayed on its front page was the announcement: "Scotch Vets. Insist Macbeth be Barred." Underneath was the full text of the resolution, signed on behalf of the League of Scottish Veterans by Ian MacTavish, Malcolm MacPherson, and Donald Baillie. All the New York dailies, except the 'Times,' printed the protest. I noted how, in the 'Herald's' interview with MacTavish, the gallant officer had pointed out that it was as necessary to remove the stain from the Scottish kilt as to cleanse the Jewish gaberdine.

"As true Scots," he said, "it is our duty to keep our knees and our kilts clean. There were men in my regiment who could trace their ancestry back to Macbeth. It's not a nice thing to grow up thinking of your ancestor as a murderer."

Another report included a word-picture of the gathering of the clans in a private room of the Hotel MacAlpin. Captain Ian MacTavish, it declared, asked Mr Chairr-man's leave to address his fellow-kilties. In a speech that began, "Brither Scots!" he mentioned

the Jewish repudiation of Shylock, denounced Shakespeare for his insult to the memory of Macbethad, sometime King of Sootia, and demanded from the American nation the same privileges for Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled as for Jews wha ha'e bled Wallace. With loud applause and shouts of "Ooh Aye!" concluded the report, the meeting unanimously passed the resolution.

So vivid was the story of the Veterans' reunion that I almost credited the writer of it with having been present; but this was scarcely possible, for there had been no reunion. Nevertheless, he had in him the makings of an excellent war correspondent.

MacTavish was lucky in that the news of the moment included nothing of giant-headline importance. The arrival in New York of a Prince of Wales or an Eamon de Valera, a new theory regarding Mr Wilson's mysterious illness, the divorce of a millionaire, a round-up of Anarchists, a full-blooded murder, even a revision of the Peace Treaty—if any such topic had been available, his name, in conjunction with that of William Shakespeare, might have been relegated to minor paragraphs. But the dearth of subjects for comment induced the Press to seize upon the Shylock-Macbeth controversy, and discuss it from the points of view of literature, history, and racial characteristics.

The hearts of Malcolm MacPherson and Ian MacTavish

were gladdened by leading articles under such captions as "Literature and the Thin-skinned," "False Literary Tests," "Aspersions of Nationality," and "Censorship by Race." Others, I regret to say, treated the Veterans' views more flippantly, as witness the following in the 'New York Evening Mail,' under the heading, "Kilts *versus* Gaberdines":—

"With a shrill skirl of the pibrochs, the League of Scottish Veterans of the World War has joined in the assault upon the well-known playwright, William Shakespeare—sometimes spelled Francis Bacon, *alias* Lord Verulam—as a traducer of races. Here is how the valiant Scots throw their collective Tam-o'-shanter into the ring anent the action of the Newark Board of Education in barring 'The Merchant of Venice' from the schools because of the digs at Shylock that it contains:—

'The glorious clan of the Macbeths and the whole Scottish race have been traduced by the misrepresentations of Shakespeare in presenting King Macbeth as a traitor and a murderer.'

"And then, with a rising shriek of the above-mentioned pibrochs, the Scots wha ha'e helped to win the war present their ultimatum:—

'We consider that if the Jewish gaberdine is to be

cleaned by the American Boards of Education, the stain should likewise be removed from the Scottish kilt.'

"We admit ourselves deeply moved by this determined demand for fair play. But there are difficulties—grave difficulties—in the way of its satisfaction. It may be easy to clean a gaberdine. It is also a comparatively simple matter to remove the stain from a kilt. But there are mighty few of us that wear either gaberdines or kilts. To meet the growing plea for protection from the barbed shafts of William Shakespeare it would be necessary to sponge, repair, and press the pants of the whole human race.

"And that seems to us a task not to be lightly undertaken.

"Hoots, mon!"

MacTavish, ever jealous of the honour of his race and his regiment, felt constrained to write a reproachful letter to the 'New York Herald' by reason of its reference to the Gordon Highlanders as "a newly-formed organisation." The following, therefore, appeared at the head of a column in which "'Herald' Readers Discuss Topics of Live Interest":—

"To the Editor of the 'Herald.'

"Sir,—In your report of the protest made by Scottish Veterans against 'Macbeth' being read in the schools, you

speak of the Gordon Highlanders as a recently-formed organisation of Scots. As a matter of fact, we are the oldest of fighting forces.

"'Gordon' is derived from 'Jordan', and originally we were the Jordan Highlanders. Our standard is the Lion rampant of Israel. Our ancestors left Palestine because the more cunning of their brethren controlled the Temple, and had cornered the wheat, the pigeons, and the currency, forcing them to seek a home among the backward Picts.

"Now our brethren want to forget the Shylock business, just as we hope to wash out a few ancient murders. Shakespeare is worse than some newspapers for keeping skeletons alive.

"Another error is that in your interview with me I am reported as saying, 'As true Scots it is our duty to see that our knees and kilts are kept clean.' 'Names,' not 'knees,' is what I really said. All Scots are scrupulous in the care of that part of the body exposed by the kilt.

"IAN MACTAVISH, Captain."

This letter was neighboured on the same page by an article in which, under the heading, "Captain MacTavish and Macbeth," the 'Herald' allowed itself a fevered defence of a play wherein, it said, Shakespeare reached "the fatalistic heights in which Sophocles and Euripides abode with the heroes and heroines of Greek tragedy."

"Let us not forget," pleaded the article, "that the Scot, transplanted from his native heath, tends to lose the salt and savour of his original character, to become touchy, serious, and suspicious."

Finally, the 'Herald' advised Captain MacTavish to read 'Macbeth' again, carefully and prayerfully, and to think it over. Cheerfully and almost tearfully, MacTavish did so.

The days passed, and the press-clipping agency which had received my cheque continued to forward contributions to the Shylock-Macbeth controversy, culled from every corner of the United States and Canada. America is the home of freak societies; and one such, the Association of Fat Men, ponderously discussed whether it should demand the suppression of Falstaff, because his character was likely to propagate the erroneous belief that heavyweights were cowards, gluttons, liars, and thieves. Certain heads of seminaries for young ladies were prepared to resist, according to newspaper reports, a proposed revival of "The Taming of the Shrew," as conveying a wrong idea of the relation of man to woman.

There were articles, paragraphs, cartoons, and witticisms. It was suggested that the Federation of Labour should protest against "Love's Labour's Lost," that Mr Bryan's supporters for the Presidency should demand the suppression



of "Much Ado About Nothing," and that the inmates of lunatic asylums could legitimately claim a ban on all reference to fools in the master's plays.

The "collyumist" of a New York paper published a letter dated from the "Fairy Glade, Central Park," in which a descendant of Queen Titania claimed censorship of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," because it insulted her ancestress by declaring that she made love to a donkey.

The 'Columbia State Journal' discovered that "The Tragedy of Macbeth" was "not only an insult to Scots but also ungrammatical," instancing the passage, "Lay on, Macduff, and damned be him that first cries 'Hold! Enough!'" Why not "Damned be he"? was the plaintive cry of the 'State Journal.'

Mr David A. McIntyre, a member of the Newark Board of Education which had banned "The Merchant of Venice," was interviewed on the subject, and stated that the Board had not yet received the League of Scottish Veterans' protest against "Macbeth," but was expecting it.

The 'Buffalo Enquirer' reinforced the League by saying that "Macbeth" was "a rather good old scout," according to several authorities, one of whom related that Duncan received his mortal wound, not while trustfully asleep under Macbeth's guardianship, but in battle.

The 'Spokane Spokesman' discovered another Macbethian

insult to Scotland in that a servant, one of the characters in the play, comes on the stage in a grossly intoxicated condition, "which is shockingly untrue to the Scottish temperament."

Several journals revived the story of how, when John Home produced in a Scottish city his tragedy "Douglas," an applauding member of the audience called out, "Whaur's your Wullie Shakespeare noo?"

The 'Philadelphia Press' showed that if Macbeth was a low character, he had plentiful company in the Shakespearean roster. "There is, for example," it said, "Hamlet, who does things no gentleman would do, such as insult his fiancée."

Indeed, a presumably real protest against "Hamlet" was made by a Dane named John Christensen. For all I know to the contrary, Christensen may have been as mythical as MacTavish. I hope so. But I have it from MacTavish himself, that neither he nor his friends inspired the following letter, which appeared in the 'New York Herald':—

"Sir,—As one of the descendants of the Danish patriots who took an active part in the American Army in the late war, I see too much hot air about the Shakespearean plays, 'Merchant of Venice' and 'Macbeth,' launched by the Jews and the Scotchmen. These two nationalities are vexed about the vision of a great and im-

mortal poet, and want to bar his works from the public schools for the slandering of their national traditions and characters. They may be right or they may be wrong. But my sympathies are with the Scotch captain, Ian MacTavish, for his determined stand. In the same spirit I, a Dane and patriot, shall demand of the New Jersey Board of Education that Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' be barred from the use of the public schools, as in that work the Danish racial character has been terribly slandered.

"If the Jews are so serious about the slander of their racial dignity by Shakespeare, by Jove! we Danes have more right to demand that 'Hamlet' be barred from the list of the public use.

"JOHN CHRISTENSEN."

And the Shylock-Macbeth outtings continued to arrive by dozens and scores, until their total achieved hundreds. The American weeklies adopted the controversy, and tacked on to it many notes, learned and humorous. It was cabled to England and widely mentioned by London publications, including the 'Times' and 'John Bull.' Thence it spread to the newspapers of the provinces and of Scotland, where nobody treated it seriously. Sections of the French, Italian, German, Dutch, Swiss, and Scandinavian Press referred to the respective claims of the Jewish Anti-Defamation League and the League of

Scottish Veterans. And one may pardon Ian MacTavish for feeling that the dictum of Kim's lama applied to him: "Thou hast loosed an Act upon the world, and as a stone thrown into a pool so spread the consequences, thou canst not tell how far."

But, you may ask, admitting that Ian MacTavish and Malcolm MacPherson painlessly pulled many people's legs, had they a worth-while motive, or was the meeting of the League of Scottish Veterans merely their idea of a joke? This time MacTavish begs leave to quote poor Jaek Point—

"If you winnow all my folly, folly, folly, you will find

A grain or two of wheat among the chaff."

In other words, while they aimed at amusing themselves, they also aimed at killing an absurd movement with absurdity. To every sane-minded person, be he Jew or Gentile, the censorship of literature because of an unpleasant character of a particular race must seem ridiculous. Yet the banning of "The Merchant of Venice" was accepted without criticism, and seemed likely to expand unchecked. The best method of dealing with it was to provide a pointed analogy indicative of the extravagance of such a principle, and leave the rest to public opinion. After the Veterans' resolution, American newspapers showed how, if censorship by race were permitted, the only literature left to us would be such philosophical works as Samuel

Smiles' 'Self-Help,' or such stories as 'Horace, the Handsome Young Viscount, or Mother's Little Thoroughbred.' In a summary of the Press comments, the 'Literary Digest' quoted Shakespearean slanders on the English, Welsh, Irish, Danes, Spaniards, Italians, Poles, Greeks, Syrians, chemists, and women.

The MacTavish attitude was condemned, but so was that of the Jewish Anti-Defamation League. "A Gentleman of the Old School," writing in the 'Nashville (Tenn.) Banner,' became almost apoplectic over the Scottish protest. MacTavish delighted in the diatribe, for the old 'un referred to those who wished to outlaw "The Merchant of Venice" from the knowledge of childhood as "certain other persons no whit less silly." The 'Buffalo News' gravely pointed out that every nation had its faults, and concluded: "We will end up by making laughing-stocks of ourselves."

And—the proposal to oust Shylock from the school curricula in the United States has since been adopted by no other Boards of Education.

Three weeks after he first saw his name in print (by then it had travelled beyond Europe and America to the newspapers of Australia, South Africa, Egypt, Japan, Singapore, and Honolulu), MacTavish thought it high time to acquire some real knowledge of Macbethad, sometime King of

Sootia, his life and deeds. Aided by an erudite lady, he searched among various tomes in the New York Public Library, beginning with an early edition of Holinshed's Chronicle,<sup>1</sup> from which Shakespeare is assumed to have lifted the framework of "The Tragedy of Macbeth." This gave small comfort, for it did little justice to the excellence of Macbethad's reign because of "the horror inspired by the king as murderer and usurper." Later works, however, provided more support for the contentions of the League of Scottish Veterans. Skene's 'Celtic Scotland,' for example, referred to the slaying of Donnohad (Duncan) by Macbethad as being "of little consequence, because such a crime would have excluded most of his predecessors." Moreover, it is declared in Robertson's 'Scotland under her Early Kings' and other histories, that Macbethad slew Donnohad in fair battle, while "Lady Macbeth" (Gruoch, granddaughter of Kenneth II.) is presented as a very pious lady, unlikely to kill a cat, much less a king.

After an industrious afternoon, MacTavish penned his final words on the subject of Shakespearean slanders, hiding his fame under the alias "Theodore Hammeker." I regret that he appears to have woven a few skeins of fancy into historical fact, as will be seen by the following letter to the 'New York Tribune':—

<sup>1</sup> Compiled in 1577 by John of Fordun, Hector Boece, and other learned men.

"Sir,—A comparison of the respective demands that, to prelude anti-racial prejudice, both 'The Merchant of Venice' and 'The Tragedy of Macbeth' be barred from the school courses, would seem to indicate that the Scotsmen have a more legitimate claim than the Jews. Nobody would like to have Shylock as an ancestor, but then he is a creature of fancy in a fanciful setting; whereas Macbeth was a real being, possessing excellent qualities.

"Shakespeare took his cue from one of the compilers of 'Holinshed's Chronicle,' who allowed his over-squeamishness to prejudice him against an able ruler. Moreover, later histories declare that Macbethad (or MacFinlegh) slew Donnchad, King of Scotia, in fair battle at Bothgowan, and not in the latter's bed.

"The historian Skene says that after Macbethad, chief-tain of the Morays, had leagued himself with East Thorfinn of the Orkneys and defeated and killed Donnchad, his reign as King of Scotia (1040-1057) was a period of great prosperity. He quotes the following lines by the famous Abbot St Bercham, a contemporary of Macbethad (nicknamed "The Red One") :—

"The Red One was fierce, yellow, tall,  
Pleasant was the king to me;  
Brimful was Alban, East and West,  
In the reign of the fierce Red One."

"Finally, the ancient chronicler Marianus relates that Macbethad went to Rome in 1050 and obtained absolution for having slain his former friend and master. He commemorated this pilgrimage of penitence by distributing alms to five hundred virgins.

"THEODORE HAMMEKER."

Having seen the Theodore Hammecker letter, his last word on the Shylock - Macbeth libels, safely to bed, Ian MacTavish resigned from the League of Scottish Veterans, and disappeared into the Ewigkeit. He floated back to the chimerical world where he belongs, there to meditate on the strange sensitive mechanism of the wheel of life to which humanity is inexorably bound. Evidently chimeras have consciences, for he has impressed me to act as medium for the transmission of this his confession.

He asks me to add, as postscript, his thanks to the many journalists in America and elsewhere who joined him in deprecating racial censorship of literature, and his apologies to the Newark Board of Education, to all Scotsmen and especially the Gordon Highlanders, and to the glorious memory of either William Shakespeare or Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam—as you like it.

### "TURKEY FOR THE TURKS."

THE doings of Mustapha Kemal, chief of the Nationalist Turks, are duly reported in our papers. But it is probable that he is not generally pictured as a peaceable-looking, middle-aged gentleman who speaks excellent French, gives frequent dinner-parties, and surrounds himself by English- and French-speaking subordinates.

Mustapha and his colleagues do not admit for a moment that they are a beaten race. They allow that they were "let down" by their allies, and that it was most tiresome of their "Young Turk" predecessors to back the wrong horse, but otherwise, so far as their fighting qualities are concerned, they have come through the war just as well as anybody else.

It is therefore their policy to make themselves as troublesome as possible in order to prove to Europe that this is really the case.

Mustapha had little difficulty in persuading the junior officers, and the mere adventurous-spirited men, of Turkey's late war battalions, to join so noble a cause; especially as those born and bred to war would feel themselves in uninteresting if not straightened circumstances when demobilised to a post-war peacetime scale.

Thus it came about that the larger portion of the demobilised Turkish forces formed

themselves into the Nationalist Army. This organisation boasts the name of "Couvi Milliet," its head is at Sivas, and it first sprang into being when the Greeks landed at Smyrna. Its object was to overthrow the existing Government, which it denounced as unpatriotic and totally unable to make the best of a bad business, so far as the Allies were concerned.

Having achieved this, it aspired to drive the Greeks from Smyrna, to prevent the Armenians from gaining an independence in the six vilayets, and lastly (a point that was then only whispered), to prevent Anatolia being placed under any sort of European mandate. In other words, Turkey for the Turks. But there were many difficulties to be overcome. Not the least of these was the question of being able to collect sufficient funds to enable an unofficial army to be maintained, perhaps through months of inaction, or at any rate until such time as the Allied powers should definitely declare their intentions.

It must be remembered that such a force could not be countenanced by the Turkish Government at Constantinople, who were under the Allies' eyes and guns, as the Armistice terms decreed that not another man should be called up.

Mustapha Kemal and his

subordinates, therefore, from the security of the interior of Asia Minor, called upon every self-respecting town and village voluntarily to disgorge men and money. The appeals were couched in the politest terms, but carried with them a veiled threat which forbade refusal.

One genuinely anti-Nationalist governor refused to comply, and was assassinated on his own front doorstep; while two wealthy merchants, who declined to pay up the sums demanded, were found dead by the roadside. Other recalcitrants, more fortunate, were kidnapped by "brigands," only to return some weeks later with fearful tales of their sufferings.

So it was that a peaceable village such as The Pines—of which I shall endeavour to give some description—suddenly found its sanctity disturbed. The frightened villagers awoke to find themselves confronted by what they termed a band of brigands, who took account of all they had, billeted themselves in their houses, ate their food, and preached a war of bloodshed and revenge; who seized their young men, and forced them to join their ranks in a holy war to drive the infidel from Smyrna. They called themselves Nationalists, the restorers of the fortunes of a fallen nation; and in the same breath, commandeered houses, horses, food, and levied exorbitant sums of money from a groaning peasantry for what they said was the protection

of the life's blood of their empire.

The frightened and indignant peasants wished only to till their fields in peace.

The old white-haired men of the villages shook their heads—they had lost the war, and they knew it. Even with the help of their German ally, who had poured experts, arms, and ammunition into the country, they had lost the war. How then, alone, without these experts, without another rifle or another round of ammunition other than that which existed already in the country, could they hope to make headway against a foe who had a base from which to draw supplies, guns, aeroplanes? And supposing they did make headway, what would the great, victorious, European powers have to say to it?

The Nationalists, glorying in their own apparent strength, were confident. They would win back Smyrna from the Greeks, they would take those six vilayets from the Armenians, and then they would refuse any sort of European intervention. Turkey for the Turks, Turkey for the Nationalists, who had won her, and would rule her.

But, until this was done, the British, French, and Italians who chose to come and go must be tolerated.

Consequently, for a Britisher to reappear suddenly in a Turkish town in the centre of Anatolia, just when the Turks were congratulating themselves on the withdrawal

of British influence, and the Christians were bemoaning their fate, was to cause a sensation.

On my arrival, everybody seemed pleased to see me: the Turkish peasant classes possibly were, the Christian community of fat-looking Greeks and anæmic Armenians certainly were,—but the Turkish officials and the military as certainly were not. On interviewing the various officials everybody pushed the blame for everything that was unsatisfactory on to somebody else.

Certain men demanded by the British authorities had not been handed over. The Governor professed regret, and stated that he had been quite unable to trace them. The senior Turkish officer could not be responsible, as he had no power over the Nationalist party, to whom he said they most certainly belonged. The Nationalist Chief had not heard the demand, and was very sorry about the whole affair.

To be a Turk is to have developed procrastination into a fine art. But the matter of interest for the moment was the fact that besides the couple of hundred men who called themselves the regular troops, there were odd groups of Nationalists wandering about the town with faces which boded little good for anybody. The senior Turkish officer denied all knowledge. The Governor disclaimed all responsibility. These "irregular troops" were believed to be billeted in a village

called The Pines, some five miles west of the town. But what could he do? He was very frightened, and politically against them. Of course, he was not certain about anything at all, and really knew very little about the whole affair.

The Greeks and Armenians talked about thousands of armed brigands. One thing was certain: if any exact information was to be obtained, it was necessary to go and get it for oneself.

Now there are various customs in Turkey which may lead the unsuspecting European into placing himself in a false position. One of these customs is that, if "A" pays a visit to "B," "A" acknowledges himself to be the inferior. There are ways of frustrating this: a tour of inspection, for example; but to effect this, one must not ask for permission to come. On the other hand, to ride straight into Nationalist Headquarters without asking permission is apt to give the Nationalist pickets an opportunity of making one their aiming-mark, as I had previously discovered. A compromise of tactics of a Turkish character had therefore to be adopted to meet the situation. Thus it was that I casually mentioned to the Governor that I intended visiting The Pines on the following day, asking him to provide me with a guide. Not that I wanted a guide in the least; but it was tolerably obvious that this declared violent anti-Nationalist notary would im-

mediately communicate my intention to his Nationalist partisans at The Pines. The next morning, slightly later than the appointed time, the guide, in the shape of a gendarme mounted on an Arab mare, with a German rifle slung across his shoulders, made his appearance.

The party comprised my groom, Jenkins, an interpreter, the gendarme, and myself. On getting clear of the town, two alternative routes presented themselves: the top or left-hand route, running a tortuous course up the side of mountains; the lower route, fairly straight and level at their base. Owing to the more picturesque scenery, I decided to take the higher road.

We had not progressed a mile before we encountered twenty armed Nationalists on foot. Their leader saluted, and most politely told my interpreter that we were on the wrong road: it was too mountainous and rough for horses; we should find the lower road so much better. For some reason the Nationalists had not intended that I should take this route; so, mastering the immediate desire to take it, which would have instantly created a deadlock, I thanked the Nationalists for their advice, so politely given, and after exchanging a few remarks on the weather and the scenery, we cantered along the undulating hill slopes and reached the lower road some two miles farther on. This we pursued without incident

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until about half a mile outside the village of The Pines, when a Nationalist officer in plain clothes, riding a magnificent Arab pony, came to meet us and escort us to the village.

I showed great surprise that our visit should have been known and expected. He smiled, and, taking my remark as a personal compliment, said: "Ah, Effendi, it is our business to know everything about all things." I merely made a mental note that my friend the anti-Nationalist Governor was in direct communication with the band at The Pines. On entering the village we passed some dozen sentry-posts. It was interesting to note that the beats on which these sentries so assiduously strode had been walked on barely a dozen times. The sentries were then only posted for my special benefit, to impress me with a vigilance they did not keep. I was conscious that the Nationalist officer kept glancing at me out of the corners of his eyes, watching my every expression.

Dealings with Turks have often reminded me of playing a game of poker,—far more is gained and communicated by looks than words.

As we entered the village, every doorway and house-top was crowded with women and children, all gazing at so strange an intrusion. A troop of some thirty Circassian horsemen were executing novel feats in a neighbouring field, one of which was to charge a line of infantry, who were

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lucky if they avoided being knocked down.

Outside the headman's house, which had been converted into Nationalist Headquarters, stood a crowd of officers and men. They all saluted, and a young officer stepped forward and introduced himself as "Halit Effendi" (temporary commander of the Nationalist forces of the district). Halit was a young good-looking brigand of about twenty-five. He wore a grey lounge coat, field-boots and breeches, an Arab head-dress, and was encircled from his waist upwards with belts of ammunition. A German automatic hung at his side. His grey-blue eyes glittered in a cheery way as we dismounted, and he invited me into his house. He was one of those accomplished athletic young Turks who have other than Turkish blood in their veins. Leaving Jenkins in charge of the horses, I entered with my interpreter. Everything was typically Turkish — low-cushioned divans encircled the room, the floor was thick with priceless carpets, the mud walls were blue-washed and inscribed with verses of the Koran, the woodwork was unpainted; the only piece of furniture the room contained was an ammunition-box, on which stood a field-telephone in striking contrast to its surroundings. One by one, at intervals of a couple of minutes, Halit's officers entered, and saluting the company in general, perched themselves cross-legged on the divans.

It is even mere customary in

Turkey than in most other places to precede a conversation by remarks on the weather, every-day surroundings, and each other's good health.

"You have indeed chosen a delightful spot for your headquarters, Effendi," I remarked.

"Yes, it is all that could be desired, and," he continued with some stress, "the peasants seem so delighted to see us, so glad to give up what little they can for our noble cause."

For nearly two hours Halit and I discussed the various phases of life which surrounded us. During this time, his officers had melted away one by one as they had come. Others took their place. The elders and leading lights of the village presented their respects, joined in the conversation of the moment, and one by one departed. During these two hours, there were never more than six or eight people besides Halit and myself in the room, yet I had seen and spoken to over thirty. Each left his mark on the conversation, each diverted it into some fresh channel of thought, smoked his cigarette, and departed.

The sharp brain and sharper eyes of Halit took in all, disapproving and commending, repressing or encouraging, with a flash of the eyes, an interrupted sentence, or a cajoling smile. Not one of the inhabitants of The Pines had my ear for a moment unobserved, yet it was not difficult to discern a lot of what was left unsaid.

At last even Halit seemed bored with this make-believe. "Let us go for a ride, Effendi: I should like to show you some of the surrounding country."

"I shall be delighted," I replied, "and I should very much like to see some of your men: some horsemen I passed on my way here seemed splendid fellows."

Halit beamed with satisfaction, for no Turk is proof against flattery.

"Then let us go," I continued.

The company rose, and we left the headman's house for the yard outside, where the horses were being saddled up amidst a still gaping crowd of villagers.

"Osman Chaush," shouted Halit, calling up one of his men, "you shall act as guide. The English Bey wishes to see some of the surrounding country. Lead on to Bracken Ridge."

"This man," continued Halit, turning to me, "is my trusty sergeant-major."

"Good morning, sir," interrupted Osman Chaush in English. An angry flash overspread Halit's face, his eyes flashed hate.

Another Armistice term fell shattered to the ground, for I afterwards ascertained, what I immediately suspected, that Osman Chaush was a repatriated prisoner of war, repatriated on condition that he returned to his home and should not again bear arms.

I affected to notice nothing, and only remarked to Halit, as we mounted our

horses, that a lot of Turks seemed to know a few words of English.

Osman Chaush led the way, trotting carelessly with the nonchalance of one accustomed to live in the saddle. I followed with Halit, while my groom and interpreter, with a dozen of Halit's officers and men, brought up the rear.

Halit's anger died almost as quickly as it had flashed into being. He chatted affably about everything in general, but each remark was cunningly twisted to convey some fresh impression to me, while his sharp eyes under lowered lids watched to gauge its effect. As we reached the higher ground above the village, I drew rein to admire the scenery. The Pines, as we looked down upon it, was like the enchanted shrine of some dream.

The trees from which the village takes its name grow thickly round it; beyond, at intervals, the trees give way to open spaces covered with the pink flowers and vivid green leaves of the tobacco plant. Behind the village, whose tall white minaret is the only indication of its locality, rise a tumbled confusion of rugged mountains, whose sides are densely covered with ancient fir-trees, sacred from the woodman's axe.

The countryside abounds in game. For centuries it has roamed unmolested—until today. The place to the local inhabitants is too sacred for the report of firearms or the yelp of dogs.

Almost with a sigh one turned away. Halit was watching me critically. Pretty scenery conveys little to a Turk, therefore this short halt to Halit's mind contained some ulterior motive. I was probably noting the natural defences of the place.

The ascent became steeper. Osman Chaush hesitated as we came to a deep-out gully with water as clear as crystal, which tumbled through the undergrowth. The track had almost vanished, and bent round to the left to avoid this obstacle. Through the trees the mountain-side frowned, as it lay resting for centuries after some colossal upheaval which had torn its strata into twisted contortions.

To the right, signalled Halit. Osman left the scarcely visible track, and his snorting horse plunged through the undergrowth which matted itself round the stream. A snake hissed from somewhere on the opposite bank.

"This should be a test of horses and horsemanship," said Halit as he turned his horse's head from the track. It was a challenge, just as some warrior of old might have flung his gauntlet on the ground. For a moment suspicion raced through my brain. Was Halit leading me into some ambush? We were enemies certainly, with only the many-times-broken Armistice terms between us. But the idea was ridiculous. Why should he wish to kidnap me in such a theatrical manner?

In any case the matter had

gone too far. We should have to see it through at all costs.

Jenkins instantly took in the situation. He was not going to be outdone by any Turk. Selecting Osman Chaush as the most formidable adversary, he urged his horse into the stream. He and Osman, their horses plunging and snorting, were soon lost amongst the trees on the opposite side. Halit and I entered the stream together. My horse trod on a loose boulder, nearly came down, managed to recover himself, and stumbled up the opposite bank with a splintering of rotten wood.

Glancing back over my shoulder, I saw the wild-eyed horses on the opposite bank as their riders tried to urge them into the stream. Two of Halit's men had dismounted, while my interpreter, making an effort to get across dryshod, was pressing his exasperated animal. Suddenly it reared, the saddle slipped, and its indignant rider was deposited amongst the undergrowth. Halit smiled as he regained my side. "Let us take it easy, Effendi."

We were soon in the forest. It was a ridiculous place to take any horse, but far more suited to the light Arab ponies of Halit's men than to our large English horses received from remounts. Once amongst the trees it was a case of every man for himself. Direction was only to be kept by always ascending, and by the shouts of the Nationalists as they called to each other. After about twenty minutes of

threading a course through fir-trees and over fallen trunks, the trees suddenly thinned and disappeared, revealing a grassy plateau covered by braeken.

As Halit and I emerged from the trees, we saw Jenkins and Osman, who had dismounted, in animated conversation. Jenkins could speak about as much Turkish as Osman could English, yet they seemed able to convey any shade of meaning to each other. The result of their race, they had decided, was a dead-heat.

"And where do you wish to go now, Effendi?" said Halit as we smoked a cigarette after our exertions.

"Anywhere you choose," I replied; "you are guide to-day."

Halit thought for a moment. "I suggest," he continued, "that you might like to see some of my men's shooting."

"Delighted," I replied, knowing that this meant nothing more than another competition, in which I should have to figure as the principal part; but wishing to gauge their general efficiency, I immediately agreed. One by one the rest of the party emerged from the forest. We descended to the village by a perfectly well-beaten track, by which we might just as easily have ascended. On reaching an open stretch of ground running along the village towards the mountain-side we all dismounted, and Halit, handing me his rifle—a beautiful toy, inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl—indicated a white

stone embedded in a hill some 400 yards away.

"It is our custom," he remarked, "for our guests to fire first."

"When I have seen you fire," I replied, "I will see what I can do." Halit dropped on one knee and fired. He put in five fairly good shots.

After a couple of sighters, I managed to hold my own with him. Attracted by the noise of firing, many of Halit's men and most of the villagers tumbled out of their mud-built quarters. Half a dozen of them threw themselves down and joined the competition. Everybody seemed keen that I should try his rifle.

I tried four, which, considering their age and the rough treatment they received, were amazingly accurate. The majority of these Nationalists were armed with German mausers, a few with captured Russian rifles, and others with various nondescript patterns. The difficulty caused by every man having each his own kind of ammunition became conspicuous even in a little shooting practice such as this.

Suddenly Halit gave the order to cease fire, and sent a man forward to put up a fresh target. This consisted of four eggs, balanced on little pieces of mud, at a range of 250 yards.

If you have ever observed an egg at 250 yards you will know that it is very difficult to see.

Halit and his sergeant-major succeeded in causing two of the eggs to disappear,

more by good luck than good judgment, considering the inaccuracy of their rifles. I then had several shots without success, although Halit, his eyes sparkling with amusement, remarked, "You made it webble, Effendi." A dozen of Halit's men opened fire on the two surviving eggs without success, and more men arriving on the scene got down to it, until a regular battle was in progress. But the two eggs balanced on their pieces of mud seemed to bear charmed lives. How they lived through such a hailstorm of bullets I cannot think, for the grouping of the fire was good.

Halit's brows contracted as he gave the order to cease fire. Probably he considered that too much of his valuable ammunition had been wasted. Our farewell cigarettes having been lighted, my little party mounted, and turning our horses' heads homewards, we bade good-bye to the villagers. As I glanced over my shoulder at Halit our eyes met, and each knew that the other understood him perfectly.

Beyond Halit in the distance two little white specks on the hillside caught my attention. "Good-bye, eggs," I almost said aloud; and as my horse broke into a trot, I could not help wondering if any one would take the trouble to walk 250 yards to bring them in.

Without further incident we reached the town. In the main street I encountered the Governor, who most tenderly

inquired if we had had a good day.

"Excellent," I said, "but I was most surprised to find that the Nationalists expected my visit."

"Ah, well, Effendi," smiled the Governor, "having your welfare at heart, and knowing you would like a good lunch after your ride, I took the liberty, and sent to inform these . . . outlaws,"—an involuntary shiver, beautifully acted, ran through the Governor's frame.

"I hope," I replied, looking the Governor straight in the face, "that you have not damaged your political position on my behalf."

Three days later Halit, who had come into the town to confer with the Mayor, a Turkish official who had the good grace to declare his true beliefs, came to visit me at my house. The Mayor, dressed up à l'euro péen, came with him.

Halit perched himself dependently on the edge of a velvet chair, still dressed as he had been at The Pines. Obviously he felt out of place, and scarcely opened his mouth. Out of his surroundings he sank into rather a dirty-looking unintelligent individual.

Had it not been for the pompous-looking Mayor in his European clothes, his pince-nez, his stiff collar, and his patent-leather boots, I should have asked Halit to sit on the floor and make himself at home.

JACK LEONARD.

## VIGNETTES.

BY ELLA MACMAHON.

## VII. "HER OWN POOR BOY."

I NEVER knew his real name, or indeed any other connected with him except what is quoted above. Such was how he invariably announced himself.

"Tell her, her own poor boy is at the door."

This message would be borne to me, as a rule unwillingly, by whichever domestic answered the door—always the front door, he never presented himself at any other,—a practice which the servants resented openly and vocally as savouring of the "impudence of Freeny's horse"! But he remained serenely defiant of and indifferent to their disapproval, and seemed wholly impervious to the slings and arrows of speech with which they freely assailed him. Even if the hall door was slammed in his face he would simply sit unconcernedly in the porch (in hot weather slept, I think) till such time as the door might be opened again, when he would repeat with entire freshness: "Is she within? Ah, for the love of God, tell her, her own poor boy's at the door."

My acquaintance with him began with the purchase from him of a scarlet geranium, and ever thereafter I was subject to these visitations. He hawked plants in pots for sale, carrying them in a

basket poised upon his head, by which exercise his body and carriage had acquired an uprightness which was quite stately. He showed considerable taste in the arrangement of his basket, and his blending of colours would not have disgraced even these grand artists who make up flowers into ravishing bouquets and other modes for the windows of fashionable florists. When I first knew him he could not have been less than thirty-five, and possibly a year or two older. He was well over middle height, and of lithe build. His clothes were ragged and of nondescript hue and variety, nevertheless his face, neck, and head always looked neat. He was clean-shaven and closely shaved always, and he kept his hair out almost to the skin of his head. He wore no hat or cap, for such would have interfered with the tightly-rolled coronet of dingy calico upon which his basket rested. He had a bright colour, and looked sufficiently fed. His hands were slender and wiry, with long fingers which seemed to touch the flowers tenderly. His voice was curiously husky, and he had a trick of dropping it to a mysterious whisper whenever he became eager or excited. His commercial methods were his own,

and did not lack originality. He told me one day that "sure from the first moment he laid eyes on me he loved me!" That was the day on which he foisted off on me a plant in such a delicate condition about the roots that it withered away in a few days, to the exultation of the rest of the household, who hoped that from henceforth the door would be closed to him for ever. His prebity, I fear, was not greater than those whose larger traffic in the world's commodities is the amusement of cynics. Nevertheless, I succumbed again and again, in spite of many awakenings, as one does with tradespeople whose rascality might be superior to his in bulk, but far inferior in artistry and humour. He was indeed notably artistic in his methods—for example, he never made the mistake of coming too often, though I am bound to say that his importunity when he did come amply balanced the moderation of his appearances.

"Ah, now ye *will*"—this after I had definitely declined to make some particular purchase—"ah, ye will. Sure, 'tisin't sendin' me away ye'd be without a 'handsel,' and me after walkin' the worrld to get the plants ye fancy for ye. Oh, well, if ye don't want to buy it, here, take it *any way*"; it would then be thrust into my arms in most embarrassing fashion; "sure, there's nothin' I wouldn't get ye or give ye, don't ye know that well enough?"

Efforts to repulse him were seldom successful. Sooner or later I was reduced to asking the price.

"Augh, sure, that's nothin' at all, at all! I'll leave it to yerself. What would ye be talkin' of money for between me and you? Stop, wait till I tell ye—will ye buy the pelargony too? Ah, look at it! Isn't it the loveliest plant ever come out of heaven? D'ye know what, there's an ould lady lives th' other side of the Bridge, and she was leppin' this very day for that plant. 'Ye can't have it,' sez I, 'not if ye were to put yer two eyes out on sticks to please me, not a bit of ye. That's goin' to one that has the pick of everything I have. I'm servin' her these years and years, an' I'm her own poor boy, an' I wouldn't give anything away from her, not for the crowns of all the kings that's buried under the hill of Howth, and there's a quare lot o' them has their graves in it!' Here, now, I'll give it to *you* for half-a-crown. Ye'll not? Ah, yer terrible har-rd, but sure, I couldn't quar-l with ye for the gold of the universe! Two shillings, *two*! No? Well, may the Lord love ye, take it for nothin'. Ye won't? Well, give me a shillin' and an ould pair of boots. God bless ye. I'll be round again soon."

My assurances that I was not in the least inclined to add to the purchases I had already made seemed to slip past him like an empty wind.

"Keep up yer heart; I'll be round again soon, an' ye'll see what I'll have for ye."

And after a decent interval he would reappear, blandly arrogating to himself a welcome from me, and as blandly indifferent to an adverse reception. "Are ye well since I seen ye last? Thanks be to God for that! What would we do without ye?"

Reassured as to my bodily condition, business would be speedily afoot.

"When I seen a sight of them oineries, I sed to meself that if it was to break me heart and leave me without a bit or a sup for a month o' Sundays, and sure I'd have to get them for ye. What? Ye have some already? Bedad, an' if ye have, could ye ever have too much of a good thing? Sure they'll not ate anything on ye, and isn't it making ye a clean present of them, I am? See here, whisht"—his voice sank to its most mysterious whisper, his eyes rolled upwards to mine from over the basket,—“would ye have e'er a cast pair o' trousers?"

Although I hastened to explain that those particular garments were not included in my wardrobe, I made no impression whatever upon him. His whispers only became more hoarse and intense.

"Ah, don't be talkin'! Sure, ye'll ask the masther for a pair? Ah, ye *will* now. Here, in the name o' God, look at me own!" He stoed up and grasped the garments in question as a lady will hold out her skirts in order to make a

courtsey—"look!" I did not look, but partly to prevent the exposition going any further, and partly, I suppose, because (according to my retainers) "the fella could always talk me out of my seven senses," I premised to do my best with "the masther."

Not without some difficulty I persuaded the latter to give me a cast-off pair of trousers, and I do not suppose that those presae but necessary articles of male clothing were ever greeted with such rapture before or since by any recipient. Speech for the moment seemed to forsake him. He struck several attitudes, and held them up in front of him in a sort of dumb ecstacy.

"An' the Lord knows it's the truth I'm telling ye," he managed to utter at last, "that I never had the like o' them for style and grandeur in me two hands before!"

They would, I understand, be described by tailors as "fine cashemire with hair-stripe suitable for gents' morning wear." I confess that when they were offered to me they did not strike me as exactly suitable for my purpose, but seeing that they were the only ones I was likely to be given, I accepted them *faute de mieux*. His raptures, therefore, relieved me of all doubt. For several minutes he seemed unable to tear himself away from the contemplation of their beauty to any considerations so sordid as mere merchandise. Nevertheless, before we parted I had become the possessor of a pet of heliotrope, a small



palm (which, as the servants said, "took and died on me before I had time to look at it"), and a fuchsia whose bell-like blossoms dropped off more quickly than they had a right to do in view of his vehement asseverations of its youth and freshness. Thus much accrued to me from the exchange of the trousers and a half-crown.

"An' there's ne'er another in the whole wide worl'd only yerself that I'd give them gorjus beutjus blooms to for the same money, so there isn't. Sure what's two and sixpence when all's said and done?"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "but the trousers?"

He waved them at me rapturously.

"Well, that's the whole of it! 'Tis the royal generosity that's in ye an' no mistake, the royal generosity."

I could feel myself blushing with that peculiarly vain gratification which arises from little merited tribute, when from the neighbourhood of the kitchen cook's voice arose in an apparently involuntary but crushing aside—

"For the love of God, and wouldn't ye like to *kill* that fella!"

#### VIII. "LADY CLONTARF."

Her actual name likewise remained quite unknown to me during all the years in which I knew herself. She was the servants' friend, and for some reason which I never discovered, they conferred upon her this style and title. When it is added that she lived in a locality called Golden Place, you might expect to be introduced to a person of rank and circumstance. But "Clontarf," as the household in moments of favour affectionately addressed her, had no circumstance about her, save indeed that which commonly environs all creatures in human life; and as for her rank, it would be difficult to define it. To begin with, she was never permitted to enter the house, for, as one housemaid succinctly expressed it, "it wasn't for any-

thing she'd *take*, but what she'd *leave* behind her." Her place of call was at the little window, and inside its bars she never penetrated.

"The little window," as its description indicates, was a small orifice looking out on the drive, and raised but a few feet above the level of the ground. It lighted a long stone passage leading to the kitchen, and was constructed on the principle of a trap-door, instead of the usual frame and sashes. Here Lady Clontarf stood and conversed with those within, who were free to parley with her. The bars of this window were just wide enough apart to allow articles of moderate size to be passed through them, and she proved herself to be a convenient receptacle for that particular litter which collects and ac-

cumulates in and around all human dwellings, and by our household was broadly classified as "rubbidge of crows."

Those indeed were the days before municipalities and local authorities had conferred upon the community the blessings of the dust-bin—civic and sanitary. One might therefore, I think, describe Lady Clontarf as embodying in her own person a peripatetic dust-bin. Beneath her large and dingy apron, and enfolded in her voluminous shawl, many varied and undesirable derelicts of our household gods were conveyed to a limbo known only to herself. I can still see her passing out through the gate and pursuing her way along the road with swinging and leisurely gait, her grey head (uncovered save for its natural adornment of hair) rising nonchalantly above the shawl, her arms encircling her miscellaneous bundle much as a mother's arms would enfold a child. Her voice, which, as a rule, was richly dulcet after the manner of Irish voices of its kind, would wing her words through the bars with an echo of obliging alacrity, which found a counterpart in the satisfied accents of those who employed her. In this employment I do not know and was never told whether money played any part, but I fancy if it did, the amount was negligible.

Scraps of dishes, however, did find their way to her; and I have reason to

know that she was scrupulously honest in returning any plate or bowl or jug by means of which food was conveyed to her. Only once had I occasion to protest, and this was merely to stipulate that if and when she was fed with bread and jam, she must not leave the window-sill bescrumbed and bedaubed with fragments of these dainties. She was docile under the rebukes which accordingly were hurled at her through the bars.

Nevertheless there were occasions when storms arose, and it was understood that Clontarf could—verbally—give as good as she got. I have heard it said that "that could one had a tongue that'd blister a board," and that "there was no end to the impudence and assurance of her when she'd be givin' out the pay,"—the latter a figurative illustration signifying the art of fluent vituperation. Still, in spite of these sudden and, to me, always unaccountable squalls, the household seemed unable to do without her, and became apprehensive and even alarmed if a week or two went by without her appearance. During domestic upheavals I have been despatched hot-foot to hunt her out in her lair in that spot which was called—Golden. Could there ever have been a more glaring misnomer! No sunshine in the world—not even that of the Orient itself—could transmute the leaden squalor of Clontarf's abode into anything approaching the precious metal. Herein, she

dwelt quite alone so far as I ever knew, and quite contentedly so far as I could ever judge from her demeanour. Although on occasions of this sort, when I sought her out at her own home, she would converse with me politely, yet when she visited my house she always appeared to be totally ignorant of my existence; and even when she could not possibly have failed to see me, she never allowed herself to be betrayed into the smallest sign of recognition. This ritual, which was unvarying, was, I believe, imposed upon her by the servants with that lingering predilection for, and faith in, feudal and sumptuary conditions common to their kind in Ireland. It may have been also that she herself separated public from social intercourse in a manner not unknown in more sophisticated circles. Indeed months would pass during which, although her calls were regular and unremitting, I neither saw nor heard more of her than perchance the low distant murmur of voices at the little window. But there came a day when out of this usually ordered peace and calm a hurricane burst, of such force as to shake the very trees in the garden and penetrate to the uttermost four walls of the house.

It arose, so far as I was ever able to discover, from the apparently harmless and not unreasonable request of Clontarf for a halfpenny stamp. To this moment I have never discovered, and cannot even

conjecture, why cook, to whom the request was made, should have been moved to reply to it in a singularly disagreeable manner. There are, however, as we all know, many persons in this world who have, as it has been expressed, their *days*—meaning thereby that on such it is seldom wise to ask from them the most trifling obligation, otherwise I know of no reason why so modest a demand should have evoked such fury. I cannot tell how the request was framed, for I did not come into the affair till it had reached such a height that I was compelled to interfere and command with such authority as I possessed that this unseemly brawl must cease. By that time insults of the most personal and pointed description were being flung to and fro between the bars, with the rapidity of attack and riposte common to encounters of this sort in Ireland.

“An’ the divil mend ye the next time ye come here, me ould Lady Clontarf, with yer ragged dishpensable shawl and the dirt on yer face that ye could plant potatoes in; ’tis the goedness of God the winds’s between us and harm or I’d teach ye yer place in double quick time, and what ye never knew yet in yer born life, how to keep a civil tongue in yer ould dish-pickable head”—even thus did I hear cook’s winged words literally whizz through the bars.

“An’ may the Lord Almighty forgive ye fer a bad woman,” like lightning came

the riposte; "but it's thinkin' I am 'tis Himself 'll wither the ould skin on yer weezeny face that does be seur enough to stop an express train."

From the sound of her voice I judged that she had begun her retreat, and I was not mistaken; for just as I arrived where I was able to get a view of the belligerents, Clontarf had retired some paces and was hurling retorts over her shoulder as she went. For one moment more, however,

she paused, wheeled round, and standing squarely, confronted her adversary. I was just in time to see her. Cook's voice had ceased. Her hand was on the hasp of the little window to shut it to, but before she could do so Clontarf raised her arm, and with a wide and Siddons-like sweep of her hand, which caused the shawl to swim out in graceful curves upon the breeze, she cried, "That ye may want a halfpenny stamp some day yerself—in *Hell!* . . ."

#### IX. "POVERINA."

Her long white oval face loomed upon me through the grey haze of the November afternoon, somewhere alongside my right shoulder. I paid no heed to it. Familiarity had indeed bred, if not contempt, at least more or less tolerant indifference to her sort. She was in truth one of the ignoble army of mendicants who throughout all the world are not more flourishing or more numerous than in the Irish capital. For Dublin is, or was when I knew it, infested by beggars. They ranged and roamed over every part of it, and might be found sitting at their ease on the steps of quite considerable private mansions situated in what house-agents would describe as "the choicest residential quarters." They were of both sexes equally, and of all ages, from the infant of days to him that stooped for age. For proficiency in their art, I have

never found them surpassed by any of their tribe in any other country or city where I have been. The beggars of Rome, perhaps, struck me as coming nearest to these egregious creatures of Dublin, yet the latter could give many points to their Roman brethren. Their agility and perseverance in pursuit were proverbial, their resource unmatched. No pedestrian could escape them, and your only barrier was silence. Silence, utter and complete—a word and you were defenceless! For then they would keep up a voluble argumentation with you which could only be ended either by you disappearing within the fastness of a house or by their sighting more likely prey and relinquishing you of their own accord.

With that inherent love of artifice which the Irish peasant shares (in common with other traits) with the Oriental, the

real profession of these metropolitan mendicants was generally cloaked by a pretence—no more sophisticated than the make-believe of a child's game—at legitimate business. The value of exciting compassion was realised by the practice of impounding a baby for the purpose, and female beggars frequently borrowed babies from their friends when they did not possess any of their own.

It was not surprising, then, that along with the larger face beside me now there should be a smaller one, or that an exceedingly sad little bunch of wilted violets, together with a couple of boxes of matches, should be persistently thrust up under my nose.

"Will ye buy the vi'lits, me lady? Ah, do. Give me a penny for a cup o' tea. Listen to what I'm tellin' ye now—a bit of food hasn't passed me lips to-day. Ye'll not refuse me, and me with the poor little innocent child in me ar-rums. Give me a penny, *wan* penny for the love o' God, and all the holy saints in Paradise 'll pray for yer soul this night."

Most unwisely a murmur escaped from me: it added renewed vigour and zest to the pursuit.

"An' 'tis yerself has the lovely kind face, the minute I seen it I knew 'twas the crownin' of me. One penny for the love o' God. Sure the prayers o' the poor are the wings that'll lift ye up to heaven. Listen here, take the

vi'lits, *two* bunches; arrah! where would ye get the like o' them for a penny. Two bunches, yes, darlint; [to the baby] 'tis the cruel cold wind an' ne mistake for the poor an' the homeless this night. Whisht, alanna, till I wrap me ould shawl around ye tighter. Ah, God help us! wait now, sure the lady's just thinkin' what she can give ye. I see it well in her kind lovely face. A penny for a cup o' tea, and may the Lord reward ye all the days of yer life, an' ye'll find it before ye in heaven——"

There was a lull, presumably to take breath. The second wind, so to speak, began almost instantaneously. By this time the house for which I was bound was in sight. By what process of divination or thought transference, or perchance from observation of my movements or habits I know not, but even as this passed through my mind the voice at my side began again.

"An' 'tis the grand house an' no mistake yer goin' to this day. Sure an' any one'd know 'twould be the greatest and grandest house in the street *you'd* be visitin', a blind man on a gallopin' horse 'd see *that* when he'd be lookin' at ye. Ah, give me the penny for a cup o' tea, and may the Lord Himself reward ye in this werrld, and may the heavens be yer bed; give it to the poor little child in me ar-rums—it's the holy truth I'm tellin' ye, not a bit ner sup have e'er of us had this livelong day, and the terrible cold night comin' down on us now. Sure

there's no daylight in it at all now."

The sudden drop into a conversational tone from the conventional note of supplication not infrequently relieved the monotony, and was as such practised with some art.

By this time I had reached the foot of the hall-door steps. As I mounted the latter the other feet kept pace with mine, quite undisturbedly, and the voice continued—

"Here ye are now safe, and may the Lord bring ye safely home out of it; an' ye'll give me a penny for a cup of tea. Sure the like of yerself could give the misfortunate infint in me ar-rums a gold sovereign, an' never know the differ. Ah, now, didn't I see the light o' heaven in yer face comin' along the street. Sure ye wouldn't deny any one anything. I'd know be the look of ye. Take the vi'lits; they'd be a lovely present for where ye're goin'. Ah——"

The opening of the hall door out short the trailing note. I entered, and the shutting of the door behind me put, as it were, a complete extinguisher upon both the voice and its owner, though I felt rather than saw a hand with the

tightly-clutched posy try to thrust itself through the door behind me. I think the flap of the letter-box was even rattled, but we took no notice of the sound—one never did.

Rather more than an hour later I left my friend's house, and emerged again into the street. Twilight had fallen; indeed, it was practically dark. Dublin was not a particularly well-lighted city, and the gas-lamps were few and far between, and very far indeed from being illuminative. They made darkness visible, which was about the utmost that could be said for them. I had walked about five paces when I heard the sound of hurrying footsteps behind me. It seemed to me that whoever they belonged to was clearly trying to overtake me. Thinking it must be some one from the house which I had just quitted, I stepped and waited. Out of the murk I saw once more a white elongated face come into visibility, like the pale disc of the moon in a watery sky, and the voice of supplication arose in my ear—

"Ah! will ye give me the penny *now*, ye wouldn't give me an hour ago?"

## GUN-RUNNING IN THE GULF.

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. H. AUSTIN, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

## I.

THE Expedition drawing out its weary course in Waziristan, on the N.W. Frontier of India, has probably attracted the attention of many to the stubborn and protracted resistance of these hardy truculent mountaineers to the well-equipped forces despatched by the Government of India to reduce them to order. That the physical difficulties of the country being traversed by our troops are great is probably common knowledge, as also the fact that this region is practically unproductive, and therefore quite unable to support any force operating amidst its rugged hills and rocky gorges. Communications, in the proper sense of the word, do not exist; for of roads there are none, and such tracks as do exist are usually along the stony beds of mountain torrents. Along these, columns of all arms are forced to march with their long lines of transport animals stretched out on a narrow front, and shut in by steep and often precipitous heights. These have to be crowned by picquets as the column advances; and there they must remain until the last of the baggage animals and rearguard have cleared each successive danger-point throughout the seemingly in-

terminable defiles of these barren highlands.

Under such conditions our troops in India have been accustomed to conduct mountain warfare, for generations past, against the unruly inhabitants of the N.W. Frontier; but until comparatively recent years the ill-disciplined and ill-armed trans-frontier men were seldom able to withstand, for any time, the steady and relentless converging advance of mobile columns into the heart of their country. After suffering relatively few casualties, in personnel, by futilely opposing such advances, the recalcitrant tribes were, nevertheless, usually soon willing to submit to *force majeure* when they saw their villages destroyed, their tall defensible towers blown up, and their scanty crops utilised for feeding the animals of the invading columns; whilst their women and children were compelled to seek asylums in almost inaccessible and probably snow-bound fastnesses during the rigours of winter.

Such was, at all events, the experience of the Waziristan Expedition of 1894-95, under the command of the late General Sir William Lockhart. Owing to the unprovoked attack by the Mahsuds on Brigadier-General Turner's

Delimitation Escort at Wana, on the 3rd November 1894, three brigades were sent into the heart of Waziristan, *vid* Wana, Jandola, and Bannu respectively, early in December; and after they had thoroughly traversed and laid waste Kaniguram, Makin, and other important centres, the Mahsuds threw up the sponge in a few weeks, and rendered their submission by paying the fines of money, rifles, &c., demanded for their misbehaviour. But the country was occupied by us for some months longer.

On reference to my old diary of those days, I read that the strength of the Mahsuds then was estimated at from 10,000 to 12,000 fighting men; whilst their matchlocks, of an antiquated pattern, were numbered at about 2500; and it was probable that they did not possess more than 200 or 300 breech-loading rifles—chiefly stolen from British territory. The sword then was, *par excellence*, the weapon of the Mahsud; and, in addition, daggers, knives, and flintlock pistols constituted the armament of the majority. Being naturally a brave and warlike tribe, and skilful in the use of the "tulwar," these mountaineers had on several occasions, with nothing else in their hands, charged down on British troops armed with breech-loading rifles and bayonets. The night attack at Wana was one instance.

The difficulties experienced in the present operations against the Mahsuds points

to a very different state of things; for our old opponents have apparently not only advanced materially in their tactical methods—the result, probably, of instruction by men of their clan who have previously served in our frontier battalions and militia—but in the matter of armament also they are infinitely better off than they were twenty-five years ago. The old "jezail," or flintlock muzzle-loader, with prongs near end of barrel to hold the weapon steady—by resting them on the ground or a rock when firing from a prone or crouching position—has probably gone for ever. In the place of this medieval firearm, with a range of only a few hundred yards, the Mahsuds now doubtless possess thousands of modern breech-loading rifles sighted up to 2000 yards and more; and, since these hardy mountaineers have eyes like hawks and thoroughly understand the use of these weapons, it will be readily understood how their possession has added enormously to the fighting power of this truculent and restless tribe.

The question naturally arises, "By what means have the Mahsuds and other frontier tribes become possessed of these modern arms of precision?" It is clear they cannot all have been acquired by skilful thefts from frontier stations or purchases in India; nor can the late Amir of Afghanistan be accused of supplying all these tens of thousands of rifles to our

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border tribes from the output of his arsenal at Kabul.

Another large possible source of supply had therefore to be sought and investigated; and the attention of the Government of India accordingly became focussed, some years ago, on Masqat in particular, and the Persian Gulf generally. By some oversight, not now easily understood, in former treaties drawn up by the French and ourselves with the Sultan of Masqat, the importation of firearms from Europe into Masqat was not prohibited. Arabs, Persians, Baluchis, and others, therefore, were free to purchase rifles and pistols quite openly in Masqat town, and dispose of them as they pleased. The trade promised lucrative returns, without fear of let or hindrance, to Europeans and those who had the means of arranging for purchases abroad, and setting up as arms merchants in Masqat. This opportunity was readily seized upon by men with little or no conscience or concern as to what became of these rifles, and into whose hands they ultimately found their way, after they were sold from their shops. For this reason Masqat gradually developed into the Arms Emporium of the Middle East, and the Sultan himself waxed wealthy on the licenses granted for the importation of arms, and the commissions paid to him on each consignment landed in his territory, by steamers from Europe laden with them.

French, German, and Belgian firms chiefly supplied the arms required by the merchants at Masqat; but more than one British firm did not abstain from a similar practice, though this was done possibly in ignorance of the serious likely results of their action. In any case, the whole of Masqat, from the Sultan downwards, became deeply steeped in the arms trade, and contracts were made by, and licenses granted to, local merchants for the importation of arms from Europe for several years in advance. During the four or five years preceding 1909 the traffic in arms in the Gulf had increased by leaps and bounds, and so remunerative had the undertaking proved that many Afghans and trans-frontier Pathans were attracted to the Gulf from distant Kabul and Herat, as well as our own border. To give some idea of the fortunes made by the arms merchants in Masqat, I may instance the case of a Frenchman, M. Goguyer by name, who died at Masqat in November 1909, or thereabouts. Ten years previously he had entered that town with very slender resources; but turning his attention to the arms trade, he had amassed a considerable fortune (reputed to be £40,000) at the time of his death. His store at Masqat in the spring of 1909 was estimated to contain not less than 100,000 arms of many different types, including most patterns of modern magazine rifles, and certainly not less than

10,000,000 rounds of ammunition for these arms.

The Government of India realised, therefore, that the unrestricted traffic in arms in the Gulf might seriously jeopardise our position *vis-à-vis* the tribes on our frontier, and an endeavour was made to come to terms with France at the Brussels Arms Conference, extending from early in 1908 onwards, with a view to pre-claiming Masqat, in agreement with the Sultan, to be a prohibited port. But, for reasons into which I need not enter here, France did not at that time appear disposed to see eye to eye with us on the subject.

Some time previously it was within the certain knowledge of the Government of India that many Afghans were yearly making a pilgrimage to the Gulf for the purchase of arms, though in what numbers these were being conveyed thence to Afghanistan and the tribes on our frontier was unknown. In the cold weather of 1908-9, however, secret agents wandering about in disguise along the Makran coast reported the presence of large caravans of Afghans, accompanied by camels, from Kabul and Herat. These awaited consignments of arms purchased by some of their number in Masqat, whence they were transported in dhows to prearranged landing-places on the opposite coast. Here men and animals were ready to receive them, and the whole party would then set off on their return journey to Afghanistan *via* Sistan.

Careful statistics compiled from the reports of these men, and also from officials of the Indo-European Telegraph Department, employed on the Makran coast and up-country, pointed to the probability of over 30,000 rifles of different patterns, with at least 100 rounds of ammunition for each, being landed during that cold season—a considerable proportion of which, it was conjectured, would eventually find their way into the hands of the N.W. Frontier tribes of India.

It was obvious, therefore, that if the future security of our border was to be efficiently maintained, and arms prevented from reaching the lawless tribesmen, drastic measures must be undertaken to check their flow from the Gulf. As already stated, France declined for long to co-operate with us in this matter, and it became incumbent, therefore, on Britain to take action unaided. A further complication arose owing to the fact that the great majority of the arms conveyed to Afghanistan and our N.W. Frontier were landed on Persian soil; and Persia had placed no embargo or restrictions in the way of the importation of arms along her southern coast-line. In fact, she appeared averse to interfering in any way with the evil; and the Baluch sirdars in occupation of Persian Baluchistan were all making, in consequence, considerable sums of money—paid to them as commission on every rifle and

pistol landed within their territory by the gun-runners.

The difficulties of dealing with the situation, therefore, were great, for the importation of arms from Europe to Masqat could not be stopped, nor could these arms be seized anywhere within the Sultan's dominions, or at sea within the three-mile limit of his coast-line. Strictly speaking, also, once they were landed on Persian soil they were immune from capture; so it was desirable to seize them on the high seas during their transit in dhows from the Arabian coast to Makran.

During the cold weather of 1908-9 a few insignificant captures were made at sea by the few out-of-date patrolling ships available for this purpose; and attempts were also made to intercept the passage of arms caravans into Afghanistan by the posting of British troops in the neighbourhood of Robat, where the three kingdoms of Britain, Persia, and Afghanistan meet, south of Sistan. But that these measures were quite inadequate to deal with the growing evil is clearly evidenced by the fact that, in spite of them, some 30,000 rifles had found their way into Afghanistan. Operations on a far more extended scale were obviously essential; and as reports pointed to the probability of 3000 Afghans visiting the Gulf in the cold season of 1909-10, during which they hoped to acquire over 50,000 rifles, a really ambitious scheme was put

into train to checkmate their activities.

Now these Afghan gun-runners were men of great enterprise, and richly endowed with daring, cunning, and ingenuity of a high order. They were well provided with money, by the skilful outlay of which they counted on reaping profits of not less than 200 to 300 per cent on the season's operations. Much of the capital collected for the venture it was known was borrowed; so it was pretty certain they would not easily be balked from their intentions to procure the arms which were in such great demand in their country and on our border. Information at hand pointed to the Ghilzais from Afghanistan, who had previously been the most persistent gun-runners, being joined by Afridis, and other clans nominally under our control; so the danger was patently being brought home to us.

Hitherto the *modus operandi* of the Afghans had been quite straightforward and simple. Arrangements were made in their own country for large caravans of camels to be marched from Kabul, Herat, and other places during the cold season, to the Makran and Biaban coasts in Persian territory, under suitable guard. Meanwhile, those men told off for the actual purchase of the arms proceeded by rail through India to Karachi, with the necessary money concealed about their persons, and there took steamer to Masqat. On arrival they openly purchased

such weapons as they desired from the various wholesale arms merchants, with whom they arranged to leave them until they had completed their preparations for having them conveyed by dhows to the opposite coast. Much ingenuity was displayed in selecting landing-places where they would be met by their accomplices with camels, in order to elude the vigilance of the patrolling ships and their outters, and to remove immediately the arms landed into the interior. The common procedure then was to store their arms along the coast under charge of neighbouring Baluch chieftains. Certain meeting-places and dates having been pre-arranged for various parties to join up together, the united caravans would later march homewards in considerable strength through those parts of Persian territory where possibility of attack was most to be apprehended. Once safely back within their own borders, the parties again split up, and conveyed their valuable purchases to their most promising home markets.

The first measure of check adopted was to institute arrangements whereby Afghans should be denied permission to land at Masqat, from British India S.N. Company steamers plying to and from the Gulf. The Afghan reply to this was to take tickets to other ports, such as Chahbar, Jashk, and Bandar Abbas, whence they found their way in native sailing crafts to points on the

Arabian coast in the vicinity of Masqat.

Arrangements were then made to dam the flow of Afghans from British territory by refusing them passages on British steamers to any of the Gulf ports; and in November 1909 a system of information was organised at both Bombay and Karachi to deal with Afghans who were suspected of being likely to endeavour to book passages under disguise. The British India S.N. Company had agreed to refuse tickets to Afghans; but another loophole still remained, as the Bombay-Persian S.N. Company also plied between Bombay, Karachi, and Gulf ports, and was under native management. Intending travellers by this line, therefore, required careful watching. Many were the cunning disguises and ingenious concealments of money resorted to by Afghans, who posed as Indian "bunniahs," Arab horse-dealers, and pious Moslems bound on pilgrimage to the holy places in Mesopotamia and Arabia, in order to escape the vigilance of our alert police at British-India ports. But it was a case of diamond cut diamond; and when thousand-rupee notes were found innocently sewn up between the inner and outer soles of boots and shoes of guileless travellers — and other equally crafty stratagems employed — it was any odds their ultimate destination was the Arms Emperium at Masqat.

These police precautions proved effective to some ex-

tent; and at the beginning of December a party of 150 Afghans assembled at Karachi were dispersed by the capture and imprisonment of 25 of their number, on the eve of their departure by steamer. By these measures, however, we could only hope to touch the fringe of the movement; for there was no efficient means as yet of preventing the mere enterprising spirits amongst the Afghans from secretly chartering sailing craft at more secluded Indian ports, and in them making the voyage across to the Arabian coast. One was faced, therefore, with the practical certainty that a considerable portion of the Afghans who had set forth from their homes well supplied with money, would persist in leaving no stone unturned to reach Masqat.

The continued running of the gauntlet of the patrolling ships by fast-sailing dhows from the Arabian coast had still, therefore, to be reckoned with; and much importance naturally hinged on timely information being conveyed of these intended trips, and their probable destination on the Persian coast, in order to facilitate the capture of arms on the high seas. The task of the Navy was difficult and onerous to a degree; for it must be borne in mind there were some 350 miles of coast-line in Persian Baluchistan, between Gwatar to the east and Minab to the west, which were open to the gun-runners whereon to land their consign-

ments of arms from Masqat, and other points along the Arabian coast. The distance across from Masqat to any point on the Persian coast between the Indo-European Telegraph-stations of Jashk and Chahbar nowhere exceeded 150 miles; so fast dhows could make the trip, under favourable conditions of wind and weather, in little more than twenty-four hours. But by coasting north from Masqat, in territorial waters, towards Ras Masandam, and then darting across the intervening space to the Biaban coast, the distance would be reduced to forty or fifty miles. This passage could therefore be accomplished during the hours of darkness, and the arms landed and removed inland before daylight.

The problem confronting the naval authorities, who were ill-found in patrolling ships, and received little or no timely information as to sailings from the Arabian coast, nor the likely destination of these dhows on the opposite coast, was in consequence practically insoluble under the conditions obtaining up to the cold weather of 1909-10, and easily explains the comparative ill-success of their previous endeavours to disorganise the traffic in arms. In fact, little more than a happy fluke, such as a dhow being becalmed within the beat of a patrolling ship, was in the least likely to lead to an important capture.

As a first measure towards improving existing matters at sea, Rear-Admiral Sir Edmond

Slade, the Naval Commander-in-Chief, East Indies, had proposed to the Admiralty that his ships in Eastern waters should be augmented by three second- and third-class cruisers, in order the more effectively to patrol the sea between the Arabian and Persian coasts. These did not, however, reach (in their entirety) the Gulf until the season was somewhat advanced; and early in December 1909 Captain Hunt, R.N., of H.M.S. *Fox* (4600 tons), the senior naval officer in the Gulf, had at his disposal only three ships—his own, which was broken down in one engine, and therefore barely capable of steaming eight knots with one propeller; the *Lapwing*, an antiquated R.I.M. ship of 850 tons, with a speed of about seven knots; and H.M.S. *Philomel* (2600 tons), which had lately arrived from Bombay. To these must be added the *Whimbrel*, a sailing-boat of about 5 tons register, whose cheery captain and crew enjoyed a spicy and adventurous career, particularly when a stiff “shamal” was blowing and Afghans were lying in wait for her, in the hope that they might be able to greet her with a fusilade should she attempt to seek shelter in some neighbouring creek.

The Royal Indian Marine further added to the gaiety of nations by lending a hand, at times, with two other old tubs of theirs, dating back, I should say, to the “early ‘forties,” and yclept the *Sphinx* and *Redbreast*. The former was

provided with paddle-wheels, but there was little else of mystery about her, as one could hear her churning her way through a choppy sea, in the dim distance, almost before she appeared in sight herself. Her speed was not excessive; and as a dhow would always locate her, even if she didn’t see her, and could, without much difficulty, make rings round her, the chances of this battle-ship overhauling a dhow, except in a dead calm, were distinctly remote. Still, she could patrol a beat.

At a later date, too, when the activities of the gun-runners embraced a still wider stretch of the Persian coastline, extending well to the west of Bandar Abbas, a fleet of mosquito craft, consisting of some eight tugs and launches, armed with maxims, and a three-pounder in the bow, were added to the patrolling strength of the ships in the Gulf, and performed most useful service. These were “mothered” by another R.I.M. ship, the *Minto*, which was a small up-to-date trooper.

The next step was to arrange for timely information being conveyed to the patrolling ships of intended sailings by dhows loading up with arms on the Arabian coast, as also of their probable destinations on the Persian coast. By this means it was hoped that even if the ships at sea were eluded, the dhows might run into ships’ outters carefully concealed in creeks or inlets near the proposed landing-places. With the object

of acquiring this information, and to keep in close touch with the Navy, arrangements were made for stationing secret-service agents in and about Masqat, and along the Makran coast. It was their duty to supply news as gained to some one in authority either at Masqat, Jashk, or Chahbar, whence the information would be passed on at once to the Navy. In furtherance of these plans I was ordered from Simla to the Persian Gulf in November 1919, with instructions to make my headquarters at Jashk. Here it was intended shortly to erect a wireless installation, by means of which I could communicate freely in cipher all information received to the ships patrolling at sea.

Admiral Slade, in a letter to the Government of India in November, had pointed out the futility of confining his operations to the sea alone; and strongly advocated the fitting out of a transport ship to carry a mixed force (the composition of which could be subsequently decided upon), which would enable him to make raids on those stores of arms and ammunition that were still within striking distance of the coast—pending the arrival of the Afghan caravans from the interior to remove them. To discuss this and other problems with Admiral Slade, in my new capacity as Naval Intelligence Officer, I was directed first to report to the Naval C.-in-C. at Bombay, and then to proceed to Karachi

by mail steamer in time to catch the next fast Gulf mail leaving that port for Masqat.

Between Bombay and Karachi I had as a fellow-traveller Mr Gregson of the Punjab Police, who was chiefly responsible for the admirable police arrangements denying facilities to Afghans to proceed to Masqat from Indian ports. As we were to co-operate in this important particular, it was of great advantage to both of us to meet in this way, and to discuss matters before we reached Karachi, whence I continued by fast mail to Masqat on 4th December 1909.

That steamer was also boarded at Karachi by two highly-trained secret-service agents, whom I will designate as A. and B., and with whom I was very closely associated during the next few months. Both proved themselves men of great intelligence and resource, and rendered most valuable services in connection with the operations to be described. A. was to be landed at Masqat, which would remain his special sphere of activity; whilst B. was to proceed to Bandar Abbas, and join me later at Jashk by the next down-mail calling at that place. It is perhaps unnecessary for me to add that, to all outward appearances, these men were complete strangers to me during the time we travelled together between Karachi and Masqat.

## II.

There are probably few travellers who have not been impressed on obtaining their first view, at dawn, of the barren nature of the boldly-serrated rocky mountains which rise abruptly out of the sea along the Arabian coast in the vicinity of Masqat. The approach to that port is so skilfully hidden that it is hard to imagine there can be any passage through those forbidding cliffs to a peaceful harbour within their embrace. But as the steamer plies steadily up the coast, comparatively close inshore, a narrow opening is suddenly revealed; and, changing course, the ship glides in between threatening headlands—for all the world like the entrance to the "Pirates' Cove" of one's boyhood's imagination—and soon casts anchor in a diminutive expanse of still water encircled by bare frowning heights. On these, conspicuous masonry watch-towers catch the eye, perched at intervals high up on the hill-sides, thereby increasing the resemblance to a haunt of the bloodthirsty buccaneer of romance. But a sense of security is restored when one observes that the steep slopes are emblazoned in many places with formidable capitals, spelling out the names of numerous ships of the British Navy which for generations past have put in a tour of service in the Gulf. This fact has been commemorated by their

enterprising bluejackets sealing giddy inclines, and inscribing the titles of their ocean homes in prominent positions on the everlasting rocks which for a time afforded them an asylum within this tranquil basin.

The small town of Masqat extends to the water's edge at the end of the harbour, and is built on a narrow strip of comparatively level ground, bounded closely by the same desolate hills rising behind it. Like all Arab towns, the streets are confined and crooked, little more than alleys in appearance, and thronged with a heterogeneous mixture of nationalities, including Arabs, Indians, Parsees, Baluchis, Persians, and other Oriental races as remote as Swahilis from Zanzibar and Mombasa.

In the early December of 1909 the arms shops were still very much in evidence, though a somewhat subdued air was already noticeable—due probably to the fact that it was now fully realised Great Britain intended to put a stop to this traffic in arms. Moreover, during the course of the past few days, the *Fox* had captured, near Kher Fakkan, 430 rifles and 220,000 rounds of ammunition; the *Lapwing*, 1650 rifles and 200,000 rounds, thirty miles S.E. of Chahbar; and the *Philomel*, 824 rifles and 55,000 rounds, and their six Afghan owners, some fifty miles E.N.E. of Masqat. In early November the *Fox* had



captured 1300 rifles and 117,000 rounds in Limah Bay; so almost within the last month the seizures at sea had amounted to 4200 rifles, and close on 600,000 rounds of ammunition—a highly satisfactory start on the season's operations, and one which caused the Afghans furiously to think.

The town of Masqat has but a small sea-front, and the local coast-trade by dhows employed in the arms traffic, and other legitimate trade pursuits, was chiefly to and from the small port of Matrah, a few miles farther up the coast. It was the land-locked harbour of Masqat, however, that all naval ships and mail steamers entered; for here were not only the various European consulates, and the Sultan himself, located, but the sole coaling station to be found on the Persian and Arabian coasts of the Gulf was there established; and it is, moreover, connected with India and the Gulf ports by submarine cable. The climate in winter and spring is pleasant enough, but it may be imagined the spot is a perfect inferno during the hot weather. Not a blade of grass is to be seen at any time of the year, though a small narrow valley, down which a stream of fresh water trickles, and in which the renowned Masqat date-palms flourish, enters the far end of the town. The harbour swarms with fish, and in default of other fodder the few domestic milch-cows and goats ashore are fed on a mixture

of crushed date-stones and pounded dry fish! Yet, strange to relate, there is no pronounced fishy flavour in the milk they give.

On entering Masqat harbour we found the *Fox* had already arrived to replenish her coal supply, and a launch from her soon came alongside to take off their mails and convey me to the cruiser, where I was met on board by Captain Hunt, R.N. He had kindly arranged to give me a passage to Jashk in his ship, and I was soon placed *au courant* by him with the latest news, and the present beats of the patrolling ships under his command. A considerable portion of the *Fox's* crew and boats were out watching Khor Fakkan, and the Biaban coast in the neighbourhood of Ziarat. The *Philomel* was out some 50 miles N.E. of Masqat, patrolling along a N.W. and S.E. beat 40 to 50 miles in length, in the hope of intercepting dhows leaving Matrah for any point on the Persian coast between Jashk and Chahbar; whilst the *Lapwing* and *Whim-brel* were in the vicinity of Chahbar, with boats out along the coast-line to seize them should they attempt landings near by.

The British Consul, Mr R. E. Holland, I.C.S., also came aboard presently, and I was able to discuss with him proposals for the employment of A., which were to be put in train as soon as A. was released from his period of quarantine ashore. A. landed in Masqat in the guise of a teacher of

Persian to the Consul—imported from India for that purpose. B. continued in the mail to Bandar Abbas, where he was to make inquiries whilst ashore regarding Afghans, their storing-places of arms along the coast, and so on, before he joined me at Jashk. Recent reports pointed to the possibility of certain small parties being already on the move with their caravans away from the coast-line, with such arms as they had succeeded in obtaining up to the present.

The *Fox* lay in harbour all day, and crept silently out of Masqat after dark for Jashk. The sea was calm, so we sighted our destination next day towards noon, and dropped anchor about three-quarters of a mile from the shore in the open roadstead. Our arrival was unexpected, and I and my Indian servant, and our belongings, were taken ashore in the ship's galley and bumboat, and dumped on the beach close to the barracks, occupied by a detachment of the 117th Mahrattas, detailed for the protection of the telegraph station. The *Fox* sailed again soon after I was landed, and proceeded west to pick up some of her boats, which had been out "on their own" for the past ten days or so, and were probably running short of fresh water by now.

My first impressions of my future home for the next few months were not exactly exhilarating. Around me was a howling wilderness of sand, almost as flat as the palm of

one's hand. The telegraph station was situated on a long narrow spit bounded on three sides by the sea; and looking north, across the intervening bay, to the bare, rugged, red-and-brown rocks of the Bashakard foot-hills, some six to eight miles distant, added little to the beauties of the prospect by which I was confronted. I had little leisure at the moment, however, to pursue this train of thought, as my immediate desire was to get my belongings removed to the shelter of the telegraph buildings; so I hunted up the Indian officer of the detachment, and asked him to turn out a fatigue party of his men for the purpose. On arrival at the telegraph buildings, which were 300 to 400 yards distant from the infantry lines, I was met by Mr Cumming of the Indo-European Telegraph Department, who was in charge of Jashk, and soon provided by him with excellent, high, roomy quarters in one of the main buildings next the office. I was in clover!

Owing to the possibility of the Afghans attacking Jashk and Chahbar telegraph stations, as a reprisal for captures of arms intended for them, and because the Indian authorities were placing serious difficulties in the way of Afghans reaching Masqat for their purchase, it had been early decided that the usual hot-weather infantry guards at both places should be increased for the cold season, and steps taken to place the two stations in a state of

defence, by the construction of sand-bag earthworks and barbed-wire entanglements. The strength of the Jashk detachment was therefore raised to one hundred men, under a British officer, and that of Chahbar to fifty men under an Indian officer. But, as the two places were some two hundred miles apart, this necessitated the British officer at Jashk proceeding at intervals by sea to Chahbar, to supervise the defence arrangements there, and his consequent absence from his headquarters at Jashk for a week or longer at a time. Captain White, the officer in question, having done what he could for the defence of Jashk, with the materials at his disposal, before I arrived, had lately gone to Chahbar for a like purpose, so I did not meet him until his return several days later.

On the day he again reached Jashk, Chahbar was reinforced from India by Major Raven and another fifty men of the 117th Mahrattas, thus bringing the garrison of that station also up to one hundred men. Both places were later strengthened, too, by the arrival of maxims and detachments to serve them; and I arranged with India for a large additional supply of sandbags, barbed-wire, and stakes, since, in my opinion as a sapper, much still required to be done to place these stations in a reasonably secure state, with the relatively small numbers available for their protection.

The telegraph station of Jashk consisted of two large

airy blocks of living quarters for the staff, separated by a distance of about eighty yards, with the telegraph office building between them. These buildings ran roughly north and south, and were constructed more for hot-weather purposes, in order to catch every breeze that stirred, than with a view to their easy defence on emergency. Consequently, what with cook-houses and other subsidiary buildings, an area of over 200 yards by 90 yards was taken up for the accommodation of the normal staff of eight to ten Europeans and Eurasians; whilst the infantry lines were distant some 350 yards to the S.E., and close to a beacon and cable-house near the shore on that side of the spit. As means of recreation, the staff possessed a good mud tennis court, and cricket and hockey grounds were made considerable use of, both by them and the sepoy, on the sandy stretch between the barracks and the main blocks.

For its fresh-water supply the station was dependent on four concrete cisterns constructed below ground-level, and all of which were some hundreds of yards out on the plain to the S.W. and S.E. of the chief buildings. They served as reservoirs into which the surface water drained after heavy falls of rain; and the station, therefore, relied almost entirely for its fresh water throughout the year on such rain as fell during the few winter months—usually very little. A brackish well close alongside

the office provided water for washing and bathing purposes.

A few hundred yards to the east of the telegraph buildings was the small mud village of New Jashk, in which the Persian Customs and Quarantine officials resided, besides some Baluch and Indian traders, and several hundred inhabitants of the country; whilst Old Jashk, the more populous place of the two, was near the head of the bay, and some six miles distant by the shore track. Close to the former village, and about 600 yards to the north-east of the telegraph office, was a small mud fort, near the shore of the bay, which was supposed to be held by a Baluch garrison, but at the time of my arrival was temporarily occupied by the retinue of the Daria Begi, the Persian Governor-General of the Gulf ports, who had recently arrived in his ship, the *Persepolis*, from Bushire on a tour of inspection, and had pitched his tents outside the fort.

The telegraph station at Chahbar, though more contracted and constructed on less elaborate plans, owing to the much smaller staff located there, was, nevertheless, not easily made capable of defence; for, as at Jashk, the buildings abounded with high open doorways and numerous wooden venetians down to the ground, to admit breezes in the hot weather. It was situated, moreover, on a sandy headland at the eastern entrance to the small bay of Chahbar, and closely overlooking the town

of that name, which was considerably larger than New Jashk. The field of fire compared unfavourably with that obtainable at Jashk owing to the amount of dead ground (in close proximity to the station in several directions) formed by the more undulating nature of its surroundings.

Although Chahbar was not a cable station, it was connected in one direction with Karachi by a land line running along the coast of Makran and Baluchistan through Gwadar, Pasni, and Ormarah, and in a westerly direction with the cable station at Jashk. Here there were three separate submarine cables landed direct from Karachi, Masqat, and Bushire, which was several hundred miles farther up the Persian Gulf. Since the land line from Karachi terminated at Jashk, there was no telegraph communication between Jashk and Bandar Abbas, an important Persian port, some 170 miles farther up the Biaban coast in the Straits of Hormuz, and one largely visited by Afghans.

Mr New, of the Indo-European Telegraph Department, had instituted, from the cold weather of 1907-8 onwards, a system of patrols along the coast, supported by telephonic communication between Jashk and Chahbar, by making use of the existing land line; but this left a gap of about sixty miles to our frontier near Gwadar (as distinct from Gwadar), to the east of Chahbar, and another of over 100 miles, in a northerly direction,

along the coast of Biaban, between Jashk and the district of Minab—in which area also there had hitherto been no satisfactory means of obtaining timely information regarding landings made by gun-runners. Moreover, there was some suspicion that the patrols employed by him were not capable of keeping the information acquired strictly for the use alone of those who were striving to grapple with the arms problem. Nevertheless, Mr New's system had undoubtedly proved valuable, though the results obtained had not led to any satisfactory sea captures—chiefly because information regarding landings at Galag and other places within the patrolled area, although duly reported, had been successfully carried out already. The intelligence, therefore, arrived too late to be of much service to the naval ships operating off the coast.

Consequently, additional means of collecting trustworthy information were inaugurated at A.H.Q., India, during the spring of 1909, whereby trained secret-service agents were despatched from India to the Makran coast. These men, wandering about in different disguises, and keeping their eyes well skinned, attached themselves to various Afghan arms caravans, and accompanied them from the coast. They thus ascertained not only the names of the leading Afghans in the trade, and the Baluch sirdars who were assisting them, but also the mode of procedure from

start to finish, and the usual routes followed by the Afghans on their return journey. The reports of these men were in my hands; and others had taken their place along the coast before my arrival at Jashk, who would in due course communicate the intelligence gained to me, through the instrumentality of B., when he rejoined me from Bandar Abbas. On the Arabian side were other agents keeping Matrah and neighbouring ports under close watch, spying out the loading of dhows with arms; and, by ingratiating themselves with the "nakhudas" (skippers of these craft), unostentatiously learning at what point on the opposite coast they intended to land their cargo, and about when. All such information quickly found its way to the Persian-teaching "munshi" at the Consulate, and through him to the Consul, who immediately cabled off in cipher to me the gist of A.'s intelligence. It was my job then to acquaint the patrolling ships by means of the wireless.

It was not until the 14th December, however, that Mr Shields, the officer deputed to erect the wireless installation, together with the operator and erecting staff, arrived at Jashk. The same afternoon we decided upon the sites of the two masts—chiefly from their defence point of view—and work was commenced next day. The erection seemed likely to be a long job, as the masts were to be 160 feet in height, 300 feet apart,

and connected by a deep trench to moist soil for earths; whilst the engine-room and a separate office had to be provided, as absolute quiet was necessary for receiving signals; and care had to be exercised to avoid affecting in any way the existing cable lines, &c. In spite of exceptionally boisterous weather, and unusually heavy falls of rain between the 20th and 23rd December, which exceeded four inches in the four days, and beat all previous records for twenty-five years—and, incidentally, filled the cisterns to overflowing, and temporarily flooded the surrounding country—the wireless was got into working order by nightfall of the 23rd, and messages exchanged with the *Fox*.

It fairly made one's hair curl, though, and perspire at every pore—during the course of erection of the masts—to watch the Indians at work in a howling gale near their summits. Squatting on their hunkers half-way out along a slender yard, some 150 feet above ground-level, these unemotional creatures would hang on to a loose swaying rope, passing through a pulley near the top of the mast, and descending to the ground below, by means of which they hauled up their requirements for the job in progress. Without any other hand-hold, and cheerily shouting out their wants above the tempest to their pals below, one felt that every violent gust must surely blow them from their dizzy perch. Still, none of them

came to grief, so one can only conjecture they were clinging with their toes to the yards like monkeys. But it was distinctly thrilling to the land-lubber below.

B. did not rejoin me from Bandar Abbas until the 14th December, but had collected a good deal of information regarding movements of Afghans, large numbers of whom were expected with camels along the coast during the next few weeks. One well-known Afghan trader who travelled down on the same steamer, and was bound for Masqat, informed B. in confidence that as soon as sufficient numbers had arrived they intended to attack Jashk and Chahbar as reprisals for the losses inflicted on their gun-running operations. Another agent had been despatched by B. from Bandar Abbas on the 13th to travel by land to Jashk, in order to gain the latest information along that stretch of coast. B. was unfortunately bowled over by a very sharp bout of fever soon after his arrival. This placed him *hors de combat* for the next ten days, and thus seriously handicapped me at the start in the acquisition of information on the Persian side.

Meanwhile, I had lost no time in getting into communication with Captain Rae, the British Consul at Bandar Abbas, and Major Trevor, who was acting as the British Resident in the Persian Gulf at Bushire during the absence on leave of Lieut.-Colonel Cox (now Sir Percy Cox, the

British Minister at Teheran). It soon became apparent to me, though, that, owing to the attitude of the Baluch sirdars, who were deeply implicated in the arms traffic along the Makran and Biaban coasts, a considerable amount of work of a quasi-political nature would necessarily be added to my duties as a purely intelligence officer to the Navy.

The morning after my arrival at Jashk, accompanied by Mr Cumming and a guard of sepoy, I paid an official call on the Daria Begi. We were received by His Excellency in a tent pitched near the fort, where he regaled us on sherbet, cigarettes, and tea during the interview. The Governor was a big man of fine presence, and as he spoke English—in addition to Persian, French, German, and Russian—we were able to converse together without employing an interpreter. In the course of our conversation reference was made to the arms traffic, and the Daria Begi stated that if I so desired it, he would occupy the fort with his men and turn out the local Baluch garrison. This I knew would be a measure viewed with great apprehension by Mustapha Khan and Barkat Khan, two Baluch brothers whose territories adjoined here. Both were largely involved in the gun-running, particularly Barkat, whose territory extended from Jashk up the Biaban coast to Ziarat, which place until lately formed a favourite landing-place for consignments from Masqat.

Indeed, during the previous season, Barkat was reputed to have pocketed Rs. 18,000 in commissions on rifles landed for the Afghans. The Daria Begi seemed very ready to do what would be agreeable to the British; but as this appeared to be trenching on political matters, I said little about Mustapha and Barkat—for the time being.

On taking our leave, the Daria Begi asked if he might return my call next day. He arrived at noon, and a guard of a havildar and six sepoy were told off to present arms to him on his arrival and departure from my quarters. He stayed and talked for some time, and freely admitted that, to his own knowledge, all the Baluch sirdars were mixed up in the gun-running—a procedure which I shrewdly suspected was not exactly discouraged by him in private, since the commissions obtained by them would help to swell the taxes due to him from them in his capacity of Persian Governor-General of the whole coast region.

Shortly after his departure a messenger from Sirdar Barkat Khan arrived, asking permission for that chieftain to pay his respects to me in the afternoon. He came at about 3 P.M., accompanied by one armed retainer bristling with small-bore cartridges in a bandolier slung over his shoulders, and a silver-hilted dagger or two thrust into his waistband. Barkat himself was soberly attired in

long black frock-coat and trousers and brown boots, with sword strapped round his waist, and Persian hat on head. He was a tall slight man, with small black moustache, whiskers, and beard, and thin face, with eyes set rather close together. He seemed twenty-seven to thirty years of age, and spoke Hindustani tolerably fluently: so we conversed together for about half an hour, over tea and cigarettes, without any one else being present at the interview. I mentioned the Afghans casually, and asked if it was true that many of them visited these parts during the cold weather. The amiable rogue assured me that none ever came to his country, but he had heard reports there were some farther up the coast who had been collecting camels about Bandar Abbas, in order to carry away arms which had recently been landed to the east of Jashk. This was within his elder brother Mustapha's territory; so it may be judged that very little love existed between these two ruffians. However, these apparently frank statements did not deceive me, since I possessed tallies of recent captures showing that most of the 303 rifles seized at sea by the *Fox* were consigned to Barkat, and knew that landings had a short time before been made at Banji, Ziarat, and other places along his coast-line.

Next day Mustapha Khan called on me in the morning. He was a handsome-looking old man, with thin white moustache, and long white

beard and whiskers. He possessed an aquiline nose and cast of countenance, with clear brown eyes, and gave one the impression of being a benign old gentleman. Not so "dressy" as his younger brother, he was attired in long brown cloth garments, wore a small "pagri" on his head, and came unarmed. He spoke only Baluchi and indifferent Persian, and seemed much perturbed at the possibility of his control over the local fort being removed from his hands, and given over either to Barkat or to Persian "sarbazes." As Mr Whitby-Smith, the Director of the Indo-European Telegraph Department, was shortly expected at Jashk in the *Patrick Stewart* from Karachi, Mustapha was very anxious to obtain the Director's support to a retention of the fort by his men, for which he received a subsidy of Rs. 40 *per mensem* from the Telegraph Department, and vowed that if this request were granted him no Afghans would be allowed to do any harm to the station! The idea that a few ill-disciplined Baluchis, snugly ensconced in a mud fort distant 600 yards on the shore of the bay, could afford protection to the telegraph buildings by repelling attacks of possibly several hundred Ghilzais and Afridis on the station, was not without an element of humour, though I didn't say so. Still, with the small number of regular troops present in Jashk, I was not disposed to reduce our available strength



by detaching thirty or forty men to occupy the fort in the event of an attack being imminent on Jashk. Consequently, it was arranged by Mr Whitby-Smith a few days later, in consultation with the Daria Begi, Barkat, and Mustapha, that there were always to be forty Baluchis in the fort, and that the station was at liberty to reinforce them with regulars or to occupy it completely, should it be deemed advisable to do so.

That fort, however, proved a troublesome factor, and during the course of the next few months the Baluchis were cleared out and their places taken by several lots of Persian "sarbazes"—sent by the Daria Begi from Bushire and elsewhere. According to Persian precedent, this rabble were never paid, so before long they began to slip away in twos and threes to more congenial climes, and those that remained finally insisted on taking "bast," or sanctuary, around the foot of the station flagstaff, as a protest against the Daria Begi's omission to supply them with either food or money. We had to feed the rogues, in consequence, for a time, as the Governor remained sublimely indifferent at Bushire to frantic telegrams despatched to him on their behalf. The whole situation became thoroughly Gilbertian, and would have been vastly entertaining had one nothing else to do but to enter into the humours of it. But as my other duties kept me working at high pressure most of the day,

and practically every day, these side-shows soon bordered on the annoying.

Once we had got the wireless going, and all measures in satisfactory trim for the receipt of information from the various agents scattered about the Arabian and Persian coasts, there was little cessation from work. Telegrams, cables, and wireless messages had not only to be sent out in all directions, and at all hours daily, in cipher; but every message received had to be decoded, and all information obtained carefully digested and collated before what appeared of immediate importance was transmitted to the patrolling ships, and others concerned. Complete records had to be kept of the events, receipts, and despatches of each day, and a detailed weekly summary submitted to A.H.Q. India and the Admiral—in addition to cables of an urgent nature to them at frequent intervals. All this had to be done single-handed, besides numerous interviews with Baluchis and others, which also took up a great deal of time; and I must frankly admit that, during this period of stress, I was generally pretty well fagged out by bedtime.

Happily, in fine weather one could usually get a few sets of tennis before dark to clear the cobwebs from one's brain, and when ships put into Jashk an occasional cricket match would be arranged between the station team (of which I became a member) and H.M.S.

— in the afternoon. We played on coconut matting pegged out on the sand, and were never beaten once during the season by our visiting opponents. Hockey, too, was played almost daily by the younger members of the staff and the sepoys of the 117th Mahrattas, which served to keep them all in good condition, and fever at a distance. In wet boisterous weather, walks about the spit or beyond New Jashk village along the coast formed our chief means of obtaining exercise. This would be varied, perhaps, by an afternoon's fishing, or snapshooting at sharks with rifles at the end of the spit, where these malignant brutes could be seen darting about in the surf 'mid the rocks, only a few yards out from the point. On the whole, therefore, what with plenty of work and a modicum of play, life at Jashk passed pleasantly and quickly enough during the winter months, despite our unattractive surroundings.

On the 17th December the *Fox* put in for a short time at dusk, and Captain Hunt sent a note ashore to say that Admiral Slade hoped in the near future to bring out a force from India to raid arms depots near the coast, and wished to know exactly where arms were stored, the best landing-places near them, the route from the beach, and what opposition was likely to be met with. My latest information was to the effect that most of the arms recently stored within a few miles of

the shore had been moved farther inland; but patrols had reported that morning the landing of 750 rifles the previous night at Lash—about fifteen miles east of Jashk—and their removal at once to the vicinity of Hasar, a village several miles from the coastline. I arranged, therefore, to keep my eye on this *cache*, and to endeavour to locate it more closely with a view to the future.

One of the *Philomel's* boats had had an engagement with a dhow off Tank on the morning of the 16th, but unfortunately the maxim jammed, and the dhow got away in a strong breeze in a westerly direction. The *Fox* and *Perseus*—one of the additional cruisers lately arrived from home—had searched all along the coast for the dhow on the 17th, but could find no signs of her; so she was possibly the dhow that effected the landing of rifles at Lash the night before, and left again before dawn.

Shortly afterwards information was received that a notorious Masqat "nakhuda," Sol Mahommed by name, had succeeded during boisterous weather in landing a consignment of arms at Pishkhan, about thirty-five miles west of Gwadar. This intelligence was passed on to the Navy, and on the 1st January Captain Hunt sent me a radio-message saying that the *Perseus* had landed men at Pishkhan that morning, and seized 850 rifles and 100,000 rounds. The arms were located under a guard of Afghans some miles inland,

and these had fled on the approach of the landing-party of bluejackets. A few shots were exchanged on both sides without any casualties resulting, and Baluch villagers were impressed into carrying the haul down to the shore, whence they were conveyed by boats to the cruiser and jettisoned in deep water.

Masqat was now in a ferment, and Mr Holland was being bombarded with questions by the Sultan; whilst Mr New, who was working along the telegraph line between Chahbar and Jashk, telephoned to

say that a party of Afghans were camped fifteen miles from him on the road to Chahbar, and he feared there might be trouble when they heard of the Pishkhan capture. He thought it advisable, therefore, to move into Chahbar by sea, and asked if the *Fox* could arrange to pick up him, his sixty camp-followers, and large quantity of camp material. The whole party were embarked on the *Perseus* next day at noon, without incident, and conveyed out of harm's way to Chahbar.

Things were promising to get lively.

*(To be concluded.)*

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## LADY JANE CONFESSES.

## CHAPTER I.—THE BEGINNING OF IT.

CONFESSION is good for the soul, they say. It is time I made a confession. All kinds of stories have been told, I know, about what happened at Agolagh during that week, and none of them is half so extraordinary as the truth. But nobody knows the *whole* truth except me. Even Hugo only knows half; and he went away the very next morning, for his leave was out short.

I don't know when I shall see him again.

It all happened in a week. Of course I knew Hugo before; in fact, that is why I went to stay at Agolagh. When they invited me, I thought I should like to see his home. But I never meant to act in the play. That happened by accident.

Agolagh is called a castle, but it is quite a small castle; really ancient, and dismally in need of repairs. The road from the station goes across a bog. I remember how the red sky shone in the pools of black bog-water, one after another, as we passed them quickly in the motor; and the grasses and things round the pools trembled, though there wasn't any wind. But everything in a bog is very silent and shivery.

Hugo was driving, and he said—

"English people always say the bog is so melancholy. But

wait till they go there snipe-shooting! *You* don't think it would give you the blues, do you?"

He didn't say it anxiously, so I only told him—

"Nothing in the world gives me the blues."

But I did think it hideous.

Then he said, "Some people think Agolagh is a melancholy house. Now, that is just because there are a lot of silly stories told about it. We can't help that, and it's a bore for my mother, because every now and then the servants take fright, and leave. But it's all stuff. I'm sure you wouldn't mind it, would you?"

"Mind what?"

"Oh, how can I tell you! It depends on what you *imagine*."

"I have no imagination whatever — never had, and never mean to have. It's the thing that makes people useless, or else untruthful. Are *you* imaginative?"

"Couldn't tell you," he said. "But I'm moderately truthful. That's why I'm explaining it to you beforehand."

"Explaining what? — that the castle is haunted?"

"For goodness' sake, don't call it that!"

He turned red, and looked thoroughly annoyed.

"You can't expect a very old house to be just like a

new one," he grumbled, quite crossly for him.

And just then we arrived.

Such a strange old castle, quite small. The little dark hall door opened, and out rushed Hugo's sister Eva on to the steps.

"Come on, come in, come along!" she cried to me, as if I were likely to do something else. "How late you are, Hugo! *Everything* is upset. The Blakes have wired that they can't act with us—can't come at all. Their father is ill, and they have to catch the first train back to Galway. What on earth shall we do?"

"Keep your hair on," said Hugo. "There are four days to Saturday." And he went off with the car.

Eva was so excited that she nearly forgot to bring me in, while she stood lamenting and explaining on the door-steps. She was always excitable, and where acting was concerned, simply unaccountable.

I have called her Eva, and that is really her name. I know she spells it Aoife, or something like that, but life isn't long enough to be complicated with Irish spelling.

At last we got in, and then there was tea; and I saw Hugo's parents. That was the chief thing I had come to Agelagh for; but I am not very transparent, and they had no idea that they were specially interesting to me. I knew from their looks that Hugo could not have made any special mention of me. They were simply kind, that was all.

Sir Richard was tall, and

thin and quiet, with a small head, and dark, rather sad eyes. Lady Fenton was small, with very perfect hands and feet, and a most old-fashioned way of speaking. Not that she spoke much, but when she did it was evident that other people were expected to listen. It was almost as if she spoke for our guidance and edification. I never heard anything so old-fashioned. Hugo and Eva stopped whatever they were saying to listen to her. Really these parents might have been generations older than their children. But every now and then in Ireland you seem to go back a hundred years or so—that is, in country places.

I was hungry after my drive, but I am always hungry at tea-time and breakfast. Eva could think of nothing but her play and those defaulters, the Blake sisters.

"We have only four days," she kept saying, tapping with her feet on the old black-and-white lezenges in the floor of the hall. "Oh, we *must* make these two girls take the Blakes' parts. Jane, have you acted? Lorna, have you?"

I am Jane.

"No," I said. "I have never acted, but of course I could. Anybody could."

The other girl only nodded her head. This made me look at her; and having looked, I could hardly look away again. Certainly she was one of the most remarkable girls I have ever met, but you couldn't say why she was so remarkable.

She was dressed like anybody else, in a tweed skirt

and smooth silk coat, and her hair was done much like Eva's, only better. It was dark, silky hair, wound closely round her head, like a cap. She sat very still, hardly ever lifting her eyes; but when she did, you were simply obliged to look at them. That was the peculiar thing about her; she did not seem to care for anybody round her; but once you had looked at her you wanted to go on looking. Of course I had heard of her, for Miss Dare was immensely rich, almost a celebrity. But actually I forget that when I first saw her. I know it sounds impossible.

Eva went on insisting that we must act. Hugo was rather bored about the play, I believe, but ready to do anything that Eva wanted, for they were an only-brother-and-sister pair, and perfectly devoted. His mother was ready to do anything that Hugo wanted, so there was no getting out of that play.

As neither Miss Dare nor I had ever acted, they said we should toss up for the best part, and I won the toss. This left a very minor part for her, but she did not seem to mind in the least. The others who were staying there were already fitted with their parts, and declared they knew them perfectly; but of course they didn't. And that was all that happened before we went upstairs and got ready for dinner.

Eva took me to my room. It was a rather small room, half-way down a lighted pas-

sage, and at the other end of the passage was the head of a staircase which nobody used.

"I'll show you where my room is," Eva said, and she made me come with her and see it.

"If you want anything in the night, come to me," she said, "or if you feel—lonely."

I suppose I looked amazed, for she added—

"Oh, some people don't sleep very well; and they often say this passage creaks so in the night when it gets colder. I daresay it does, but do you think you'd mind that? You can't expect a very old house to be just like a new one."

This was exactly what Hugo had said in the motor.

I told her I didn't mind how much a passage creaked, and I didn't either—at that moment. I could not see myself fleeing to Eva's room at night like a terrified school-girl. Before she left me she added—

"Please remember *not* to sit in the seat on my father's right hand at dinner. That place is always left empty; you won't forget?—because he wouldn't like to tell you himself."

With quite a serious, simple look she went away, and I hurried into my brown-and-gold dinner things, and was rather pleased with the effect of the brown-gold shoes and embroidered stockings. I can always dress much quicker without a maid, and I had been told not to bring one, as they have no room for extra maids at Agolagh.

There were no married people in the party, so I went in to dinner with Sir Richard, and sat on his right, with that inexplicable empty seat between us. Of course I couldn't ask about it, though I wanted badly to know. My experience is that all the questions one is most interested in can never be asked. I wanted to ask why Miss Dare had come to Agolagh. I wanted to ask why Lady Fenten had that intense look in her eyes, a look as if she were listening, always listening. It only left her face when she spoke to Hugo or to Eva.

There were pictures in the room, all portraits, and hardly to be seen by the light of the tall candles, which made a kind of burning dimness rather than light. One of these pictures seemed to attract Sir Richard's gaze whenever he looked up, which was not often; but it was hung on the wall behind my head, so I had no idea what it was. The empty seat beside me was curiously uncomfortable.

Sir Richard's white terriers had followed him in, and were sitting on his other side. Such a pretty little pair—and I like West Highland terriers! I spoke to one of them, and he nearly came round to me, but stopped short, fixed his gaze on the empty chair, lowered his head without a sound, and crept back to his place.

No, it was not a cheerful meal. I was glad to get out of the dining-room. I had not made friends with Hugo's father one bit, and I felt

simply miles away from his mother. She did not even come to the drawing-room with us.

The drawing-room at Agolagh is upstairs—a long narrow reem, with three tall narrow windows curtained in faded gold damask nearly threadbare. I wanted to get behind the curtains and look out from each of them. Such a childish idea! But I suppose the little dark dining-room, with its dim pictures, had made me feel imprisoned.

However, we had to begin rehearsing immediately. It was Eva's hour, and she dragged us about and drilled us and made us do exactly what she wanted.

"How can I rehearse before I have learnt my part?" I said in despair.

"Why, you can read it, you know. The words are nothing, you'll know them by to-morrow. It's the crossings right and left and the cues that we must rehearse," said this indomitable child, and she thrust a little book into my hand and peremptorily started the proceedings.

Every one meekly obeyed her as stage manager. Really, she is not much more than a child—only eighteen, I think; but acting seems to possess her like a craze. She made us all get excited, and only Miss Dare remained cool and rather inattentive.

Now I don't suppose that, as long as I live, I shall ever be able to excite anybody.

In the middle of the principal scene, which we were

going through a second time, a bell rang—a low-toned silver bell, I think—sounding from somewhere downstairs. Hugo and Eva stopped short, said with one voice, "Prayers!" and immediately led the way downstairs, without turning their heads to see who followed. I believe everybody followed, but mechanically, as I did. I am not accustomed to prayers at these hours—not, indeed, to an excessive amount of prayers at any hour. But in Ireland you don't get what you are ac-

customed to. Well, I rather liked it—when it was over. Sir Richard's voice was calm and slow, and he chose a very short psalm; that made it nice.

Soon we were all upstairs again; and Eva was actually going to try and work us up to more rehearsing, when the old grey-haired butler opened the door and remarked in a low voice of authority—

"The candles is lit, Miss Eva, and they're short!"

We submissively took our short candles, and retired to bed.

## CHAPTER II.—PAST HISTORY.

All this is very common-place, I suppose. Please understand that I am not trying to impress anybody, but simply making a confession. I must go on with things, exactly as they happened.

I slept very well in my old-fashioned little bed, which actually had curtains round the head of it; and if the passage creaked in the night or if it didn't, I really don't know. We were very few at breakfast, as most of the party had gone out-hunting. And oh! how I wished I had brought a horse! There is always room at Agolagh for a guest's horse, I found, though not for maid or man. Miss Dare had brought her horse, and so she had gone with the others.

It was a very soft October morning, the air was full of drifting yellow leaves, and faint sunlight, and if I had had even a bicycle I should

have gone off instantly to try and find the hounds, wherever they were. But as bad luck would have it, I had to wander about the garden instead, longing for one sweet note of a hound's voice, and wishing I could get away from the gossiping pair who were leading me about, and most good-naturedly boring me to death.

They were cousins of the Fentons, a tall man with twinkling eyes and a ridiculous brogue, and his sister nearly as tall, but not so good-looking; both full of information about everything one was least concerned to know.

They called each other Jim and Jerry. I believe Jerry is short for Geraldine.

At last they began to speak of Miss Dare, and then I listened.

"It's a horse of old Riley's she has brought here," said



Jerry, "not her own. She is trying him."

"I should like to know about Miss Dare," I said. "She interests me very much."

I never try to pump anybody. If I want to know a thing, I ask.

"Everybody is interested in her," said Jim, with rather a grin. "She comes from California, or somewhere——"

"From the West Indies," his sister corrected, "but she is not a Creole."

"She's a mine of wealth, and only twenty-two——"

"Twenty-three," said Jerry.

"And she has neither parents nor children, nor guardians nor guides," Jim went on, "but she has lovely horses——"

"She has an uncle, but he's mad," Jerry put in swiftly.

"Ah, get on, Jerry! Well, she's not mad. She rides like a bird, and speaks seven languages, and I forget how many more——"

"She don't speak much when it happens to be English," said Jerry, with decision.

"How do you know how much she didn't say to me when you weren't there?" her brother inquired, in a tone void of offence. "But the worst of it is, she may be saying it all to Hugo this morning, and more too."

Jerry gave him one quick glance and looked straight before her again.

"She has most remarkable eyes," I said. "They look black, but no one's eyes are really black, of course."

I could not help talking about this girl. She was at the back of my mind all the time, nearly as much as Hugo was. Just then it came into my head what a splendid match she would be for Hugo. I wondered if his cousins here were thinking the same thing. That made me feel dreary and cold. I got out of the garden as soon as I could, and said I would write some letters before lunch.

About one o'clock they all came back from cub-hunting, very cheerful and muddy, and full of the fun they had had. I didn't know this part of the country a bit, and all the places they talked about had the most savage names. There was one called ——, eh, I really couldn't spell it! I felt very much of a foreigner that day, and I wondered if Miss Dare did.

Eva got us all together after lunch, and we rehearsed severely till tea-time. I found myself getting very much interested in the play, and, indeed, I had one of the best parts; but Miss Dare declined to take much trouble with hers. Perhaps she was tired after the morning. She sat down most of the time in the deep window-seat, and was always just finishing her cigarette when it was time for her to come on, or take up her cue, or whatever they call it. I am not well up in theatrical expressions. Eva lost her patience. The child was so desperately in earnest with her own acting that the other girl's nonchalance was

more than she could bear; and having called on her twice at a critical moment without getting any response, she stopped dead short, with tears of helpless vexation in her eyes.

Hugo came to the rescue, as usual, and we got over the difficult moment, and went on again, but a flatness fell upon us. I suppose actors are very easily discouraged.

Hugo laughed and said, "I believe Miss Dare isn't really going in for it at all. She doesn't feel equal to a wretched minor part, being such a 'consternation of talent' herself. On our last day she will get called away by a wire, like the Blakes, and then we shall be left *plantes*! Is that what is going to happen, Miss Dare?"

Miss Dare looked at him without a smile, and said in her peculiar *steady* voice—

"I will act with you on Saturday night, *whatever happens*."

"There now, Eva, you hear that?" Hugo called out in his cheerful way. "Buok up, all of you, and begin that scene again from the beginning."

He did not return what I thought her unnecessarily fixed gaze, but that might have been because I was looking at him too. The most innocent young man is quite as inscrutable as the most accomplished when he chooses. I had always thought Hugo specially innocent, and specially light-hearted. I am neither one nor other myself. When I say always, I mean for about three weeks.

We had not known each other longer.

As I was going upstairs, towards dusk, when all the rehearsing was over, I was surprised by Miss Dare's voice close beside me.

"Have you been in this room?" she said. "The view is quite interesting from the window."

I turned aside into the room, and she quickly closed the door. Now, where is the sense of looking at a view in the dark? I knew that that great waste space of blackness under the fading sky was just the bog. A line of Scotch firs somewhere along the road made islands of dark foliage against the sky, and came close up round a small old church standing in a small, dreadfully crowded churchyard exactly opposite the window we were looking out of.

The grave-stones in the churchyard stood at every kind of angle, apparently nearly touching each other, and the ground below them looked like waves of the sea tossing. You could not imagine anybody at rest there. It was more like an ancient battle-ground.

"What do you think of it?" she asked.

"I think it is a great deal too near the house," I said.

"The natives round here wouldn't go near it for the world at night," she remarked. "There are lights that shine from the ground, and move about—'corpse-candles,' as they say. Should you like to

see them? We could sit up to-night, and watch."

"Many thanks, but I prefer to sleep at night," I said.

"Do you really sleep here?" she asked quickly, her eyes on my face.

"No; my room is on the other side of the house," I answered, misunderstanding her on purpose.

"Then you are in the long passage with the old staircase at the end. Have you gone down that staircase?"

"No."

"I advise you not to."

Now, I wanted to know why, but I did *not* want to ask; and besides, I had an idea that she was trying to frighten me. Her next remark was—

"I wonder what your age is?"

I told her.

"And your birthday?"

I told her that too.

"The same year as mine, and the same day too. How curious? Would you mind showing me your hand?"

I did not care for that. I think palmistry is all stuff and nonsense. At least I thought so then. But now I don't know what I think.

She lit a small reading-lamp, with a movable half-shade which reflected the light very strongly; and she held my hand under this, gazing at it, while I looked at her face.

I admired it. A clear outline, very little colour in the cheeks, but her lips looked the redder for that; and her eyes, even with the eyelids lowered, were wonderful. When she raised them and looked at me,

I thought of Hugo, and my heart sank. There was such fascination in her gaze.

"I don't understand it well," she said, in a disappointed voice. "I wish you would go with me and see Miriam. I'll show her my hand too. That's only fair. She will read both, and tell us together. Will you go?"

"To Miriam? She's only a professional palmist. I don't believe in any of those games, I assure you. Why do you want to know what is in my hand? It couldn't interest you."

"But it does. Shall I tell you why?"

"No, tell me anything else instead. About the old staircase, for instance, Why should I not go down it?"

"Well, if you want to know the story,—there was a Dick Fenton here long ages ago, I forget the date exactly. He hated a man who had once been fond of his wife, and he laid a trap for him. The man came to Agolagh one day, thinking Dick Fenton knew nothing about him. He was very well received, and they all had a friendly supper in the old dining-room, where he sat at his host's right hand. Afterwards he was led politely to his room, somewhere down below; and the rest of the people went to bed too, naturally,—except Dick Fenton. He stayed up, waiting—not in his room. He walked very quietly up and down that corridor, where most of the bedrooms are; just waiting, quietly. Before the night was

over, some one came up the staircase, very quietly, he too. They met in the middle of the corridor. Neither of those men was armed; they fought, just as they could, and Dick Fenton's wife heard them, shut in her room. They pressed each other to the far end of the passage in their struggle; there one of them slipped and fell, and the other knelt on him and broke his neck. Lady Fenton heard that too. At last she opened her door; and what she saw was Dick Fenton dragging his guest's body down the corridor by the feet. He got to the staircase and went down it, and she heard at each

step as he descended, a heavy bump. That was all. She never left her room again. She died there, out of her mind. . . .

"Well, you see, there is another staircase now, the one we all use. Why the old one was never done away with, I can't tell you. They never do away with anything in Ireland. But since that evening, no one sits on the host's right hand in this house. The place is always laid there, and always empty. If you asked why,—you'd be sorry."

"I never asked why," I said, "I only wondered. Now I must go."

### CHAPTER III.—THAT NIGHT.

I never saw such a dark dining-room as the one at Agolagh. Any other house would have electric light in it, or *something* cheerful. Dinner always seemed so long there, and I think the empty seat rather got on people's nerves. Not on mine. I don't let things get on my nerves.

I was thinking of nothing but of that Dare girl, who looked simply too lovely this evening. She wore a sort of black robe, filmy and soft, with long pearl chains and things, and a pearl comb in her hair. How black and soft her hair was! We were all gazing at her—even Sir Richard, with his grave eyes; and suddenly they began talking about Miriam the palmist.

I don't know who began it, but the woman is quite a craze.

They had all heard of several things she had foretold in some wonderful way; and one story led to another till we were fairly excited, all of us. Then Lady Fenton spoke quietly, her thin hands folded rather tightly before her.

"My dears, if you really believe that this woman has a familiar spirit, need I remind you that we are expressly warned not to seek unto those that have familiar spirits? On the other hand, if you do not believe it, and are only playing with the idea, you are doing something more dangerous than you are aware of."

There was a dead silence, and we all left the dining-room feeling like children who have been reprimanded.

I can truthfully say that, until that moment, I had had no

intention of going near Miriam, or consulting her in any way. It is not a weakness of mine to consult other people about my affairs. But when you are told that a thing is dangerous and in a sort of way forbidden, well, it does become attractive. Or at least the idea of it does.

I had nothing to do but to think about this, for Hugo did not come near me. He was absolutely fascinated all the evening by that girl in black. She did not talk much to him, or make any fuss; but her eyes were very bright and her red lips smiling. When she stood up suddenly in front of the long pale-gold curtains of that old window, she looked to me, in her slim gracefulness, something like a swallow just ready for a quick sidelong flight.

No wonder Hugo gazed at her! The cousin Jim was gazing too, and his eyes twinkled more than ever.

I was very glad to get upstairs to my room. There was a peat-fire burning there, with a little red glow. But first I looked out of my window, as I always do at night. No moonlight, no starlight either; only soft darkness, and a scent like damp earth and moss. This is the very scent of Ireland; no other country has it.

I sat down by the fire when I had brushed my hair, and went over my part carefully, wanting to be word-perfect. There was a queer creaking sound now and then from the passage outside. No harm whatever in that. Why shouldn't old boards creak? It would be rather odd if they didn't. But I felt glad

the grim churchyard was on the other side of the castle, so that I couldn't possibly see it or see lights shining on the crooked old grave-stones. I didn't like that place one bit.

What are corpse-candles, I should like to know? Of course there is some scientific explanation of such things, which . . .

A very quick step behind me made me turn round with a start. It was that Dare girl coming into my room almost at a run, with her head turned, looking back over her shoulder.

Wouldn't anybody have been astonished? Certainly I was surprised. Yes, I suppose I was startled as well.

"What makes you come in like that?" I demanded.

She had caught hold of the mantelpiece with both hands, and now she was smiling in a shaky way.

"Did I frighten you?" she asked.

"I didn't hear you knock, that's all," I told her. "Now, what is it?"

"I was in a hurry to get out of that passage. I apologise."

Was she trying it on again? I wondered. She certainly *had* tried to frighten me, or so I considered. But this time her own lips were quite pale, and the pearls round her throat were lifting up and down.

"Well?" I said.

"I came to ask you something. Will you change parts with me in this play?"

"Why, no! Thank you."

"I mean," she said gently, "for a consideration."

"For no consideration."

"I don't want to be offensive, really. But remember, I am very rich. Don't you care for any things?—for travelling? for diamonds? for horses?"

"Yes, very much. But I like other things better."

"So do I, unfortunately."

Saying that, she turned round and looked straight at me, with her clear eyes opening wide. And of course we both knew it was Hugo Fenton we were talking about. I thought for half a minute, and then I said, "I am not engaged to him, if that is what you want to know."

"Well, I knew that. Neither am I. But then—we both want to be."

I really did not think it necessary to answer that,—she seemed so well informed.

"Look here—have you considered whether you could live in this old barrack?" This was her next question.

"It will be time enough to consider that when I'm asked. And very likely I never shall be asked," I said.

"You know Hugo Fenton would never leave it, never. They are all perfectly devoted to the old place. But it's haunted to such a degree that very few people's nerves would stand it."

"Lady Fenton's have stood it a long while," I suggested.

"But then *she never comes upstairs.*"

Miss Dare smiled strangely, and turned her head over her shoulder as she had done on coming in. Just then I heard the lock of the door slip, and the door opened slowly.

Only the cold air from the passage entered; at least, so I thought. I walked straight over to shut the door; then I heard steps in the corridor outside, very quiet steps. I looked out. The corridor was lighted, no one was in it; but the sound of the steps went straight on to the end. Then they seemed to turn and begin to come back. I meant to hold the door open and wait for them to pass, or else come in, but when I felt that cold breath of air again I simply *had* to step back into my room and shut the door. I stood with my back against it and fumbled at the lock. But that girl never moved from where she was standing at the fireplace.

"Don't mind the door! The doors of these old rooms are always opening for some reason or another. Worn-out locks, I suppose."

I went back to the fireplace. She was absolutely shaking all over and smiling at the same time. I couldn't look at her. I was listening with all my senses. The walls of the room seemed to be listening, it was so deadly still. Then came a fearful sound, a sound of uneven steps and of something dragging heavily along, stopping and then going on again, right down the passage—it was not a long one—towards the staircase.

There came a dull bump—then another . . .

We two caught hold of each other and simply clung together. We didn't speak. I don't know how long we waited. But we spent that

night together, both lying in my bed. We didn't speak, even then; it was too near us.

While we were lying awake it came into my head that perhaps this was the very room where that Lady Fenton of long ago had stayed awake and listened.

As I thought of that I crossed myself, a thing I had never done in my life before. Then I did the same to the poor girl beside me, who gave a heavy sigh. I think we both went to sleep, and when I woke in the morning she was gone.

#### CHAPTER IV.—MIRIAM.

Now every one knows that things look quite different by morning light.

The next morning was very fine. The sun was shining on the little lake with the pretty round island in it, and robins were singing with thin cheerful voices somewhere near the window.

I dressed in a hurry, for I was rather late; and just as I was going in to breakfast I passed old James, the butler, who seemed to want to speak to me.

James was almost a member of the family. He used to take Hugo to England and back when he was a little fellow going to his first school.

"I hope I see you well, me lady, an' sure this is a fine day, and a very fine day, so it is! but I'm thinkin' that poor Miss Dare will not be well able to enjoy it. For she's lookin' very *wanshy*, an' like as if she hadn't slep' a wink for a week, so she is, me lady."

James laid his head on one side and looked shrewdly at me with his little blue eyes, old and kindly. There was a sort of pity in them. I guessed that he had seen Lorna Dare

on her way from my room to her own; for James was the only person in the house who ever got up early. Irish servants can't open their eyes before eight o'clock of a morning.

I only smiled at him, for it would have been quite useless to try to deceive James. Then I went in to breakfast with the most cheerful air I could command.

She was there already, and I carefully did not look at her. But all the same I heard Hugo asking her to do something, or to go somewhere or other.

"Can't to-day," she said. "I'm going to do something with Lady Jane. We'll take my little car, and be no trouble to anybody."

She spoke in that decided tone of voice which prevents any question being asked. I think they were surprised; but I had a guess as to her intention. I'm sure I don't know how it came to me. As we went out into the hall after breakfast, she asked me simply—

"Are you coming with me?"

And I nodded, and went to put on my hat and my coat.

Hugo brought the car round

—a littledark-green Rover car, of an old-fashioned kind—and said he was waiting to be asked to go with us. I think he really wanted to, but she only smiled at him, and started without a word of explanation.

It was a long way into that town, nearly fifty miles. We had some lunch when we got there, and then went straight to Miriam's house. She kept us waiting, of course. I suppose these palmists are like fashionable doctors, in their way. When we were finally shown into her room, I was greatly surprised, as it was a perfectly prosaic sitting-room, quite bright with the light of day; and the great Miriam herself was a small, tidy, quiet person, actually wearing a black silk apron with a beaded border, such as a housekeeper might wear. I can't say what her age was, and there was nothing in the least remarkable about her.

I suppose I had been expecting to see a woman in Eastern robes, sitting cross-legged on a cushion under a tent, or something of the kind: for one does associate the idea of a palmist with a gipsy, somehow. Evidently Miriam had decided on having nothing picturesque or effective in her surroundings, and perhaps that was rather clever of her.

She said, as we sat down—

"I never see two people together. Why have you come like this?"

"I have brought this person," Lorna explained, "rather against her will, and entirely against her judgment. But

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she consents that you shall read her hand, also mine; and we both will hear what you have to say, and go away together. We have our reasons."

I gave her my hand in a hurry. When you are making a fool of yourself, and know it, you like to get the thing over in the shortest possible time.

I need not describe very particularly what followed. There was nothing apparently wrong about it, and I don't know why Lady Fenton's words should have sounded so very close to my ears again, while my hand was in Miriam's cool grasp. I had certainly *not* wished to go near the woman; but it seemed unfair to refuse what another girl desperately wanted. I said that to myself while I waited for her to have done. When at last she let go my hand, I got up with as much relief as if I were getting out of a dentist's chair, and went to stand in the window, as I had no fancy for watching the next part of the scene too closely.

The room was very quiet—net even a skirt rustled; for they sat so still those two, one holding the other's hand. But a horrid kind of suspense began to grow in the air, and I felt a longing for the silence to be broken. At last Miriam spoke to us.

"I have nothing to tell you of your past," she said. "It does not signify. What I have to do is to give you warning. Your fates are entangled, and you have come to me at the last moment—the very last. One of you will be fatal to

O



the other; one of you will cost the other's life. I give you warning. Here and now you must separate. At my door, when you leave this house, take different ways. If you do not believe me, your fate is on your own heads."

She said this very clearly and quietly; and the strange part of it is, that I could see she believed what she said. Her face worked, and she had grown very pale. She had heavy-lidded eyes that she seemed unable to raise; and now they nearly closed, like a person's ready to faint. She waved her hand to dismiss us; and though it seemed rather inhuman to leave her like that, I was too thankful to get downstairs and out of the house.

How I wished I had never gone there!

We went back to the hotel where we had left the motor, and were off again in the little green car without wasting a minute or a word. Whether it occurred to Lorna to obey Miriam's warning and separate herself from me, I can't say. She believed implicitly in that woman. But now her one idea seemed to be to get back to Agolagh as quickly as possible.

And I don't see myself what else we could have done.

We had taken the drive very silently in the morning; but on the way back we talked to each other assiduously on every kind of topic except the one that was occupying our minds. The long road over the bog seemed endless, and there was a very low red

sunset all in one spot of the vast grey sky. It was not yet dark when we turned in at the gate, and then she gave me one straight look and said—

"The play comes off to-morrow evening. We have both promised to see that through."

"Well, of course," I replied. "Imagine Eva's dismay if we failed her!"

"But I won't stay here a day after," she added firmly.

"Neither will I," was my answer.

But I didn't know I was going to say that till I had said it. Sometimes one's tongue is quicker than one's mind, and takes the lead; for I saw in the same minute that I *must* go.

I saw it even more plainly that evening.

We were rehearsing, of course. It was the very last rehearsal before the play; even the insatiable Eva did not propose that we should rehearse on the day itself. Indeed she expressed some fears about our all getting "stale" now, and looked rather careworn over it; I suppose because we all knew our parts so well, and there was really nothing else left to worry about.

Lorna was perfectly attentive, and missed nothing from beginning to end. When the rehearsal was over she strolled quietly to the piano, and began to play softly, then to sing.

She had a low contralto voice, not absolutely clear, but sweet and thick, like honey. That may be an ugly comparison to make, but I don't know how else to describe the

slow sweetness and the sort of curl in it. In fact, I never could describe—anything.

We just listened, helplessly, each where we were; and nobody moved, and nobody said anything. Even the restless Jerry stopped shaking her foot, and leaned her head against the back of her chair, listening. It so happened that where I sat I could see Hugo's face quite well, and I watched him simply because I couldn't help it. He was perfectly lost in the music. He had forgotten me as completely as if I had never existed. Of course I saw that. And I don't say I was surprised, because the evening before he had been entirely taken up with the other girl. She was twice as fascinating now, with her sweet singing. If she had been a mermaid, I suppose she could have lured us all wherever she pleased.

I can never forget the pain of that half-hour if I live to be a hundred. All my life, ever since I was quite a little child, I have longed to sing; and there is no more music in me than there is in a stone. I felt just like a stone, sitting there, heavy and cold, hearing that sweet voice that was stealing my treasure away from me, seeing Hugo's eyes fixed on her with such utter delight in his face. All that she sang was in Spanish, or some tongue like that, rich and soft. But suddenly she began something in English, quite different. An old-fashioned sort of song, I am sure I have seen the words somewhere—

"One more glimpse of the sun,  
One more breath of the sea. . . ."

She sang it as if she were pleading for life. Hugo moved nearer to her, and in that moment I knew that I had had as much as I could stand. I got up very softly. Somehow I didn't want to spoil the song that was enchanting him, and it was quite easy to go out quietly. I murmured to Eva, who was near the door, something about being tired and going to bed; and she nodded easily. Oh, what a strain of music floated out at last, as the girl sang on, about

"One more sound of returning feet . . ."

I fled to my room.

That was a night I don't care to think about. I didn't give way, for I knew the next day was before me. And there was just one comfort. I had not given myself away. Even Hugo had not the least idea, and the girl would never tell him. I knew that. But the night is very long when you can't sleep. I thought about Miriam and what she had said—that one of us would cost the other her life.

If this had all happened in a story, I suppose I should have clenched my hands and thrown myself on my bed, and violently hated the other girl. But as a matter of fact I sat very still in a deep arm-chair, holding the arms tightly—and thinking. I had not the least desire to curse Lorna Dare. She had won and I had lost, and that was all about it.

## CHAPTER V.—THE PLAY.

When it grew quite light in the morning I changed my clothes and went out of the house. I had to find James to let me out, and as he did so I noticed that the door was neither bolted nor locked, though he made quite a parade of opening it. There seem to be very few locks in Irish houses, except broken ones.

Nothing is quite as bad in the open air as it seems under a roof. I wandered about the old walled garden, with its few late flowers all glistening and wet and the borders very weedy. I gathered my courage together, and began to think with determination about plans and where I should go for the next few days. Just then some violets sent one of their wafts of sweetness into my face. It is an odd thing that you cannot bear that kind of scent when you are unstrung. I turned away at once down a long walk with very old nut-trees shading one side of it.

A bird among the nut-trees broke into a morning song, very fast and sweet, the notes falling about like a shower of rain, and so joyful. Listening to him I suddenly burst out crying, and then began to sob heavily like a child. This was perfectly dreadful, because I couldn't stop. I leant against a nut-tree, with my arms across one of its branches, and my face bent down on them, trying to be steady. That very moment footsteps came down the walk behind me. I had

to lift my head and face—Hugo.

A nice position for me, all streaming with tears at such an hour of the morning—too ridiculous and undignified! He stood very quietly there and said—

"What's the matter? You have been frightened."

"No, I haven't," I said. "I've only had a bad night, and then I came out too early, and missed my cup of tea. It's a stupid thing to do."

Now isn't it extraordinary how one speaks the truth at such moments, simply from the want of power to invent anything better?

Hugo didn't laugh. He explained—

"I wanted to find you, and James told me where you had gone. I have something to say to you."

Then he asked me to marry him.

I was so weak with surprise at that, that I leant against the nut-tree again, and the bird broke into his song again, quite close above our heads. . . . After which I have nothing to relate about the ensuing half-hour. Really it could have no possible interest except to our two selves.

But as I have a great value for facts, and like to have a perfectly clear grasp of them, I did ask Hugo one question.

"Will you tell me," I said, "how you could be desperately in love with one girl last evening, and with another one this morning?"

"I simply loved her singing," he said, "but I was thinking of you all the time she sang."

"That isn't all. Think how extraordinarily pretty she is!" I reminded him.

"About the prettiest girl I've ever seen," he agreed.

"With heaps and heaps of money too," I went on.

"I believe you. Do you know how that Yankee fellow from Dublin described her to me in his enthusiasm? 'She's a regular ring-tailed screamer,' he said, 'and with money that it's scandalous!'"

"How pleased your people would have been if——"

"But the trouble is, that I don't want her a bit more than she wants me."

I left it alone after that.

We went in, and had breakfast and all just as usual, and no one could possibly have known from either of our faces that anything had happened. I hate a fuss myself, and Hugo said his father would have quite enough to think of that day. He wasn't going to speak to him about marrying on a morning when he hadn't even the library to sit in, because of preparations for the play. The library was to be the green-room, it seemed.

We were to act in the hall. Hugo and old James were manœuvring the "curtain" there for an hour. Sometimes it descended perfectly, and sometimes it stuck. I happened to be coming downstairs when I overheard James saying in a voice of exasperation—

"Will ye lave it alone,

Master Hugo, for the love o' God! Lave it to me, an' ge you now and mind yer own business with me Lady Jane."

"Go to — Jericho!" said Hugo in a fury. James fled to his pantry, and I made a dash for the door myself.

I was on the search for Lorna Dare. She was nowhere to be found in the house, so I went round to the stables, and heard her voice asking some one to get her horse ready the first thing after lunch, as she wanted to exercise him. The man came out as I went in; and naturally I moved up to the loose box where she was standing beside the horse, and made some remark about him.

"He isn't mine," she said, "I've only got him on trial. He's five years old, and rather green, but he'll make a good fencer some day. Not for me, I imagine."

"Why not?" I asked stupidly.

And then, without waiting for an answer, I blundered straight into it.

"Listen a moment," I said, speaking low and quick, to get it over. "This morning Hugo and I have promised to marry each other. Nobody knows. I came to tell you, as it seemed the fair thing to do. If you'll let me say so, I'm awfully sorry for you. Of course *he* doesn't know—and he never will."

I never found any words so hard to utter. It felt like killing something to tell her. In the silence that followed, the horse's feet rustled in the straw, and her slow hand

stroked his neck, but her face was turned away. Not that I would have looked at her face for anything. I'm glad to remember that she put out her hand to me. I held it for two seconds, and then I left her alone. There was really nothing else to do, for she must have hated the sight of me.

When you come to think of it, there's an element of hard-heartedness in the arrangement of all human affairs. Why can't two people be perfectly happy without a third person being miserable? Why can't one person win without another person losing? Why must a person feel guilty about a thing that really wasn't their fault? And then one is told that everything is for the best; but it isn't,—as far as *I* can see.

But I must get on with my story. There was rather a surprise when no Lorna appeared at lunch. I informed them that she had a headache, and wasn't hungry, but was going for a ride to cure it. I wanted to keep them from worrying her in her room; that was all.

"I hope she won't have a headache this evening," said Eva, with a beginning of anxiety in her voice.

"Shouldn't wonder," said Jim. "Got a brute of a headache myself this minute, the sort that makes you forget all your words. They're slipping from me now, like eels."

Eva fixed him with a stony glare.

"You'd better!" she said darkly, and looked so threatening that I flew for my own book of the play, and went over my words directly after lunch.

I'm not nervous, but I had never acted before, you see. There was endless scurrying up and down, chiefly in the hall, where James was placing footlights in a row. I hope it wasn't deserting, but we went for a walk, Hugo and I, because—well, I don't know, but it seemed necessary. When we got back, it was to find every one finishing tea, and wondering about Lorna, who had not returned. It was dusk already, and the business of the evening was looming large before us. Hugo went out at last to the stables, and I waited about uneasily till he returned, and I heard him report to Eva—

"It's all right. Her horse is there, and the men saw her come back to the house. She must be upstairs now."

"Then I'll tell them to take fresh tea up to her room at once. That will waste less time," said Eva, immensely relieved, and hurrying off. "Jane, do remind her that we are all to have our faces done up by that hairdresser woman, who is here already. We must go to her in the green-room, one after another. She is *not* to go to our rooms, mind!—and besides——"

Eva vanished, instructions that one couldn't catch still trailing in her wake, as it were. I went upstairs, and watched till I saw the maid coming up with the tea-tray.

I gave her the message, and bade her deliver it very carefully, about the green-room and everything; because of course Lorna wouldn't have cared to see *me*, of all people. The maid replied cheerfully—"Never fear!"—and tripped away.

It is an extraordinary reply that Irish maids seem inclined to give on all occasions.

I had hours to spare after dressing, and nothing to do but to look from my window at the motors coming up the avenue. I could see the headlights far away, and there was a dip where they were lost to view, and then came a stretch of trees where the lights shone on dark fir-stems, which by day were rosy red. It occurred to me that this avenue which I thought so strange might one day be my most familiar outlook, and that the motors were bringing the people who would be my neighbours and—it was to be hoped—friends, our audience for this evening.

The idea sent me downstairs in excellent time, to find the green-room fairly humming; the actors evidently excited by the noise the audience made taking their seats in the hall and chattering. Eva, after all her excitement during the week, had turned as cool and collected as any professional, and was exhorting us not to be slow in taking up our cues.

"Remember it's a one-act thing, and it ought to go *fast*," she said. "If we let it drag at all, they'll get bored. And now—my goodness! where is Lorna?"

She was not to be seen. No one had seen her.

"I must go and fetch her this minute," Eva declared, and sped up the stairs like a lamplighter.

Exactly at this juncture I was seized with stage-fright or whatever they call it, and began to shake like a leaf.

"All right!" said Hugo, seeing me subside in my chair. "Now for the champagne! You'll be all right in two seconds."

And we all hastily drank the champagne which he had got ready at that psychological moment. In two seconds I was all right, and ready for the fray.

"I can feel mine coming on again, Hugo, real *bad* stage-fright," said that idiotic Jim. "Would you recommend any more of the remedy?" And at that moment down came Eva, nearly breathless, and declaring—

"It's all up. I couldn't see her. She wouldn't answer, Hugo, and her door was locked. Yes, *locked*. What does it mean? We'll have to give it all up. Oh, Hugo!"

"Here, drink this," commanded Hugo, in a business-like way, handing her a glass of champagne. "It means that she has been taken ill, I suppose. Who saw Miss Dare last?"

"The maid who brought her tea at six o'clock," I said. "It was Margaret. I spoke to her, and sent Eva's message."

"I must find Margaret," said Eva, and darted out again.

She came back as swiftly, and caught Hugo by the arm.

"Margaret never saw her at all," she said despairingly. "She knocked at her door, and couldn't get an answer, and was afraid to go in, and she left the tray on the table outside the door, and went away because Judy or some one was calling her. I don't believe Lorna came back at all! I don't believe she is in the house! She has had an accident——"

"Eva, don't be an idiot," said Hugo. "She did come back, for she brought her horse back. Didn't I see him in the stable? and the men there said they had seen her go on to the house. If she were not in her room, how came the door to be locked? There, do you see?"

"But if she is up there fainting or incapable, or whatever is the matter with her, she can't act, and we can't act without her. It's all up with the play. You had better go out before the curtain and make some sort of apology to the audience."

Eva broke down. It *was* hard on her.

"Well, I'll wait till the time is up," said Hugo decidedly. "It wants two minutes of the time still, before we ought to begin. Perhaps she will pull herself together, and come down. I don't believe she will fail us, if she can help it. Don't you remember how she promised to act this evening, *whatever happened?* Hold up, Eva! Get ready, all of you. . . . Now then, time is up."

My eyes were on the clock in the hall corner, with its silvery face shining out of a tall old case. As quietly as a shadow I saw Lorna Dare come quickly down the stairs, ready dressed for her part, all in black, with a long scarf about her.

She said nothing to us, gave a wave of her hand at the clock, pointing to the time, and stepped on to the stage. The bell rang, and the curtain went up.

All the people in the hall wavered before my eyes. I had no idea before that moment how imposing an audience is. But I didn't lose my head, chiefly because I hadn't time to. We were right in the middle of the play before we seemed to have fairly begun.

I have a hazy idea that something was left out, near the beginning, but I'm not sure what. The others all seemed to me to be acting brilliantly. I haven't a notion how I did myself, but my voice was like that of a complete stranger, and my head was in a whirl. Lorna's voice sounded very strange to me too, and she looked deadly pale, but I didn't wonder at that. Hers was quite a small part, but she made it most effective, I thought.

The audience was the really unsatisfactory feature of the entertainment. I couldn't make out what was the matter with them. They stared, they whispered together, they rustled; then they got very quiet—in fact, stony. It is not pleasant to have an audience like that, it doesn't help you along.

Still we kept it up as well as we could, and there was not a single hitch from beginning to end. Except one: I remember now the lights went wrong, somehow. They got quite dim towards the end, and when we were called before the curtain, it seemed *quite* time to leave off. I don't believe that even Eva would have wanted to go on a moment longer.

It was odd how exhausted we all felt, and how cold. Then some one remarked that Miss Dare must be feeling more tired than any of us. We turned to ask her what made her so late in coming down?—and behold, she had vanished!

"Oh, come on!" said Eva. "We simply *must* look after her. Come with me, Jane, quick! before we have to talk to all the people."

We both ran upstairs, and tried to get into her room, but the door was fast. We called her and implored her, and not a word could we get in answer.

"Eva," I said, "don't let there be any fuss, if you can help it. Go down and talk to everybody, and keep them amused. I'll find Hugo, and see what he says."

I found him, and what he said was—

"The door must be opened at once. And my mother ought to see it done—and, look here, keep Eva away and come yourself. It's good luck that Dr Kennedy is here. I saw him in the audience. I'll

find him and bring him up at once."

"But the door, Hugo——?"

"I'll tell James to see to that. Any one can open a door, you know." Presently Lady Fenton came upstairs, holding her husband's arm, and with her eyes fixed on his face. I remembered then that Lorna had told me Lady Fenton never came upstairs.

Old James was already at the door, working at the lock with a screw-driver or something, and looking furtively over his shoulder. I believe he was afraid that some of the maids would come down the passage, but he said not a word. Just as he got the door open I heard the steps of two men, Hugo and the old doctor whom he was bringing up. Hugo went away and took James with him.

The doctor was the first to go into the room. Sir Richard and Lady Fenton followed the doctor, and I followed them.

At first I could not see any one there. There were no candles lit, but on a table stood that shaded lamp which Lorna had used on the evening when she first looked at my hand. The doctor lifted the lamp and carried it to the bedside. On the bed lay a figure, very slim and stiff in outline, wearing riding things and boots.

The doctor bent over her and no one spoke.

Then he raised his head and said quietly—

"She has been dead for some hours."



## SWIFT AND IRELAND.

BY J. A. STRAHAN.

A VISITOR to the Irish capital, if he has as part of his equipment the smallest supply of literature or romance, never fails to make a pilgrimage to St Patrick's Cathedral, in whose "holy precincts lie, Ashes that make it holier." If, after doing homage to the sacred sepulchre where he is buried for ever the unhappy lover of the furious dean and the gentle Stella, he traces his way through the congery of squalid streets between the Cathedral and the Castle, he may, if he be fortunate, happen upon a wall containing a tablet which records that Hoey's Court, where the dean was born, once stood there.

If, having the aforesaid qualities in his equipment, he has already sought out, as he naturally would, the birthplaces of other sons of Dublin city even more famous than Swift, this memorial tablet will surprise him. He will have gone, for instance, to Ormond Quay, where Edmund Burke first saw the light. Judging by the decrepit condition of the houses there, it is more than likely that they were built before Burke's birth, and that one of them is the authentic building which witnessed that event; but there is no tablet to mark it. And he will have gone to seek and to find the birthplace of the Duke of Wellington. Mer-

nington House stands straight and square in Upper Merrien Street; but there is no tablet on its walls to tell the casual passer that in that building was born the man who conquered the conqueror of half the world. Monuments no doubt have been erected to both these great among the greatest men — Foley's statue of Burke stands in the grounds of his old University, the ultra-Unionist Trinity, and the "big milestone" to Wellington stands in the royal Phoenix Park. Though possibly originally of Norman blood, they were both of families born and bred for centuries in Ireland. Swift's father and mother were born in England, and he himself disdained the name of Irishman. Why, then, should their birthplaces go unmarked while the very site of his vanished birthplace is commemorated?

Possibly an answer will suggest itself to the mind of the visitor if, after he has looked at Mornington House, he turns west, and having passed Trinity College pursues his way along Dame Street. When he reaches Cornmarket he will find there another memorial tablet: it records that the house to which it is affixed is the birthplace of the rebel Napper Tandy. When he proceeds on to Thomas Street he will find

another memorial tablet telling him that the rebel Lord Edward Fitzgerald was there taken prisoner and received his death wound. There are many other memorial tablets on many other walls in the city of Dublin; but, if I remember rightly, they all have one thing in common: they are erected to the memory of men who were enemies of England. Perhaps it is because Wellington and Burke were not enemies of England that their birthplaces are unmarked, and perhaps Swift's birthplace or its site is marked because, though all his life he hated Ireland much, in his old age he hated England more.

Jonathan Swift never loved or pretended to love Ireland or the Irish. He always described himself as an Englishman who had the misfortune to be born in Ireland. The fierce struggles which he had with the Government of England were fought on behalf of those whom he called the "true English people of Ireland." The very last verses<sup>1</sup> he ever wrote were in disparagement of the wit and intelligence of Irishmen. And yet the Celtic Irish to this day revere this Englishman, who despised and contemned them, as the first and greatest of Irish Nationalists. Let us see how far he deserves their reverence.

In April 1682 Godwin Swift, a respected and reputed wealthy citizen of Dublin, entered his fatherless nephew Jonathan a

student of Trinity College, and paid the necessary fees. It may be assumed that he did this not very graciously. People are seldom over-gracious towards poor relations for whom they have to provide. And in this case Uncle Godwin seems to have had the unhappy disposition which afterwards marked nephew Jonathan. During his long life Dean Swift gave largely in charity, but his bounty was given without grace, and usually received without gratitude. And he received his uncle's graceless bounty with no gratitude, but with raging and reckless humiliation and resentment.

Swift used later in life to say that his uncle had given him the education of a dog. He must have meant he had given him his education as if he were a dog; for, in fact, the education which he received, or might, if he had chosen, have received, was the best that Ireland could provide. He was, when he entered Trinity, fourteen years of age. He had previously been at Kilkenny School, and he remained at the University till he was twenty-one. The dramatist Congreve was two or three years before him educated in the very same institutions, and became a scholar of whom Oxford would be proud: Swift left Trinity with no reputation for anything except idleness, stupidity, and insubordination.

He himself gave the real reason for this: it was because he was "so discouraged and

<sup>1</sup> Those on a new magazine being then erected in Phoenix Park.

sunk in his spirits." Seldom can there have been a more striking example of what seemed vice being only woe. Swift all his life was a being with a dash of insanity in his blood, and the pride of Lucifer in his heart. For such a man what fate could be more terrible than to pass his youth penniless, parentless, and dependent for everything on the charity of an acrid uncle! The very fact that that uncle placed him in the best foundations, where were educated the sons of the wealthiest fathers in the land, could only add to the horrors of the situation. One can well imagine that fierce haughty youth, with harsh repellent features only partly redeemed by large eyes "quite azure as the heavens," stalking in threadbare clothes with empty pockets solitary about the courts, or sitting solitary in the classes, of old Trinity, hearing in the laughter of happier, well-clad, well-provided students jeers at his poverty, and in every rebuke of his teachers an insult put on him because of his wretched condition. No wonder that he should revolt against the authorities and neglect the studies of the place, that the examiners should refuse him his degree, and that after he had obtained it by special grace, his conduct should be so dis-

orderly that it should be suspended.

Uncle Gedwin died, and Jonathan became the care of Uncle Dryden.<sup>1</sup> Uncle Dryden was a poorer, but seems to have been a gentler man than Uncle Gedwin; but there is no evidence that his gentleness in any way checked the disorderly life Swift was leading at Trinity. That was soon ended, however, by the Revolution of 1688. When Ireland fell under Catholic rule, Swift, like many other Protestants, took refuge in England.

These were Swift's first experiences of Ireland. To his last day he hated Dublin University as the scene of his early miseries and degradations. When in 1692 he obtained his M.A. at Oxford, he wrote bitterly that "he was ashamed to be more obliged in a few weeks to strangers than in seven years to Dublin College." Perhaps if he had spent the seven years at Dublin College as well as he spent the four years before going to Oxford, he should have been as much obliged to Dublin College; and perhaps if he had been as disorderly at Oxford as he was at Dublin College, he never should have got a degree there at all.

However, he arrived in England with hatred for Trinity and no love for Ireland in his heart, and no wish ever to

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<sup>1</sup> Swift's great-grandmother was a Dryden, and the poet was Swift's cousin once removed. Not long before Swift died insane in Dublin, Dryden's last surviving son died insane at Canons Ashby. It is commonly assumed that Dryden's son inherited his insanity from his mother, who also died insane; but this coincidence is worth noticing, as is also the fact that considerable eccentricity existed in some other members of the Dryden family, and the Swifts descended from Elizabeth Dryden.

return to either. His fortune in life compelled him to return to both,<sup>1</sup> but he always returned with reluctance, and till his health rendered it difficult to do so, found frequent occasion to desert them and to pay visits to England, which at times lasted for years.

We need not deal with the first six years he spent with Sir William Temple, first at Sheen and later at Moor Park, save to point out that he there retrieved the wasted years of his nonage by study so ardent and prolonged that probably it, and not the over-eating of fruit, was the cause of the vertigo from which he from time to time suffered during the rest of his life. When he obtained his Oxford M.A., he thought it was time to establish himself in life, and he applied to Temple to secure him an appointment. Temple not very warmly consented to do so, and found him a small office in the Rolls Court in Ireland. Swift declined it. He had, as he said, a scruple to enter the Church merely for a maintenance; now that he was offered a maintenance elsewhere this objection, he thought, no longer applied. He left Moor Park, set out on foot to Leicester, where his mother lived, being "passing rich on *twenty pounds a year*." From there he travelled to Dublin, was ordained deacon in October 1694 by the Bishop of Kildare, was made priest in January 1695, and in the same

year was, probably through Temple's recommendation, presented by Lord Deputy Capel to the prebend of Kilroot, with a stipend of about £100 a year.

Kilroot is a part of that district which slopes down from the hills of Antrim to the shores of Belfast Bay. It is a land of rushing streams and singing birds, and its surroundings recall to the memory of the travelled visitor Gibben's "sweet country of Vaux." Over the bay lie the rolling richly-wooded fields of Down; across the Channel rise blue in the far distance the mountains of Galloway, and on your right hand the ancient Norman Castle of Carriekfergus stands on its grey rock out among the waves like another Chillon. It was in these surroundings that the first of Swift's three love affairs began; and as wherever these love affairs began they all ended in Ireland, though they have little to do with Swift's feelings as to Ireland and things Irish, it is proper to trace them here.

Among the families resident near Kilroot was one, a son of which Swift had known at Trinity. The family's name was Waring, a name still common enough about Belfast. Naturally before long Swift established friendly relations with the Warings, and soon he developed a passion for one of the daughters called Jane. Just as he did in his two subsequent love affairs, he conferred on Jane a pet

<sup>1</sup> He obtained his D.D. in Trinity in February 1701.

name—Varina. The passion continued to grow stronger and stronger till the May of 1696. Then Swift was preparing to return to Sir William Temple, and before doing so he proposed to Varina in a vehement letter that she should await till he had acquired a position worthy of her, and then become his bride. Varina returned an evasive answer, and Swift resigned his living and returned to Moor Park.

Swift's return to Moor Park was due to the urgent and repeated requests to do so from Sir William Temple. The aged statesman, now in declining health, had felt the loss of Swift's services deeply, and now implored him to come back to be his friend, companion, and man of affairs. Temple had been very much the fine gentleman towards his poorly-paid secretary; but from this return till his death his bearing was different. When in 1698 he died, he by his will left Swift £100, and appointed him his literary executor; and Swift, in eulogizing his last illness, wrote, "with him died all that was good and amiable among men."<sup>1</sup>

What, from a literary and historical point, is ten times of more importance, is this: it was during this short second residence with Temple that Swift's second love affair began. When he first entered Temple's service at Sheen,

Lady Giffard, Sir William's sister-in-law, resided there. She had a waiting-woman known as Mrs Johnson, and Mrs Johnson had a little delicate child of six years called Esther. Who Mrs Johnson was, or who Esther's father was, is not certain to this day. Writing forty years later on Esther's death, Swift says that Mr Johnson was a younger son of a Nottinghamshire gentleman, and that Mrs Johnson belonged to a lower class, adding significantly that "indeed" the little girl "had little to boast of her birth." The ordinary opinion was that Esther was the natural daughter of Temple himself; and this is not rendered the less likely by the fact that in features she closely resembled him, and on his death he bequeathed her £1000 and some leasehold property in Ireland. Whosoever's daughter she may have been, to all the world save Swift she remained Esther Johnson all her life, even after her alleged marriage to Swift. He, as he had done with his previous love, gave her a pet name—Stella—and by that pet name she is likely to be remembered as long as the world lasts.

Macaulay's account of the beginning of Swift's second love affair is sufficiently ridiculous: "An eccentric, uncouth, disagreeable young Irishman, who had narrowly escaped plucking at Dublin,

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<sup>1</sup> Again in 1709, when Temple had been long dead and Swift long famous, he refers with affection and respect to his old friend in the Apology prefixed to 'The Tale of a Tub.'

attended Sir William as an amanuensis for board and twenty pounds a year; dined at the second table, wrote bad verses in praise of his employer, and made love to a very pretty, dark-eyed, young girl who waited on Lady Giffard. Little did Temple imagine that the coarse exterior of his dependant concealed a genius equally suited to politics and to letters—a genius destined to shake great kingdoms, to stir the laughter and the rage of millions, and to leave to posterity memorials which can perish only with the English language. Little did he think that the flirtation in his servants' hall, which he perhaps scarcely deigned to make the subject of a jest, was the beginning of a long unprosperous love, which was to be as widely famed as the passion of Petrarch or of Abelard."

Macaulay here seems to confuse the Swift of 1688 with the Swift of 1696, and Stella with her mother. When Swift went to Sheen in 1688, Stella was a sickly child in her seventh year; when he left Moor Park in 1693, she was still a sickly child and in her thirteenth year. It is not likely there could be many love passages between a grown man and a delicate girl of such an age. When he came back to Meer Park in 1696, the position was very different. Swift was no longer merely an uncouth young Irishman who had narrowly escaped plucking in Dublin, but a very learned M.A. of Oxford; and he was no longer the humble

dependant of Sir William Temple, but a clergyman who, at Temple's entreaty, had resigned his benefice to be the companion and trusted friend of the old statesman during his declining years. On the other hand, Stella was not, but her mother was, waiting-woman to Lady Giffard—a position Mrs Johnson continued to hold long after Stella had left Moor Park. And Stella had changed much since 1693. She was now in her sixteenth year, and was a charming young woman in excellent health, and, as Swift says, with "hair as black as the raven's wing." It was then that the long unprosperous love began. So little love was there between them before their second meeting that, as we have seen, Swift had, as his last act before returning to Meer Park, proposed marriage to another woman. Indeed, in later life, he seems sometimes to have forgotten that he had ever met her before 1696. Thus, in a birthday poem sent to her twenty-two years after this second meeting, he writes—

"Since first I saw thee at sixteen,  
The brightest virgin on the green."

It is impossible to believe that an all-knowing person like Macaulay did not know this; but he wanted to paint an arresting picture, and when he did so he was not the man to spoil it for a ha'porth of paint.

The death of Temple, in 1698, broke up the household at Meer Park. Swift edited

Temple's literary remains, and quarrelled with Temple's family over the job; Mrs Johnson remained with Lady Giffard as waiting-woman and companion; Stella, though still only in her eighteenth year, left her mother and retired to the country with another member of the household, Mrs Dingley, where they lived together in the closest friendship. The legacies Temple had left Stella brought in some £125 a year, and Mrs Dingley had an annuity of £28; so between them they had, as money went in those days, sufficient, but not more than sufficient, to live on in comfort.

One immense advantage Swift derived from his long residence with Sir William Temple: he came to know and be known to many of those who were then called "the great," from King William himself downwards. King William had taught him, in the gardens of Moor Park, how to out and eat asparagus in the Dutch style, and had, before his ordination, offered to give him a captaincy of dragoons, which he declined; and, after his ordination, promised to present him to a prebend of the Church, which he was very willing to accept. When Swift had edited Temple's literary remains, he dedicated the book to King William, and then applied to him to keep his promise. But with the death of Temple the King seems to have forgotten the existence of Swift; and so at length, becoming sick of

applying for what there was no chance of receiving, Swift sought the assistance of less exalted acquaintances. One of those whose help he asked was Lord Berkeley. It happened his lordship was just then about to start for Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, and he offered to appoint Swift his secretary. In default of anything better, Swift accepted, and started once more for his native but unloved land.

When he arrived at Dublin his troubles once more began. Some one persuaded Lord Berkeley that a clergyman was not a proper person to be secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, and Lord Berkeley dismissed Swift, but promised him, as a consolation, the valuable Deanery of Derry. Here another disappointment awaited him. It was announced that another candidate had been chosen; but two of the Lord Lieutenant's household informed Swift privately that he could still have the Deanery if he handed them £1000. Swift had not £1000 to hand them, and if he had, the man who hesitated to enter the Church for a livelihood was not likely to buy a livelihood in it with a bribe. He glared at the two place-mongers with fury in his sky-blue eyes. "God confound you both for a pair of scoundrels!" he said, and left the room. This was Swift's first experience of the way things were managed in Ireland, and he had plenty more of such displays of public spirit later on.

The place-mongers were

quick enough to see that they had an awkward customer to deal with, and they hurried to placate him. He was offered the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin in Meath, worth some £250 a year, and shortly afterwards the Prebend of Dunlavin at St Patrick's Cathedral, worth about £100 more. As money was at that time, in Ireland at any rate, worth four or five times what it is now, he may be said to have been in pretty comfortable circumstances.

So thought Varina of Kilroot. She wrote and reminded him of his proposal of three years before. He replied stating his willingness to keep the promise he then made, but did so in a manner which would make her acceptance an ignominy. Varina never replied, and so Swift was rid for ever of his first love. So the next year (1701) he brought over to Ireland his second one.

Poor Stella came to Ireland accompanied by the faithful Mrs Dingley, and never saw England again. Swift saw it often; for the next fifteen years he spent half his time there; but he always left Stella behind. When he was away she and Mrs Dingley occupied the vicarage; when he returned they moved into some neighbouring lodging. He seems, when at home, to have seen Stella almost every day, but never saw her save in the presence of a third person. It must have been a dismal love-making, and an endless one besides. So poor Stella soon began to think; and early

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in 1704 Swift found it necessary to explain to her that if "his fortune and humour" permitted him to marry he would prefer her to any one on earth. But "his fortune and humour" never did permit him to marry her: they only permitted him to prevent her marrying any one else. And so the long martyrdom of a love never satisfied, and year after year becoming more hopeless, which had begun when she was "sixteen, The brightest virgin on the green," continued while her beauty faded, her health broke, and her brightness disappeared, and ended only on that melancholy night when her dead body was laid to rest under the grey roof of her lover's cathedral.

The object of Swift's numerous visits to England was nominally to secure certain concessions from the Government to the Irish Church; but in fact they were largely due to his desire to have his books published. For he now had turned author in earnest. His first published work was a treatise on the 'Dissensions at Athens and Rome,' written at the suggestion of Lord Berkeley; and intended to deprecate the impeachment of the Whig leaders. But he had written while still at Moor Park two far more important volumes, though these were not published till 1704. The first was, 'The Tale of a Tub,' begun, it is said, while he was still at Trinity College, which gave Thomas Carlyle the hint on which he based his notion of a philosophy of clothes,

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expounded in 'Sartor Resartus.' The second was 'The Battle of the Books,' intended as a defence of the Ancients in the controversy between the supporters of ancient and modern literature, which supplied Matthew Arnold with the phrase which is now almost the only thing in connection with him which the average man remembers, "sweetness and light."<sup>1</sup> The sensation these produced in the literary world may be guessed by this, that in 1705, when Addison presented Swift with a copy of his newly-published travels, he did not hesitate to describe him in it as "the greatest genius of the age."

It is not my design to discuss Swift's literary works. Here all that need be said is that all of them that appeared during his life were published anonymously save one — 'A Proposal for Correcting the English Language' (1712)—and that all of them were written without remuneration save one — 'Gulliver's Travels' (1726) — for which he received a fee of £200. They made him acquainted with all the chief writers of England, and never once did he show the slightest tendency to literary jealousy. On the contrary, nothing seemed to give him more pleasure than to aid rising genius. He worked strenuously to help Pope, Gay, Parnell, and his old Kilkenny

schoolfellow Congreve; and when the Tories came into office and he almost controlled the State, he strove to secure that Steele and Addison and other men of letters should not suffer because they were Whigs.

The most famous of his visits to England was that which began in the summer of 1710 and ended in the summer of 1713. It was then he compiled that 'Journal' to Stella, which possibly will be read long after the controversial works which raised him to greatness will be forgotten; for it displays for all to see the little endearments, the outpourings of affection by which he bewitched the poor girl whom he had left behind him. It was then, too, that he began his third love affair—a love affair, it is true, which he never sought, but which he had too much vanity to avoid. It was then, too, that he attained to his greatest power and met his greatest disappointment. For the tremendous services he had rendered the Tory party he expected to be rewarded by an English bishopric; he had for the present to put up with an Irish deanery.

He came to Ireland gloomily enough in 1713, to be enthroned in St Patrick's Cathedral. The same year he returned to England to try to compose the dissensions

<sup>1</sup> "The difference"—between the Ancients and Moderns—"is that, instead of dirt and poison, we have chosen to fill our lives with honey and wax, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light."

between Oxford and Bolingbroke, and not without hope of securing what he longed for—preferment in England. He failed to reconcile the two Tory leaders, but remained the friend of both. Then Queen Anne died. That ended his hope of preferment in England. The Whigs ousted the Tories, and common-sense told him that he could not expect to get from his political enemies what he had failed to get from his political friends. He saw that the splendid race he had run in England was now ended, and he had lost the trophy and won merely a consolation prize, which was far from bringing him consolation. He again returned to Ireland, this time not gloomily but with a disappointed heart, rent with that frenzied fury against fortune and man, and the order of things in the world which, as age and sorrow and illness increased, grew more and more frenzied until it ended in madness.

Swift was not a selfish man in the ordinary sense of that word: his devotion to his friends, his charity to the poor, and his self-forgetting recklessness in attacking injustice and oppression, prove this. But he was absolutely self-centred in this sense, that he viewed everything from the standpoint of himself. Thus, till his return to Ireland in

1714, he took no interest in Irish affairs, save so far as they appeared to him to affect the interests of the Church of Ireland, of which he was a minister and a devoted friend.<sup>1</sup> This was because until that return he was thinking of an English career. After that return, however, it gradually dawned on him that he had become an Irishman for the rest of his life; and when he became convinced of this he turned his attention to Irish affairs. It is characteristic of him that he should do so, and even more characteristic that his interest in Irish affairs should be almost entirely limited to the affairs of that particular section of the Irish people to which he himself belonged—"the true English people of Ireland," as he called them, by which he meant the people English by descent and Church of England by religion. The Presbyterian Scots of the North he detested; the Popish Irish of the South-west he despised; to him the Angle-Irish of the South-east were the only people in the country worth troubling much about.

When he began to observe and consider the way in which that people were being treated, he was amazed and infuriated. One part of their treatment he regarded as nothing less than a personal insult to himself, and it is the one which not merely in his Irish writings,

<sup>1</sup> Previous to 1714 his only work, I believe, dealing with Irish affairs was, 'A Letter to a Member of Parliament in Ireland,' published in 1708, and, characteristic of its author, was a denunciation of a proposal to repeal the Test Act, which Swift thought might damage the Church.

but in his interview with Sir Robert Walpole in 1726, he puts first. As he says in his letter to Peterborough, setting out the grievances which he had brought before the English Prime Minister, he complained that "all persons born in Ireland are called Irishmen, although their fathers and grandfathers were born in England, and their predecessors having been conquerors of Ireland." He is as indignant over this as an Englishman born in South Africa would be indignant at being called a Hottentot. Again and again in his "patriotic" writings he dwells on this outrage. The English, he writes, "look upon us as a sort of savage Irish whom our ancestors conquered several hundred years ago." When one of us comes to an English country town, again he writes, "I have seen crowds coming about him, and wondering to see him so much better than themselves." You see he thought "the true English people of Ireland" were better than the English themselves, and there are some of them of the same opinion still.

Considering the degraded state of the Celtic Irish at this time, it is no wonder Swift revolted at the thought of being classed with them: that condition was so infamous that it is believed that it suggested to him his notion of the Yahoos, and certainly those wretched people were then much worse housed and fed, and nearly as ignorant as the horses which they tended

for their English conquerors. So far as I know, Swift makes only two suggestions with regard to them. The first is the "Modest Proposal" that their children should be cooked as food for the landlords, "who have already devoured most of the parents," the savage irony of which Thackeray so stupidly misunderstood. The second is that contained in his seventh Drapier letter: "That some effectual methods be taken to civilize the poor sort of our natives, in all these parts of the kingdom where the Irish abound, by introducing among them our language and customs, for want of which they live in the utmost ignorance, barbarity, nastiness, and thievery, to the very great and just reproach of too many landlords." Swift, unlike most of their conquerors, took no delight in the degradation of that most unhappy people. Like James Clarence Mangan,

"He too had pity for all souls in trouble,  
Here and in hell."

But his pity had a tendency to take a ferocious form, and it drove him frantic to be included among the people whom he pitied.

That was his personal grievance. His public grievance was England's madness in depressing "the true English people in Ireland." "One great merit I am sure we have, which these of English birth can have no pretence to, that our ancestors reduced this kingdom to obedience of England," he writes, "for which," he adds

bitterly, "we have been rewarded with a worse climate, the privilege of being governed by laws to which we do not consent, a ruined trade, a House of Peers without jurisdiction, almost an incapacity for all employments."

Just as the history of learning is the record of man's wisdom, so the history of politics is the history of man's folly. And in the whole history of politics no other such act of folly as that denounced by Swift has found a place. The Revolution of 1688 was the final triumph of a wicked but wise scheme—the conquest of Ireland by plantation. After it Ireland was nearly half British in people and four-fifths British in property. The north-east was a Scottish colony—so Scottish that a stranger arriving in it, not knowing where he was, would have had no doubt but he was in Scotland. The south-east of Ireland was in the same way English. In whole villages, cities, and even counties there were no inhabitants who were not of English blood and the Protestant religion, save a few casual labourers or wandering beggars. And these colonies were advancing every year in agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, so much so that with encouragement they might shortly have made the British race as dominant in Ireland as it was in Great Britain.

It was this prosperity which proved its ruin. The merchants and manufacturers of

Great Britain became scared at the progress of their countrymen in Ireland, and statutes were passed to restrain and ultimately ruin their commerce and enterprise. When Swift's printer was prosecuted for publishing his 'Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufacture in Cloathes and Furniture of Houses, etc., utterly rejecting and denouncing everything wearable that comes from England,' fifteen hundred weavers were idle in Dublin alone, with no prospect before them, as he says, but "to turn rogues or strolling beggars, or to leave the kingdom." No doubt most of them left the kingdom. In the second place, as Swift pointed out to Walpole, though "Ireland has a University more strictly disciplined than Oxford or Cambridge" (in this Swift is recalling his own unhappy experiences at Trinity), yet all the high appointments for learned men, such as bishoprics and judgeships and civil offices, were given to obscure Englishmen who brought with them a crowd of hungry dependants, to whom the lower posts were allotted. In the third place this, by depriving the landowners of any opportunity of finding suitable employment for their younger sons, forced them to rack-rent their tenants; and as grazing was for the landlord the most profitable way of employing land, the English tenants were turned out of their holdings, the land was devoted to cattle, and the farmers to beggary, until "the whole country, ex-

cept the Seettish plantation in the north, is a scene of misery and desolation hardly to be matched on this side of Lapland." In other words, England was undoing the work of her own hands. Having by iniquitous confiscations established a strong English colony in Ireland for the securing of English power there, she was now to gratify the greed of her merchants and office-seekers by deliberately destroying it.

In the interests of that colony, and as he insists again and again, in the interests of England herself, Swift fiercely protested against this madness and meanness. His first protest was the proposal to boycott English clothing and furniture. This was published in 1720. The Government persecuted the printer and publisher. At that time the Irish Bench was filled by the riff-raff of the English Bar, and the judges held their offices at pleasure, so the Government could always rely on their support. The jury who heard the charge against the printer and publisher acquitted them. Chief Justice Whitshed refused to accept the verdict. Nine times he sent them back to reconsider it: every time they returned with the same verdict. At last, somewhere near midnight, they were induced to return a special verdict—that is, to find the facts, and leave it to the court to decide whether the defendants were or were not guilty. But it was felt that the Chief Justice had overstepped the wide limit of subservice to the

Government accorded to all Irish judges. The consideration of the special judgment was postponed from session to session, and at last the Crown entered a *nolle prosequi*—but according to Swift, only when one of the defendants was dead and both were ruined. Every one knew Swift was the writer of the pamphlet, but the Government feared to tackle so formidable a fighter.

This pamphlet was followed in 1724 by the famous 'Drapier Letters.' Nothing Swift ever wrote showed better his genius for popular controversy. The only objection to the patent granted to Wood to coin copper money for Ireland was that it was a gross job. Swift paid no attention to this: the Irish people were used to jobs: in fact the Government of Ireland was government by jobbery; so they were not likely to be moved by that consideration. But the "true English people of Ireland" had a vivid recollection of the brass money issued by King James in the hope of filling his empty exchequer during the civil war in Ireland in 1689. Every Twelfth of July the Society of Aldermen of Skinner's Alley drank perdition to King James and his brass money and wooden shoes, by the last of which they meant his French allies. Swift seized on that point. Wood's ha'pence would not be intrinsically worth their face value; they were therefore base coin, and everybody who was forced to accept them would be swindled. The

memory of the Protestant populace went back to the brass money of King James, and they refused with fury to have forced on them the copper money of Wood.

On a false issue Swift won a true victory for Ireland. The English exploitation of the country received from him its first set-back. And when he had won his victory he practically abandoned his false issue. In the seventh letter, which was not published until the heat of the contest was past, he explains his real objects; and these included not merely the rejection of Wood's pence and the establishment of a national mint, but the civilisation of the native Irish, the encouragement of manufactures, the stoppage of the pernicious practice of turning agricultural into grazing land, and the planting of forest trees, of which the country was then being denuded, to produce charcoal for iron-smelting. If his proposals had been carried out, Ireland to-day would be a very different country in population, character, and even climate.

"The true English people of Ireland" were almost all Whigs of the Whigs. When Swift, the Tery champion, came to reside among them, the Dublin mob hooted and howled at him. Now he had become their hero, and such he remained till his dying day.

After his death he became also the hero of the Celtic Irish, as the first and greatest of Irish Nationalists. I wonder how they would like his sort of Nationalism to-day.

With the exception of that amazing work, 'The Travels of Lemuel Gulliver,' which was begun in 1720 and published in 1726-27, Swift, after the 'Drapier Letters,' wrote practically nothing about anything save Ireland. At first he had written as much in the interests of England<sup>1</sup> as of "the true English people of Ireland," but as his nature was, he gradually grew to hate the object he opposed, and that object was the English people. This is the reason, I suggest, why the tablet now appears on the wall standing near the site of his birthplace in Dublin.

While he was winning in public all these triumphs as a patriot and a man of the highest literary genius, in private his life was sinking into abject misery. I have spoken of his third love affair. The heroine of it was Hester van Hemrigh, surnamed by him (as his went was) Vanessa. He had met her before he became Dean of St Patrick's, when she was his neighbour in Bury Street, St James's. When he returned to London after being enthroned dean, he renewed the acquaintance, which developed into a flirtation on his side and into an

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<sup>1</sup> In his letter giving an account of his interview with Walpole in 1726, he says, "My principal design was to set him right, not only for the service of Ireland, but likewise of England."

infatuation on hers. It was then he wrote that story of their love entitled, 'Cadenus and Vanessa.' No doubt he thought that when he returned to Dublin the affair would come to an end; but it did not, for Vanessa followed him there. His elderly vanity seems to have been flattered so much by the admiration of his youthful worshipper that he had not the strength to explain to her the prior claim that poor Stella had upon his heart. Vanessa at last made inquiries by letter on that point from Stella herself. Stella passed on the letter to Swift, Swift returned it to Vanessa, accompanied by a terrific look of rage, under which poor Vanessa withered up and died. Stella, after three months' rebellion over this revelation, returned to her allegiance.

But her heart was broken, and soon her health was broken too. Swift, when he was in England enjoying the company of Pope and Bolingbroke, and the homage of the whole literary world, was summoned back to her deathbed in Dublin. According to all accounts, he offered to make her every reparation for her long martyrdom that was in his power. She answered that it was too late. She died on

28th January 1728, and was buried in St Patrick's Cathedral.

From her death Swift's savageness and melancholy grew worse and worse. In the June of the year of her death, we find him writing to Pope of his "perfect rage and resentment and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly, and baseness." In the next year he writes to Bolingbroke of his fear that he may die in a rage "like a poisoned rat in a hole." In 1736 he writes his last composition, a ferocious poem, attacking the Irish Parliament for hostility to the Church. After that comes raging insanity, then dumb fatuity, and then merciful death.

After a long, tempestuous, and tremendous life, the bitterest wit and the most savage humourist the English race has ever produced lies peacefully enough now under the floor of his own cathedral, by the side of the woman whose love he cherished and whose heart he broke, and in the midst of the people whom he delighted, defended, and despised, and whose follies and miseries rent his heart—for ever beyond the sound of human laughter, and for ever beyond the sight of human tears.

## Y A M A T O.

BY H. A. R.

## I.

SOME years ago I was in Tokyo and lived in a quaint little native house all made of straw, paper, and wood. I had as a cook a gentleman whose name being interpreted means "Taste of Salt." One day a nephew of his first wife, then a student at one of the universities in Tokyo, named Yamato, came to his house and begged to be allowed to spend the night there. Next morning my cook's old mother slid aside the panel dividing the guest-room from the verandah, and found the boy lying on the floor in the kneeling position, with his head, body, and arms fallen forward over his knees, as if in the conventional bowing or kow-tow position. On closer inspection, it was found that he had committed harakiri in the approved fashion, even to the reversing of the two centre mats of the room in which his body was found.

The cook, of course, who lived in my house, was considerably perturbed, as was evident from the alarming falling off in the quality of his productions. Later, when the suicide was connected with the murder of a lesser light in the political world, which had happened two days before, the cook's state of mental anxiety was truly pitiable. In a fortnight things were normal again. The papers gave forth the theory

that the murder was due to the fanaticism of two young students, whose minds were influenced by reading political literature of an intemperate nature, which they only half understood. This led them to take the mistaken line that, by murdering an offending member of the government with whose views they did not agree, they were emulating the samurai of old, and, at great personal inconvenience, performing a duty to their country. The other student was collared by the police, and at the time the whole thing caused a goodly sensation. In a month all was forgotten, and things, even in my kitchen, went on as before.

A long time later I happened to be concerned in work of a delicate nature which brought me in contact with a sinister figure. This was the head of a great organisation, the central figure that never appeared directly in connection with any of its activities, but remained unknown and obscure as the directing force behind the scenes. The existence of this gentleman was known to many, but few had ever seen or spoken to him. He was a popular myth under the nickname of "Shishi" or Lien. He was reputed to have such influence, that it was said the government and police dared not do anything to him. In



the course of my work I was to discover how great was his influence. He had many wild impossible schemes, the wildest of which was the formation of an Asiatic Alliance to rule and civilise the world. This scheme and its evolution brought him and his supporters, as may be imagined, into direct relationship with the enemies of my country. These latter were quite willing to help a movement directed towards alienating a vast Asiatic Empire from its allegiance. They only considered this first step, a step convenient for their plans, and never worried about what might happen should this alliance ever become a fact. However, these things happened before the war, and form another story. They only come in here because, in unearthing them, I also dug up a relic, a fragment, of the story of Yamato, revealing his connection with the "Lien."

Another fragment I came upon still later. My cook held

a celebration one evening in one of the back rooms of my house, and I tactlessly butted in by mistake, but was able to play my part well and gained his sympathy far enough to ease his tongue. He was celebrating the anniversary of the death of Yamato, the family hero. I was rather surprised to discover what a hero the boy had become, but the cook was determined that I should be converted to his worship. He told me much of what had passed at the house of his mother on the night of the lad's death.

This news, combined with what I already knew, set me thinking as I lay on my quilt bed on the straw-matted floor of my little house that night. I ransacked my brain for half-forgotten incidents bearing on the case, and, lying well back gazing at the dim tracery of the ceiling, with my tea-stuffed pillow under the back of my neck, I evolved a connected story. The story of Yamato.

## II.

On a hot brilliant moonlight night in the early part of August in the year 2 B.W. (before the war), an insignificant figure in a black kimono sat on a dull gold-embroidered silk cushion, in the centre of the floor of a pretty Japanese room. He seemed at first to be gazing out over his verandah and across the lake before his house at the beauty of the night, at the delicate curves and twists of the old fir against the moonlight, or the gentle

shimmer of the still water among the reeds and lotus leaves of the lake. Beside him, though it was damnably hot, was a heavy brass bowl full of ashes, in the centre of which glowed a few sticks of charcoal. On the edge of this bowl he rested one hand, and continued without ever a move to gaze out into the night.

He saw nothing of the moonlight nor the beauties of the lake, nor did he heed the distracting chorus of the frogs

nor the irritating attentions of a host of mosquitoes. His mind was far beyond, scheming of empires or plans to build them and men to use in the building. Then, as the eyes grew accustomed to the half-dark room and his face became visible in moonlight reflected from the matting at its outer edge, all trace of insignificance vanished, and one was forced to wonder what manner of man was this. His face was hard and relentless, and revealed power and intense mental energy. His features were small, regular, and clean-cut. Every now and then he would just raise his heavy eyelids enough to bring to life his eyes, which normally were dark and invisible as if concealed behind a mask. Then there was no doubt about him. He shewed up at once as a real man, a leader to be reckoned with, whatever he was after. This was the gentleman known as the "Lion."

At last he moved, straightened up a little, pulled one hand away from the brass bowl and the other from the depths of the sleeve of his kimono, and clapped his hands twice. A servant appeared at once, sliding back the panel behind his master, bowed, and raised his head from between his hands.

Without turning, the "Lien" in a quiet clear voice bade him give his good wishes to one Okawa San and request him to grace his poor room with his presence. A minute or more passed and Okawa appeared, repeated the motions of the servant and waited.

The "Lion" continued to gaze out into the night, and then in the same quiet voice said, "Okawa, it is decided." "The man of whom I spoke continues to work against me, to ruin the plans of my life; there is no other way, you must find suitable agents and act as I suggested. There is little hope for the tools you use, but what matters that, provided the work they break in doing is good. You yourself must be careful and act so that it is apparent to none that yours is the hand that uses them. Anything I can do to help you I will do, but your work must be accomplished as soon as your arrangements are perfected and success assured."

Okawa knelt back on his heels on the matting with his hands crossed over his chest, each into the opposite sleeve, and nodded his head at each pause in the "Lion's" speech.

After a slight pause the "Lien" continued, "I have already told you all I knew, and we have discussed what steps must be taken in the eventuality that has now risen, so kindly permit me to be impolite."

Knowing this quaint phrase to be the conventional hint to withdraw, Okawa without further ado made his bow and retired. The "Lion" acknowledged the salute with an inclination of the head, resumed his former position, and continued to gaze forth unseeing out, over, and beyond the beauties of the night that lay before him.

## III.

It is now the turn of Okawa to carry on this tale. He, too, bore a nickname—Kitsune or Fox—one hardly as honourable as that of his master, but one that described him well. He also was a man that counted. He had raised himself from nothing to a leading position in the political world that is usually "agin the Government," but he had that about him which marred indications of a fine commanding character. He soon revealed traces of shiftiness and insincerity. Although active, clever, and versatile, he was without doubt an adventurer, who held the views he held because they were to his own personal advantage, whereas his master, though wrong, was honestly wrong believing he was right.

Not long after the midnight interview above described, Okawa began to display an increasing interest in a students' union which he occasionally honoured with a lecture on current politics. He now embarked on a series of lectures on what might be called Eastern Welt-Politik. He was a clever and convincing lecturer, and was held in high esteem among the students. They were inclined to transfer some of the grandeur of the subject, which dealt with peoples in millions and treated vast empires as well-known neighbours, to the man who dealt with it. Thus by the very subjects he chose Okawa annexed unto himself a halo

of importance and disarmed criticism of his own personality. He never failed to work up his young audience to a high pitch of patriotic ardour. His main theme dealt always with the oriental ties binding India, China, and Japan. He contrasted the characteristics of the three countries, paid high tribute to the wonderful richness of ideas that found its birth in India, and dealt with the world-wide effect of its religious movements. He likened India to some great genius so steeped in transcendence that he was utterly unable to bother about house-keeping, order, tidiness, bills and accounts, and all the trifles of everyday life. Then he passed on to the cultured influence of China, shewing the effect it had had on the civilisation of Japan. Then he contrasted what he was pleased to term the spiritual civilisation of the East with the material civilisation of the West, and went on to shew how it had fallen to a Western power to step in and supply the deficiencies in the character of India. He showed how England had taken charge of the house, hustled about, tidying up, and setting all in order, to the intense discomfiture and distraction of the genius concerned. Then he dilated on the character of the people of his own country, how they were able not only to combine the qualities of India and China, but also to practice and surpass the business-like effici-

ency of the West. From that he proceeded to describe the great possibilities that lay before his countrymen. How they would fill the gap. How right it was that they, themselves orientals, should undertake, as a sacred task, the duty of helping those great nations that lacked the power of troubling over petty daily worries, which must none the less be tackled and efficiently dealt with if these nations were to fulfil their mission in the world. Then in glowing terms he urged the need of a great oriental alliance, the leading position his country would occupy in it, and the vast latent power, greater far than anything existing in Europe, that lay behind such a movement. His address towards the end assumed the character of a religious call to duty, and its effect on his hearers was evident in the intensity of their interest and the silent fervour of their whole attitude.

At the close of his general lectures the wily Okawa used to assemble about a dozen specially selected students as an inner circle. To them he would expound ways and means of becoming useful agents in the furtherance of these empire-building schemes. The general lectures outlined the idea as a whole. The select inner circle meetings dealt with the practical problems of achieving the objects in view.

Among the select of the inner circle were two students with whom we are specially concerned. One was Aizawa, a youth who in this country might justly be described as

bordering on the long-haired variety. He was intensely ardent, very highly strung, but not particularly discerning. The other was a man of much greater depth of character, named Yamato. He was by no means taken in by the wiles of Okawa, nor was he swept away by his eloquence. As a matter of fact, the skill and art of Okawa interested him intensely, but not from the empire-building point of view, but rather from the psychological standpoint and the effect on those around him; for Yamato was much taken up in watching and wondering to what it would all lead.

He was not at all sure that it was right. He felt instinctively that Okawa was insincere. He wondered how he could really know so much about international politics when he had never in his life been actively engaged in any government office, and so could have no direct knowledge of what was going on. Aizawa oddly enough was his best friend, and needed his protection. Yamato took up the whole cause, because it simply fascinated him to see all those fellow-students worked up by these skilful appeals to their patriotism, and he wanted to analyse their feelings; also he held on with the business because he had not yet made up his mind about it. He was himself rather a slow thinker and very silent, but would at rare intervals surprise his friends by his sudden outbursts against their fatuous political arguments. On these occasions he would speak with

passion for a minute or two, point out how they were all wrong, prove it by producing facts, the existence of which they had failed to notice, and then suddenly relapse into silence. In appearance he was rather short and thick-set. He was very much esteemed by his fellow-students, who set great store by his opinions, and dreaded nothing more than to be considered either a knave or a fool in his estimation.

One evening Yamato and Aizawa forgathered in a restaurant much frequented by students, in an obscure quarter of Tokyo, and sat together in a tiny room which only just held them and the trays bearing their evening meal. There had been a meeting that evening which Yamato had not attended, so he looked forward to hearing all about it from Aizawa. Aizawa was not exactly coherent during the meal, and quite failed to produce a connected account of the proceedings. By the end of it he was in a high state of nervous excitement, aided by a few cups of "sake," the local apology for a stimulating drink.

When the trays had been removed and they sat together over the brazier smoking the peculiar scented cigarettes of the country, Aizawa suddenly leant across and, touching Yamato on the hand, said, "Friend! I have great news for you. I have been chosen. Out of all those others, I alone

have been chosen to act as the samurai of old and rid my country of a dangerous enemy."

Yamato was decidedly taken aback. He had half expected some result like this, but not quite so soon, so he bid Aizawa explain further to gain time to think it over.

As Aizawa excitedly explained how Okawa had asked him alone to a secret interview, and honoured him with the sacred task of removing Mr Sato, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to another world, Yamato was busy thinking, and so far had analysed his own thoughts as to discover that he was more concerned in keeping Aizawa out of mischief than he was in assisting at the murder of a distinguished Minister.

"Aizawa," he interrupted, "I am with you in this. You need my help."

Aizawa, overcome with emotion, protested that he had always known that the noble Yamato would stand by him. They exchanged wine-cups, and, at the instigation of Aizawa, went through the silly melodramatic ceremony of swearing blood brotherhood, one of those bits of nonsense so much beloved by the Oriental. They sat on, talking in low voices to each other, till early morning, and, calling for another bottle of sake, finished by pledging one another and the cause several times over, then went home on foot.

#### IV.

A day or two later found their plans all laid. Aizawa's the two political experts with left out important details, as

de the plans of people hampered with impulsive natures. Their plans, like themselves, fly through space to the ultimate objective, and tend to ignore the ground that has to be tediously covered in between them and their goal. Aizawa fondly imagined that he was the moving and directing spirit, and that he and Yamato were acting in strict co-operation. Whereas Aizawa was more excited and voluble than ever, Yamato had become mere silent and reserved. His plan was complete in every detail, and, luckily for the peace of mind of Aizawa, remained locked in the depth of his secret soul. Poor Aizawa would probably have dramatically assassinated himself had he known all that had been going on in Yamato's head.

It was about six o'clock one evening in late autumn when they made their first frontal attack on the house of Mr Sato. It was Aizawa's idea. He fondly imagined that he would be ushered straight into the presence of this busy Minister, and could then either persuade him to resign and retire into obscurity, or, if he were obstinate and not overcome by Aizawa's eloquence, coerce him into oblivion by the simple and direct method of doing him in. Yamato, of course, knowing how futile this scheme was, padded unobtrusively in Aizawa's wake, waiting for the expected rebuff. Aizawa was beside himself with wounded pride at the insult of being turned away by the servants of the house, and

in that mood became an easy prey to the tactful suggestions of his friend, who from that moment, without letting it be noticed, took over the helm.

A few days after they carried out a deliberate reconnaissance. It was only necessary to scale a bamboo fence from a lane beside the house, and in shelter behind some bushes in the garden, watch all that happened in the lighted residence of the Minister. They watched him reading and writing in his study till the servants came and closed the sliding wooden shutters, and sealed all but an upstairs room in darkness.

Next night again they waited in the garden, but again Mr Sato sat in his study. It was not till the fourth night that the situation favoured the plan unfolded by Yamato. This time the study was in darkness and the shutters still open. Silently they crept to the low verandah, though each of them thought that he alone made noise enough to alarm the whole house. They crawled across the narrow verandah, every board of which seemed to screech and scream a better warning than any watch-dog knew how. Then on to the silent straw mats of the room itself, and back slid the sliding panel of a cupboard in the wall on the left, and the two conspirators found themselves in safety among the bedding of their unsuspecting host.

Aizawa closed the panel, leaving just a chink through which he could watch the room. Hours seemed to pass. A servant came and shut the

shutters as usual, turned out the light again and withdrew. Mere eternities, till at last a panel, dividing this room from the one beyond, slid aside, the light was turned on, and the Minister moved in and seated himself gently on the little cushion beside his foot-high writing-table. He pulled closer the brass bowl containing the charcoal, and lighted a cigarette by stabbing the end on the glowing embers in the brazier.

Yamato could almost feel the trembling excitement of his friend, and was ready for his slightest movement. Just as he felt certain that some action must follow, Mr Sato suddenly clapped his hands. A servant appeared, and both Yamato and Aizawa were in dread that the Minister would order his bed, on one of the quilts of which they were seated, to be laid out for the night. Instead, he ordered tea and the evening paper. These were brought, and the Minister poured out a cup from the tiny teapot, took a sip, and unfolded the paper. The servant withdrew. Yamato was as cool and collected that he made a mental note of his surprise at the unwonted sense of his friend Aizawa in allowing the servant plenty of time to get back to the kitchen and out of hearing.

Aizawa swept back the panel. There was a flash of the blade of a short sword; and when the astonished Minister turned, he was amazed to see one dishevelled and ex-

oited student half-lying on the floor beside him, his right hand grasping a sword, the blade of which was buried in the thick straw matting of the floor, transfixing a corner of the cushion on which he sat, while the wrist of the would-be assassin was firmly grasped by yet another student, who knelt on the floor and looked him calmly in the face as if nothing unusual had happened.

Mr Sato raised his hands, and was about to clap them to summon his servants, when Yamato quietly apologised for his rudeness and intrusion.

"Let me tell my story first," said Yamato. "I wish to have your most honourable opinion."

The Minister grunted rather than uttered his astonishment; and Yamato, seeing he was still undecided, said—

"We have disturbed you, but we have come thus to hear your advice and have your judgment; please permit me to tell my story."

The bearing of the speaker rather than what he said determined Mr Sato. He edged away a little, and, folding his arms into the sleeves of his kimono, courtly ordered Yamato to explain. Aizawa released his grip on the sword and sat huddled up in a state of complete nervous collapse. The sword remained stuck in the floor between the three, and Yamato calmly began to speak.

"My name is Yamato," he began. "This, my friend, is called Aizawa. We are students of the university. You have seen how my friend

would have cut you to-night, and this is the reason. I let my friend go as far as to attack you for two reasons: one, to convince you of my sincerity and your danger, and the other, to let an experiment work itself out to its conclusion. This act of my friend to-night is the culminating expression of a long series of impulses administered to a mind ready to receive them, and shows how easy it is for an agitator to influence certain types of men. The experiment has been to me all the more interesting because the agitator has never stated but one side of a case, and never once has the victim, my friend, asked or inquired either of himself or his instigator whether there might not be another. You are accused by those who sent my friend here to-night of weakness in your policy, of failing to put your country first in all things, in giving in to the demands and interests of the material Western powers, of acting in concert with them. They say the destiny of the East lies in the East, that Japan, the natural leader, must lead the East to world dominion in order to establish that ideal civilisation that only the unmaterial East can establish. You stand in the way of these ideals. Those who believe in this policy have used my friend here as their agent to assassinate you. He is but an instrument worked up to action by hearing only one side of the case. I, too, for many days have also heard one side. From whom better

than from you yourself could I hear the other side? Please excuse my rudeness, but let me hear it. Then having heard both sides, I, and I hope also my friend, will be able to judge who are the real enemies of our country—you, as we have been told, or those who sent us here."

Mr Sato grunted again, sat silent for a few minutes, then he spoke. "I have studied long," he said, "and I have travelled in many foreign countries East and West. For many years of my life I have been engaged with foreign policy. First your friend. You students are sent to universities first to study, and when you have studied and learnt, then to act, and act rightly if you have studied aright and formed right opinions. Your friend has acted first. In that he is wrong. Next, those who sent him here. You speak of their ideals. Men who have ideals and will not sacrifice themselves for those ideals, but instead use others as their tools and teach these others not impartially, in order to make of them tools, are not true men. Then their ideals cannot be sincere. Most probably they seek first of all their own interests. They say the destiny of the East lies in the East. The destiny of the East is of less account than the destiny of the world. You say that Japan must lead the other Eastern nations, and inspire them to establish a great oriental triple alliance. Unless those other nations of the East can reveal the true spirit from



within themselves, and so take their share in working out the destiny of the world, and not only that of the East, it is in vain for Japan to try to instil such a spirit from without. You say the Western nations are material. How do you judge? Has Japan ever been tempted to become material? If the temptation came would she resist it? I am not so sure. You say the West is material. We are now allied to what we, who know, believe to be the best in the West. That best cannot be all material, because that nation of which I speak already bears a heavy burden in working out the destiny of the

world. Why, then, should we exchange such an alliance for one with nations which have not yet even begun to bear their burden? That is all."

Without a word, Yamato drew the empty scabbard from Aizawa's belt, then taking the sword, he returned it and put it into his own belt. Bowing to the Minister, he said, "Indeed I thank you. Now I will be rude and take my leave." Without further ado, he rose and slipped the wooden catch of the shutter, and sliding enough apart to make a passage, he plucked Aizawa by the sleeve, pushed him gently out into the garden, and followed him.

## V.

Yamato saw Aizawa home, and then walked south from Aoyama towards his own lodgings. On the way he thought things over. He made his mind up quickly. In Mr Sato he believed implicitly, for he was obviously a man of honest purpose, who studied hard, and then acted as his convictions directed—a man of principle. Okawa, on the other hand, he felt convinced, was a fraud—a mere professional politician—a man who had discarded any principles he might ever have possessed, because, like a fool or a knave, he felt they were hindrances to his own speedy success. Against him Yamato felt a deepening resentment. The more he considered the effect of the teachings of the Okawas

he knew, on the impressionable and rather weak Aizawas of the world, the deeper this resentment grew. It seemed so utterly callous and immoral to dupe and make a tool of a young and ardent though hopelessly innocent soul. There were far too many of the Okawa type he decided, and too few who really helped things on. When it came to a man playing with the future of his country as if it were a mere pawn in the game of his personal ambition, as Okawa did, Yamato decided that it was time to take some action. There was no difficulty in choosing between Sato and Okawa. Okawa had urged the removal of Sato as an enemy of his country, whereas it was obvious that the real

enemy was Okawa himself. What more fitting, thought Yamato, than make the punishment fit the crime, and give Okawa a dose of his own medicine.

Next evening Okawa was encountered, according to plan, at a suitable spot close to his own house, and in a surprisingly short space of time had retired from politics and this wicked world, suffering from an excess of ventilation and cold steel in a part of his anatomy which nature intended to be kept at an even temperature and closed to the chill autumn air. Yamato was young enough to hope that he would get away with it, though his plans were all laid in case he did not. A day was enough to convince him that he could not escape the police, so he called on his old grand-aunt. In her house he acted in accordance with the long-standing teaching of the old school of his country for those who were hopelessly up against it.

This brings us back to the beginning of our story. Yamato is dead in the flesh. His memory is kept ever green in the little household shrine of a tiny dwelling in Tokyo, and not only among his own relatives is the day of his death celebrated as if it were a saint day. He left one treasured relic. In beautifully painted Chinese characters he wrote: "My life has been short, but I believe I have learnt to judge between right and wrong, and have struck one blow for the right."

Aizawa still lives as a rather unsuccessful journalist, for he has never yet learnt to be sure of himself. The day after Okawa's death he made another mistake. All his zeal had been turned to disappointment and disillusionment as a result of the Sato escapade. Yamato had vanished. Aizawa just longed to put as great a distance as he could between himself and Tokyo, so off he went to Ryogoku station, where of course he walked straight into the arms of the police. He was released after a couple of weeks; but even that short spell of prison, coming just when he ached to escape from all association with his past follies, made recovery from his mental disease a long instead of a short business.

What of our old friend the "Lion"—the real villain of the piece? The death of Okawa disturbed him only in that his servant made a fuss in reporting it and was rebuked accordingly. He sat in the same room much as before, only it was now autumn and the sliding paper windows were closed. Okawa dead meant only to him that part of his building had collapsed, and no sooner was the servant who brought the news out of the room than he was busy building again. He also still lives and still schemes, and for those who have eyes to see, there is evidence enough throughout the East that many of these schemes prosper and bear fruit.

## BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

MR BUCKLE is to be congratulated on bringing a great work to a happy conclusion. As he has neared the end, the hero of his biography has increased in interest, and the biographer has risen always with the occasion. His method of allowing the actors in the political drama, which it has been his good fortune to conduct, to tell their own story in their own words, has admirably justified itself. Where the interlocutors speak with elegance and authority, the more we are given of their own authentic speech the better. And how shall a play ever slacken its hold upon us, in which Queen Victoria and Disraeli are cast for the chief parts, and in which Lord Salisbury, Gortschakoff, and Bismarck are permitted to speak a line now and again?

Mr Buckle, then, has squandered none of the wealth of material that was given him. Moreover, he has known how to expend it to the best purpose. He resumes the narrative in 1867, when Disraeli, flushed with the victory of the Reform Bill, was conscious of the reaction which often follows victory, and he carries the narrative through Disraeli's years of triumph until the end. Few statesmen have reached their final glory with greater hardship than Disraeli. He was nearing seventy when for the first time he was assured the strength and the time to

make the dreams, which he had dreamed for England, realities. But he had little reason to repine or complain. He had justified his boyish boast that, when he raised his voice in the House of Commons a dropped pin might be heard. And yet he could not but stifle one regret. No man ever had a firmer faith in Youth than he. The eloquent hymn which he sang in 'Coningsby' to Youth and its manifold achievements still echoed in his ears, as it echoes in ours; and the privilege of action, supported and uncontrolled, was not his until he had reached the allotted span of life. "Power!" said he in the hour of his triumph, "it has come to me too late. There were days when on waking I felt I could move dynasties and governments, but that has passed away." It had not passed away, as Disraeli was destined presently to show. When once the battle was engaged, he found that neither years nor disease had destroyed the faculty of action that was in him.

Disraeli, being a man of imagination, was wont to look upon his life as a romance in which the last chapter no doubt shewed, in his fancy at any rate, the brightest colours. He delighted in the unexpected, and he was not unwilling to find in his own career an element of surprise. Yet well enough he knew, when he was sincere and by himself, that there was no surprise in his

career. What he had gained he had worked for with a conscious determination. Though it suited the Radicals to declare that he was no better than a Jewish trickster, a mere conjurer, who could keep six balls revolving in the air, the abuse was so obviously irrelevant that it missed its mark. Disraeli had prepared himself for the leadership of his party by years of hard and patient toil. There is only one short cut to political success—the short cut, which Gladstone took, of exciting the baser passions of the ignorant. But Disraeli was never a demagogue. He never stooped to the people. He based the opinions, which he held loyally and strenuously, upon a wide knowledge of the past; and if these opinions were accepted by the people, he was prepared to lead it, as long as it would follow him. He scorned always to give himself the title of leader, as others claimed it, when they were following only the baaing of the sheep.

It was not for him to stump the country, to bombard Midlothian with garrulity, to invent atrocities. "I have never in the course of my life," he once said with perfect truth, "obtruded myself on any meeting of my fellow-countrymen unless I was locally connected with them, or there were peculiar circumstances which might vindicate me from the imputation of thrusting myself unnecessarily on their attention." He was, in brief, endowed with the aristocracy of genius, and was not of those whom any man might approach

with impunity. Because he served England, he knew no reason why the first comer should accost him. I saw him but once in my boyhood, and recognised in him instantly the complete antithesis of Gladstone. It was on the platform at Swindon, and Disraeli (he was then Lord Beaconsfield) paced up and down on Lord Rowton's arm, waiting for a train. As he thus paced, slowly and wearily, a bluff and hearty bagman assailed him in the best of humours. "I have always voted for your side, Lord Beaconsfield," said the bagman, "and I should like to take you by the hand." Beaconsfield lifted his eyes for an instant and shook his head. "I do not know you," said he, and resumed his walk. Had so happy an encounter come to Mr Gladstone, what would he not have done? He would have shaken his assailant by both hands, and asked him to keep his umbrella as a souvenir.

Disraeli, being no demagogue, said what he thought, not what he hoped would be acceptable. Nothing is more clearly evident in the speeches of these later years than the sound sense and quick pre-science which inform them. Disraeli had the true gift of the statesman: he could infer what would be from what had been; he could look into the future with the wise eyes of the past. Always master of phrase and aphorism, he knew better than any other how to force his meaning upon his audience and to make it linger in its memory. The flouts and gibes of which he was

so easy a master were (so to say) the light horse in his attack. When (in 1872) he made his celebrated speech at Manchester, in which he coined the now famous phrase, *Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas*, and declared that "after all, the first consideration of a Minister should be the health of a people," he would not have produced his due effect unless he had pictured his adversaries in a passage that is never likely to be forgotten. "As I sat opposite the Treasury Bench," said he, "the Ministers reminded me of one of those marine landscapes not very unusual on the coasts of South America. You behold a range of exhausted volcanoes. Not a flame flickers on a single pallid crest. But the situation is still dangerous. There are occasional earthquakes, and ever and anon the dark rumbling of the sea." Here there is not a word awry. The precise effect which the orator intended is produced without fuss or trouble, and you wonder that the exhausted volcanoes ever again dared to raise their pallid crests upon the Treasury Bench.

But turn where you will in the pages of these volumes, you will find admirable specimens of Disraeli's eloquent wisdom. And the sure test of his wisdom is that what he said half a century ago is as true to-day as on the day whereon it was spoken. Let me take at random a few specimens, which will explain Disraeli's quick perception and lucid utterance more clearly than pages of commentary.

Here, for instance, is a sketch of the Irish character, made in 1868 on the hustings at Aylesbury, which has to-day lost nothing of its truth. "The Irishman," said Disraeli, "is an imaginative being. He lives on an island in a damp climate, and contiguous to the melancholy ocean. There is no nation that leads so monotonous a life as the Irish, because their only occupation is the cultivation of the soil before them. These men are discontented because they are not amused. The Irishman in other countries, when he has a fair field for his talents in various occupations, is equal, if not superior, to most races; and it is not the fault of the Government that there is not that variety of occupation in Ireland. I may say with frankness that I think it is the fault of the Irish. If they led that kind of life which would invite the introduction of capital into the country, all this ability might be utilised; and instead of those feelings which they acquire by brooding over the history of their country, a great part of which is merely traditionary, you would find men acquiring fortunes and arriving at conclusions in politics entirely different from those which they now offer." There we have the plain sense of the Irish question. And if Disraeli's good counsel had been followed, had Gladstone and others not found it profitable to appeal to a false sentimentality, there might to-day be no Irish question at all. With the same cold eye of understanding where-

with he envisaged Ireland, Disraeli envisaged America also. He was not afraid to call the poker player's bluff, and if only our governors had always showed his courage, we should not have lost so many games. He pointed out that it was only to Great Britain that the Americans were insolent and offensive, and they were insolent and offensive to us because they believed that they could adopt this attitude with impunity. And here is the warning that he gave: "The danger is this—they habitually excite the passions of millions, and some unfortunate thing happens, or some unfortunate thing is said in either country; the fire lights up, it is beyond their control, and the two nations are landed in a contest which they can no longer control or prevent. Though I should look upon it as the darkest hour of my life were I to counsel or even support in this House a war with the United States, still the United States should know that they are not an exception to the other countries of the world; that we do not permit ourselves to be insulted by any other country in the world, and that they cannot be an exception." Thus Disraeli; and our present Ministers, when England is assaulted by the rowdy rhetoric of America, hasten to offer whatever appeasement they may, and legislate in Ireland with an eye and an ear resolutely fixed upon an inimical Washington.

Disraeli, however, was never content with short views. He was gifted with prescience and

imagination. Ideas had no terror for him. And he prepared to-day for what he surely knew would come about to-morrow. No one of his time had a clearer vision than he of what would be the future of our Colonial Empire; and on the strength of a hasty word spoken in jest to Lord Malmesbury he has been accused by his enemies of despising our oversea dominions. Yet hear what he said in the memorable speech made at the Crystal Palace in 1872, a speech in which he advocated already an imperial tariff, securities for the people of England for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands which belonged to the sovereign as their trustee, and a military code which should have precisely defined the means and responsibilities by which the colonies should be defended and by which the mother-country should call for aid from the colonies themselves. "Well," asked he, "what has been the result of this attempt during the reign of Liberalism for the disintegration of the empire? It has entirely failed. But how has it failed? Through the sympathy of the colonies for the mother country. They have decided that the empire shall not be destroyed; and in my opinion no Minister in this country will do his duty who neglects any opportunity of reconstructing as much as possible our Colonial Empire, and of responding to those distant sympathies which may become the source of incalculable strength and happiness to this land." As Disraeli forecast it,

so has it been, and the events of the last few years have proved the truth of that which was spoken in 1872. Therein, indeed, lies the value of Disraeli's career and its ample record. They reveal to us still a body of Tory doctrine which it was never a sterner duty to ponder and expound than it is to-day.

The political game, as it is played in England, bears this resemblance to the game of fives, that you must get your adversary out before you may begin to score yourself. And during the last quarter-century of his life, Disraeli was faced by an adversary whom he could not ignore, and whom he could not meet with the good humour which he gladly showed to Hartington and Granville. His dislike and distrust of Gladstone were again and again loudly expressed, and Gladstone reciprocated the dislike and distrust with all his own bitterness. On either side the antipathy was natural and unconquerable. In Disraeli's eyes Gladstone was a malignant Tartuffe, dominated by hypocrisy and malice. To Sir Stafford Northcote Disraeli complained of Gladstone's "vindictiveness," which, said he, was a great fault in the leader of a party, who ought to be above personal feelings. "This will be 'nuts' to Gladstone," he wrote, when the harvest failed in 1880, "who will never rest till he has destroyed the landed interest. If he were younger the Crown would be in peril." Above all, he had a profound contempt for Gladstone's writ-

ings. Though he is himself at times sadly at fault, what he admired in others was style. "In letters," he wrote to Lady Bradford in 1875, "the first, and greatest, condition of success is—style. It is that by which the great authors live." And he found in the works of Gladstone everything that seemed to him to be vicious. "I think his usual style," said he, "the worst I know of any public man; and that it is marvellous how so consummate an orator should, the moment he takes his pen, be so involved, cumbersome, and infelicitous in expression." Had Disraeli lived to read Gladstone's printed speeches he would have involved them in the same condemnation, since they have been found unintelligible even to his most ardent admirers. But Disraeli, like the rest, had fallen under the histrion's sway, and deceived by the flashing eye and shaking voice, had thought his great adversary's oratory better than it was.

Here, then, is a definite difference between the two men. Disraeli was a man of letters who never wrote a note without thinking about the turn of the phrase. Gladstone, with all his love of books, was wholly insensitive to the claim of style. He poured out his confused thoughts upon paper in confused words. The few years which have passed since his death have wholly obliterated his writings from the minds of men. What he wrote in his lifetime was read by those fanatical persons who believed him to

be a saviour of the country, and who regarded him not as a man of letters but as an inspired prophet. Now that all the world knows that he was no prophet, the world has lost interest in his theology, in his criticism, in his mixed thoughts about Homer. Meanwhile the fame of Disraeli, the writer, has steadily increased. His novels are better understood, and more fairly judged for good and evil to-day than ever they were, and they have found a permanent place in the literature of their time. Here is a fine reversal of opinion! And it is satisfactory to think that in so brief a span of years effective justice has been done.

Indeed, by a strange perversion of the truth, the two men were in their lifetime put in their wrong places. "One of the most grievous and constant puzzles of King David," said an ironist in the 'Pall Mall Gazette' on March 3rd, 1868, quoted by Mr Buckle, "was the prosperity of the wicked and scornful; and the same tremendous moral enigma has come down to our own days. . . . Like the Psalmist, the Liberal leader may well protest that verily he has cleansed his heart in vain and washed his hands in innocence; . . . as blamelessly as any curate he has written about *Ecce Homo*; and he has never made a speech, even in the smallest country town, without calling out with David, 'How foolish am I, and how ignorant!' For all this, what does he see?" He saw the scorner who shot out the lip honoured among the people, and it was

enough, as the ironist says, "to make an honest man rend his mantle and shave his head and sit down among the ashes inconsolable." Again the two men have (so to say) changed their reputations. The idle apprentice, Disraeli, has become in the eyes of the present generation the industrious. He was called a Jew trickster, and to-day we know so much about him, thanks to his biographers, that henceforth none will doubt his sincerity. While Gladstone grasped eagerly at the opinions of others, hoping that his acceptance of them might bring him votes, Disraeli fashioned his own opinions and never stooped, as I have said, to the methods of the demagogue. We know now that it was the tortuous mind of Gladstone that was fertile in trickery, that the man who could deceive himself had no difficulty in deceiving others. Disraeli could never have stooped to the ingenious excuses which Gladstone thought were good enough to bamboozle the world withal. He could not have escaped from a promise to put a certain measure in the forefront of his policy by declaring that the forefront was a line and not a point. Surely in the matter of political morality there is no comparison between the two men. Time and knowledge have proved the advantage to be all on the side of Disraeli.

Through many years of fluent garrulity the Radicals have taunted Disraeli with a carelessness about the truth. They have held up their own Gladstone as a pure model of



veracity. The evidence which they bring forward is insufficient, and coloured by their own peculiar temperament. Disraeli, a natural courtier, did not despise the little arts by which pleasure is given to others and no harm is done. Mr Buckle cites an admirable example of his craft in this kind. "A well-known and delightful lady"—it is Mr G. W. E. Russell who tells the story—"tried to make him read *The New Republic*, and write a favourable word about it for the author's encouragement. He replied: 'I am not as strong as I was, and I cannot undertake to read your young friend's romances; but give me a sheet of paper.' So then and there he sat down and wrote: 'Dear Mrs S—, I am sorry I cannot dine with you next week, but I shall be at Hughenden. Would that my solitude could be peopled with the bright creations of Mr Mallock's fancy.'" As Mr Russell says, "bright creations" as an epitome of a book which he had not read is a stroke of genius. No doubt the phrase was flattering to Mr Mallock, and the underlying inaccuracy is easily pardoned. But I have seen this simple anecdote seized upon as a proof of Disraeli's falsehood, and no doubt it will bring comfort to many a Radical breast. And then I remember what Mr Gladstone said when he had unjustly accused Colonel Dopping of feloniously using a rifle. "I did not say that the rifle was loaded," he objected, and thought himself an injured

man. That he had libelled a gallant soldier mattered not to him. The glib excuse was ready upon his tongue. And there is no uncertainty which of the men put a better, more liberal interpretation upon the truth.

As in political thought, so in political oratory the advantage is with Disraeli. Master as he was of satire, especially in the brilliant days of his attack upon Peel, he was always the closest of reasoners: he based his arguments upon wisely collected and indestructible facts. In his style of speaking he was an artist always, and he had the artist's economy of words. There is no cotton-wool in the texture of his speech. All is reduced to its lowest terms, and there is little doubt about the meaning. The orator does not attempt to cover up the confusion of his mind by a mass of words. His periods are clear-cut and sustained. When you put down a speech of Disraeli's you know precisely what he has thought and said; its effect is made permanent upon your mind by a quick jest or happy aphorism; and over the whole flickers a lambent flame of wit and aphorism. The result is that the speeches of Disraeli have lost none of their force with the years. They are among the few specimens which remain to us of breathing, living oratory.

What a contrast is afforded us by the speeches of Gladstone! The best of them make us wonder that the two men were ever held to be rivals. Glad-

stone's terrent of eloquence is impetuous and undammed. It rushes along swift and purposeless, like a stream that has escaped from its banks. The Radical orator kept as little control upon his words as upon his thoughts, and his speeches are already almost unintelligible. He gives you a vague impression of nobility, humility, self-sacrifice—in brief, of all the virtues subtly blent together; and when you attempt to check the impression, you find that all the while you have been the victim of a mystification. Moreover, Gladstone could not, even if he would, touch the reasoning faculty of his hearers. He appeals always to passion or emotion, and seems as though he expected by the mere act of saying nothing definite to catch the innocent off their guard. He hopes to communicate to others the inebriation caused him by his own verbosity, and he hopes in vain. Such were the two men who fought for the right to govern England, and it is fortunate for England that in the critical years between 1874 and 1880 genius got the better of talent.

For that is the essential difference between the two men: Disraeli was a man of genius. Gladstone was forced to make the best of the talent entrusted to him. Genius, if it be hard to define, is easy to detect. Assuredly it is not synonymous with "taking pains," as has been foolishly supposed. Rather it is the quick faculty of thinking, writing, and acting spontaneously and without drudgery. The

man of genius, of course, cannot achieve his aim without taking pains; but the possession of the rarest gift of all enables him (so to say) to leave out the intermediate steps between conception and fruition. He strikes off at a blow that which industrious talent vainly attempts to accomplish by hard toil. And not only does the man of genius work by another method; he arrives at a result beyond the reach of industrious talent. What he does and says has a supreme and lasting quality of its own. He attaches succeeding generations more easily than he can attach his own. The very freshness of his attack baffles his contemporaries, and compels him to conquer his public before he can enthrall it. Often the balance is not redressed until after his death. And it is on the vital distinction between genius and talent which has ensured to Disraeli a growing fame, while the bays which once encircled the Olympian brow of Gladstone are already withered and cast away.

Disraeli was a Jew, a sojourner in a strange land, an alien who aspired to the governance of what was to him and to his race a foreign country. And he aspired not in vain, precisely because he was a man of genius. For genius transcends the boundaries and frontiers of race, and makes its happy possessor an understanding citizen in whatever state he inhabits. Now, genius is rarely found among the Jews, who, appreciative of the works of others, and often

good exeoutants, are seldom artists or capable of creative work. Above all, they may rarely be trusted with the work of governing. Having no country of their own, they seldom comprehend the meaning of the word "patriotism," and they remain all the world over a dangerous *imperium in imperio*, finding their friends not in the country of their adoption, but wherever abroad Jewry is most strongly entrenched. For this reason it would be well if by a common rule Jews were excludud from the privilege of government. Their international minds prevent them from loyal service, and the habit of centuries compels them to convert all policies into the terms of money. Wherever their influence is felt it is a sinister influence, and hidden underground. Nor can we ever hope to be well and loyally governed until we exclude Jews from our national counouils. And then comes along the man of genius, not to invalidate an honest rule, but to show that only in a thousand years may it be broken with impunity. Disraeli is the one single Jew in our annals who has justified the public confidence reposed in him. A Jew by blood, and proud of what he believed to be an ancient race, he was in sympathy and temper wholly English. His patriotism, ever aflame, was the patriotism not of the Ghetto but of Great Britain. The rare gift of genius enabled him to understand the English aristocracy, among which he

lived and upon which he relied for support. He advanced no Jews to places in his Cabinets. He knew but one end—the advancement of Great Britain, and he worked for that end with an untiring loyalty. Readers of Mr Buckle's volumes need not to be reminded of the hard fight which he fought in what he held to be the cause of England against factious opposition and ill-health. In all the admirable letters which he wrote to Queen Victoria and to Lady Bradford you will not find a single Jewish touch. In every line of his correspondence there speaks an English Tory; and as you read you marvel at what genius may accomplish. But, even while thanking God for the gift of Benjamin Disraeli, you do not relent against the others of his race. The miracle that happened once is not likely to be repeated.

And as Disraeli rigidly excluded the men of his own race from the task of governing England, so he separated himself from his people by an honest contempt of money. Until, in 1862, Andrew Montagu, a Yorkshire squire, came to his aid and took over his mortgages, he had been in the hands of moneylenders. Probably these unhappy transactions afforded him a deeper insight into the Jewish character than he had gained elsewhere. Throughout his long career he had depended upon his own exertions for the wealth that was necessary to support the dignity of his office. And not even his malignant opponents at home—and they

were many—ever breathed a hint of corruption. It was reserved for a Russian print, the 'Golos,' in 1876, to charge Lord Beaconsfield with having amassed a fortune, in conjunction with the firm of Erlanger, by speculating on the Eastern Question. Schouvaloff called upon him, as well he might, "with a message of horror and indignation"; and Rose, who had known all there was to know of Disraeli's affairs for thirty years, took the opportunity of protesting indignantly to Corry. "If ever a man lived," said he, "who was pure as snow in money matters, and more scrupulous than any living man in every thing that concerned his pecuniary interests, it is Lord Beaconsfield, as history will show." History has shown it already, and the high-mindedness of Lord Beaconsfield throws into a deep relief the carelessness of some of his successors.

Disraeli, then, was a Jew who had triumphed over Jewry, and who may not be taken as an example to the others of his race, between whom and him genius has set up an unscalable fence. Throughout the years of his supremacy, and they were all too few, he worked day and night to place Great Britain in a dominating position. He was a brave man, who did not fear war in the last resort. He was also a wise man, who knew that war, whatever its issue, was the heaviest misfortune that can overtake a country. Once upon a time, when a rupture with Russia seemed imminent,

Frederick Greenwood called upon him and found him in tears. But, being a man of action, he did not shrink from emergencies, and during his last and triumphant ministry he set England upon a higher pinnacle of strength and dignity than she had mounted for many a year. He had waited for power, and when it came it was complete and unquestioned. On the one hand he gained the whole-hearted confidence of the Queen; on the other he governed his devoted Cabinet without difficulty. The full responsibility of whatever was done at home and abroad he gladly assumed, and yet, like all great men, he knew how to depute work and let his colleagues have full scope. At the outset of his great term of office he devoted himself to domestic legislation, and gave practical shape to many of the ideas which he and his friends had cherished in the days of young England, still an active influence with him. But it is his foreign policy upon which his ultimate fame as a statesman rests, and it may be said that he met the great diplomatists of Europe on their chosen ground and conquered them. A foreign minister who faced Bismarck with composure, and who won from the Iron Chancellor not merely respect but friendship, has proved to the world both his candour and his courage.

Through the years in which Russia was striving to dominate Eastern Europe, Disraeli's difficult task was rendered yet

more difficult, because he had to harmonise as best he could the high-hearted patriotism of Queen Victoria with Derby's cold and fish-like indifference. That the harmony remained unbroken until near the end was due to Disraeli's untiring tact. He succeeded in keeping Great Britain out of war, and won a bloodless victory over Russia at the Congress of Berlin. That, indeed, was the highest point of his career—a triumph that was worth all the weary years of waiting. From the very outset it was he who aroused the liveliest curiosity. He was the centre of the Congress, at which he carried by far the greatest weight of authority. "Der alte Jude, das ist der Mann," said Bismarck, and thus gave the key to the others. The truth is that Disraeli knew what he wanted, and had the courage to insist upon getting it. In nothing did he fail; at no point did he condescend to compromise. With the greatest care had he laid his plans. Austria and Turkey were already on his side. His intentions were well known to Russia. Only the policy of Germany was uncertain, and what that was to be was speedily settled in amiable talk between Bismarck and Disraeli. The division of Bulgaria into two provinces, of which the northern province should have political autonomy, while the southern should remain as a portion of Turkey, with a measure of self-government, had been duly accepted by Russia. But Russia had insisted upon submitting to

the Congress the British contention that the Sultan should have full military rights in the southern province, and especially the right to canton troops on its frontiers. Disraeli, however, was obdurate. He presented as an ultimatum that which he had agreed to submit to the Congress. He was determined not to cede an inch to Russia; and Bismarck, when, after a long evening's talk with him, discovered that he meant business, went gladly over to his side. While Russia hesitated, Disraeli prepared to leave Berlin, and ordered his special train to be got ready. A break-up of the Congress meant war between England and Russia, and Gortchakoff at last gave in. It was a triumph for Disraeli, and Bismarck did not hide his admiration of his rival, whom he rated far higher than Gortchakoff, Andrassy, and the rest. "It was easy to transact business with him," said he; "in a quarter of an hour you knew exactly how you stood with him; the limits to which he was prepared to go were clearly defined, and a rapid summary soon precisèd matters."

Thus the ambitions of Russia were foiled, and Cyprus, of whose acquisition Disraeli had dreamed in 'Tancred,' became ours; and the statesman who had manfully supported the dignity of Great Britain, returned in triumph, bearing with him "Peace with Honour." It was a fitting end of a great career. Distinctions were showered upon him. He received the Garter,

and refused a Dukedom. Congratulations came to him from all sides and all parties. He survived the Congress three years, but his work was done. What could the rest be but an anti-climax? He died on 19th April 1881, full of years, and in the proud consciousness that he had achieved much that he had set out to achieve.

No man of his age had a more fortunate career. He lived not one, but many lives. He fulfilled his destiny as a statesman and as a man of letters. Whatever he had touched had prospered under his hand. He had enjoyed the trust and affection of his Sovereign as no other statesman in England has ever enjoyed them. He had conquered English Society in his youth, and had retained his conquest, until in his age he became, as it were, the arbiter of the great world. His reputation stood as high on the Continent of Europe as it stood at home, and he had risen to the dominant place in Great Britain without ever truckling to the folly, the ignorance, and the passion of the mob. Throughout his life he won with equal ease the friendship of men and women. The letters which he wrote to Lady Bradford and Lady Chesterfield are an eloquent testimony to the esteem and affection in which these ladies held him. Such relationships, indeed, are rare in the history of mankind, and happy is he to whom they are given. His wife, the constant friend and companion of his life, watched with eager sympathy his rise to power and influence,

and died in the fulness of her age. Why, then, does Mr Buckle call his life "at once a romance and a tragedy"? Truly it was a romance, because Disraeli, being of a romantic temper, turned into romance whatever he did and thought. As he says himself, his heart remained always young; and he never lost his zest for the colour and splendour of life, which are the real elements of romance. But tragedy? In vain we seek for it, as in vain we seek for the mystery in which Disraeli is said to have been enwrapped. Mr Monypenny said that "unless the mystery remained where he had finished his labours, he would have failed in his task of portraiture." Neither he nor Mr Buckle has failed in his task, and whatever mystery ever existed—if indeed any mystery existed—is dispelled. A simpler career, more plainly sketched and more successfully followed to the end, I do not know. Disraeli was candid to himself and to his friends, and the mass of material, piously gathered by his biographers and skilfully displayed, leaves neither his motives nor his actions in doubt. But the world, if it may not have a mystery, will cling to a paradox, and will still pretend to believe that the one man of his time, who had both the faculty and the will to reveal the secrets of his soul, is enwrapped in an impenetrable veil, which knowledge and clairvoyance are alike incapable of tearing asunder.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

THE SALVING OF THE *ULIDIA*.

BY DESMOND YOUNG.

## III.

So far so good—and, with the ship securely moored to the wooden “pristan” or jetty, we were inclined to sit about in the sunshine and congratulate ourselves. But to reach the first objective is never the most difficult part of the business. The holding of what has been gained is the real test, and the roar of the big motor-pump reminded us that, although she was new off the rocks and sheltered from the weather, the *Ulidia* was still kept afloat only by the pumps, and that under her keel was some thirty feet of water in which, at all costs, she must not be allowed to sink.

With the ship afloat, however, the divers could get underneath her to locate the damage, and it would be easy enough to discover the principal fractures, and with straw mattresses, blankets, sawdust, and oakum temporarily to close them to a certain extent, and thus reduce the leaks to manageable proportions until wooden patches could be made and fitted.

We gave the necessary orders, but the divers had other views.

It was past noon—and a Sunday; and at noon on Sunday they knocked off for the day. They were endangering the ship at the eleventh hour, when she was practically

in safety; but it was useless to point this out to them, or to promise them that they could stand easy for as long as they liked once the essential work was done. Nor did they care that the unfortunate Reay must go on running the pump, although he had been thirty-six hours or so without a moment's rest, and that the pump was overheated and likely to fail at any moment. Step work they would, and did, and having washed and put on their best clothes, went ashore to stroll about in the sunshine.

Grey and I tried to relieve Reay, but the true mechanical gift is given only to those from the Tyne or Clyde, and when anything went seriously wrong, as it did every quarter of an hour or so, Reay had to be shaken up from his bed in the 'tween-decks, where, in a puddle of lubricating oil and paraffin and water, he slept peacefully with his head on a length of iron discharge-pipe, while Grey and I shouted to each other to make ourselves heard above the noise of the pump.

The divers, meanwhile, had quickly tired of the rustic delights of Rasnavalek—the small settlement of wooden huts at the end of the “pristan”—and had walked into Soroka, where they succeeded in buying a couple of jars

of rum. For these they paid 1700 roubles — rather more than £20.

To men who will drink the spirit out of ship's compasses, the product of "Tommy's Cookers" melted down, or "A" petrol, and to whom methylated spirit is something in the nature of a vintage wine, service rum drunk neat out of cups is not as fatal as to the ordinary human being, but even Finns are not altogether immune from its after effects.

It was not surprising, therefore, that work was not started either punctually or enthusiastically the following morning, or that it was reported that one of the ladies aboard, whose looks should have protected her, had been compelled to resist the advances of the leading diver with a knife. This had resulted in a general dispute, and all the divers were so battered that their helmets had to be put on with care.

However, to do them justice, when they did get down they worked well, and by Monday night a wooden patch 12 feet by 18 feet was fitted over the principal fracture, which was discovered to be under the after-part of No. 1 hold. This was secured by two chains led right round it and the ship, and made fast to heavy baulks of timber, the ends of which rested on the hatch-coamings and the bulwarks, and the leak was reduced, so that it was only necessary to pump out No. 2 held every few hours. At nine o'clock the 12-inch meter-

pump was stopped for the first time and Reay turned in.

The pump had run, with the exception of stops of a couple of minutes at a time, continuously for fifty-four hours—a performance which its makers, Messrs Allen, afterwards described as "marvellous," pumping 700-800 tons of water every hour; and practically throughout this time Reay had stood alongside it, without food or sleep, and by sheer determination kept it going. The noise and fumes of the 60 H.P. motor running with an open exhaust in a confined space were almost indescribable, while about once every hour Reay was wet through with alternately boiling-hot and icy-cold water as he disconnected the water-circulating pipes to clear them of the cement which was continually choking them.

All this time he knew that if the pump stopped the ship would sink in deep water.

It was "a good show," and that the *Ulidia* remained afloat was entirely due to Reay.

Our intention had been to do sufficient temporary repairs to the ship at Soroka to enable her to be towed to England, and to fill her up with a cargo of timber from Belaieff's or Stewart's mill before leaving.

With a full cargo of timber it would be almost impossible for her to sink, while the freight would amount to some £15,000. Moreover, the timber had already been bought and paid for by the British Government, and it seemed a pity to leave it.

Two things happened to



alter our plans. The first, a telegram from Dawes, in a pre-arranged code, to say that the evacuation of North Russia would take place between September 15 and 25, we kept to ourselves. The second, unfortunately, was public property. This was a message received by one of the crew to the effect that the last steamer with refugees from Archangel to the Baltic ports would leave on September 20.

We had promised the men that they should have a free passage home to England in the *Ulidia*, and should be sent from there to the Baltic as soon as possible, but they preferred the greater comfort and security of the mail steamer; and, after the lapse of a year, it is possible to appreciate their point of view, though at the time our indignation was intense.

However, there was nothing for it. They would not stay on at Soroka, with what they felt was the risk of being left behind in North Russia at the mercy of the Bolsheviks.

We compromised, therefore, by agreeing to take the ship, as soon as we could get tugs, over to Archangel, where they would continue to work until they were due to sail for home. This left the problem of collecting a crew to bring the *Ulidia* to England unsettled, but we had enough troubles at the moment without looking even ten days ahead.

Grey was strongly in favour of Archangel, because it would be possible to put the ship in dry-dock there—if only for a

few days—and there was, of course, no question that she was really in no condition to be towed two thousand miles without dry-docking. Personally, I was afraid of the local Russian interests managing to prevent our sailing on some such pretext as unseaworthiness, until after the evacuation, which would mean leaving the ship behind; and, apart from that, I did not want to lose our cargo of timber, but in view of the men's attitude there was really no alternative.

We had obtained permission from the Ministry of Shipping in England to charter two large Admiralty tugs, and on September 8 the *Roll-Call* and *Resolve* arrived at Soroka.

They both drew about 16 to 18 feet of water, and it was a delicate business getting them in near enough to take hold of the ship. Indeed, one of them actually spent the night of the 8th-9th on the mud, although her captain never knew it.

On the morning of the 9th the ropes were let go, and the *Aleida Johanna* towed the *Ulidia* away from the pier, over the shallow bar, into deep water, where she anchored.

The ship was a curious sight; on board her were not only all the men, but also the wives whom some of them had brought with them from Archangel, together with those whom the majority of the remainder had acquired during their stay at Soroka. To these were added a number of children, dogs, cats, and even sheep and goats, which strayed about the decks.

Made fast astern was the *Permoshnik*, in charge of the imperturbable "Rat-Whiskers."

The start was delayed by our inability to heave up the anchor, which had apparently fouled something on the bottom. The windlass was as old as the ship, and two years' neglect had not improved it. We wasted an hour or so in trying various expedients, and then, as the glass was going down, knocked out the pin, and sacrificed the anchor and a couple of shackles of chain.

One of the big tugs had hold of the ship ahead, the *Aleida Johanna* was fast astern, and the other tug took station off the port quarter. As the last of the chain splashed over the side, we signalled to the leading tug to go ahead. This she did, and exclaiming thankfully "Now we're off," Grey and I lit cigarettes and took our last look at Soroka.

When we looked up again a few moments later we both remarked simultaneously, "When is he going to turn?" for we were by now half-way across the bay, heading straight for the patch of rocks on which the *Ulidia* had been ashore for two years, and there was no sign of the tug altering course. We watched him incredulously for a couple of minutes more, and then ran frantically up on to the fore-castle head, whistling and shouting. It seemed ages before any one aboard the tug saw us, and when they did we had to repeat our semaphore signal, "Hard over, or

you will have us ashore," two or three times before they read and understood it.

At last, when the beacon which marked the edge of the shoal was only a hundred yards or so away on our starboard hand, they seemed to realise what was happening, and we saw the tow-rope straighten out and swing and the water boil white under the tug's stern as he went "full ahead" on his starboard engine and astern on the other.

For what seemed an age the ship carried on towards the rocks, and then her bows swung round and she was clear and heading for the open sea. Grey and I subsided—and went below for a drink.

The rest of the day and that night passed without incident. The weather was fine and the sea calm, and the ship forged slowly through the water at six knots or so.

The glass, however, was still going down, and by the next evening the sky looked threatening and there was a moderate swell running.

So far the ship had been making very little water, and although one of the steam-pumps in the engine-room was running continuously, it was only necessary to run the motor-pump in No. 2 hold for a few minutes every three or four hours. As the swell increased and the ship moved about to it, she began to open out and take in more water; but this was more or less what we had expected, and we turned in about ten o'clock very con-

tentedly, with the knowledge that we should be going up Archangel river in the morning.

About midnight, however, we were suddenly awakened, and went on deck to find great alarms and excursions. The weather was worse, and it appeared that the launch, the *Permoshnik*, which was towing astern of the *Aleida Johanna*, had broken adrift. The captain of the latter had promptly let go his rope to the *Ulidia* and had gone off to pick up the unfortunate "Rat-Whiskers," who was whistling and burning blue lights, and shewing every sign of alarm. This was only natural, for few people would care to be adrift in the White Sea in September in bad weather, in a small steam launch without steam up.

The *Ulidia*—which, it will be remembered, had no rudder—was sheering about in every direction, with no tug astern to steer her, while the other Admiralty tug was not to be seen.

We had only an electric torch on board the *Ulidia*, and with this we had to signal our orders to the tug ahead. He repeated them with his mast head-light to the other Admiralty tug, which eventually acknowledged them from some miles off, and came up close enough to the *Aleida Johanna* to shout them to him through the megaphone. The orders were that the *Aleida Johanna* was to get hold of the *Ulidia* again at once and leave "Rat-Whiskers" and the launch to be picked up by the other tug.

These operations were eventually carried out, but they were by no means easy at night in an increasing sea, and Grey and I, who watched them from the bridge in our pyjamas, were almost incapable of making intelligible signals with the electric torch, so cold were our hands.

It was fortunate that the delay was no longer than it was, for, by the time we sighted the bar lightship at the entrance to the Dwina river, the weather was definitely bad and there was a heavy sea running.

The passage up to Archangel was none too easy, for the river is very narrow and the ship was difficult to steer; but with one of the large tugs alongside and the other ahead we managed it successfully.

An unforgettable sight was the indignant face of "Rat-Whiskers" (now safely made fast astern of the *Ulidia* again) when he saw Grey and me standing on the poop and smiling at him.

Off Archangel itself harbour tugs were waiting to take us up to the Lyra Dry Dock, which lay some eight miles up a still narrower river, and was only just sufficiently large to take a vessel such as the *Ulidia*. As we went up to it and round the innumerable bends, we were often only twenty yards or so from the banks; and it was with a feeling of considerable relief that, about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 11th, we saw the bows of the ship close up to the

gates of the dry dock and her stern securely moored. Having arranged that she should be docked that night, and that work on her should be commenced by our own men (for the dock was deserted) as soon as the water was pumped out of the dock, I took the *Aleida Johanna* and went off to Archangel to see Dawes and gather the latest news of the political situation. This was not encouraging. I learnt that the evacuation was definitely fixed for the 25th at latest, that the troops were already retreating from up-river, that the Bolsheviks were alive to what was going on, and that the feeling in Archangel itself was growing more and more hostile, and that a rising was confidently expected before the evacuation was completed. A Russian battleship was lying in the river, and was causing additional anxiety, for she was heavily armed, and her crew were reported to be pro-Bolshevik to a man.

However, a bath and a very good dinner in Dawes' room, followed by some bridge, made one inclined to optimism, and it was with a comparatively light heart that I went back to the *Ulidia* on the following morning.

I was met, on my arrival, by Grey and Reay with news which very quickly changed my views of life. They reported that the ringleaders of the Bolshevik faction on board had held a meeting, at which they had pointed out to the men that the ship was now

in dry dock, that no labour except their own was available for repairs, that the British evacuation was imminent, and that now was the time to demand double pay and shorter hours, and, if this was not conceded, to strike and seize the ship for themselves after the British had gone. It was easy to see that nothing was to be done with them, and I prepared to go back to Archangel and see what could be arranged there.

By now, however, the crew of the *Aleida Johanna* had conferred with the others, and they refused to work the tug. Fortunately, Kirschfeldt and the chief engineer were loyal, and persuaded one or two men to remain by her. Leaving Grey and Reay on board the *Ulidia* to see that no damage was done—for the dock was now dry and the ship on the chocks—I started off again, in a very different frame of mind from that in which I had returned.

The position looked pretty hopeless, but I discovered from Dawes that there were a number of M.M.R. ratings who were not attached to any ship and were awaiting a passage home to England. It was not long before I had obtained the permission of the officer in charge of them to call for volunteers to sail in the *Ulidia*.

The prospect of a change from service routine, and the publication of the rates which we were prepared to pay, soon produced these, and in the afternoon we returned

once more to the Lyra Dry Dock with a party of some sixteen men and an engineer officer. We arrived in time to interrupt another impassioned meeting—and perhaps the happiest moment in the lives of Grey, Reay, and myself was when we watched the Russians' faces as the blue-jackets climbed on board with their kit-bags.

"All Russians over the side in half an hour," was the order; and although they would cheerfully have murdered us, over the side they went with their belongings.

Kirschfeldt and the crew of the *Aleida Johanna* remained with us, however, and continued to run the tug, which was our only means of communication with Archangel.

Then began three strenuous days and nights. It was now the evening of September 12, and we calculated that the 15th was the latest date for the ship to leave the dry dock, for she had to be coaled and provisioned, and, if possible, loaded for the voyage home.

We had hoped to fit some form of rudder, but, as can be imagined, Archangel ten days before the final evacuation was no place to get work of this kind done.

All we could do was to plug as many rivet-holes as possible with wooden plugs, to caulk seams where they had opened out, and to put in cement wherever we knew that there were leaks in the sides and in the tops of the tanks.

This was enough, for there

were literally hundreds of rivets missing.

We had hoped to bolt on the wooden patch over the 10-foot long fracture under No. 1 hold, but we had no time even to do this, and could only content ourselves with heaving the chains, which secured it as tight as possible.

The cement bulkheads were, as we knew, none too watertight, but there was no time to do more than put in some fresh cement along the bottom of them.

For these three days we worked without ceasing, Reay, in particular, spending most of his time inside the tanks.

Lowson, the engineer officer, did his best with the feed-pump in the engine-room which kept the boilers supplied with water. This pump, which, besides being the same age as the ship (sixteen years), had been for two years under water, had caused us some anxiety on the way over from Soroka to Archangel, and was destined to cause us a great deal more.

On the late evening of the 15th the dock was filled again, and we were delighted to see that the ship made practically no water, with the exception of a little in the engine-room.

Two tugs were in readiness, and an old Russian pilot came on board to take the ship out.

The bends in the river were successfully negotiated, though with a narrow margin, and we were just turning into the main river when I felt the tug alongside her shoot suddenly ahead, tightening all her

ropes with a jerk. "My God," said Grey, "we're ashore!"

Ashore we were, and there can be no doubt that the pilot had put us ashore on purpose.

Fortunately the tide had only just begun to make, and the ship had not gone very far up on the mud bank which had been selected for her.

It was, however, a very moot point whether she would float or not, and, as a fact, she only did so at the top of high water. His age and other pre-occupations alone saved the old pilot, whom I have always regretted we did not throw over the side, as we threatened to do.

To make matters worse, this grounding did the ship no good, for, when she floated again, she was making considerably more water than before.

We considered the question of going back again into the dry dock, but both Grey and I disliked the idea of working the ship once more round the serpentine bends of the river, and time was a vital consideration.

Then the weather broke, and for two days more we were compelled to lie at anchor, unable to get down the river to Archangel.

On the 19th, at last the two tugs were able to take the *Ulidia* through the crowded shipping of the port, and to bring her up to an anchorage where she could be coaled and provisioned, and where timber could be loaded into her from lighters. Coal was particularly necessary, for steam to drive

the two Worthington pumps, which kept the engine-room and stokehold dry, had to be obtained from the ship's boilers, which, in spite of their two years under water, and our using salt water in them, were in good condition.

Life remained strenuous for the next few days. Every one was up to his neck in the work of the evacuation, and it was no easy matter to collect the necessary provisions, petrol, &c., for the voyage home. Meanwhile, a collier was lying alongside one side and the ship was being loaded with timber from barges on the other. The Russians whom we had discharged had to be paid off and finished with, arrangements had to be made for this, and all outstanding accounts in Archangel settled. The last day of the evacuation was now the 27th, but to add to my troubles Commodore Hyde, the P.N.T.O., sent for me and told me that he was not going to have any "lame ducks" delaying the departure, and that if the *Ulidia* was not away out of it by the 23rd there would be trouble. Moreover, he added that there would be only one tug available for us! This was the unkindest cut of all, for the prospect of towing a 5000-ton steamer 2000 miles without a rudder and with only one tug was enough to make any one despair. However, there was nothing to be done except to make the best of it, and on the 23rd we started off, a second tug being conceded to us to help us down the river

Having got down as far as the Commercial Yard, which was out of sight of the P.N.T.O., we went to ground again and tied up to complete our preparations as far as we could.

This we regretted the following morning, when a tug bringing us fresh meat came alongside us with an anchor hanging over the bows, which proceeded to get foul of the chains securing the patch over the fracture. Had this been pulled off the ship would have sunk almost at once. The captain of the tug was a phlegmatic individual, but the volley of abuse which greeted him, followed by the pair of binoculars which Grey threw at him from the bridge, aroused him in time, and he went clear without doing any irreparable damage.

We were now joined by two further members of the crew—a captain in the Australian infantry and another in the W. Yorks Regiment, who came as passengers, but worked their passage before they left the *Ulidia*, and about noon on 25th September we cast off, the tug plucked our head round, and we were homeward bound.

We had no rudder, no hatches, no boats, no lifebelts, and one anchor and chain. A 6-inch steam-pump was running continuously to keep the water down in the engine-room, the 12-inch motor had to be run every few hours in No. 2, and a 6-inch motor-pump in No. 3. Our crew were nearly all boys, and had mostly been soldiers previously.

The only proper sailormen (for Grey was on board the tug) were Kirschfeldt and a couple of Russians who had volunteered to come with us.

The safety of the ship and the cargo of three hundred standards of timber which we had managed to load depended on

- (a) the tow-rope lasting out, without parting, all the way to England;
- (b) the patch remaining in position;
- (c) the leaks not increasing beyond the power of the pumps to cope with them;
- (d) nothing going wrong with the pumps.

All but the last of these depended on the weather.

This was not too good, and the first night we anchored at the bar.

The next day broke fine and we proceeded. Everything now looked rosy. The sea was calm, the glass high: the tug, the *Rollicker*, one of the largest in the world, was forging ahead in good style. The ship was making no water to speak of in No. 2 or No. 3, and the one pump was controlling the engine-room and stokehold comfortably.

The steering was, naturally, very bad, the *Ulidia* yawing about astern of the tug, but it was not as bad as we had expected. Above all, we were leaving North Russia behind us, and returning to the England with which we had professed ourselves "fed-up" a few months before.

We were all very cheerful and drank our morning cook-

tails to a quick passage. In the afternoon Kirschfeldt, whose passion was gambling, soon had us playing auction at £1 a hundred, and in this we forget, for the first time for weeks, to worry about the ship.

It was not until midnight that there was the first hint of trouble. Then Lewson came up to say that he was having difficulty with the feed-pump, and Reay to report that the 6-inch motor-pump which we had borrowed from the *Rollicker* and put down No. 3 could not be persuaded to go, and that there was too much water in this held. It was nothing very serious, but quite enough to unsettle us and keep us up most of the night.

The next day the feed-pump and the 6-inch motor-pump behaved perfectly and the weather remained fine.

The next night trouble began again, and in addition the wind was freshening and the glass falling. It is, perhaps, difficult to explain why it is so much more depressing and alarming when things go wrong at night; but those who know the feeling that comes over one about an hour before morning "stand-to," will appreciate our state of mind on being turned out of bed about midnight to climb down into a dark engine-room (lit only by the glimmer of a few duck lamps) across the floors of which the water swishes as the ship rolls, and to be told that the feed-pump—without which the boilers cannot be

kept filled with water, and on which, therefore, the safety of the ship depends—shows every sign of stopping work for ever, and that there is no water showing in the glass.

We grew to hate that feed-pump with a bitter hatred. All day it would work, wheezing and protesting it is true, but sufficiently; but every night, unfailingly, something would go wrong with it, and frenzied repairs would have to be done, while we debated how long we could chance it before drawing the fires.

Nor was it only the feed-pump. Everything else which could go wrong chose the small hours of the morning to do so.

Watching the lights of the homeward-bound transports passing us, we would begin to understand the feelings of those who "brought the *Bolívar* out across the Bay."

Our objective was the Fjords (for we were in no condition to go round the North Cape), and we were not far away when the glass began to tumble down, the wind to increase, and the swell to get up alarmingly. This was in the late afternoon.

About four miles away on our port hand we could see towering up the black cliffs of the most desolate country in the world.

Ahead of us the *Rollicker* was making heavy weather of it, and we could watch the seas breaking over the fore-deck. The tow-rope we hardly cared to watch as it tightened suddenly and slackened again.



Nor did we care to put our heads down No. 1 held and listen to the creaking and groaning noises which came from the wooden stanchions, and, as we suspected, from our patch.

It was an anxious afternoon, but, as usual, the worst did not come until night, when we could actually see winking ahead of us one of the lights just inside the North Cape.

By this time the *Ulidia* was rolling really heavily, and was making a good deal more water, which necessitated running the motor-pumps in No. 2 and 3 more frequently, and keeping both steam-pumps going on the engine-room. It was bitterly cold on deck, with driving showers of sleet, and the wind and sea were increasing rapidly.

None of us felt inclined for sleep. About midnight Lowson came up with an anxious face to say that the feed-pump had given out once more. This was nothing unusual, but this time repairs seemed more difficult than before. At last Lowson came up again to say that no water was showing in the glass, and that, if the pump was not forcing water into the boilers within the next ten minutes or so, he must draw fires—which meant stopping the pumps on the engine-room. Since the weather had got worse, it had taken these two pumps all their time to control the leak in the engine-room, though previously one had done it easily.

There was only one thing to be done—to connect up the

12-in. motor in No. 2 ("Old Bill") to the alternative set of suction which we had led down through the bulkhead into the stokehold, and to get the "St Mellons" 6-in. motor going on No. 2.

But 12-in. suction, though they may be called "flexible," are not easy things to handle—particularly by hand, by the light of a duck lamp, and with a ship rolling so heavily that it is difficult to stand.

Forcing our way along the deck with difficulty against the wind and gusts of icy rain, we climbed precariously down No. 2 hold, and Reay, our two passengers, and I were soon hard at work, trying to fit in the length of iron piping which should connect up the pump to the stokehold suction. Haste was more than desirable, for by now Lowson had had to draw his fires, the engine-room pumps were stopped, the engine-room was rapidly filling up, and Lowson and the Russian engineer were working on the feed-pump with the water over their knees.

The law of the obstinacy of inanimate objects now came into full play. Two of us could just lift the heavy length of iron piping and hold it in position for a minute or so. The others would make frantic attempts to drop the securing bolts into position and screw up the nuts. Several times we got all in place except one, only to find that nothing would induce this one to fall into its slot. Our failures were only by fractions of an inch, but unless the joints were tight

it was useless to try the pump. Meanwhile several anxious messengers came up from the engine-room to give us Mr Lowson's compliments and ask how long we thought it would be before the pump would be under way, as there was now three or four feet of water on the engine-room floors. The water was also rising in No. 2, but none of us had time to start up the 6-in. pump.

Eventually, and for no apparent reason, we got the length of piping into position, and the big pump was now connected up to the stokehold and engine-room. But before a pump will work, it must be "primed"—that is, the suction-pipe must be filled with water. There was an automatic priming device, but this had previously given out, and all we could do was to prime the pump with buckets, pouring the water down through the top of the discharge-pipe. Filling forty feet or so of piping 12 in. in diameter from buckets which have to be lowered on a line into the sea from the upper deck of a ship rolling her rails into the water, and then laboriously pulled up again, half the contents being lost in the process, is not a pleasant or an easy job at midnight in a gale of wind off the North Cape.

Though the water was icy cold and we were wet through, we were hot enough before it was finished. However, finished it was at last, and we stood anxiously by as Reay swung the starting-handle of

the big pump. She coughed and spluttered, but in a second or two went away with that full-throated roar which gave us all renewed confidence, and Lowson came up to say that the water was falling rapidly in the engine-room, and that the feed-pump showed signs of becoming more tractable.

We were in time—but only just in time, for there was a great deal of loose water in the engine-room, which was rushing from side to side of the ship in a very dangerous manner as she rolled.

There was no time to rest, for we had now to get the 6-in. pumps in No. 2 and No. 3 holds going to pump out these compartments. This meant more adventures in the darkness in the bottom of the holds, shifting suctions, with icy water and pieces of timber swirling about.

We emerged on deck again at last, but only to find that the wind and sea were, if anything, increasing. At last Grey, who was in charge on board the *Rollicker*, evidently decided that the case was desperate, and that he would turn and run for it before the sea. Turning was unpleasant, and it was still more unpleasant to feel that we were heading back again in the direction from which we had come.

Altogether, we were not very cheerful that night, though we had so many actual troubles that we had no time to worry as to our certain fate if the tow-rope parted.

Dawn broke cold and grey, with driving rain and a wind

se strong that one could not stand upright against it, and we saw that the *Rollicker* was heading towards the black wall of cliffs—evidently making, as we had expected Grey would do, for Tana Fiord. It was some hours before we made the opening, and even then the sea was almost as bad as outside. The fiord was perhaps two miles wide, and the wind rushed down it as down a funnel. We went up farther and farther until Grey apparently decided that he had gone far enough, for the chart showed that the fiord narrowed, and it would be impossible for the *Rollicker*, with the *Ulidia* astern of her, to turn round and come out of a narrow place. Having arrived at an open stretch, the *Rollicker* therefore proceeded to tow us round and round in circles, uttering plaintive screams on her whistle, presumably for a pilot, though the place looked so desolate that one would have thought it incredible that human beings could live there. This process went on for some hours, for the water in these fiords is hundreds of fathoms deep right up to the very edge of the cliffs, and there was no possibility of anchoring.

Eventually, to our surprise, we saw an open boat, evidently with a powerful motor, making her way out towards us.

The wind was still blowing with hurricane force and the seas were mountainous, and it was some time before the boat, wonderfully handled though she was, could get close

enough for the pilot to spring aboard the *Rollicker*.

An hour later the *Ulidia* was passing, with very little room to spare, between two precipitous cliffs into a little land-locked bay where we had just room to swing to our anchor. The waters of the bay were as calm as glass, and it was a wonderful relief to escape the violence of the wind.

Here we lay for two days until the gale had blown itself out, working at the feed-pump and making ready for our next dash for Hammerfest, inside the North Cape, and the fiords.

None of us felt precisely anxious, when the time came, to put to sea again and meet the heavy seas of the North Atlantic; and actually the passage to Hammerfest, though not so alarming as what we had experienced, was none too pleasant. The nights saw the usual alarms, and we spent them principally as before—down the holds.

Once inside the fiords, one anxiety was replaced by another. Though we shortened the tow-rope, the *Ulidia*, as the wind caught her on the bows, would sheer about to such an extent that she was now on one side of the fiord and now on the other. The fiords were too narrow for comfort all the way; but it was always the narrowest parts which the ship chose for her most sudden and alarming dashes, with the result that one continually seemed to be looking up from

the bridge at the cliffs towering actually above one's head.

While each of these adventures had its particular thrill, and never failed to bring our hearts into our mouths, there is a certain similarity about them in retrospect, and it is enough to say that we eventually arrived at Tromsø.

Here, for the first time for months, we were able to go ashore and dine at an hotel in comfort and in comparative peace of mind.

The *Ulidia* was coaled and provisioned again; the feed-pump was at last satisfactorily repaired, and the necessary new parts made for it; and, best of all, a second tug was procured to help to bring the ship through the fiords.

Though we were still in the Arctic circle — and, indeed, farther north than at Archangel — we felt ourselves once more in touch with civilisation, and that the worst was over.

Accordingly we dined and danced with a clear conscience in the beautiful gardens above the town, and our recollections of Tromsø and of the hospitable people we met there are of the pleasantest.

Though I felt it to be something of a desertion, I left the ship at Tromsø and came on ahead *viâ* Christiana to arrange with the Ministry of Shipping for dry-docking facilities on the Tyne, and it was in my office that I read Grey's telegram, "*Ulidia* berthed at Jarrow Bridge Buoys" — on October 24, just a month after leaving Archangel.

Up to the very last she had kept them in a state of anxiety, for, after various adventures in the fiords, they had run into fog outside the Tyne, and it was not until she was in dry dock that we could feel that at last she was safe.

The rest may be told in the words of a letter which I received a few days ago from John Redhead & Sons, her builders.

"SS. *Ulidia*. — With reference to above steamer, we beg to say she was completed and sailed for an American port in ballast on June 19, under the Norwegian flag, and has been renamed SS. *Skaraas*."

Good luck to her, whatever her name and wherever she goes, for she was an honest ship.

## MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

MR MONTAGU ON HIS DEFENCE—THE CHAMPION OF INDIAN AGITATORS—MR GANDHI, HIS FRIEND—THE MAN WITHOUT ENEMIES—MRS BESANT'S OPINION—MR MONTAGU AS VICEROY—THE ANARCHISTS OF THE TRADE UNIONS—DIRECT ACTION—MR GEORGE AND HERR STINNES AT SPA—LENIN RECOGNISED AT LAST.

IF there had been any doubt about Mr Montagu's unfitness for the position of Secretary of State for India, the speech which he delivered in the debate upon General Dyer would have removed it completely. Throughout that speech Mr Montagu spoke as an Oriental, and showed a complete misunderstanding of the duties and privileges of the British realm. "Are we going to keep the whole of India down," he asked, "by terrorism, racial humiliation, and subordination and frightfulness, or are we going to raise it upon the goodwill, and growing goodwill, of the people of the Indian dominion?" Indeed, these are not the alternatives suggested by the action of General Dyer. The issue, as stated by Mr Montagu, is wholly false. Nobody in Great Britain desires terrorism or racial humiliation. What we all demand is obedience to the law, and the proper punishment of murderers and rebels. Before General Dyer ordered his men to shoot, he had twice in a single day warned the people that he would disperse by force any hostile meeting at the Bagh, and the people had refused to obey him, on the ground that

his warnings were mere "bluff." Nor is the "goodwill" of the Indian people, which Mr Montagu pretends is growing, likely to be encouraged by flagrant indiscipline and the condonation of murder. But Mr Montagu, indifferent to the slaughter of innocent bank-managers and to the ill-treatment of British women, accepts without question the view of the Indian agitators, and ranges himself openly and passionately upon their side. Henceforth he is one of them, and no Englishman need expect justice at his hand, if he do what hitherto has been deemed his duty.

With each paragraph in his speech Mr Montagu plunged deeper and deeper into the mire. "It was no use," said he, "in passing a great Act of Parliament, giving partnership to India in the British Commonwealth, and then allowing their administration to depend upon terrorism." Certainly not; but if the "great Act of Parliament" proved to be a cause of the outbreak, as the Hunter Committee was forced to admit, shall we be compelled to relax all discipline—for "terrorism" is not in question—merely to justify the rhetorical extravagance of

Mr Montagu? "The other choice," he went on, "is to hold India by the sword." That again is not true. The other choice is to hold India, as we have always held it, by justice, equally administered to Indians and British alike, and not by the wicked encouragement of a political agitation, which we have permitted to grow up in India, as in Great Britain and Ireland, and which Mr Montagu and his colleagues are powerless to check in the East as in the West. If Mr Montagu's object be to people India with international conspirators, he is going the right way to achieve his malign purpose.

And then, having done his best to confuse the issue, he came forth himself as an Indian agitator. "There was a theory abroad," said he, "on the part of those who criticised his Majesty's Government, that an Indian was tolerable as long as he would obey his orders." If this means that those who criticise Mr Montagu expect an obedience from the Indians which they do not expect from the English, again he is saying what is untrue merely to stir up strife. Obedience to law is the first demand which is made, and should be made, by the Government upon all subjects. It is what Mr Montagu, the friend of Mr Gandhi, has not demanded of the Indian agitators, for whom he openly expresses a warm affection. "But if once the Indian joined the educated classes"—here is the conclusion of Mr Montagu's argument—

"thought for himself, took advantage of educational facilities, and imbibed the idea of individual freedom dear to the British people, he was immediately classed as an agitator. What a cynical, what a terrible verdict that he should be regarded as the class from which our opponents came?" If the verdict be terrible, it certainly is not cynical, and it is obviously just. If Englishmen thought it a political necessity to murder the managers of banks, to take part in riotous and unlawful assemblies, to pursue a policy of passive resistance to the law, we hope that they would be regarded, even by the revolutionary Mr Montagu, "as the class from which our opponents came," and be very severely punished,—not merely punished, but taught so grave a lesson that they would not lightly break the law again. For after all, though we have the present misfortune to live under an anarchical Government, law and order are still necessary for the preservation of the State.

And we may best find the measure of Mr Montagu's oriental levity by remembering his friendship with Mr Gandhi. Now, Mr Gandhi has many qualities which endear him to his colleague, Mr Montagu. He is an agitator, and therefore, we suppose, worthy the profound respect of the Secretary of State for India. Mr Rupert Gwynne, in a fierce, unanswered indictment of Mr Montagu, wisely reminded us of the esteem in which that

demagogue holds Mr Gandhi. "I cannot do better in describing this body of men," said Mr Montagu in the House of Commons at the very moment when his Indian friend was stirring up strife, "than quote the words of a great and distinguished Indian, Mr Gandhi. There is no man who offers such perplexity to a Government as Mr Gandhi; a man of the highest motives and of the finest character, a man whom his worst enemy, if he has any enemies, would agree is of the most disinterested ambitions that it is possible to conceive; a man who has deserved well of his country by the services that he has rendered both in India and outside it, and yet a man who his friends—and I will count myself as one of them—would wish would exercise his great powers with a greater sense of responsibility, and would realise in time that there are forces beyond his control and outside his influence, who use the opportunities afforded by his name and reputation."

You may search the pages of 'Hansard' in vain, since the beginning, for so shameful a truckling to an avowed rebel as this. Is it not an excellent touch—"his worst enemy, if he has any enemies"? Assuredly he is not likely to find an enemy on the Treasury Bench. With what modesty does Mr Montagu urge his friend to exercise his "great powers with a greater sense of responsibility"! With equal propriety might Mr Gandhi

press the same suggestion upon Mr Montagu. We can well understand the bond which unites these two friends. But it is worth pointing out that even the Hunter Committee, which cannot be charged with zeal for the Empire, does not agree with Mr Montagu in its estimate of his friend. It points out in plain terms that Mr Gandhi's *satyagraha* campaign was largely responsible for the disorders and the crimes which followed it. "We have no hesitation in saying"—thus writes the Committee—"that both in the Punjab and elsewhere a familiarity and sympathy with disobedience to laws was engendered among large numbers of the people by Mr Gandhi's movement, and the law-abiding instincts which stand between society and outbreaks of violence were undermined at a time when their full strength was required." But that, we suppose, makes no effect upon Mr Montagu's mind. Let it be remembered that Mr Gandhi is his friend.

Fortunate as Mr Gandhi has been in winning the esteem of the Secretary of State for India, he has not been so happy elsewhere. Mrs Besant, no friend of the British rule, does not share the tender sentiment of Mr Montagu. This is what she, aptly quoted by Mr Gwynne, says about it: "People who committed arson and assaulted women did so with the name of Mr Gandhi upon their lips." Truly it is a pity that this gentleman,

who has no enemies, thus forgets the sense of responsibility. The posters, moreover, issued by the rebels, who (says the Hunter report) were not engaged in any conspiracy, proclaim aloud the influence of Mr Montagu's friend. "Conquer the English menkeys with bravery!" Thus say the posters. "God will grant victory. Leave off dealings with the Englishmen. Close offices and workshops. Fight on. This is the command of Mahatma Gandhi: Get ready soon for the war, and God will grant victory to India very soon. Fight with enthusiasm, and enlist yourselves in the Gandha army." Is this a rebellion, which "might have rapidly developed into a revolution," to use the words of the Hunter report, or is it merely what Mr Montagu calls "legitimate political agitation"? We do not know; but we do not forget that Mr Gandhi is Mr Montagu's friend.

*Noscitur a sociis*, and with the simple fact of this friendship in our memory, we need not be surprised at Mr Montagu's shameful speech. Its conclusion matched its beginning. He repeated, as though there was no more to be said, that "two theories of government were held—the one of terrorism and oppression, the other of entering into partnership with the people governed." Again it may be pointed out that the theory of terrorism is not held by any sane man, and that Mr Montagu himself does not deprecate very loudly the

oppression exercised by Mr Gandhi. Nor, indeed, would Mr Montagu's anti-British sentiments be worth the consideration we have given to them did not a sinister rumour reach us that Mr Montagu aspires to succeed Lord Chelmsford as Viceroy of India. Were we governed by any better men than the gamblers new in power, we should reject the rumour as absurd. But we have as little faith in the wisdom as in the patriotism of our Ministers, and if it seemed good to them to grant the party loyalty of Mr Montagu the reward it asked, then would an Oriental be sent to govern India, and the result would not long be in doubt. Mr Montagu's kinsman, Sir Herbert Samuel, himself a Jew, has already been sent to hold the balance even between Jews and Arabs in Palestine. And doubtless other members of the same gifted family are ready to lavish their talents upon an Eastern adventure. Meanwhile there is only one request we would make of our Government, that its work be complete: please let Mr Gandhi accompany his friend Mr Montagu to India as a member of the Viceroy's staff. If the apostle of *satyagraha* were unable to teach the new Viceroy any lessons of "good-will," he might at least instruct him in those rudiments of terrorism and suppression which will be necessary for the proper protection of his person.

As our Government in India



and Ireland openly expresses a tolerance of anarchy, it is not surprising to find that the Trade Unions also are following an evil example. The Trade Unions were established, an *imperium in imperio*, to guard the interests of the workers. They have long been dissatisfied with playing that simple rôle, and now aspire to rule the whole country by intimidation, or, as they call it, by direct action. Their leaders are not renowned for clear thinking; but even they, it might be supposed, would grant to England what they demand as a right for all other countries, great and small, the privilege of self-determination. Not a bit of it! England may believe that she lives under a constitutional monarchy, that her House of Commons is duly elected by something which closely resembles universal suffrage. But the Trade Unions know better. They clamoured loudly enough for the vote, and now that they have got it, they think nothing of it. If they cannot get what they want at once, they will do their best to wreck the country. Petulantly they cry aloud for "direct action," and should they not be given what they want, they declare that they will bring to an end all the commerce and all the industry of Great Britain.

The manifest inconsistency of their position troubles them not a jot. Though their mouth is full of the praises of democracy, they aspire to exercise the power of a tyrant. They are not satisfied with record-

ing their votes at election time, though their immense majority might make them supreme. They will be dictators or nothing, and woe betide the government that interrupts for an hour the practical expression of their will. Moreover, like all the half-baked, they are happiest when they are talking of what they do not understand. They delight in savage platitudes. They pretend, with the facile ignorance of a debating society, that they alone can solve the difficult problems which confront us. If they spoke about the workshop or the corn-field with a humble sincerity, they might be worth listening to. They persist in discussing what is beyond their power of comprehension and administration. They have not learned the first lesson which modesty inculcates, that the cobbler should stick to his last.

So the leaders of the Trade Unions have met in conclave, and, forgetting for a while the materialism of ever-rising wages, they have decided that no longer shall England know the joy of self-determination. The Constitution of Great Britain is hereby suspended by a card vote. It would be ridiculous if there were not in it an element of tragedy. The Labour Party, we are told, aspires to the government of England, and it still refuses to play the game of politics fairly and squarely. It is not content to exercise its right of criticism; it threatens to hold up the country, as in old days

the highwayman held up the unfortunate traveller whom he happened to meet on the road. But what is sauce for the goose is sauce also for the gander, and we wonder what the Labour Party will do, when it has come into power, if the whole middle class decides upon an instant reprisal.

Though the railwaymen and the miners are not of one mind as to the course that should be pursued, they are both fierce against the Government. Mr Cramp, of the railwaymen, posed for the moment as an apostle of moderation. Like a good many others, he is not satisfied with the state of Ireland. He deplores on the one hand the British Government's denial to recognise the claim of the Irish people, expressed in a constitutional way for many years. On the other hand, he condemns the British Government for its failure to deal with those who have defied law and order, and supported open rebellion. To find Mr Cramp on the side of law and order is strange indeed, and he does not stay there very long. For he immediately proceeds to suggest that the Irish should use their power and influence to stop all murder and outrage, and that the Government should withdraw its army of occupation. Were the British Army withdrawn there would be precious little law or order for any body, and we would not give much for the chances of the Irish Parliament, "with full dominion powers in all Irish affairs, with adequate protection for

minorities," which should be opened forthwith.

There is nothing startling about Mr Cramp's resolution. What we are all willing to concede is an Irish Parliament, with power over Irish affairs and with due protection of minorities. But as the Irish won't accept the boon, Mr Cramp might just as well save his breath to cool his porridge. Nor was his moderation kindly accepted by his audience. The miners, made of sterner stuff than the railwaymen, are not willing to apportion the blame between the two parties, and to demand a concession from each. With Mr Smillie, the hardy International's eye upon them, they listened with fervour to Mr Hodges' resolution. That humane gentleman moved triumphantly "that this Congress protests against the British military domination of Ireland, and demands the withdrawal of all British troops from that country, and demands the cessation of the production of munitions of war destined to be used against Ireland and Russia; and, in case the Government refuses these demands, we recommend a general down-tools policy, and call on all the trade unions here represented to carry out this policy, each according to its own constitution, by taking a ballot of its members or otherwise." It will be seen that Mr Hodges does not ask that the Irish should cease from murder and outrage. There he differs from Mr Cramp. Doubtless the slaughter of policemen is indiffer-ent to him, and perhaps

also he contemplates with equanimity the civil war which would assuredly follow the withdrawal of the British troops. But it doesn't matter much what he thinks, if indeed he thinks at all. And both his resolution and Mr Cramp's, contradictory as they are, were passed with acclamation.

One or two delegates had the sense and the courage to protest against the impudent folly of the majority of the Congress. Mr Duxberry, of the Textile Workers, considered a "down tools" policy a very dangerous proceeding. He did not know what the end of it would be. "The Trades Union Congress," said he, speaking the solitary word of wisdom, "being industrial in character, ought not to enter into the politic arena." But of what use is one sensible man in a Congress of hot-heads and internationals? Of no use at all, and the Congress, if only the separate ballots of the Union are favourable, may proceed at once to revolution.

For that is what Mr Hodges' resolution means — that and nothing less. But we do not regret that the resolution has been passed. For the Trade Union Congress has now loudly and candidly declared its hostility to England. An open foe is always easier to meet than an enemy who masquerades as a friend. The members of the Trades Unions cannot complain of any injustice done to them. They are merely attempting to usurp the government of the country, to substitute for what was

once a sober constitution the rule of an unbalanced illiterate class. That they will fail is certain. Not even Mr George, pliant and pliable as he is, will listen to Mr Hodges' ridiculous demands. If the Trade Unions, leaving behind them the reason of their establishment and departing very far from the Osborne judgment, persist in their blackmail, the duty of the country will lie plain before it. We are tired of the threatenings of strikes which never come to anything; and if Messrs Smillie and Hodges are determined upon a fight, the sooner the fight comes the better for us all. We know well enough which side will win, and the prize of victory will be that wholesome reaction which alone can restore peace and prosperity to Great Britain. But when we apportion the blame, let us not forget that the present Government set the fashion of anarchy; that no single member of the Coalition, whether he call himself Liberal or Unionist, can escape reproach; and that Mr Bonar Law, who has long ceased to represent any party in the State, cannot for ever justify the excesses of his colleagues on the plea of Cabinet solidarity.

The same uncertainty which perplexes our politicians at home perplexes them also abroad. At Spa, Mr George, according to his custom, has blown hot and cold. In the discussion about disarmament he displayed a laudable energy, and gave us a hint that he had not yet forgotten the terms

of the Treaty of Versailles. And then, to prove that the mutability of the chameleon is immutable, he let loose upon the Conference the ineffable Hugo Stinnes. Now, Hugo Stinnes is, we believe, a gentleman of the Jewish race. He is reported to be enormously wealthy, to own some sixty newspapers, and to dominate the industries of Germany. He is therefore worthy the respect of all honest Radicals, who, however much they dislike the aristocracy of blood, are acutely sensitive to the aristocracy of the pocket. Moreover, Hugo Stinnes, we are told, is the head of a gang of international financiers, whose sole ambition is to set Germany on its legs again, that they may enrich themselves with German trade. And so "the great industrial," in defiance of honour and good sense, was given a hearing. Truly he deserved a very different treatment. Of the war criminals he is among the worst. As Sir Valentine Chirol has said, it is admitted in Germany that Herr Stinnes "was largely responsible for the cruel deportation of Belgian workers into German factories, and for the wholesale plundering and destruction of French and Belgian workshops during the war." Plainly, then, Herr Stinnes should have been arrested as soon as ever he set foot upon Belgian soil, and invited to stand, not as a dictator in the presence of the Allied Ministers, but in the dock. If there were any prospect of obtaining a candid answer from Mr Bonar Law, that skilful evader of questions

might be asked to explain Herr Stinnes's immunity from arrest. But it is hardly worth while to demand explanations from Mr George's shadow, and we must content ourselves with remembering that the body of an international financier is always sacred.

However, it must be acknowledged that when Herr Stinnes did get into the Conference, he made the best use of his opportunity. His opening words were a proper prelude of the insolence to follow. "I rise because I want to look everybody in the face. M. Millerand said yesterday that the Germans were granted the right to speak as a matter of courtesy. I claim to speak as a matter of right, and whoever is not afflicted with the disease of victory . . ." Here Herr Stinnes's impudence was interrupted by M. Delacroix, who advised the Boche magnate not to be provocative. The Boche, of course, was unashamed, and continued to mingle truculence with cunning, after the habit of his kind. He did not dispute the gravity of the situation in France, and was amiable enough to say that, though the Treaty of Versailles was forced upon Germany, every German employer and every German workman must help the French. It is true that the Treaty of Versailles was forced upon the Germans by defeat; it is true also, though Herr Stinnes seems to forget it, that the Germans signed that treaty, and that they are bound in honour to carry out its provisions. He

forgets also, does the Boche proprietor of sixty newspapers, that Germany must and shall pay for the war which its wanton ambition forced upon the world. However, these truths are as nothing to Herr Stinnes, who presently boasted that Germany had voluntarily supplied France with considerable quantities of coal before the treaty was signed. Whether they did or did not is wholly irrelevant. The simple duty which lies before the Germans is to carry out the pledges which they gave at Versailles, and the noisy blustering of Herr Stinnes is not likely to deceive anybody.

Then Herr Stinnes began to threaten. "The Germans might fail to persuade the Allies to moderate their demands," he said, "and the Allies might occupy the Ruhr." No doubt they will. "But," he went on, "the Allies would not get their coal, the influx of workmen into the Ruhr would cease, and the building of houses for them would lapse for want of material." And then he pictured, according to the invariable plan, the riots and revolutions which would surely occur. Now, the real meaning of all this is that if Germany can escape its obligations, it will regain in a few years its superiority over France. So with the firm intention of injuring French trade and removing from her path a commercial rival, Germany destroyed the mines and factories of France. If it be asked to repair the damage it has done, then its industrious

policy of destruction will have failed, and that is why Herr Stinnes and his kind will employ all their cunning and all their arrogance to trick the Allies of that which properly belongs to them. The Boches, indeed, are unchanging. They bully when they think they are winning, and they weep when they know that they are beaten. We should be moved neither by their tears nor their insolence. It is the duty of the Allies to see that the bill is paid, and that the innocent do not suffer for the guilty. That is all that concerns Messrs Millerand and George just now. Mr George found the intervention of Herr Stinnes outrageous. The outrage was committed when the man was admitted into the Conference.

It is characteristic of Mr George that he never knows what he is going to do next. Possessing little knowledge of any sort, he acts upon impulse or upon the persuasion of the last comer. It is quite likely that England is governed to-day by an unknown and wholly obscure individual, named Sir Philip Sassoon, who seems to have the ear of the Prime Minister as well as a convenient house near Hythe. Why these valuable possessions entitle him to attend the Conference at Spa is not very plain, and we should like to have his position more clearly defined. But, under whatever inspiration Mr George is acting at present, one thing is certain: he has turned another somersault in Russian policy. A

month ago he had his eye, or somebody else's eye, upon "bulging corn-bins." He would have no political intercourse with the Soviet Government, but he would do his best to encourage trade with the blood-stained monsters, whom he gallantly refused to take by the hand. Now suddenly all is changed. Two days after it was solemnly stated in the House that we would not recognise the Government of Lenin, Mr Bonar Law came down with a out-and-dried statement of the terms at which we had arrived with the gentlemen who have for some years past spent their stolen gold in debauching the opinion not only of Great Britain but of our dominions. That we should come to terms with the miscreants has been evident for many months. The repeated asseverations of responsible Ministers that we would never recognise the Soviet Government convinced us that a *rapprochement* was imminent. At last it has come, and we hope that the Unionist members of the Coalition, who may be supposed to retain some sense of their country's honour, are proud of the bargain.

And now, when the bargain is offered, it is offered in a panic fear. The spirited speech of Herr Stinnes, made to the Conference, which was, as the orator said, "the ear through which Europe could hear the facts," was not without its influence on the Government's decision. Mr George has so shamelessly bungled the affairs of Europe that he is now afraid

not only of Russia but of Germany. Above all, he is afraid that the two countries may join forces, when Poland has been invaded, and together march upon the West to destroy it. He has made one peace—at Versailles, the terms of which are not likely to be carried out; and now he is eager to make another, whose prospect is no more favourable. At any rate, he has torn away the last pretence of ignoring Lenin and his friends, and Mr Bonar Law has read aloud the proposed terms to the House of Commons, which has been so often misled. The Polish Army, then, is to withdraw to the line laid down as its Eastern Boundary by the Peace Conference, while the Soviet armies shall stand at a distance from this line of 50 kilometres. Thereafter, representatives of Soviet Russia, Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, and Finland shall meet in London to negotiate a final peace between Russia and her neighbours. Meanwhile an armistice shall be signed between the forces of Soviet Russia and General Wrangel, who is bidden to retire to the Crimea, and who is invited to London, where he may discuss certain questions, but not as a member of the Conference. It sounds almost like Prinkipe over again, and Mr George is no doubt exchanging felicitations with his friend Mr Philip Kerr. If only Mr Bullitt could be summoned from America, their happiness would be complete.

And then follows a clause

which can hardly have received the approval of Mr Thomas, the eminent Privy Councillor, upon whom the University of Cambridge, to its shame be it said, has conferred a doctor's degree. It is to this effect: "If Soviet Russia intends to take action hostile to Poland on Polish territory, the British Government and its Allies will feel bound to help Poland with all means at their disposal." Will they? Lives there a man so simple, who believes that the British Government would ever be felt bound in any circumstances to help Poland or any one else? If it did, all the anarchists in our midst would set up a howl, would threaten to down tools, and would if they could bring the whole Empire to a premature end. But if, in the phrase dear to our demagogues, the contingency should arise, a crafty answer to a plain question delivered in the House of Commons would discard in an instant the whole burden of responsibility. At the same time, the commercial bargain goes on apace. Each party undertakes to refrain from propaganda,—a one-sided arrangement surely, since England has never shown any desire to convert the Russians from or to any opinion, and since it is exceedingly unlikely that the fanatical Lenin regards it of any consequence to keep his pledged word. And so we are to exchange prisoners and promote commercial facilities as though no outrages had

ever been committed, and as though we were dealing with loyal, honourable, God-fearing men.

Now, all these things are possible only because we rejoice in a Coalition Government. But a Coalition Government should give as well as take, and the susceptibilities of either side should be respected. We can see in all the negotiations with Soviet Russia the influence of the extreme Socialists. We cannot detect in them the restraining effect of the Unionist Party. The supposed leader of the Unionists, Mr Bonar Law, must enjoy the closest confidence of his revered leader, Mr George. Does he dare to argue with him, or is he content to take the master's orders, like the rest of the Cabinet? And does he ever condescend to meet the party which he is said to lead, and upon whose allegiance he is supposed to depend? These are some of the doubts which we should like to see resolved. Our desire, we are sure, will not be gratified. Mr Bonar Law will go on answering questions, more or less inaudibly and rarely intelligibly, so long as Mr George keeps the office of Prime Minister. And it will be the fault of the Unionists themselves if they do not then find a representative leader who will more wisely guide the interests of England than any one of Mr George's colleagues has been able to guide them.

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AT THE SUPREME WAR COUNCIL.

BY CAPTAIN PETER WRIGHT,

(Late Assistant Secretary, Supreme War Council).

A WELL-KNOWN military writer and a combatant in the great war, Major Grasset, has lately made a collection of extracts from the two great works of Foch, written more than twenty years ago, which are rather too voluminous for the ordinary reader, though even before the war curious inquirers, without the least direct interest in military affairs, had been attracted by books which treat war from such a philosophical height. These short extracts, published by Major Grasset in book form, reveal the fiery disposition and calculating brain which Foch always points out as the mark of a military leader. But prefaced to these extracts is a short study of the life of Foch. Now this is of unusual interest, because Major Grasset, from the text itself, has evidently

obtained his information from the innermost circles of the French General Staff: some expressions, some phrases ring very like those of Foch himself: the resemblance can hardly be fortuitous. But if not from Foch himself, then the information must come from the small group of officers who have always been immediately next to him while he was in any position of high command, for there are some facts, and especially some dates, which can only be known to this group. And as some of this information is new, and throws a new light on some of the great events in which our armies took part, and especially the battle of St Quentin, it is of the highest interest. Having been at the Supreme War Council during the winter 1917-1918 as assist-

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ant secretary, I can tell at first hand and with numerical precision the events of that period which he relates at second-hand and vaguely.

The world knows Foch only at the height of his achievement, when he drove the Germans before him and would have destroyed them altogether had not his final and fatal blow been stopped by the armistice; it knows him at the moment of success, when his position was at its highest, but it knows little of him in adversity when he himself was at his greatest. This preface of Major Grasset's book tells us something, but not enough, of those earlier battles in which he rose, between 4th August and 4th October 1914, from the command of a corps to the command of an army group, and that the most important, and found himself, in the third month of the war, commanding the generals who had commanded him during the first month. During this first period of the war he was far greater than in the last, when the eyes of all the world were fixed on him, when he took all the tricks, but held all the cards. During the first period he held no cards at all, but won all the same. Then, as later, the words of the greatest of ancient historians, used by him of the man he admired most, are applicable to Foch. "He gave proof of a power of penetration that was natural, wonderful, and infallible. When any crisis arose, however little he expected it, and

without any examination, a view of the situation, far superior to that of any one else, sprang from him at once, and he predicted the subsequent course of events with no less certainty. His exposition of his own plans was most lucid: his criticism of other men's schemes consummate: and however incalculable the result might seem, he always knew what would succeed and what would not. In a word, uniting the deepest intellectual grasp with a lightning rapidity of decision, he was the model man of action."

Major Grasset gives us only a slight sketch of his earlier feats.

At the Trenée de Charmes in Lorraine, August 24, 1914, he and Dubail defended the line of the Meurthe against odds at least ten times as great. On the last day of August he was put at the head of the 9th Army by Marshal Joffre. This army was to hold the French centre in the first battle of the Marne, and it was against the centre that the main shock of the Germans was to be expected. Foch had 70,000 men: Von Bulow and Von Hausen, who attacked him (or rather, who faced him, for he attacked them at once as soon as they came within his reach on September 6), had 300,000 men. Thus the plan of the battle hung on whether Foch could hold these odds, while Maunoury and Lord French enveloped the German right: if the Germans could have

relled him ever and out the long allied line from Verdun to Paris in two, they would not have been even endangered by this enveloping movement, for they would have destroyed most of the French armies. So the whole plan of the Marne hung on Foch. It was a speculation by Jeffre that his lieutenant could win the odds of more than four to one. "Victory resides in will," writes Foch. "A battle won is a battle in which one has not admitted oneself defeated." Von Bulew's official report has been published, and we know that, for all his material superiority, he was a beaten man before the battle began. Twenty years before his spiritually superior adversary, then Colonel Foch, had written "Victory always comes to those who merit it by their greater strength of will and intelligence."

Foch had only one week between the 1st and 7th of September to inspire the ninth army, largely composed of defeated and retreating troops, with his determination in that desperate struggle. Almost at once he was given something still more difficult to do. In the beginning of October the fall of Antwerp, the fortress which protected the whole of the Allies' left flank, was suddenly seen to be imminent, and another catastrophe impending. Jeffre immediately turned to Foch. Late at night on October 4, Foch, who was at Chalons, was told over the telephone that he had been appointed commander of the

North-Western army group. He left Chalons at ten o'clock in the night. Between four and six o'clock next morning he had given their instructions to his army commanders, and at nine o'clock was directing the furious battle raging round Lens. As we know now, since M. Poincaré made his speech on Foch's admission to the Academy, it was his view, single and alone among those of the Allied commanders, that the British, few in number and battle-worn as they were, could still hold Ypres, that gave our troops the chance of winning the first battle of Ypres, the crowning victory of 1914, the glorious year of the war for both the Allies. This was the Foch of 1914.

But subsequent years of the war are far less creditable to the Allies than 1914, for never again during the remaining four years, except for a few weeks in 1918, were the Central Powers to be superior on the Western European front, and that superiority not only short but slight: and during that period in 1918 the Germans very nearly won the war. The Entente were brought to the edge of defeat by disregarding the advice of Foch, and again saved by him. We can never justly allot the merit of winning the war, or learn the errors that prevented us gaining it far earlier, or profit by the lessons of the struggle, unless we make the effort to discard our vanity and understand the truth. For struggle there will be again in the future, if not in the im-

mediate present; the evil of war is too inherent to be extirpated by the new, fashionable, but delusive ideas with which some hope to cut it out.

For a period that can almost be called of years the British and French were at least 7 to 4 to the Germans in men on the Western front, and almost double in material: in January 1917 the Allies had 178 divisions on the French front to the German 127, which, allowing for the smaller size of the German division, gives more than the proportion mentioned. The dissolution of the Russian army, which began after the Revolution, went on rapidly during 1917: in January 1918 the two Russian groups of armies facing the Central Powers, which had before the Revolution consisted of six armies—that is, 74 infantry divisions, huge Russian divisions, and 18½ cavalry divisions—had sunk to 325,000 men as a total, and of these the French Military Mission calculated only 35,000 men were in the fighting line; at one railroad point during the winter 10,000 deserters had been counted daily going home; and this collapse left the Roumanian army with a fighting strength of 18 infantry and 2 cavalry divisions exposed, unprotected, and helpless, and eventually driven to submission, the same army which after the defeat of 1916 had sufficiently recovered themselves to inflict a severe defeat on the Germans in 1917. So towards the end of 1917 both Russia and Roumania

could be taken as out of it. The new ally, America, had hardly begun to come in: in December 1917 there were only 3½ American divisions in France, each of them being, however, two or three times as big as a German division. But in the interval between the exit of Russia, an empire of more than 160 million people, and the entrance of America, a country of more than 100 million, the Allies were compelled to carry on the war with diminished forces. This question therefore put itself to their statesmen, whether or not they could get through this difficult interval. The Germans might be strong enough to snatch a victory during this period of our weakness, in which case it was the duty of our statesmen to make peace while still undefeated; or, on the contrary, we might be able to resist them till the weight of the Americans inclined the balance in their favour, in which case it was their duty to resist till that moment. The course to be steered towards the end of 1917 depended upon obtaining as accurate a calculation as possible of the enemy's forces, and of their own, leaving out of account Russia and America. To the making of this calculation a War Cabinet Committee applied itself, concentrating all the figures obtainable by the information branches of all the Allies. This Committee on Man Power, whose conclusions were to decide whether the Allies should submit, compromise, or fight, reckoned these

were the forces of the adversaries:

The combatant strength (net the ration strength) of the British and the French in all the existing theatres of war—in France, Italy, the Balkans, Palestine, and Mesopotamia—was 3,700,000 (three million seven hundred thousand) men; the combatant strength of the Germans in all theatres, including the Russian and Roumanian, was 3,400,000 (three million four hundred thousand) men. Therefore Britain and France alone, in December 1917, were, and had been for two years, numerically stronger than Germany.

The total of the combatant Allied Forces—British, French, Italian, Belgian, Portuguese, Serbian, Greek, and including 85,000 Americans—was, in December 1917, 5,400,000 (five million four hundred thousand) men. There were no Russians or Roumanians reckoned in. But the total of the Central Powers—German, Austro-Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Turkish—was only 5,200,000 (five million two hundred thousand) men. This included more than 1½ millions who were still on the Russian and Roumanian front.

The arrival of these last on any theatre might create a momentary risk for the Allies, though they would still have had a total superiority; but, till that transference took place, their numbers on every theatre in December 1917 was higher. In the Turkish lands the Allies were at six to five to their opponents; in the

Balkans, as four to three; in Italy, as thirteen to eight; in France, still very nearly six to four. On the Western Front, properly understood, stretching from the North Sea to the Adriatic, the number of their field-guns were six to five of the enemy, and their heavy guns as seven to six. Everywhere the advantage of numbers, whether considered together, or, at that date, in any particular place, was theirs.

How much more, and how crushing, had their superiority been when more than 120 Russian and Roumanian divisions were fighting on their side. Yet they had failed to win the war.

The plan of the Allied statesmen, perhaps indeed because of their great advantage in numbers, had been to hope for the best. New enemy reinforcements of one million bayonets might appear on any of their fronts, for German and Austrian divisions had begun to stream westwards. But the plan of all of them, except one, was still to hope for the best till the arrival of the Americans decided the war. Even M. Clemenceau, the least inert of men, was of this opinion; and in January 1918 told the assembled military and political leaders of the alliance that the date of victory would be the autumn of 1919, for then the American strength would be at its height. For this American giant, though he intended to put forth all his strength, only bestirred himself slowly.



When M. Clemenceau uttered this prognostic there were 3½ American divisions in France, only one of which was in the line; and the American Chief of the Staff could then only promise that there would be 4 fully trained by July, 8 in October 1918, and 20 in April 1919. The one statesman who refused to resign himself to this policy, or this absence of policy, was Mr Lloyd George.

Immediately on coming into power he had invented a new instrument of government, the War Cabinet: this body of four sitting continuously, and issuing orders to all the Ministries through its secretary, was virtually a dictatorship, and in effect a personal dictatorship; and though this is as yet unperceived, this concentration of power in the one office of the Prime Minister has to some degree survived the war, for it is the existence of a secretariat, both in the War Cabinet and the larger Cabinet—innovation as it is—that makes him almost absolute.

For in both these small executive bodies there are no fixed rules of procedure or methods of voting, like, for example, at a board of directors. In the War Cabinet, and apparently in the Cabinet that has succeeded it, both the settlement of their agenda and, what is still more important, the formulation of their decision was left in the hands of the secretary, largely owing to his skill and indefatigable industry. The secretary,

therefore, without having any wish to do so, must to some extent control their decisions, especially as in many or most of their discussions, what was their real decision remained very doubtful.

It happens that the only holder there has so far been of this post has acted as the assiduous, docile, and inseparable attendant of the Prime Minister, so that the War Cabinet's secretariat was very much in effect the Prime Minister's secretariat. Through this secretary, and perhaps without any design, but by the natural adoption of so great a convenience, the will of the Prime Minister tended to be the will of the War Cabinet. This growth of the Prime Minister's office (to which other causes contributed, such as the selection by him of Ministers who had never been in the House of Commons, and who therefore could only consider themselves as chosen by him alone) is the great constitutional change of the war. It tends to make the office more and more like an American President, absolute, but subject to selection every four years. Whatever its defects and merits in peace, it was only with this authority for immediate and uncontrolled command that the war could really be carried on. In war the Prime Minister during the whole day was like a swimmer in rough seas: one wave after another, and no sooner breasted than another came rolling on, and every question requiring a decision without delay, when

it was always better to risk taking action wrongly than not to act at all.

This creation of a central and supreme authority had averted the dangers of 1917, especially the threat of starvation made by the U-boats. If unity of command had done so much at home, it was natural for Mr Lloyd George to think that it might be no less effective abroad.

For the war did not present itself to the national leaders of the Alliance in the same shape as to the public, which entertained, and still entertains, the flattering idea that we had been struggling against immense odds. This was one of the many fictions with which it had always been considered necessary to drug the nation, though their devotion always had been equal to any sacrifice and their fortitude to any deprivation; but the truth was, and could not appear as anything else to the leaders, that we were big and our adversaries small. For years the Germans had stood at bay, surrounded by mere numerous enemies, who had failed to overcome them.

It therefore might be considered that the allied policy had been wrong. Mr Lloyd George thought so and said so, though the other leaders sitting round the table might be satisfied to wait until the knot untied itself instead of trying to untie it.

There was a remarkable likeness between the three premiers, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Orlando. They

all three united in themselves absolutely contrary qualities. Eloquent men have ungarded, unsuspecting, impulsive temperaments, and cunning men are inarticulate and ineloquent. But they all three were both cunning and eloquent, and the conjunction of these opposites is probably what makes a great Parliamentarian, as they all three were. This is perhaps why he is so rare. Suspicious and circuitous in their dealings, the most persuasive and real rhetoric, that struggles to convince and win, quite unlike the vapid speech of formal public utterance, gushed from them at once.

But the British statesmen (and Lord Milner was the complement of Lloyd George, as if provided by nature to supply the natural deficiencies of the Prime Minister) surpassed all the others both in will and insight,—in will because they were resolved to seize and mould coming events, and not wait timidly on their occurrence; in insight because they could see the whole interests of the Alliance as well as the British national interest. In the minds of almost every one sitting round the green baize table at Versailles, the uppermost thought was the security of their own place and the advantage of their own country. This was transparent as soon as they opened their mouths. But the uppermost thought in Mr Lloyd George's mind was to find the way out and take it and win the war, whatever he risked. In spite of his oblique and subterranean me-



theds : his inveterate taste for low and unscrupulous men : of the distrust felt for him by his favourites even at the height of their favour : of his superficial, slipshod, and hasty mind, this determination of character made him, without any assumption on his part, the leader of the Alliance. The half-deified chiefs, whom the prostrate Germans almost worshipped as idols, never ceased to proclaim what magniloquently they called their will to victory. But none of them ever had it like this little Welsh lay preacher and attorney, who remained so deeply stamped with the characteristics of these early occupations even at this sublime elevation of power.

Now that the Russians and Roumanians were out, or going out, the Germans were sure to be equal again on the West, and during the summer of 1918 to be rather bigger.

In January 1917 there had been 127 German divisions in France : in December 1917 there were 151 : in January 1918, 158. It was like watching a river rise, which rises only inch by inch, but which may, after a certain level, flood and sweep away everything. After keeping off so many enemies at such a great disadvantage, the Germans might hope to overcome them now the advantage lay on their side. For while in January 1917 the Allies had had 178 divisions in France, in December 1917 they had only 169.

Ludendorff felt certain that with equal numbers he could win the war in the West, and

that winter he told the main Committee of the Reichstag that the odds were 3 to 1 on him. This assertion must have been genuine, for he never could have imposed another effort on the Germans, exhausted as they were with the desperate struggle of three years' war on so many fronts against so many opponents, had he had any doubt of the result. About the same time the extent of this exhaustion was disclosed at those secret meetings of the States of the Hapsburg monarchy, in which they discussed their foreign policy, known as the Delegations. The question being whether and how to continue the war, the Delegations were told what were the losses of the Central Powers. But some of the members of the Delegations were Poles, who, as a partitioned people, had a foot in each camp. Through this leak the information reached the Allies.

The Austro-Hungarian Empire, whose population at the outbreak of the war may be perhaps placed at 55 million, had had 10,300,000 (ten million three hundred thousand) men of military age. Of these, 7,600,000 (seven million six hundred thousand) had become casualties.

The German Empire, whose population at the outbreak of war may perhaps be placed at about 70 million, had had 14 million men of military age, of which 12,600,000 (twelve million six hundred thousand) had been passed fit for military service, out of whom 7,700,000

(seven million seven hundred thousand) had become casualties.

So, in rough proportions, the Central Empires turned a fifth of their populations into soldiers, and had lost a tenth of them in three years. These figures, if right, give a basis for an exact calculation how much wider the suffering of a modern war is than it used to be in the eighteenth century. Gibbon laid it down that the highest proportion of soldiers that a civilised state could maintain was one hundredth of its population. But in the twentieth century that proportion had risen to a fifth. So the circle of those exposed to the dangers and pains of war had been enlarged twenty times by our increased means of accumulating and producing wealth.

So in the autumn of 1917 a last and desperate attempt of the Central Powers to win the war in the ensuing nine months was to be anticipated. Mr Lloyd George had come to doubt more and more whether the system of the Allies, which since 1914 had yielded nothing but failure and disaster, could meet this attack; if it failed when superior in number, it was hardly likely to succeed when inferior. During the whole of 1917 he and Lord Milner had accepted the military adviser bequeathed to them by Mr Asquith — General Robertson. His plan, and he had no other, was to raise more and more men; if the two sides were allowed to go on killing

each other in France indefinitely, when all the Germans were dead there would still be a few Allies left and they would win the war. This was his simple strategy, so far as it could be gathered from the memoranda he submitted to the War Cabinet, to which the future historian of the war is earnestly referred. During the last half of 1917 it had led to a huge and almost useless slaughter of Englishmen. During the Flanders offensive, lasting from June 1 to November 13, the 2nd and 5th armies had had casualties of 268,396 (two hundred and sixty-eight thousand three hundred and ninety-six) men and 13,075 (thirteen thousand and seventy-five) officers on ground over which, in the ensuing year, the Allies were to sweep in a few days. The German casualties are unknown, but Ludendorff tells us that going over the ground he saw two khaki dead for every field-gray.

Before the war the Director of Military Operations at the War Office had been Sir Henry Wilson; and in the natural course of events the position of Chief of the Imperial General Staff, held by General Robertson, would have come to him; but he had been passed over, in spite of his high reputation, by Mr Asquith, who had a grudge against him for the part he played in Irish politics. General Wilson, in effect, maintained:

"The fault of the Allies' system has always been that there was no system at all; their political has never been

adjusted to their military action. If it had been, Bulgaria might in 1915 have been made to come in on our side. Their military action has not been connected: if it had been, the intervention of Roumania in 1916 might have been decisive.

"If the war had been directed by a central and supreme body, co-ordinating political with military effort, and army with army, instead of them being connected by temporary arrangements, missions, liaisons, the Central Powers would have succumbed long ago. But the absence of unity, for want of which we have failed to attain victory, is now going to give it to them. They have now one instead of two fronts, and, free on the East, they are going to throw their whole weight on the West. That front, which from the North Sea to the Adriatic forms a single front, has never been treated as such. It is just possible for the British, French, and Italian armies to act separately when on the offensive as they have been most of the time; but now they will have, till the Americans arrive in force, to stand on the defensive. The armies of the Central Powers will crush each separately, unless there is a single central command to give the whole strength of the other two Allied armies, at once and with no delay, to the third."

These prognostics were too soon justified. As Major Grasset says, "the thunderbolt fell without so much as the warning of the lightning flash."

On 25th October 1917 the Germans broke through the Italian front at Caporetto, and in the ensuing retreat General Cadorna lost a quarter of a million men in casualties and a quarter of a million men in prisoners. His army almost entirely dissolved. So the first German offensive in the West had almost destroyed the Italian army.

Foch was then Chief of the French General Staff. Retired in 1916, he had been given, as Major Grasset tells us, the special task of planning the defence of Switzerland: for, as soon as the Russian Revolution had taken place, and a prospect of a German offensive in the West therefore appeared, the Swiss Government (so small was their faith in German professions) had anticipated that the Central Powers would violate its neutrality in order to turn the Allied right in France. Foch had produced a plan, exquisite in its subtle simplicity, by which the troops of the Swiss confederation, after acting as covering troops, would have retired to the central, inexpugnable massif of their country, while 50 French divisions would have caught in flank the German armies pouring through the flat corridor of the Aar Valley, too narrow for them either to deploy or retreat, while the Swiss army hung on the other flank.

But the blow fell in Italy, not Switzerland. Within twenty-four hours of hearing the news of the break through

Foch had begun entraining French troops to go to Cadorna's help: 6 French followed by 5 English divisions had hurried there. Even with this assistance Cadorna intended abandoning the line of the Piave, fearing the position could be turned from the Alps, and retreating to the line of the Mincio. Foch hastened to his headquarters and, as Major Grasset politely puts it, "persuaded Cadorna that he had not suffered definitive defeat, and that the enemy could be checked on the Piave." Had Foch's decision not been so rapid—for he had given orders for the French divisions to be moved towards Italy before Cadorna asked for help—the line of the Piave would certainly not have been retained. But the next line, that of the Mincio, gave a very long front to the Italians, instead of the short line of the Piave from the Alps to the sea: as Cadorna was never tired of repeating when he went to Versailles, not eleven, but twenty or thirty Angle-French divisions would have been required to hold the line of the Mincio. This would have been so serious a diminution of the Anglo-French forces in France, that it might have seemed preferable to abandon the Italians altogether. Only Foch's promptitude prevented Caporetto from being a blow fatal to Italy.

Foch insists in his 'Principles of War' that a battle is a "crisis, a bloody and terrible drama." But in his ordinary language and uncon-

sciously, he always uses a word that is even more expressive of his conception of the pace at which the events of a battle proceed and the consequent necessity of quick decision. He never says a battle "begins," he always says, rather strangely, "a battle is off," using the word properly applicable to horses starting in a race (*une fois la bataille partie*).

But it is some of the subsequent discussions that took place between Foch and Cadorna that show the faults of the Allied system more than the battle itself. The eleven Angle-French divisions in Italy were a definite diminution of the Allied forces in France, but they were a definite loss only because of the insufficient railroad communication between France and Italy.

So defective were these that some of the French divisions coming to the help of Cadorna had had to cross the Alps on foot, or else they would have arrived too late. When the whole Western front was treated as one, this defect was evident at once: an indefinite number of Italian divisions could have come to France, or Angle-French divisions to Italy, if the railroad communications had been improved sufficiently to shift them back again shuttle-wise whenever and wherever they were wanted. A few weeks before the 1918 campaign began it was too late to start construction; whenever Weygand, Foch's Chief of the Staff, and Cadorna at Versailles discussed the subject, they used to lament

and shrug and sigh over its being too late. But if a central military organ of command for the whole front between the North Sea and the Adriatic had existed before, the necessity for the improvement would have appeared as soon as they started discussing, and it could easily have been carried out in the early part of the war.

Caporetto decided Mr Lloyd George. At a conference held at Rappalle in the beginning of November, the Supreme War Council was founded as a central directing political body for the whole alliance: it was a monthly meeting of the principal Ministers of each country at Versailles. There was a permanent staff of Military Representatives at that place to act as their military advisers. These military advisers were Sir Henry Wilson; Weygand, Chief of the Staff to Foch in Paris; General Cadorna; and later, General Bliss, American Chief of the Staff. This, as Major Grassett says, "was a hesitating but not less decisive step towards unity of command."

The plans elaborated between Foch and Sir Henry Wilson at Versailles can be better understood if the forces in opposition, as they were to be between the middle and end of February 1918, when the fighting was expected to begin, are known.

By the flow of divisions from the East, the Germans in France then had 178 divisions—estimated at 1630 battalions, 1,232,000 rifles, and

24,000 sabres; 8800 field-guns and 5500 heavy guns. The allies had available 97 French, 57 British, 10 Belgian, 1 American, and 2 Portuguese—altogether 167 divisions, estimated at 1585 battalions, 1,480,000 rifles, 74,000 sabres; 8900 field-guns and 6800 heavy guns. So the Allied totals were still superior to the German, the German units, divisions and battalions, being smaller than the Allied. The rate at which their divisions could be brought from the East, where they still had 58, of rather inferior quality, was about 10 a month. Of those, perhaps 40 at the most could be expected to appear in France, and so their maximum strength, between 200 and 210 divisions, would be reached in May. But the American divisions (of which one only was now in the line and counted) were beginning to come in; so that at no time would the German superiority in number over the Allies be near so great as the Allied superiority over the Germans had been for at least one and a half years. There ought therefore to have been no cause for anxiety.

On the Italian front there were still the 11 Anglo-French divisions sent there after Caporetto, and 50 Italian divisions: 764 battalions, 633,000 rifles, 6400 sabres; 3700 field-guns and 2100 heavy guns. The enemy had only 43½ Austrian and 3 German, a total of 46½ divisions: 439,000 rifles, 3400 sabres; 3000 field-guns and 1500 heavy guns.

On the Italian front therefore there were still 6 to 4 in spite of Berette.

In the East the Austrians had 34 divisions, some of which might be expected to come to Italy; but, on the other hand, the Italians had not yet put into the line all the divisions they had reconstructed out of their defeated troops during the winter, out of which they were ultimately to form the Sixth Army.

In the Balkans there were 23 Bulgarian, 2 German, and 2 Austrian divisions, a total of 27: 294 battalions, 228,000 rifles, 3000 sabres, 972 field-guns, and 353 heavy guns. On our side, 8 French, 4½ British, 1½ Italian, 3 Greek, 6 Serbian, 1 Italian in Albania, 23 divisions in all: 271 battalions, 219,000 rifles, 7000 sabres, 1100 field-guns, and 380 heavy guns. Here the enemy was slightly superior; but the Greek mobilisation was not finished. Later in the spring the size of their contingent would be doubled or trebled; this would leave the advantage to the Allies again.

In Palestine and Mesopotamia the Allies were overwhelmingly larger than the Turks, whose battalions, by the time they reached the front, were all reduced to 200 or 300 by desertion. General Allenby in Palestine had 7 British and 1 Indian divisions: 117 battalions, 100,000 rifles, 16,000 sabres, 410 field-guns, and 93 heavy guns. Facing him were 11 Turkish divisions and 1 second-class German division at and south of Damascus: 107 battalions, but only 29,000

rifles and 3000 sabres, and perhaps 200 or 300 guns. We were 3 to 1.

In Mesopotamia, 1 British and 5 Indian divisions: 101 battalions, 125,000 rifles, 9000 sabres, 300 field-guns, and 50 heavy guns. Against these the Turks had nominally 5 divisions and 47 battalions, but these only amounted to 18,000 rifles, 1000 sabres, and no more than 100 guns. Here we were 6 to 1.

This survey would not be complete without a mention of Lettow-Vorbeck in East Africa, with his 250 Europeans and 1500 Africans. A British and native force of 12,000 rifles, with a ration (not a combatant) strength of 55,000 were kept busy chasing him.

So the Allies, in spite of losing the Russians and Roumanians, kingdoms of millions of men, who had thrown into the balance more than 120 divisions—in spite of not having more than one American division at their side from a country which had actually registered 25 million men as capable of military service—in spite of these deductions, at the beginning of 1918, still had the advantage.

War abstracts the world into a chess-board where each piece is measured in divisions. At the first meeting of the Supreme War Council, M. Venizelos harangued it for an hour on the past, present, and future glories of Hellas; but when he stopped drenching his audience with his eloquence, the only voice raised was by General Robertson, who asked,

"How many divisions can you give us in the spring?" From the height of the Supreme War Council the number of divisions Greece could supply stood for Greece.

The plan of campaign for 1918 was the work of Foch, Sir Henry Wilson, and Mr Lloyd George, in the sense that while some of the leaders of the Alliance favoured some parts of it, and others others, they were in favour of all of it, and imposed it on all the other leaders. They, in effect, said to the Supreme War Council—

"We will stand on the defensive on the Western front till the Americans arrive: on the defensive, if we give the Allied armies on the front from the North Sea to the Adriatic a single organ of command, we should be able to resist the enemy, if they were able to resist us. But let us take the offensive in Palestine: Turkey is exhausted, and a defeat in Palestine will knock Turkey out. Such a result will have further consequences which we cannot foresee, but which might be decisive."

There were thus two parts to this plan, a central command in the West and an offensive in Palestine.

A central command seems easy to create. The French solution was that it should be given to a French general—a natural claim on a front where they had 103 divisions to 62 British and 50 Italian; but, as Sir Henry Wilson always insisted, the right to command involves the right to dismiss,

and therefore it was a right which, in simple entirety, could not be given any general of any single nation, for no army of any nation would bear having its leaders dismissed by a foreigner.

In effect, the function of a generalissimo would have been to fix the quantity and use of the Allied Reserve, if this whole front was treated as a single front. This would have been his work in a defensive campaign, such as was anticipated. Assuming that any point or points were threatened by the enemy, such a generalissimo would have decided the number, place, and movement of units from the rest of the front that were to go to the defence of that point.

Foch and Sir Henry Wilson put forward a simple and ingenious proposal, with the object of giving the three Allied armies all the advantages of a generalissimo without the objections: the three commanders-in-chief were to remain commanders-in-chief; but at Versailles there was to be formed an Executive War Board, with Foch as chairman; Sir Henry Wilson as the British, General Cadorna as the Italian, and General Bliss as the American members. This Board was to have the right to demand from each commander-in-chief a certain number of divisions which it could control. Divisions placed in this General Reserve would be ear-marked, and not to be used by any commander-in-chief without permission of the Executive War Board,

which had authority to fix their number, place, movement, and use.

The Executive War Board, brought into existence to handle the General Reserve, gave each commander-in-chief the advantages of a generalissimo. The General Reserve was a banking account on which each could draw if he was attacked: his drafts would be fixed by the War Board, according to their judgment. On the other hand, he had none of the disadvantages of a generalissimo. No commander-in-chief could suspect his forces were being exploited for the benefit of an Ally's forces, for each nation had its representative on the War Board. Sir Henry Wilson and Foch in effect argued—

"The system by which each commander-in-chief attacks separately is possible when on the offensive. But we must now stand on the defensive. Ludendorff will have about 200 divisions: he will leave 100 in the line and attack one of the three commanders-in-chief—French, British, or Italian—with a mass of manoeuvre of 100 divisions: no single commander-in-chief can resist without the assistance of the other. But no commander-in-chief parts with his reserves willingly. There will be discussions and consequent loss of time that may be disastrous. There must be some superior authority to decide at once how much each of the others must contribute to help the one attacked. The Executive War Board, by

means of the General Reserve will do this."

Linked to this creation of a central command was the extension of the British front. After a very close consideration, it had been decided by the military representatives, subject to the creation of a General Reserve, to extend that front as far as Barisis, though the French wanted it carried as far as Berry-au-Bac. This left the Fifth British Army under Gough, which joined on to the French, unduly extended, and the Allied line along Gough's front unduly thin. Taking all the factors, and there were many, into consideration, Barisis was a point to which the British armies ought to go. Proceeding on entirely different methods of calculation, both General Cadorna's and Sir Henry Wilson's staffs, working independently, fixed on this point as giving them their just extension.

The military representative argued—

"If the Allied line in France was treated as one front, it could not be equally strong at every point. Some portion must be thinner than others. But the creation of the General Reserve made this particular point a matter of indifference. For if the weak point was attacked, the General Reserve could be drawn there at once, and the War Board had the authority to make the General Reserve as large as it liked, drawing from all armies. So the weakest point could at once be made the strongest."



The other part of the plan of campaign was the Palestine offensive: Allenby already had an overwhelming preponderance over the Turks. That preponderance was to be further increased; he was to be reinforced from Mesopotamia with forces originally fixed at a higher figure, but ultimately amounting to 1 Indian division. An Indian cavalry division in France was to be sent to him. His forces were so large that the real difficulty was supplying him, and his capacity for hitting hard depended much more upon the rate at which the railroad from Egypt could be pushed forward. But with a little time and a great deal of railroad material, it was reckoned he ought to be able to annihilate the very inferior Turkish forces in front of him.

To this Eastern project the French members of the Supreme War Council at first presented some opposition, but assented on condition that no white troops were removed from France for this attempt. There was also the opposition to it from General Robertson, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

This plan of campaign, in its two parts, a central command in France and an offensive in Palestine, was in effect the plan that carried the Allies to victory in the autumn: Allenby's annihilation of the Turkish Army in front of him knocked out the corner-stone of the edifice of the enemy's power, and Foch's

conduct of the operations in France led to a result that no one had anticipated. But the first winter edition of the plan was better both in means and conception than its autumn successor. Allenby's British troops were taken from him after the disaster of the spring, and Indian divisions substituted. Foch's authority as chairman of the Executive War Board was better conceived and clearer than his authority as generalissimo, which was to "co-ordinate the action of the British and French armies." If the second edition of this plan of campaign finished the war, the first edition would have done it even more surely. So great in war is the importance of a good plan that, as soon as it was found and carried out, the war ended. In the winter of 1917-1918, a friend talking of the difficulties in front of the Allies, said to Foch's Chief of Staff, Weygand—

"However bad our situation may seem now, it was worse for you and General Foch at the Marne; for you were heavily outnumbered, and we will still be superior till the month of April."

Weygand answered—

"Our situation is much worse now; for then we had the magnificent plan of Marshal Joffre, and now we have no plan at all."

The Supreme War Council adopted this plan at a session in the last days of January and the first days of February 1918. The utmost precautions of secrecy were adopted: for

some of the sittings most of the secretaries were excluded from the room. The copies of the plan of campaign and of the minutes of the meeting were limited to a few copies and put in the hands of only a few people. For Ludendorff, as he has now told us, was as anxious about being attacked as the Allies were. His position, a few weeks before the campaign could be expected to open, was anxious and precarious: on almost every front he was outnumbered. The collapse of any of the numerous fronts meant the loss of an Ally whose fall would probably bring down another, till the four Central Powers knocked each other down like skittles. Through the two main channels, Danish and Swiss, along with the indiscretions of the enemy which reached the ears of the Allies, they could know his apprehensions, which he confesses in his published memoirs. Verdun, close to the line of railroad which gave them lateral communication, was a sensitive point in the German defensive system, and here the German General Staff anticipated an attack by the Allies that would forestall theirs. There was no secret more precious than where the Allied attack was coming. The various theatres of war, in which the system of the Central Powers lay, were strung out along an awkward line, separated by nature, and in the East connected by railroad lines of communication insufficient, defective, and slow. Ignorant where the aim of the Allies was, no portion could be firmly

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defended by Ludendorff unless information was acquired where the blow was intended to fall: then forces sufficient to meet it might be concentrated in that quarter. The information was therefore inestimable.

Public opinion in France and Italy had been canvassing the question of a supreme commander in the field during the whole winter, and was naturally concerned at the disconnection between the three armies defending its soil. To reassure this opinion the news that these armies had been given a certain unity under Foch was published in the papers, but in a vague and misleading way. The other decision, to overwhelm the Turkish armies in Palestine, was guarded with greater precautions of secrecy than any other decision ever taken by the Supreme War Council.

A very sprightly and brilliant writer on military affairs, Colonel Repington, had till the beginning of January been military correspondent of 'The Times': at that date he left 'The Times,' which had grown critical of General Robertson, and became military correspondent of the 'Morning Post.' There he became the avowed exponent of that General's views, referred to himself as the official spokesman of the General Staff, and published information which he could not have obtained anywhere but from the War Office. A letter from him, written in Paris on February 5, was published, denouncing the Inter-Allied War Council

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which had just been held. On February the 11th another article by him was published in the 'Morning Post.' This was a detailed and accurate account of the decisions and discussions of the last Session of the Supreme War Council. It described with fulness the Executive War Board as "The Versailles soldiers under the presidency of General Foch," "controlling and directing the reserves," and reveals the machinery by criticising it. Further, he calls on Parliament to intervene, and not permit "a side-show" to take place. The side-show he describes, in the very words of Mr Lloyd George, as recorded in the minutes of the session, as "the delivery of a knock-out blow to Turkey." So as to leave nothing in doubt, he indicates the theatre of war where the side-show is to take place: "the Turks will retire in front of us from Damascus to Aleppo."

The article also tells Ludendorff that Allenby's real difficulty was, the very point of the discussion that the Supreme War Council had had, "How long will it take for our broad-gauge railway, at the rate of half a mile a day, to reach Aleppo?" The article is a summary—a very excellent and concise summary—of the principal decisions and discussions that had taken place at a session where the Supreme War Council had refined on their usual precautions for secrecy, extravagant as these usually were. The first decision of the War Cabinet was

to seize the printing presses of the 'Morning Post,' and so suppress it entirely; but after a talk with his Attorney-General, Sir Gordon Hewart, Mr Lloyd George adopted a course much more astute. The editor and Colonel Repington were only prosecuted and fined for a technical offence under the Defence of the Realm Act; and Sir Gordon took care during the prosecution to make only the disclosures about the General Reserve a subject of complaint: the passage about the side-show, which revealed the secret of the Allies, he treated as in-offensive. This artful treatment may have attenuated the effect of the betrayal.

The editor of the 'Morning Post,' whose patriotism was above suspicion, acted, and Colonel Repington no doubt also, from their own sense of duty, and (as the magistrate who convicted them said) they knew the risks they were taking. Colonel Repington disavows in this article having an "official report of these proceedings," or "spoken to any of our military or military representatives who attended"; but he protests too much. In this and subsequent articles from his lively pen he quotes actual phrases—the natural, felicitous, epigrammatic phrases of Mr Lloyd George recorded in the minutes of the session: they must have caught his quick literary eye as he read them over. He could not have had all the information he published, which was absolutely complete, unless he had

been shown an official report of the proceedings. The person who showed them to Colonel Repington can only have been an officer of the General Staff, and it is perfectly easy to guess who it was. That officer was certainly not General Robertson, who is far too rough and straightforward for these devious methods. But it must have been an officer of the General Staff of which General Robertson was the chief, and to defeat a plan which General Robertson opposed he disclosed that plan to a journalist, and thus through him to the enemy. It not only told Ludendorff the plan, but through the article suggested to him a means of parrying the blow, to "evade Allenby's offensive by retiring, and bring the U-boats down the Danube to Constantinople." No officer was punished in consequence of the conviction of Colonel Repington and the editor of the 'Morning Post.'

The Executive War Board—Foch, Wilson, Bliss, Cadorna—got to work at once. Foch proposed that the General Reserve should begin by being a seventh of the total Allied force from the North Sea to the Adriatic, and fixed it at thirty divisions; and letters were addressed to each commander-in-chief asking him if he would contribute his quota, proportionate to the number of divisions he commanded, to the General Reserve. On February 15th, Sir Henry Wilson succeeded Sir William Robertson as Chief of the Imperial

General Staff in London, and was succeeded at Versailles by General Rawlinsen.

Foch, when he came to Versailles, was an old man, unwell and worn with anxiety, and beginning to lose his trim horseman's figure. He shone in debate as much as he did in action. In his profound grasp of any question: in his capacity for dealing at once, and conclusively, with any opposite point which he rejected: in the skill with which he exposed the fallacy of an unsound argument: in the flexible readiness with which he adapted his attitude to any contrary idea he felt unable to refute: in the facility and rapidity with which he evolved schemes to reach a common agreement: in the closely woven and orderly logic of his thought: in the rapid, almost exuberant, flow of his speech: in the flashing power of illustrating his meaning: in his ruthless contempt for weaker dialecticians,—in all these he resembled a great Chancery special. In the simplicity of his ways—he had not even an A.D.C., and he used to arrive alone, his papers under his arm, with an absence of ceremony astonishing to any one accustomed to the pomp that surrounds even a brigadier: in the roughness of his ways, a strong contrast to the gentlemanly English and grand manner of the Italians: in his extreme piety,—in all these he was like a rustic French *curé*, redolent of the soil, the true soil of France, the soil of peasants and soldiers, descend-

ants of those who accomplished the *Gesta Dei per Francos*, very different from the glittering foam of Paris. In sheer intellect he towered above every one at the Supreme War Council as much as Mr Lloyd George did in courage.

During the first half of the month of February the German scheme of attack became clearer. The Allied and the German lines formed an angle, and the German divisions in large masses began to accumulate towards the point of the angle: here also appeared Von Hutier at the head of an army. He was a specialist in surprise attacks, and at the capture of Riga, in the preceding autumn, the Germans had used a new manœuvre invented by him. Instead of collecting their attacking divisions in front of the point at which it was aimed to break through, they were kept very far back from the line, and brought up to the point stealthily the night before, so that the enemy, though he might guess the region, could not guess exactly where. While these divisions were at this distance from the line, they practised over ground artificially made to resemble the real point of attack. It was an invention appropriate to the German genius for secret and tireless organisation.

Foch in effect said to the Executive War Board—

"Ludendorff must launch his mass of attack either westward or southward, either towards the British side of the angle and Cambrai, or towards the French side of the

angle and Rheims. But if he is successful and drives one or other of these lines back, he himself presents an unguarded and open flank, and the more successful he is, and the more he enlarges the angle, the longer and therefore the more open and unguarded his flank will be.

"I will therefore divide my General Reserve into three portions, each larger than the other. The smallest portion I will place in Dauphiné, close to the best crossing into Italy; the largest I will concentrate round Paris; the third portion I will place round Amiens. From the concentration of German troops the attack must come in the Rheims or Cambrai region; therefore the bulk of the General Reserve round Paris is best situated to come to the help of either region. The Amiens portion stands behind the British Fifth Army, the weakest point of the line, and ready to support it. The Dauphiné portion is situated so as to be able to go to the assistance of the Swiss or the Italians, in the unlikely event of their being attacked, or to rejoin the rest of the General Reserve."

Foch did no more than outline the part to be played by the General Reserve, for it never was to come into existence. Major Grasset quotes Napoleon as saying that the art of war is simple enough to understand; it is doing it that is difficult. The outline of Foch's plan was perfectly simple: Ludendorff had formed his mass of manœuvre near the apex of the angle formed by

the front in France; it could only be used to drive in the French side of the angle or the British. He could only do one of two things—push back the British to and over the Semme, or the French over the Aisne towards the Marne. In either case he exposed himself to a counter-attack on his open flank from Foch's mass of manœuvre concentrated round Paris. Whichever he did, he had delivered himself into Foch's hands.

In March he chose the British side, and flung himself at Gough's Fifth Army. Ludendorff has also told us why he chose this line of attack: the Allied line was thinnest there, and he chose the line of least resistance. This choice the prescience of Foch had also divined when he intended to put the bulk of the General Reserve round Paris and Amiens. But the General Reserve was never constituted, so Foch never carried out his plan.

The letters sent to the commanders-in-chief by the Executive War Board, asking them to contribute their quota to the General Reserve, were dated February 6: by February 19 the French and Italian answers were received assenting.

On February 22nd Sir Douglas Haig and Petain met at the Grand Quartier General, and arranged another detailed scheme of defence on a completely different principle to that of the General Reserve. It was the principle that if one army was attacked, the other

should assist by taking over part of its line. Under the General Reserve plan, an authority higher than that of any of the commanders-in-chief decided what assistance one of them could receive from the other. Under the arrangement of February 22 each commander-in-chief decided for himself what assistance he would give a colleague. It was the principle upon which the offensives against the Germans had been conducted in France, and which the Military Representative at Versailles had considered was unsuited to a defensive plan.

This new scheme must have been known to the leaders of the Allies, and certainly would not have been initiated by Petain, as it was, without the assent of M. Clemenceau. But it was unknown to Foch, who waited patiently for the English answer the whole of February. The fighting was expected to begin the first week in March. On March 3 (and it is the knowledge of this date that shows how well informed Major Grasset is) a letter from Sir Douglas, dated March 2, reached the Executive War Board refusing to contribute any divisions to the General Reserve, except British divisions in Italy, which were not under his command. The Italian military representative immediately declared the Italian contribution to the General Reserve must be considered as withdrawn, if there was to be no English contribution. The General Reserve thus vanished, and with it the

Executive War Board faded away, for it had been brought into existence to handle the General Reserve, and for no other purpose. Though for some time it continued to discuss, it never was to act. Major Grasset says, not quite accurately—

“Finally, in their session of March 3, and in spite of the energetic protests of General Foch, the Council went so far as to decide upon an important reduction of the Inter-Allied Reserve, and to envisage nothing more than resisting as well as might be the German effort, though this threatened to be of the most formidable type.”

The refusal of Sir Douglas was natural, for he could not undertake the double liability of taking over more French line and feeding the General Reserves as well.

The Protocol, the Minutes, as we say, of the arrangement between him and General Petain as drawn up at the Grand Quartier General, are contained in document No. 5476 of the French Intelligence Section (3<sup>ème</sup> Bureau, as the French call it). This document has only to be placed next to the Resolutions of the Supreme War Council, creating the Executive War Board and the General Reserve, for the inconsistency to appear. It was impossible to carry out both plans.

This arrangement was made on February 22; but this

document, No. 5476 of the 3<sup>ème</sup> Bureau, Grand Quartier General, was not drawn up till March 5, and is dated March 5. There must be some reason for this delay in making minutes which should naturally be made as soon as possible after the event they record. It is easy to find the reason: Petain, the commander-in-chief at the front, did not want Foch, the Chief of the Staff, at the Boulevard des Invalides in Paris, to know of this agreement, which destroyed the scheme of the General Reserve, till it was too late to protest. The fighting was expected to begin in March, and the drafting of the minute was delayed till then. So far as Foch was concerned, the agreement was a secret agreement, and he was therefore the victim of an intrigue. Speaking of the catastrophe that was to follow, Major Grasset says: “There was needed this extreme peril and the crushing force of this blow to open men’s eyes and to silence certain vanities.” Mr Belloc has here misunderstood, and therefore mistranslated, Major Grasset’s allusion.<sup>1</sup>

General Staffs in time of modern war, when the nation becomes an army, are the most powerful organisms in the state, for almost every one must obey them. Their huge patronage gives them a hold even over legislature. The two-handed engine of deception, the censorship

<sup>1</sup> ‘Precepts and Judgments of Marshal Foch,’ by Major Grasset; translated by Hilaire Belloc. Chapman & Hall.

which conceals the truth, and propaganda which suggests the false, does what it likes with modern public opinion in time of war: people are far more uninstructed and misled by newspapers than ever they were by rumour in the past, before the spread of education had made it possible to induce people to believe anything by printing it. Propaganda can even persuade generals themselves that they are geniuses, who must be kept in place at all costs, however much they fail. This great two-handed engine the General Staffs also control, for military reasons. So the Staff ceases to exist for the nation: the nation lives for the benefit of the Staff. Victory or defeat ceases to be the prime interest; what matters it whether dear old Willie or poor old Harry shall command, or the Chantilly party score a point over the Boulevard des Invalides party. The Central Powers seem (as far as we can see from Count Czernin's 'Memoirs') to have suffered even more, and their Emperors and Chancellors to have been treated like valets; but tough and slippery as the General Staff might be with us, Mr Lloyd George was more so, and he kept war a function of politics, and victory as the end of the war.

But before the campaign of 1918 began, of the two parts of the plan of campaign which may be called that of Mr Lloyd George, Sir Henry Wilson, and Feoh, one part had been published and betrayed, and the

other part nullified by an intrigue.

The Allies therefore went back to the position they had been in the preceding autumn; and the consequences they had rightly anticipated and feared from that position unrolled themselves at once, and in an aggravated form: aggravated because only one part of their military plans was left intact, the extension of the British line. This portion of their design had been connected with the Executive War Board and the General Reserve; but though the reserve was never formed, and the Board never had any functions, the British line remained extended; and there from its extremity at Barisis northwards to Gouzeaucourt lay our Fifth Army, composed of only fourteen infantry divisions and three cavalry divisions, strung out over 42 miles, on an average front of 6750 yards to each division: this was very thin. The Third Army, Byng's, immediately to the north, had one division on every 4200 yards.

The German divisions from the East were still flowing into France in March, but had at the beginning of the month not yet risen to the level of the Allies. On March 13, Ludendorff had 186 divisions at his disposal, of which 79 were in reserve: this gave him 1,370,000 rifles and 15,700 guns. But the 167 Allied divisions (58 in reserve) gave them 1,500,000 rifles and 16,400 guns. They still had the odds. On March 21, Ludendorff had 192 divisions, of which 85 were in



reserve; this made him equal in rifle strength, but perhaps still inferior in guns.

On Thursday, March 21, an attack was made in the morning on the Fifth and part of the Third British Armies: 64 German divisions, a total higher than the whole British army of 57, were set in motion against this sector. On that first day of battle against two-thirds of the line held by Gough's 14 divisions, 40 of these 64 German divisions were set in motion; and against one-fifth of the line held by him, Von Hutier brought off his Riga manoeuvre. On the Wednesday this sector had had 4 German divisions in line; spread fan-wise behind them, with the farthest tip of the fan forty miles away, Von Hutier had 19 other divisions. These were brought up in the night between the 20th and the 21st, and the whole 23 were swung against a front, just in front of St Quentin, of 3 or 4 British divisions.

On this first day the casualties of the Fifth and Third British Armies were estimated at 40,000; but Gough, though his line was badly dented in three places, was by no means broken. The Germans were still "firmly held in the battle zone." The British troops, as the German communiqués announced, had resisted with their "usual tenacity." But no soldiers could struggle against this avalanche of numbers without reinforcements. All Gough's divisions had been engaged on

the Thursday. Now Haig and Petain's armies were equal to Ludendorff's. They ought to have taken dispositions to come to the help of Gough, who held the weakest portion of their common line. This help could come either from the British or French.

The official despatches of Sir Douglas Haig do not seem to come from the pen of Sir Douglas himself, but from some subordinate, for their style is very different from his personal communications to Versailles or the War Cabinet, to which the historian of the war is again earnestly referred. The despatches are candid, but they have not altogether the plain candour of the Field-Marshal's character. Dealing with the Thursday fighting, the despatches say, "It became both possible and necessary to collect additional reserves from the remainder of my front and hurry them to the battlefield"; also, "My plans for collecting reserves from other parts of the British front were put into immediate execution." This is true; but it is not a complete story. During the course of the Thursday Gough appealed for help. He was told not to expect any British assistance for seventy-two hours—that is, until Sunday; and the first British reinforcements that reached the Fifth Army were a few brigades of the 8th Division, that had come all the way from St Omer, and which reached the battlefield late on Sunday afternoon.

Then there were the French, Petain with his 97 divisions who had had no serious fighting for nearly a year. "On different occasions, as the battle developed, I discussed with him the situation and the policy to be followed by the Allied armies," say the despatches. This is the courteous expression of a disagreeable fact. British G.H.Q. and the Grand Quartier-General did begin discussing how many French divisions Petain would give, but Petain maintained that this attack was not Ludendorff's main attack, which was to be towards Rheims, where a violent preliminary bombardment had taken place. On Saturday morning the two commanders-in-chief were still arguing, and Petain had not got further than granting 3 divisions. Meanwhile, on Friday morning, Gough's front had given way under the pressure of the enormous masses in front of him, and had begun to retreat, necessarily bringing backwards with him the Third Army, who had not been moved by the Germans. Mr Lloyd George, at the Saturday meeting of the War Cabinet, expressed his regret over the General Reserves so bitterly and emphatically that the secretary made a record of it.

On the afternoon of Saturday the 23rd, the commanders-in-chief finally agreed. "As the result of a meeting held in the afternoon of 23rd March," say the despatches, "arrangements were made for the French to take over as rapidly

as possible the front held by the Fifth Army south of Péronne, and for the concentration of a strong force of French divisions on the southern portion of the battle front." But Ludendorff did not wait on these arrangements: Von Hutier's army had been sweeping forward during Friday and the morning of Saturday, driving before it Gough's army, which was losing its cohesion more and more. At midday on Saturday the Germans had found a gap at Ham and crossed the Somme, so that the sector it was decided on Saturday afternoon that the French should take over had already been occupied by the Germans when the decision was taken. Petain, however, did not hurry. Dabeney, who was to command the "strong force of French divisions," was brought all the way from Lorraine and received his instructions on the Sunday afternoon, and did not reach the battlefield till Monday afternoon. Two French divisions, the 9th and 10th, did come into action on Gough's right on Saturday afternoon and another on Sunday, but they were carried away in the torrent. Only the "usual tenacity" of the British troops had kept Von Hutier till Saturday evening from reaching the objectives assigned to his troops for Thursday evening.

Still, during the week-end they drove on towards Amiens, pushing before them the shreds of Gough's army. If they reached Amiens the British and French armies were separ-

ated, for no real communication could be established between them on the lower reaches of the Somme below Amiens. Once separated, Ludendorff could take breath, and fling his mass of manoeuvre of 100 divisions against each separately and in turn, either the reduced British pressed against the Channel ports, or the French with a vast front to cover.

During the week-end, therefore, at London, Paris, and Versailles, disastrous events were discussed and desperate resolutions taken: measures for the evacuation of Paris were considered. Clemenceau declared he would fight to the Pyrenees, and calculations were made whether it would be possible to re-embark and save the remainder of the British Army. But, however determined their statesmen might be, the two nations might have refused to make a further effort. The loss of Amiens might involve the loss of the war: everything hung upon it. Victory, therefore, was again within the grasp of the Germans.

Ludendorff proudly says the Germans at St Quentin did what no one else had done in the war. But even the Germans must be given their due, and he mistakes his own achievement. After resisting for nearly two years the attempts of Allied armies almost twice their size to break through their front, the Germans themselves broke through the Allied front with a bare equality of forces, and this with a plan of operations that was faulty. During the

week the German Emperor gave Hindenburg a decoration that has only been given on one other single occasion in Prussian history, to Blücher after Waterloo: perhaps St Quentin is the greatest German victory of the war.

It is certainly the greatest defeat we have ever suffered in our history, measured by any standard. By Wednesday, 26th March, the units of Gough's army had officially been considered as having ceased to exist. Of the greatest British army ever assembled, then 57 divisions, between a third and a quarter had been wiped out. In Flanders and in Picardy, between 1st June 1917 and 30th April 1918, a period of eleven months, between 600,000 and 650,000 Englishmen became casualties. Never before, therefore, have Englishmen been slaughtered at such a rate and on such a scale; and at the end of this period the remainder were still on the brink of ruin, from which only their "usual tenacity" saved them.

The prognostics of Sir Henry Wilson and Foch in the preceding autumn were fulfilled as if by programme. The Germans, impelled by a single will, had in turn endeavoured to crush the separate armies of the Allies—the Italians at Caporetto, and the British at St Quentin—and very nearly succeeded. The system of three independent commanders-in-chief had been disastrous on the defensive for just the same reason they had predicted, that the help which one commander-

in-chief would give a colleague in danger would be either insufficient or too late, or both, and could only be decided by a supreme authority superior to them all. From the first week of March, when the plan of a General Reserve was abandoned, Gough's army was doomed. During the fortnight that preceded the battle no one on the immediate staff of Foch had any doubt that a catastrophe was inevitable. The future historian of the war can easily satisfy himself of the accuracy of their forecast. There are two documents, short and simple, which for this, as well as every other battle of the war, tell the story of the engagement at a glance, the order of battle of the Allied armies and the diary of G.H.Q.; these are worth for any battle all the mountain of documents that exist. The battle disposition for March 21 shows the Allied Reserves were so disposed that none of them could reach Gough in time to save him, and the diary of G.H.Q. that they did not.

It might have been far otherwise. The "terrible blow," as Major Grasset calls it, which Foch inflicted on the Germans at the Marne in July 1918, might just as well, and perhaps more effectively, have been dealt on the Somme in March. When in June Ludendorff crossed the Aisne and prepared to cross the Marne, Major Grasset says, Foch, then the Generalissimo and with power to do what he willed, "divined the error the enemy would make," that "he massed his reserves in the wooded hills of

the region of Compiègne-Villers-Cotterets," that is to say, to the north of Paris. He points out that it was an irretrievable mistake of Ludendorff's to cross the Aisne with a "master of manoeuvre" like Foch in possession of these wooded hills. But Ludendorff had committed no less an error in March (and Foch had anticipated it) when he pushed across the Somme. If Foch had been allowed, as he intended, to concentrate the bulk of his General Reserve in these same wooded hills of Compiègne, a mass of Allied divisions, issuing from them, would have fallen on the German flank in March with an even more deadly weight than in July. Foch in the summer only returned to his original March manoeuvre, just as Ludendorff returned to his original error.

On Sunday, March 24, Haig himself appealed to London for a supreme authority over both armies. Mr Lloyd George sent over Lord Milner and Sir Henry Wilson, who at Doullens, on Tuesday, met M. Clemenceau: he still vacillated between Petain and Foch, but, as Major Grasset tells us, "on the proposal of the British Government," Foch was given authority to "co-ordinate the action of the two armies." Thus at the end of March Foch was put again in the position into which he had been placed at the end of January. To Mr Lloyd George we owe Sir Henry Wilson, and to Sir Henry Wilson, Foch.

Von Hutier, according to plan, was due in Amiens on

Sunday, but had been kept back by the "usual tenacity" of our troops, which (as Hindenburg says in his newly published 'Aus Meinem Leben') so often repaired the errors of their leaders. On the Tuesday, however, the Germans racing along the St Quentin-Amiens road, with their artillery and supplies left far behind, suffering from hunger, and with little strength left in them, were only 12,000 or 13,000 yards away from the town; the exact distance, therefore, within which the Germans came to winning the war may, perhaps, be exactly computed in yards: it is the space along this road which separated them from Amiens. The meeting at Doullens was not very sanguine of saving it, and Foch outlined his plans of defence in case Paris had to be abandoned and the British armies were driven back to the coast. On returning to London Sir Henry Wilson reported to the War Cabinet next day, not very hopefully, that the safety of Amiens depended on whether the French could collect sufficient troops there in time to defend the town. For south of the Semme, where along the main road the Germans were expending all the strength that was left in them to reach it, there was nothing left but fragments of the Fifth Army, broken by five days continuous unrelieved fighting and retreat. As Major Grassett says, a leader of less steely determination than Foch would probably have considered the situation hopeless. But this same old gentle-

man, now sixty-seven years old, who had snatched the prize from the Germans in 1914 in Lorraine and Champagne, just when it was in their grasp, was to do so again in Picardy in 1918, when again they had almost reached it.

He was only appointed towards the middle of the day on Tuesday. But at a quarter to five, a few hours after his appointment, he managed to get through to Debeney on the telephone; he now had authority to command. He at once ordered him to take all his troops out of the line farther south on a front of six miles, risk leaving a gap there, and send them up in front of Amiens. Against these, on the Wednesday, the last effort of the spent German wave broke itself.

So Foch, as soon as he was given a chance, found in himself at once, then, as before in 1914, the means of retrieving the faults and errors of other leaders, and so saved them, but only just, on the edge of ruin. Within six months of the day when he was given the desperate task of commanding armies defeated and pressed back to positions of the most imminent disaster, those same armies under his leadership were thundering victoriously at the gates of the Hindenburg Line, the safeguard and the symbol of German domination, and the leaders of the invincible German hosts who had awed Europe for half a century and very nearly overwhelmed it, had decided upon unconditional surrender.

THE LOSS OF THE *SAPPHO*.

"Hail, snow and ice, which, praise the Lord: I've met them at their work,  
An' wished we had anither route, or they anither kirk."

— RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE last of the cargo had been hoisted on shore, the hatches were all covered and secured, and the Chief Officer gave a sigh of relief as he left the deck and hurried into the welcome warmth of the saloon. It was terribly cold outside. Winter had come unusually early, and with quite unlooked-for severity. For the last fortnight the thermometer had not stood above zero, and had often been 20° below, and now in the first week of December 1915 the river at Arkhangel was covered with two feet of ice.

"Thank God that's over at last," he exclaimed. "I don't think I could have stood another day of it myself, and I'm pretty sure half the crew would have chucked their hands in if it had gone on much longer. Working cargo is no joke in this sort of weather, and four or five of them had their ears frost-bitten this afternoon."

The Captain, to whom these remarks were addressed, put down the book he had been reading, and rose from his chair.

"You can certainly thank God you've finished," he replied, "because we're just in time to get away and save wintering here. We are to be ready to go down the river with the last batch of home-

ward bound ships at 9 A.M. to-morrow; they've just brought me my orders."

"The Lord be praised," interposed the Chief Engineer piously; "it's the best bit of news I've heard for two months or more."

"How are we off for bunkers?" said the Captain, addressing the last speaker; "my orders are to call in for coal at Kola Inlet if we are short."

The Engineer smiled. "I reckon we needn't suspect the Lords of the Admiralty of trying to make puns, but I'm inclined to think we shall be coaling at Kola all right in about ten days time, as we shan't have enough to get home. We've got enough for ten days, that's all."

"What are the latest reports of the ice in the Gorla, sir?" asked the Chief Officer.

"All the other ships are believed to have got through safely without much trouble," replied the Captain; "and the Russians say there ought not to be any quantity there for at least a fortnight. I'm more frightened of those blinking mines than I am of the ice, as all the trawlers have had to stop sweeping for the rest of the year."

"Well, anyhow, thank God we're off," said the Chief

Officer, "and may I never see this perishing place again. My next trip will be to the Indian Ocean if I can possibly manage it."

Next day the *Sappho* joined a procession of four or five ships of various sizes, who were slowly following the leading ice-breaker down the river. There were constant stoppages and delays, and the thirty miles to the Bar took the whole day and part of the night; but it was safely accomplished without serious accidents. Quite a number of British ships were passed in the river, lying at different unloading stations or waiting for berths, and the crew of the *Sappho* exchanged greetings as they passed with the less fortunate and envious crews who were destined to spend the next five months in the darkness and cold of an Arctic winter.

"A merry Christmas," shouted the Captain to a friend whom he recognised on the bridge of a big ammunition-carrier which they passed close at hand.

"Thanks, old chap; I'm expecting it. Bully beef and melted snow is about all we've got to be merry on. You're all right; you'll be just about home in time. Good luck," and the ships separated in the dusk.

Soon after passing the Bar the ice thinned very considerably, and before long the little group of ships were able to proceed on their way independently, the change from fresh

to salt water being largely responsible for this. The weather was still bitterly cold, and a fresh northerly wind was blowing, with occasional snow-showers.

Before very long clear water was encountered, and by the morning of the second day the *Sappho* was the last of the little batch of ships, and there was nothing to be seen of her companions except an occasional patch of smoke far ahead between the snow-squalls.

The *Sappho* at her best was not a fast ship, but now, in her light condition, and with the necessity of husbanding her coal, she was not able to make more than three or four knots in a strong wind. However, she was making progress, and the ice was left behind; and though no one on board looked forward to a pleasant yachting trip, still everybody realised that things might have been very much worse, and that they had a great deal to be thankful for.

There was very little sea running, and the ship made good weather of it, though a certain amount of spray kept washing over the forepart of the ship, which froze solid almost immediately it reached the deck. Everything was soon covered with ice, creating a weird and rather ghostly effect in the twilight. The sun was only above the horizon for about an hour at noon, and the remaining twenty-three hours were divided up between about five hours of twilight and eighteen of darkness.

Early in the morning of the third day the wind died away, and before long the ship entered a dense curtain of fog or "frost smoke." It was literally impossible to see across the bridge, and the Captain decided, much against his will, to ease down to dead slow. He was now nearing the narrow part of the Gerla or strait connecting the White Sea and Barent's Sea, and his position was too uncertain to risk steaming his full eight knots in such a blanket of fog. Such fogs are the dread of all navigators in these latitudes at this time of year. They are caused by clouds of steam rising from the comparatively warm water, and occur when the temperature of the air is about 35° colder than that of the surface water. They are usually low-lying, and in some cases high land or the masts of another ship will be seen standing out above them; but this can never be relied upon.

About dusk that evening the mist suddenly cleared and speed was increased at once. The Captain paced the bridge for some time, and at last sent down a message to the engineer on watch below to "let her go," but received a message in reply to say she had been going full speed for some time. The sea was like a mill pond, and all around the ship in the closing darkness could be seen thousands of small brown circles rather like innumerable jelly-fish. For some minutes the Captain peered anxiously over the side of the bridge intently watching these brown

circles. At that moment the noise of the ash-hoist greeted his ear, and hurrying over to the other side of the bridge he stood and watched the fireman unhook his first bucket of ashes from the hoist and carry them to the ash-shoot.

Over the side they went, but instead of disappearing with a splash they slid out into a little heap and remained there. They moved slowly aft, and the next bucketful which was thrown overboard took up a position a few yards ahead of the first lot on the ice. There was no doubt about it whatever: the ship was crawling through newly-forming ice with rapidly decreasing speed, and about an hour later she stopped altogether. The telegraph was put to "stop" and the Captain left the bridge to confer with the Chief Engineer. It was very soon decided that it was useless to waste precious coal in steaming, so fires were banked and the ship lay motionless through the rest of the night.

It was a gorgeous night, and the Aurora Borealis, or northern lights, were visible until after midnight in all their splendour. The whole of the northern part of the horizon as far as the zenith was a mass of shimmering light of constantly changing colours and intensity. It was as if hundreds of searchlights were playing on the sky, each light being capable of changing its colour from red or gold to white at will. It was bitterly cold, and the ship's thermometer had



altogether ceased to record, as the mercury had vanished into the bulb.

The fourth day dawned clear and bright, and as daylight appeared the land on the north shore of the Gorla could be plainly seen, and the ship's position was estimated to be about fifteen miles from the land. The ice was beautifully transparent, but much more solid than the evening before, and the yellow circles or blotches of the forming stage had disappeared. An attempt to move the ship ahead or astern proved quite abortive, and the fires were again banked to await a more favourable opportunity. Not a living thing of any sort was in sight, and the day passed drearily and without incident.

The Captain ordered a careful survey to be made of the provisions on board, and this revealed the alarming fact that there was only about a fortnight's, or at the most three weeks', supply, and orders were given that the most drastic economy was to be exercised.

During the evening the weather changed for the worse, and the wind was soon blowing hard from the westward, accompanied by snow-squalls. The effect of the wind was soon noticeable, as the ice commenced to move and crack in all directions, and by the morning of the fifth day the whole aspect of affairs had undergone a great change. The smooth surface of transparent ice had changed to an irregular surface of white ice, and there was obviously con-

siderable pressure going on. A considerable mass of rather older floe-ice to windward was being driven towards the ship by the wind. Periodically one could see quite a large piece of ice stand right up on end and then slide down again on top of another piece, the two being rapidly frozen together into one piece of twice the original thickness.

The engines were tried again and worked for some time, but a few cables were all that were achieved as a result of several hours' steaming, and the effort was again reluctantly abandoned.

A careful look-out was kept for any signs of another ship, and the Captain was constantly sending up to the mast-head to scan the horizon for smoke, which might turn out possibly to be an ice-breaker which had been sent to assist ships. But nothing was sighted, though a careful watch was kept; the temperature prevented any one remaining in such an exposed position for very long at a time.

The pressure on the ship became slowly worse; the ice on the windward side seemed to be gradually climbing up the side, and a lot of noise and grinding was going on.

There could be no doubt at all that the ship was drifting with the ice, but fortunately she was drifting the right way, and there was just a chance that in a day or two she might find herself free.

The Captain was very anxious, but he kept a smiling face through it all, and it was only to the Chief Officer and Chief Engineer that he unburdened himself in the privacy of his cabin. "If we are here for another ten days things will become desperate," he remarked; "but I have every hope that a change of wind and a rise in the temperature may clear this ice away altogether before that."

"We ought to have plenty of coal left to get us as far as Yukanskie, or even Kola Inlet, even by then: we're not burning much now," said the Engineer; "but I can't see how we can hope to be clear of this in ten days, or even ten weeks. It looks to me as if we shall be here till April, or rather the ship will: we shall all be dead of starvation before Christmas."

"Yes, I'm afraid it's a bad look-out for us," said the Chief Officer. "I'd gladly exchange now with any of those ships tied up alongside Solombole dockyard, even if it did mean that we had to assist the Russians in their favourite pastime of prepping up the jetty for about six months."

"I wonder how the other ships ahead of us are getting on," said the Engineer; "if only we had wireless we might get help from one of them."

"The best hope for us is that they may send an ice-breaker to make sure that no one has been caught,"

said the Captain; "but we can't rely on it, and I fear we shall have to trust to ourselves to get out of this mess."

For four more days the ship drifted slowly to the north-eastward, and the ice conditions became gradually worse. The pressure varied greatly, depending on whether the tidal stream was with or against the wind, and the surface of the ice was constantly changing its appearance.

It was gradually becoming evident to every one on board that the ship was caught in the winter ice, and that nothing short of a miracle could save her. She might last through the winter, or she might be crushed like an egg at any moment if the pressure became suddenly worse; but whatever ultimately happened to the ship, the fate of the men on board was bound to be decided before very long. There was only a fortnight's provisions on board, and in this temperature it was very difficult to maintain health and strength on reduced rations.

The land on the northern shore was generally visible during daylight, and it seemed to be getting gradually closer. On the tenth day the Captain reckoned they were not more than ten miles from the nearest point. The sailing directions were carefully consulted and the charts anxiously scanned, but no signs of a permanent village could be found nearer than Ponei river, a distance of at least 100 miles

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away. Even here it seemed doubtful if there was a certainty of finding any people as late on in the year as December, as the natives only reside in the fishing villages on the coast during the summer months, and retreat to winter quarters inland.

Consequently the chances of finding food and shelter on shore seemed very remote, and the men were entirely unequipped for a long journey exposed to the bitter eeld winds which were blowing so persistently. The Captain decided that abandoning the ship must be a very last resort, and naturally the idea of leaving the ship was repugnant to every one.

During the forenoon of the eleventh day out the mate went up to the cross-trees armed with his glasses, and after a few minutes careful scrutiny he hailed the Captain, who was pacing up and down the bridge, to say he could plainly make out a large steamer close in under the land. There was the very greatest excitement on board at this news, and every one who had a pair of glasses or a telescope was soon busily engaged in trying to make her out. She was visible from the deck, once she had been sighted, though very difficult to pick out with the snow-covered land as a background.

There were many surmises as to what her name was, what line she belonged to, and how long out she was from Arkhangel, and quite a number of wagers were laid and taken

as to her size, line, &c. Every one was agreed on one point, and that was that she was not making any way through the ice, and that she had no smoke coming out of her funnels. She had all the appearances of being an ordinary good-sized British tramp, heading about north-east, and was not more than eight or nine miles away.

The Captain ordered the largest ensign on board to be hoisted, and the distant signal for a vessel in distress was flown at the mast-head, but no signs of a reply could be distinguished. The whistle was blown in the hopes that the steam would be visible, even though the sound could not be heard, and the firemen produced some gorgeous black smoke at the expense of a little coal, but no notice was taken. By three o'clock in the afternoon it was dusk and the ship was lost sight of; a couple of hours later several rockets were fired, but still no notice of any sort was taken, and to all appearances the ship seemed to be deserted.

The Captain was confident that she was a Russian ship, and stated that he believed Russian sailors behaved in the same way that bears behave during the winter months, and remained in their bunks for weeks together, which would account for no look-out being kept. The Chief Officer thought that probably they were Russians and that the crew were all below, but thought this was more likely due to a plentiful supply of vodka on board than to any imitation

of the habits of the national animal. The Chief Engineer was confident that she was a British ship; in fact he was sure she was a Tyne-built ship, but he could not explain why she took no notice of any signals.

The whole of the next day was spent in endeavouring to attract the stranger's attention, and the boatswain rigged up a magnificent canvas ball to use as a distant signal, but no reply could be distinguished. Unfortunately there was no powerful telescope on board, and the Captain's night glasses were not sufficiently powerful to make out anything on board with any degree of accuracy, but several of the more sanguine among the members of the crew were prepared to swear that a ball had been hoisted at the foremast-head just before dark.

One fact, however, was patent to all: the stranger was not moving at the same rate as the *Sappho*, and if the present rate of drift continued the two ships would be as close as they were ever likely to be on the following day, and after that they would commence to separate. The explanation for this was not very difficult; the strange vessel was close into the land, out of the main tidal stream, and not nearly so exposed to the drift caused by the wind, which was still blowing freshly, and the sailing directions and charts gave the rate of the tidal stream in the offing as anything up to four knots.

After dark that evening the

Captain summoned all hands and proceeded to put the matter before them. He explained that the food supply would last little over a week, and that consequently things were very serious; on the other hand, there was nothing to be gained by getting in a panic. He pointed out that they would have to abandon the ship very shortly; it seemed quite feasible to make their way over the ice to the strange ship, and in the event of their finding she was as badly off for food as they were themselves, they would just have to go on ashore and try and make the nearest Lap settlement. He was of opinion that the next day would be the best day to choose, as the ships would be as close to each other as they were ever likely to be, and delay only aggravated the food problem. He called for a vote as to whether they should decide to abandon the ship next day or not. Nearly every one present voted that this was the best thing to do, and the necessary preparations were accordingly decided upon.

Every one was busy until well on in the night, and there was little sleep for any one. Large staves of wood were cut for each man to use as sort of alpenstocks, the whole of the available food supplies were collected and divided into equal portions, and all the available blankets, canvas, &c., was made into improvised arctic clothing. The Captain was busy collecting a few valuable papers he

wished to take with him, and carefully destroying all confidential documents which might be of value if by chance they should happen to fall into the enemy's hands later on.

It was a terrible responsibility for him, and he felt the abandonment of his ship as only a seaman could. He perhaps alone realised the risks they were running, and foresaw the difficulties of the proposed journey. The crew as a whole were cheerful, and welcomed the change from inaction and anxiety from which they had all been suffering during the past few days.

When the next day dawned the wind had shifted more to the northward, and dense snow was falling, with very rare intervals. The other ship was not in sight at all, and after waiting until nearly noon the Captain reluctantly decided to postpone starting till next day. This was most unfortunate, as all preparations had been made; it was difficult to avoid feeling that bad luck was dogging them, and a gloom was cast over all the ship's company.

The ice commenced packing badly during the evening, several large lumps were forced right on to the weather side of the deck, and the ship groaned and moved considerably under the pressure. Every one realised that the ship might be overwhelmed by the ice at any time, and there was no doubt that abandonment was the only possible course, and the sooner the better.

The next day, the fourteenth out from Arkhangel, the weather was clear; and though there was still a good deal of wind and an unpleasant amount of movement in the ice, the abandonment was decided upon. All final preparations were completed, and as soon as it was light the accommodation-ladder was lowered on to the ice, and the crew of over twenty men silently left the ship and started on their long trek. The Captain, in accordance with the immemorial custom of the sea, was the last man to leave the ship, and in a long straggling line a course was shaped for the distant steamer.

If any of my readers have ever seen pack-ice, either in reality or even on the films, they will have gleaned some idea of what walking on it means even under favourable conditions. Add to the obvious difficulties a constantly moving surface due to pressure, a thick layer of snow "overall" concealing holes and cracks, a temperature of 50° of frost with a blinding wind, and remember that the men were totally unprepared for an Arctic trip on the ice and quite inadequately clad.

The outcome of this gallant effort at self-preservation was, alas! almost a foregone conclusion. It would be almost irreverent to the memories of these brave men to attempt to picture this tragedy on the ice which occurred within ten miles of Cape Danilov on that December day in 1915. Let

bare facts suffice, and let those who have sufficient imagination fill in the missing details.

Of the score and more gallant men who left the ill-fated *Sappho*, only four reached their destination; and when these four frost-bitten perished men managed by almost super-human efforts to clamber on board, they found she was a deserted wreck lying hard and fast on shore on an outlying reef of rocks, and that she had been abandoned as a total loss some months before.

One can picture the little group of survivors getting smaller and smaller, as one after another succumbed to the cold; and one can imagine the hopes of the four as they got within hailing distance of their goal, and their bitter disappointment at receiving no answer to their shouts for help as they got close up to the ship. And one can share their feelings as they at last managed to climb on board to find everything a wilderness, with no food and no warmth, and hardly any shelter. Nothing but an indomitable British pluck can have saved them from absolute despair, but they never gave in. Coal and wood was found, a fire was lighted, and for a short time they stayed there; but here again we will stick to facts. Only two of these four men managed to make their

way ashore, and by this time they must have given up all hope of safety, and decided to go on till they dropped.

But the last act in this tragedy was the most wonderful: that very day the two survivors were picked up by a group of Laplanders, who were making their way south to their winter quarters with their reindeer sleighs. The writer has credited British pluck with having enabled these men to survive the shock of finding their supposed goal of refuge nothing but a deserted wreck; he can only attribute this miraculous salvation to Providence. He believes these Laps were the last group to go south that year; they were unusually late, and travelling by a different route to the one usually taken.

Without a moment's hesitation, with no thought of payment or reward, a party of these good Samaritans retraced their steps to the northward, and conveyed these two sole survivors in their sleighs for a distance of about 150 miles over one of the most desolate countries in the world, and handed them over to a British man-of-war which was wintering in Yukanskie harbour.

The *Sappho* was never seen again.

H. A. LE F. H.

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY THE DEAN OF EXETER.

IT is said that there was once a Professor of History at Oxford who, when reminded that the Pilgrim Fathers had "landed on Plymouth Rock," expressed a wish that Plymouth Rock had "landed" on them. Far be it from us to defend the petulance of the professor, yet it may have been in part excusable. An excessive and indiscriminating hero-worship—the beatification in sermons and speeches of the Pilgrim Fathers as persecuted saints and champions of religious freedom—may have provoked the outburst which we have recorded; and as, during the present year, it is by no means improbable that similar causes may lead to similar outbursts, it may not be out of place to attempt a brief and impartial estimate of the men who played such an important part, though at the time it seemed but a humble one, in the history of the world three hundred years ago.

In the first place, however, it may be necessary to say a word on the term "Pilgrim Fathers." To whom is this title applied? That it is applied in the first place to those who made the famous voyage in the *Mayflower* will not be denied, and by some it is confined to them. But there are those who would include other emigrants who went out

a few years later and became the founders of the colony of Massachusetts, and there is so much in common to the two parties that we may feel justified in including both under the title of the "Pilgrim Fathers."

To begin, then, with the emigrants of the *Mayflower*, our great authority is the 'History of the Plymouth Settlers,' written by William Bradford, who was for many years the Governor of the colony. Bradford's book is one of deep interest. We have in him a man of sincere and fervent piety, with a profound sense of providential guidance, filled with unfailing faith and courage. At the same time he is equally conspicuous for narrow and violent prejudices. To him the Puritans, or more especially the "Separatists," are the true Church of God, and the party who "endeavoured to uphold the right worship of God and the discipline of Christ in the Church according to the simplicity of the Gospel, and without the mixture of men's inventions; while the other party, the episcopal, endeavoured to maintain the episcopal dignity after the popish manner, and tried with lordly and tyrannic power to persecute the poor servants of God." This is the description of the reformers at

Frankfort during the reign of Mary. But Bradford's book, in spite of his prejudices, remains an impressive and dignified record of the adventures and sufferings of the first pilgrims.

The original home of these pilgrims is to be found in certain villages of Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and Notts. Here, in the reign of Elizabeth, there had gathered several "Separatist" congregations. It is necessary, of course, to distinguish between the "Separatists" and the great mass of the Puritans. The Puritans desired to remain in the National Church, but to reform it after their own liking: to purge it of superstitious ceremonies, &c.; but the Separatists regarded the Church as so completely tainted by the inclusion of evil men in its fold, or those whom they considered evil, that they decided to "separate" themselves altogether from its communion and to form themselves into select bodies of saints which they regarded as the true Church of God. Both Elizabeth and James looked upon these societies with great suspicion and tried to suppress them. That they were persecuted sometimes with great severity is undoubtedly true; but it is equally true that persecution was the fashion of the age, and that had the Separatists been in power they would have persecuted their opponents with no less relentless severity.

Among the Notts villages

there is one, Sorooby, where the Archbishops of York once had a country seat. At the beginning of the seventeenth century this house was occupied by William Brewster, formerly Secretary to Davison, a Secretary of State in Elizabeth's reign, but now postmaster of the village. He was a stern Puritan, and was in the habit of "sitting under" Richard Clifton, rector of Babrook, hard by Sorooby, when, after the Hampton Court Conference, it was determined by James and his advisers to enforce "conformity" far more strictly than before. Clifton resigned his living, and in 1606 became the pastor of a little flock that gathered together in Brewster's house at Sorooby. To them was soon added another minister, John Robinson, once of Norwich, a man of high intellectual and spiritual gifts, who was destined to play no small part in the proceedings of the "Pilgrim Fathers."

There was, however, no peace for the Sorooby congregation, and before long they had determined to seek in a foreign country the liberty which they could not find at home. Their eyes naturally turned towards Holland, and to Holland they resolved to go. But even this was not easy, for it was illegal to leave the country without a royal licence, and it was only after some thrilling adventures that they at length found themselves in Amsterdam. There was already in Amsterdam a



church of Separatists which, thanks to the quarrelsome nature of Mr John Smith, who had emigrated thither from Gainsborough, was rent by divisions, some of them of an unedifying character. Fearing to be involved in these disputes, Mr Robinson wisely determined to move to Leyden, and in this "fair and beautiful city of a sweet situation, made famous by its university," he and his friends and disciples lived for about eleven years. During this period they endured many privations and sufferings, which they bore with courage and patience. But as time went on it became more and more clear that the community would never flourish in its present condition. Some of their friends in England shrank from joining a society in which life was so difficult. As their children grew up also many of them preferred to seek their fortunes elsewhere, while the "temptations of the city" seduced others from the straight path. There were many complaints too of "Sabbath-breaking," which probably only meant that the Dutch kept Sunday in a more Christian and sensible fashion than the Separatists. It became clear that they must seek a new country where, free from the perils and pollutions, they might found a new community to the glory of God.

Whither, then, should they go? The question was long and anxiously debated. At length they determined on

America. There were two companies, the Virginian and the Plymouth, concerned in American colonisation, and with one of these it would be necessary to enter into negotiations. Eventually it was the Virginian company from whom they obtained in 1619 a patent which authorised them to a settlement near the mouth of the Hudson, a patent which eventually turned out to be useless. So, too, it was necessary to win the assent of the King. James referred the case to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, and eventually the permission was given. The Pilgrims' request for liberty of conscience in America was not indeed formally granted, but they were given to understand that if they behaved well they need not fear interference. The consent of the bishops was perhaps the more readily obtained as the Separatists had already sent from Leyden "Seven Articles," one of which distinctly acknowledged the authority of the bishops. Their true attitude to the bishops is perhaps better revealed in a note which Bradford appended in 1646 to his 'History of the Plymouth Settlers':—

"Little did I think that the downfall of the Bishops with their courts, canons, and ceremonies had been so near when first I began these scribbled writings, this was about the year 1630, or that I should have lived to see and hear it. But it is the

Lord's doing and ought to be marvellous in our eyes. The tyrannous bishops are ejected, their courts dissolved, their canons forceless, their service cashiered, their ceremonies useless and despised. Their proud and profane supporters and cruel defenders (the bloody papists and wicked atheists and their malignant consorts) are marvellously overthrown. But who has done it? Even He who sitteth on the White Horse who is called faithful and true, and judgeth and fighteth righteously. Hallelujah!"

The passage is characteristic of the Separatists, who could only see in their opponents the enemies of the Lord, "bloody" and "wicked." Had Bradford lived until the Restoration he would presumably have been less satisfied with the ways of Providence.

But we must return to our Pilgrims. It would be wearisome to relate in detail the various obstacles of one sort and another which had to be overcome. They were not men to be easily daunted, and at length in August 1620 they set sail in the *Mayflower*, a vessel of 180 tons, which was accompanied by a smaller vessel, the *Speedwell*. But disappointment awaited them. The *Speedwell* sprung a leak and eventually had to be left behind at Plymouth; the *Mayflower* pursued her solitary way.

Of the voyage we have a vivid and interesting account

in Bradford's 'History.' Everywhere one is impressed by his profound sense of divine guidance, though unfortunately it is accompanied by a too eager readiness to see the hand of God in the misfortunes which happen to his enemies, or those of whom he disapproves. He is never afraid to reveal the secrets of the Most High. Thus he gives as a special example of God's Providence the death on board of a "very violent and profane young man" who abused the Pilgrims. As it happened, another young man, "servant to Samuel Foller," also died; but this is not regarded as "a special example of God's Providence." He also notices elsewhere that a certain Mr Blackwell, who had received the Archbishop's blessing, died soon afterwards, and concludes that "if such events follow the Archbishop's blessing, happy are they who miss it." The death of his own wife, who fell overboard and was drowned, was accompanied by no similar reflections.

It was a stormy and tempestuous passage; but at length, on November 9th—nine weeks after leaving Plymouth—they caught sight of land, the low shore of Cape Cod, not seventy miles from the place where they had hoped to settle. Accordingly the ship was headed round in a southerly direction, and they made for the mouth of the Hudson. Here, however, off Sandy Point, the rough water made it necessary to return north-

wards and put into Cape Cod harbour. But they at once found themselves face to face with a difficulty. They were outside the limits of the Virginian Company, and their patent was useless. It was impossible at the time to communicate with the Northern Company, in whose territories they now were, and, in the circumstances, they determined to form themselves into a civil body politic, and chose John Carver as their Governor. Immediately afterwards a small party was set on shore to explore the country, and succeeded in finding and bringing back some Indian corn. Meanwhile a shallop which they had brought with them was being got ready, and in her another exploring party set forth, and reported in favour of a spot near the mouth of the Parret river. The Pilgrims, however, were not satisfied; and on December 6th the shallop, manned by "a few principal men and some sailors," made a third expedition, which, after encounters with Indians and much suffering from the cold, ended in the famous "landing on Plymouth Rock" on December 11th. "On Monday," says Bradford, "they sounded the harbour and found it fit for shipping; and marching inland they found several corn-fields and little running brooks, a place as they supposed fit for settlement." With this news they returned to their chief, and on December 16th the *Mayflower* cast anchor in Plymouth Bay.

But their troubles were not over. They had landed in winter; and though it was a comparatively mild one, their sufferings were great, and many of their number died. There were difficulties with the London merchants who had financed the expedition, while certain "False brethren" severely tried the patience of Governor Bradford and his colleagues. Then there were also the Indians, who naturally regarded the newcomers with a certain amount of suspicion; and though on the whole the colonists dealt fairly and tactfully with them, they occasionally adopted measures which drew a pretest from John Robinson at Leyden. "Concerning the killing of these poor Indians, of which we heard at first by rumour and since by more definite report, oh! how happy a thing it had been if you had converted some before you killed any. . . . Necessity of killing so many I cannot see." Some years later, in 1637, the differences with the Pequot Indians and the settlers in Connecticut led to a war which is vividly described by Bradford. The enemy were mostly in a fort, which the colonists and the friendly Indians surrounded. The fort was set on fire. "It burnt their bowstrings, and made their weapons useless, and they that escaped the fire were slain by the sword, some hewn to pieces, others run through with rapiers, so that they were quickly despatched, and very

few escaped. It is believed that there were about 400 killed. It was a fearful sight to see them frying in the fire, with streams of blood quenching it; the smell was horrible, but the victory seemed a sweet sacrifice, and they gave praise to God, who had wrought so wonderfully for them," &c. No doubt the smell of frying Indians was as the odour of a sweet sacrifice in the courts of heaven.

It is interesting to notice the system of industry adopted by the colonists. At first it was a pure communism, but this was a failure, and, in Bradford's opinion, "proves the emptiness of the theory of Plato." Then each household was allotted a patch of corn-land; the grass-land was divided into common fields, where all had right of pasturage, and a second portion, where individuals had a temporary right of occupancy—a system almost identical with that which prevailed in England in the Middle Ages. The industry of the colonists assured success, and their material property rapidly increased. In a few years, in addition to the original settlement, two new townships had been established, and a representative assembly was formed of delegates from the three towns. There were religious disputes and dissensions which Bradford laments, fearing that "they will be the ruin of New England, at least of the churches of God there"; but when he died in 1657 the

colony for which he had done so much was firmly established.

While the Pilgrim settlement was still struggling against adverse circumstances, in the year 1629, six prominent English Puritans, who had already formed a fishing station in Massachusetts Bay, obtained a grant of land from the New England Company, and a royal charter incorporating the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay, and a fleet was sent out with 350 emigrants, including three ministers of religion. This movement appears to have owed its original impulse to John White, the Puritan Vicar of Dorchester; among the partners was Roger Endicott; and the first Governor of the new colony was a Suffolk squire, John Winthrop.

These men, it must be understood, were Puritans, but not Separatists. They regarded themselves as members of the Church of England, and indeed its only true members, anxious to purge away superstitious ceremonies, and to bring her to what they regarded as a purer condition. Loudly professing to be the victims of persecution, they soon proved that in temper and spirit they and their "persecutors" were at one. Among the members of the Council were two, John and Samuel Browne, "men of estates, and men of parts in the place," who were dissatisfied at the disuse of the Prayer Book by the ministers whom they had brought out,

as well as of the accustomed services of Baptism and Holy Communion. Accordingly they ventured to conduct services at which the Prayer Book was used. At this time Endicott was acting as Governor, and he lost no time in dealing with these renegades. Summoning them before him, he told them that New England was no place for them, and promptly sent them back to their mother-country.

Another instance of the settlers' regard for liberty is to be found in the regulations made for securing the full privileges of citizenship. The political function was limited to men of religious character united in Church fellowship. Church membership thus became a necessary qualification for citizenship. In short, there was a "Test Act" of a particularly offensive kind. Moreover, the power of the State was called in to enforce the decisions of the Church by fine or imprisonment. It was a system admirably fitted for the production of hypocrites.

Nor were the stiff Churchmen who contended for the Prayer Book the only victims of persecution. In 1631 a Welshman, Roger Williams, was chosen minister of Salem. Contrary to the sentiments of the Puritans in general, he held and taught that the secular power should not meddle with religion. For these opinions he was banished. A little later a clergyman, John Wheelwright, and his sister, Mrs

Hutchinson, were also banished for teaching doctrines which slightly differed from those of the majority. But more was to follow. In 1656 two Quaker women who had landed were arrested and imprisoned, and had the Governor, Endicott, not been absent would also have been scourged. Then appeared eight more members of the sect. The treatment of Quakers was a question in which all the New England Colonies were not of one mind; but when others faltered, Massachusetts had no weak scruples. An Act imposing penalty of death in cases of extreme obstinacy was passed, and three Quakers were actually hanged.

It is unnecessary and indeed impossible to dwell at length on the various laws punishing "Sabbath-breaking" and similar offences. A distinguished Nonconformist has recently written concerning the Drink Question, "Congratulations to the land that has rid itself of this deadly curse, and has passed a law of Total Prohibition. This is part of the harvest of which the May-flowers carried the seed-basket."

He is right. It does not appear, indeed, that the Plymouth Colony practised persecution; for, so far as one can judge, they had no trouble with dissenters from their own doctrines; but the contempt for liberty which is displayed by the "Prohibitionists," and the endeavour to establish by force a narrow

moral ideal, are quite in accord with the temper of their spiritual ancestors. We must give the Puritans their due. Who can fail to admire their high qualities: their patience and persistence, their firm adherence to the moral standard which they set before themselves, their zeal for righteousness such as they conceived it? The value of Puritanism as an element in the national character, both here and in America, cannot be denied, even though one has to set on the other side the hard and bitter temper, the stunted sense of beauty, the lack of sweetness and light, the intellectual obscurantism which has brought with it so many disastrous consequences; but in the face of the coming celebrations which threaten to extol the Pilgrim Fathers as champions of liberty, it is well to understand that they cared not a straw about liberty for any one but themselves, and that the notion that New England was, or wished to be thought, a home of spiritual freedom is, in the words of one historian, a "grotesque delusion."

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## FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

## RETRIBUTION AT NIANAZAI.

BY RAYMOND A. COULSON.

THE pirates of Nianazai were bad men, and it was not merely in defiance of Regulations, but also in neglect of what most people would call decent feeling, that they committed their depredations. But they are all dead now, and buried on the scene of their crimes. Which should satisfy the sternest moralists, even those of the Striking Force who found themselves bereft of their fresh-meat ration because of sheep "lost at Nianazai," deprived of ice because of ice-bags "become unserviceable at Nianazai," and once robbed even of rum because of a rum-cask "damaged while on service" at Nianazai.

Lieutenant Robertson, musing over the wooden cross and crudely painted inscription which was earth's last tribute to Captain Dempsey-Kelley, felt no wrath. He remembered their merry open-handed mess, and the dinner they gave him on his way up. Hospitable they were, like most cheerful rogues. It was only a few months ago, and already the paint was fading on the crosses. A few more months of that weather would render it illegible. Which was possibly why the abstraction that signs itself "Adminstaff" had addressed Lieutenant Robertson

by telegram to his present task of making a plan of the Nianazai graveyard.

It was a sound, sensible graveyard, with plenty of room for expansion. Dempsey-Kelley himself had laid it out, and built the walls to keep the jackals off.

He had been at this very work, orienting the Mahomedan graves in conjunction with the regimental Mullah, when Robertson first came up. The temperature that day was well in the hundred-and-teens. "Hot, isn't it?" said Dempsey-Kelley as Robertson staggered past, too done for more than the faintest nod. "Come to the mess and have a drink."

Robertson collapsed into the one long chair. "A chap of the convoy died—heat-stroke—on the way up to-day," he offered as excuse for his exhaustion.

"Oh, yes?" said the other indifferently. "You'll find it cooler up above."

Robertson, who was then recently out from England, lay back mopping his face and wondering vaguely at the spectacle presented by this pallid Captain, whose clothing consisted of a shirt (entirely unbuttoned), shorts, grey army socks, and native sandals. And then his reflections were

interrupted by a familiar but incredible tinkle.

"Ice?" he gasped. A large black bottle with a red label appeared. "Beer!" He regarded his host with wonder. Water, warm and probably muddy, was the best he had expected. Ice, he had been informed at the advanced base, was more precious than rubies. And beer!

"We wangle it along," said Dempsey-Kelley. "Got pals in the transport. As for the ice, that's mostly intended for the blokes up above. But it's already come eighty miles on trotting camels when it gets here, and by the time it arrived where it's meant for, the bags would be quite empty. So it's much better to empty 'em here and avoid waste. Anyhow, they're 4000 feet higher than we are. Don't see what they need ice for." He stood up and sighed. "Damn this fever! Excuse me not drinking with you. I've got to go out into the sun again." He paused with his shaking hand on the tent-flap. "Better dine with us to-night. Call for tea when you want it."

He returned to his sepulchral task, leaving Robertson to thank his gods for the grace that permitted this scandalously dressed Captain to throw away ice and beer and dinners on a passing stranger. Because transport was the whole difficulty of that campaign, and supplies were out to the minimum. Most Frontier expeditions are able to find or make at least one serviceable road. Here there was merely

a river-bed, wherein the camels wore themselves sick over the shifting stones, or died of heat or simple sulks, or were drowned by spates or shot at long range by concealed tribesmen. So messes were not encouraged in luxury, and at the base Robertson had been warned by a strenuously-worded notice that he must carry his own rations and not expect casual hospitality at the posts on Line of Communications.

The officers of Nianazai were away at various labours, so he sat for two hours until his bearer and his tent arrived.

"Sahib, what *bundobast* fer dinner?" asked Khuda Bux, his bearer.

"*Messkot men*," said Robertson, "but you'd better put my day's rations into the mess."

It was a little consideration that he found had been appreciated when he met them all that night. "A lot of chaps don't think of it," said Dempsey-Kelley (who, it appeared, was P.M.C.), "and we really do run a bit short with so many passing up and down."

Travis, the senior Captain, a gaunt and melancholy officer with the reputation of being able to ride through Regulations oftener and easier than any other man in Northern India, and said to have defeated British Army quartermasters four several times when handing over stores, was a shadowy and silent figure at the head of the table, but the others were lively enough despite their three months' broiling in this unwholesome



spot. Bob Andrews, a chubby boy who died of enteric the following week, was describing a mile of trout-stream he owned in Gloucestershire. "This is the first year I've missed the May-fly since I was sixteen," he said, in a manner that suggested a record of at least half a century broken at last.

Then there were the two brothers Forbes, and another officer whose name Robertson had forgotten. He scrutinised the crosses. Ah, yes! "Lieutenant John James Henfield—killed . . ." That was the man.

They had given him fresh mutton for dinner, potatoes, fried onions, and tinned tomatoes, caramel custard, ration cheese, and whisky—a wonderful meal. "You'll be pushing off about six next morning, I suppose," said Dempsey-Kelley. "I'll arrange for you to have an egg with your *chota hazri*. We've got a man bribed to scour the country for eggs and chickens."

They certainly did themselves and their guests amazingly well. At that time their notoriety was merely germinating. As he went on up the line Robertson heard references here and there to "those pirates at Nianazai"; very soon their misdeeds became gossip for the entire Force. Difficulties of supply were inevitable, but every little outpost whose full daily ration failed to arrive attributed the deficiency to theft at Nianazai. Forlorn company messes, reduced to half a tin of bully and one biscuit per man, would grimly toast "the pirates"—

"Here's to hoping they're having a good time at Nianazai." Indeed, if Nianazai had looted, stolen, milked, consumed or otherwise made away with one-tenth of the total alleged against them, every one there must have been a globe of fat, whereas Robertson remembered them as particularly tough, leathery, and hard-exercised in aspect.

Such fighting as the Force achieved, though certainly uncomfortable, was done in green and comparatively cool country; but going to Nianazai was talked of as one would talk of going to Capri. The place achieved a romantic glamour as a den of thieves garnished with ever-flowing fountains of beer, enamelled meadows of tinned peaches, and ice in bucketfuls. It was said that every officer had a banana with his *chota hazri*.

Fashionable jests are extremely infectious, and Robertson, like many others who had enjoyed their hospitality, uttered his jibes at the Nianazai pirates as occasion arose. The news of Dempsey-Kelley's death silenced him for a while, for the first aspect and the personality of the man had struck his imagination. There had been one of the periodic attempts to ambush the upcoming convey. Dempsey-Kelley, who was in charge of the escort over that particular section, had gathered the pack-animals into a side nullah which he had picketed above, when almost the last camel of all, resenting the hurry, had broken its nose-rope and, with

that mingling of speed, determination, and absent-mindedness that only camels can achieve, made off in a direct line towards the enemy.

It happened to be loaded with five boxes each containing 1120 rounds of small-arm ammunition in chargers. At that time the whole resistance of the tribesmen was beginning to collapse owing to lack of ammunition. Cartridges, always sacred on the frontier, were worth two rupees a round. Apart from the moral disaster, the loss to the enemy of that camel would have been comparable in its material aspect to nothing less than the loss of a heavy battery in European warfare.

There was no time for infantry. Dempsey-Kelley, alone, galloped across the loose stones after the animal. The tribesmen, already on the point of leaving their shelters to seize it, sniped him from a dozen points. His horse fell under him as he clutched the camel's nose-rope. Running, he brought it back to safety, and collapsed with seven bullets in him.

Henfield, who succeeded him as P.M.C., and the younger Forbes, who was quartermaster, carried on the tradition of looking after themselves and their men. The theory on which Travis ran the post was that while his little command had to work just as hard as anybody in the Force under worse circumstances, Headquarters in their distribution of good things ignored him as a mere Line

of Communications unit, and lavished their luxuries on those further ahead. This he held to be against justice and sound sense, and anyhow, what was the use of being on L. of C. unless you got something out of it?

So the tale of Nianazai grew. The officer sent up to replace Dempsey-Kelley was cut off untimely from the epicurean life by a ghazi's steel within four days of his arrival. In the same week Henfield, under pretext of getting money to pay the men, achieved a brilliant raid on the Base, returning with a couple of four-dozen cases of beer and stacks of sardines and lobster and salmon loaded on Government camels. Messes all up and down the line, drinking warm water out of enamelled iron mugs, deplored the impossibility of apprenticing their P.M.C.'s to Travis at Nianazai.

Having finished his plan of the graveyard, and made a mental note of one or two places in the walls that already needed repair, Robertson strolled down to the river bank and plotted on a separate sheet the site of the funeral pyres where the Gurkhas had been burnt. A black stain on the earth, and a few flakes of charred wood, still marked the spot. He decided to build a cairn here. Most of the Gurkhas had died in the final defence of Nianazai that had been the last incident of the campaign, and he felt that all who had perished in

that resistance deserved permanent memorial.

The chill and shadow of approaching night surprised him here; he heard the faint thin call for pickets, wandered back in time to see the guard fall in, then bathed and changed for dinner. Things were easier now. He could demand as much transport as he needed, and it was with a quiet conscience, if with an appetite that was somewhat bored, that he sat down to his solitary meal of curried chicken and tinned pineapple.

He was used to being solitary by this time. The bats in the straw-and-mud roof no longer startled him. The rustle of creeping things, the crackles and stirrings that from time to time disturbed the silence, left his nerves untroubled. It was the season of cold, and his brisk fire in the evenings was excellent company. The whole country was quiet now that the Force, having accomplished its task, had retired, leaving him to hold this farthest point where the British flag flew. He got plenty of *chikor*; there was *urial* to be shot on the hills; altogether he would get through the remaining two months of his tour of duty in command of this post quite comfortably.

Over his final whisky-peg his thoughts still ran on the late "pirates." The final attack on Nianazai had come opportunely enough, in a way, for Travis. He had blandly but firmly, and without authority, explanation, or excuse,

lifted six half-maund bales of cabbage off a passing supply column. This, in the opinion of the Staff, had "put the tin hat on it." Asked for his reasons in writing, Travis had replied that his men had received no issue of lime-juice or fresh vegetables in seven weeks. In the Army this might be considered a reason but not an excuse. The matter had "gone further," and Headquarters were inclined to regard it seriously. There had been rumours of an intended court-martial: certainly a Major and two Captains had been despatched to hold a Court of Inquiry at Nianazai.

They were unable to reach the Fort, owing to the intervention of a lashkar of the tribesmen. That proposed Court of Inquiry indeed had to gallop for its life; and with its escort fought a very pretty little rearguard action of its own, instead of plumbing the real truth about the cabbages.

Snipers and disease had reduced Travis's command to less than a hundred men. The enemy, some three thousand strong, had executed a very cleverly planned surprise attack, under the impression that Nianazai contained large stores of ammunition and was vulnerable. They certainly got most of the ammunition, delivered to them at high velocity over the tops of the defences. When the relieving column finally broke through there was no water and no food left inside the fort, and only ten boxes of cartridges remained.

Robertson had arrived with the column, just in time to see Travis dying of many wounds, with a mysterious and ironic smile on his lips. The two brothers Forbes were already stretched out stiff side by side under the shadow of the guard-room. Henfield had been caught outside trying to carry water to the Detached Post, and the recoverable portion of his remains was brought in later.

And that had been the end of it all. The defeat outside Nianazai was the most conspicuous that the enemy had suffered. It finished the campaign. Such of the tribesmen as, not having been shot under the walls of the Fort, escaped the relieving column, returned moodily to their hills, where, after cutting the throats of four of their leaders for false guidance, they submitted to terms twice as stringent as the Politicals had been prepared to grant. And the General and a galaxy of Personages who expected to make "K's" out of the business attended the funeral of Travis and his subalterns.

As he turned over these memories, Robertson had heard vaguely the periodic cry "Number One" from the guard-room, followed by "Number Two, and all's well," and so on in turn round the line of sentries. From time to time the round was called. Now his subconscious telegraphed to his conscious intelligence news of a pause after Number Five. He was just reaching for belt and revolver when the cry was taken up and completed satisfactorily to Number Nine, the last sentry of the circuit.

A minute later the Jemadar of the Day clanked in to make his last report. "Sahib," he said, "all's well."

"Very good, Jemadar Sahib," said Robertson, "but tell Number Six to be a bit livelier next time. . . . And I shall want two fatigue parties tomorrow, ten Mahomedans and a Naik for the graveyard, and ten Hindus and a Naik for the *ghat*. Salaam."

Ten minutes later he was dozing off in his camp-bed, comfortably assured that all was indeed well with one Outpost of Empire.

## GUN-RUNNING IN THE GULF.

## III.

BY the beginning of the year 1910 there were strong grounds for believing that a state of despondency and alarm had been created among those who had light-heartedly embarked on the sport of gun-running during previous years. Reports from A. were to the effect that the purchase of rifles in Masqat had almost entirely ceased from fear of their capture at sea; for it had now become well known that many ships' boats, launches, &c., were on the look-out for dhows along the Persian coast. Such Pathans as had found their way surreptitiously to Masqat were contemplating returning to the other side without making the purchases for which they had already risked much. Other reports stated that many Persian coast "nakhudas" of dhows were refusing to take Afghans across to the Arabian side, even when skilfully disguised as Baluchis, unless the Afghans promised that the dhow would not be required to carry back arms.

Meanwhile, caravan after caravan of Afghans was reported as arriving from the interior at numerous points near the coast, along the entire stretch of country between Bandar Abbas and Gwatar; and before long it was computed that there must already be some 1500 to 2000 Afghans

distributed along the breadth of Biaban and Makran, and others were following. These gentry now began to give trouble by cutting the line between Chahbar and Jashk, destroying insulators, &c.; whilst fairly trustworthy information was received that the Afghans meditated concentrating about Karwan, with a view to attacking Chahbar on the 23rd January—the date that year of the Muharram.

The chief village of the small Karwan district was some twenty-four miles inland from Galag, and had for several years past afforded shelter to a reputed "holy" Afghan, Khalifeh Khair Mahomed by name, who, though a native of the Shurawak district on our border near Nushki, had taken a keen interest in gun-running, and emigrated to Persian Baluchistan chiefly for that reason. Here he had collected a small following of Afghans and others, and was frequently visited by, and hand-in-glove with, his countrymen who made the annual pilgrimage to the Gulf for the purchase of arms.

Reports were also current at this time that one Ghelam Khan, the acknowledged head Afghan of all the various parties operating along the coast, was endeavouring, with the help of Khalifeh Khair

Mahomed, to come to an arrangement with Sirdar Saiyid Khan of Geh. The two former buccaneers were credited with the desire to gain possession (amicably if possible, but by force if necessary) of Baluch country near the coast, where some 3000 Afghans had expressed their intention to settle. Saiyid Khan was said to have offered them the district of Ramp near Fannuch; but the Afghans wished to take possession of the Bint district nearer the coast, of which Islam Khan was the Baluch chieftain, and subordinate to Saiyid Khan. Ghelam Khan and all the Afghans then engaged in the arms traffic hoped to be joined by many others from Karachi and overland from Afghanistan before the end of January. They then proposed to discuss and carry out this ambitious scheme by taking possession of the Bint district, but were anxious to obtain Saiyid Khan's co-operation, in return for which they promised to uphold his authority as paramount Sirdar of Southern Baluchistan against the Persian Government.

It is perhaps unnecessary for me to emphasise the threatening nature of such a situation should the scheme be permitted to materialise. With a strong colony of brave and well-armed Afghans established about Bint, almost athwart of our telegraph line between Chahbar and Jashk, both stations would at all times be liable to be wiped out. These Afghans bore the

British no goodwill for the steps that had been taken to interfere with what was regarded by them as a perfectly legitimate trade; and they would thus be in a position to wreak their vengeance by destroying the telegraph line frequently, and by attacking either station at their own convenience—unless the latter were so largely garrisoned permanently as to make the attempt appear too costly an adventure. An extraordinary impetus, too, would probably be given to gun-running at all seasons of the year; for existing tactics need then no longer be confined to the cold weather months alone, since the Afghans would have no particular incentive to be back in Afghanistan before the hot weather descended upon them. Arms could be gradually accumulated about Bint during the hot weather, when life in the Persian Gulf would be almost unendurable for our men in patrolling ships and open boats, and they could then be removed at leisure to Afghanistan the following cold season. The Persian Government was effete and quite incapable of dealing with the dangers of an Afghan colony established in a remote corner of its territory; and the ultimate result would probably have been—if this traffic in arms was to be really scotched—the despatch of a strong British force of all arms to destroy this nest of desperadoes.

In any case the situation was developing so rapidly that, as a precautionary measure,

the Government of India decided early in January to send further reinforcements of officers and men of the 117th Mahrattas to Jashk and Chahbar, and to despatch a mixed force of infantry, guns, and sappers on the R.I.M. transport *Hardinge* to effect landings and make raids along the Persian coast on stores of arms still within reasonable striking distance of the shore. The acting-Resident at Bushire also arranged for a trustworthy messenger to be sent from Chahbar with a letter to Saiyid Khan, reminding him of his promises to Colonel Cox, and strongly advising him to have nothing to do with Afghan rifle thieves plotting against the Shah's Government.

There were still, however, a few daring skippers who were not to be daunted, and were quite prepared to attempt to run the gauntlet of the blockading ships, in order to gain the very high prices now being offered by Afghans for the successful landing of their arms. When they found that arms carefully concealed in false bottems, below cargoes consisting of bales of cloth, baskets of dates, piles of timber, &c., were unearthed by the vigilance of the patrolling ships' crews deputed to examine the contents of a rounded-up dhow, the skippers resorted to other stratagems. The next trick of the trade was to have bundles of ten or a dozen rifles done up separately, and placed on the top of the cargo. But each bundle was firmly bound up with rope,

the other end of which was secured to an iron eye let in to the outside of the keel of the dhow. When there was an immediate danger of the dhow being overhauled by a pursuing ship, overboard would go all the bundles of rifles, and remain serenely suspended in line by the ropes to the eyes at the bottom of the craft! The boarding party would naturally find nothing suspicious in the cargo of other stuff on board, and after thorough examination the dhow would be released to continue her voyage. Once out of sight, it was simple enough to haul all the rifles aboard again, until the next time a patrol was met. When the Navy was informed of this device, they quickly defeated it by keel-hauling every dhow boarded with a stout hawser. I warned the Navy next to examine carefully any floating logs they might run across; for information received by me made it fairly certain that, when hard pressed, dhows now changed their tactics to heaving overboard innocent-looking bales of wood, to which bundles of rifles were likewise attached. These again could be subsequently retrieved by dhows after they had been released when nothing incriminating was discovered on board or below the surface.

Altogether, one was up against some pretty cunning rogues, and a constant battle of wits was in progress. Even in Jashk itself we were surrounded by people in Government employ who were deeply

implicated in the arms traffic. I soon learnt that Afghans hanging about Old Jashk were engaging Jashkis to come into New Jashk, whence they proceeded by mail steamer to Masqat, where they purchased arms, and returned with them hidden within their merchandise—rifles in sacks of flour or grain and bales of cloth; and Mauser pistols in baskets of dates, and, apparently, full kerosene-oil tins! On several occasions small consignments of rifles and pistols were passed through the Customs in this manner, and then removed on camels to Old Jashk. My informant had seen these arms himself there; and they were handed over to one of Barkat Khan's men, who was working in with the Persian Customs' official and Afghans. The Jashkis leaving for Masqat were assisted on their arrival there by a peon (messenger) in the Masqat telegraph office, and his wife, a daughter of the Jashk telegraph station coxswain. This good woman at intervals travelled herself between Masqat and Jashk, and smuggled arms through with the connivance of one Meshedi Abbas, the Persian Customs' official at Jashk.

After considerable trouble, lengthy correspondence, and through the good offices of the Resident in the Gulf and the British Minister at Teheran, I finally obtained permission from the Belgian Customs' officials for one of the officers at Jashk and Chabar to be present at all Custom-house examinations at these places.

There was much perturbation and opposition to this procedure in the local dovecots, but my point was eventually carried, and that source of leakage then died the death.

Meshedi Abbas was subsequently dismissed from his position at Jashk, as the man was a thorough-paced rascal; but I had a harrowing half-hour with Mrs Meshedi, when she nearly melted me to tears by protesting what a true upright gentleman her husband was, and how grievously I had misjudged his actions. Indeed, she almost convinced me that I was the biggest blackguard unhung; but there obviously was not room for both Meshedi Abbas and me in Jashk if the arms traffic was to suffer. And it was he—I have no doubt justly—who had to go.

Another individual on the Jashk Quarantine Staff—Dadullah by name—took advantage, too, of his official position. This enabled him to board all mail-steamers, and so to institute a regular system for receiving Mauser pistols from Masqat. We ran the beggar to earth at last, and I was able to get him removed also. At a later stage he proved most intractable, developed into Barkat Khan's evil genius, and became in no small measure responsible for the undoing of that chieftain. There was no doubt Barkat was closely mixed up in all this business, and was still in league with the Afghans; so it was time a lesson was administered to this recalcitrant rogue. A



suitable opportunity was at hand.

From information in my possession Barkat had a large *cache* of arms and ammunition for Afghans concealed in a cave in the hills close to the village of Gaigan, a few miles north of Old Jashk. I suggested by radio to Captain Hunt, the S.N.O., that a landing should be carried out by night near the mouth of the Gaigan stream, four or five miles to the west of Old Jashk, and the store raided by an inland march thence at dawn. Barkat himself was now at New Jashk, where he had just taken unto himself another wife in the shape of the thirteen-year-old daughter of Meshedi Abbas, and was celebrating the nuptials in this village. So he was well out of the way.

After dark on the 15th January a radio message was received from the *Fox* asking me to keep the wireless going, and saying that Captain Hunt would land a force at 3 A.M. if I could help with fifty men ready to embark in boats off New Jashk at midnight. I replied that I could help, and believed there were only a very few Afghans at present in charge of the *cache*. I sent for Captain White, told him to have fifty of his men ready, not to breathe a word about the intended raid to any one, and to order his men to take 150 rounds each and some "chuppaties" for their next day's food. Captain Hunt himself came ashore a few minutes later; we discussed the raid

together, and he expressed the wish to entrust the command of the enterprise to his first-lieutenant, Lieutenant Briggs, R.N. Since Captain Hunt was not going, it was decided that I should not accompany the force either, as I was senior to Briggs; but B. was to go with White and endeavour to secure a Baluch on landing, to point out the exact position of the store, either by force or by a bribe of money. Captain Hunt returned to the *Fox* about 11 P.M., and White and B. proceeded quietly to the infantry lines later, when the troops embarked in boats and were conveyed to the *Fox* unknown to any one but myself in Jashk.

There was a good deal of noise and shouting in New Jashk village about 2 A.M., so Barkat's wedding festivities were evidently going with a hearty swing; and I could not refrain from wondering how he would feel next day after the raid had taken place. Soon after daybreak the *Fox* was seen standing some miles out in the bay opposite Old Jashk, and I received a radio message—"Party landed without incident; no further news." Towards midday another message arrived—"Several explosions of gun-cotton have taken place, and a bonfire has now been blazing for two hours; so they have evidently got hold of something."

Barkat apparently only obtained wind of the raid shortly before 1 P.M., and at once set off from New Jashk on a fast-trotting camel round the shore of the bay towards Old Jashk.

At the same time, he despatched a messenger *hot haste* to Yakdar, calling on his men to assemble and follow him immediately to Gaigan. By the time these arrived the birds had flown.

At 4 P.M. the *Fox* sent me a radio message—"Thanks to your information and co-operation, raid has been very successful. 1350 rifles and 160,000 rounds ammunition have been destroyed." I, in my turn, now sent a message of congratulations to Briggs, White, and all concerned, who were by then safely on board the cruiser again. Soon afterwards the *Fox* was once more off New Jashk, and White and his fifty men were towed in two boats by a launch, and landed shortly before 6 P.M. All were bursting with joy over the results of their outing, which had afforded them some well-deserved excitement after the monotony of garrison duty on the Jashk sandspit.

The force had landed from the *Fox* at the mouth of the Gaigan stream, as arranged, at about 3.30 A.M., and reached Gaigan village, some six and a half miles from the shore, shortly after 7 A.M. Several Baluchis were seized *en route*, and made to act as guides, the village being completely surprised by this sudden advent of troops. After some search among the foot-hills, the cave was eventually discovered within a few hundred yards of the village. The Afghans guarding this depot fled on the approach of the raiding party, who at once proceeded with

the destruction of the arms by thoroughly breaking up the rifles and blowing up and burning the ammunition. This work was carried out without any interference; and when completed, the whole party marched back to the shore unmolested, and at once re-embarked in their boats for the *Fox*.

The essence of the whole affair, absolute secrecy, had been well observed, and not a soul in the station had any idea of what was afoot when they retired to rest the previous night. The only fly in the ointment was that the rifles proved a somewhat indifferent lot—consisting chiefly of Sniders, Gras, &c., and not the most modern types of magazine weapons. Still, it was anticipated that the moral effect of this sudden sweep on an arms depot, regarded as safe from the attentions of the Navy, would be far-reaching, and strike a note of uneasiness among all who were inclined to persist in tempting fortune by further endeavours to land arms for the Afghans.

Needless to say, Barkat Khan was beside himself with rage at the action taken by us, and protested that the rifles destroyed were his own private property, and intended for arming his followers. He even prevailed upon the Persian in charge of the New Jashk fort to despatch a telegram to the Daria Begi, accusing the British of having invaded Persian territory, burnt his house, destroyed his

property, and so on—all of which, incidentally, were lies, as during the raid no damage had been done to houses, people, or anything, save the arms and ammunition. And these, I had ample evidence to prove, belonged to one Ali Khan at Masqat, and were for sale to Afghans, through the agency of Barkat, who received his commission on them when sold. Barkat further wrote to me from his place of retreat, asking what fault he had committed that he should thus be treated. I replied that we had no quarrel with him personally, but only with Afghan gun-runners. Information had been received by me that Afghans had so far abused his hospitality as to store arms within his territory near Gaigan. Consequently, the Sirkar (Government) had given orders to have them searched for, and destroyed if found; and he was well aware that neither his people nor property had in any way been interfered with during the operation. If he would come in and see me, I should be very pleased to talk over matters with him. But the rogue continued to keep out of the way for some time, sulking in the hills, and sending out messengers far and wide to his Afghan friends, whom he warned to clear away into the hills from the coast, with their animals and belongings.

Captain Hunt now informed me that the Admiral was leaving Bombay for the Gulf in his flag-ship, the *Hyacinth*, on the 21st January, accompanied by

the *Hardinge*—which was carrying half a battalion of the 123rd (Outram's) Rifles, the 31st Mountain Battery, and a section of sappers and miners. The naval Commander-in-Chief, therefore, desired to be acquainted by wireless on the 23rd whether there was any possibility of reaching depots of arms hidden in villages or hills near the coast. I had remained for some time past in touch with the consignment landed at Lash in the middle of December; and this, from various reports, had not yet been removed from the vicinity of Hasar.

I also received a telegram from the Admiral himself, a day or two later, asking me to prepare a plan of action against his arrival in the Gulf. Lieut.-Colonel Whyte of the 117th Mahrattas, and several other officers and men of his battalion, arrived the following day from India; so I was able to hand over command of the station to him and explain all the defence proposals. In these he concurred, and arranged to send another British officer to join Major Raven at Chahbar. That officer had been closely co-operating with me in intelligence matters in that area, since he arrived from India with reinforcements some six weeks earlier, and was giving me much help. At daylight on the 24th January Admiral Slade anchored off New Jashk in the *Hyacinth*, and was shortly followed by the *Fox*. I was invited to breakfast on board with the Commander-in-Chief, and to discuss the next

move with him and Captain Hunt. The *Hyacinth* left Jashk again shortly before midday, to drop boats along an unprotected stretch of coast, and returned about 5 P.M. A boat was sent ashore for me and B. after dark, and when we got aboard the *Hyacinth*, steamed away for the rendezvous with the *Hardinge*. We joined her next morning at 7.30, out of sight of land, and Colonel Delamain, commanding the troops, came aboard the flag-ship shortly after to discuss the details of the projected raid on the store of arms at Hasar. It was decided the raiding party should consist of 200 men of the 123rd Rifles, a section of the Mountain Battery and Field Hospital, and a demolition party of blue-jackets from the flag-ship. Colonel Delamain then returned to the *Hardinge* to issue the necessary orders regarding the disembarkation of the force.

An agent I had despatched a day or two before from Jashk, to bring me the latest intelligence of the Hasar cache, had not returned when I left on the flag-ship. I arranged, therefore, with Mr Gumbley of the I. E. Telegraph Department at Jashk to take the information of this man and to communicate it to me by wireless directly received. His message now arrived, and was to the effect that the Afghans had left their former place, and gone about a mile farther into the hills; but the marks of their original grass huts still remained. There were only about a dozen men with the

arms when the informant located them the previous day—the others having left for Jagin Balaat to get camels, on which to remove the arms farther into the interior. Barkat had warned them to proceed to that place as speedily as possible for that purpose. But as it would take the Afghans at least a day to load up, even if they procured the camels at once, we should still be able, with a modicum of luck, to “bag the crowd.” So our hopes ran high.

On Colonel Delamain's return from the *Hardinge*, Admiral Slade steamed off to reconnoitre a suitable landing-place in the vicinity of Khor Lash. The *Hardinge* was to follow on, so as to reach Khor Lash after dark. When the flag-ship reached our destination Colonel Delamain, Captain Dick, R.N.—the flag-captain—and I went ashore with a party to select the landing-place for the force. We soon found a suitable one on a broad flat expanse of sand, frequented by flamingoes and many other water-birds, on the northern side of the mouth of the Khor; and were back again on the *Hyacinth* before dark, when the *Hardinge* also came up.

It was a bright moonlight night, and as the flag-ship was proceeding to Masqat when the disembarkation of the force was completed, B. and I transferred to the *Hardinge* after dinner. The sea was calm, and disembarkation commenced about 8 P.M. in four large boats towed by two launches. Owing, however, to

the shallow nature of the coast, the *Hardings* had to stand out about one and a half miles from land. The men were got off the ship expeditiously enough, but disembarking took a long time, on account of the distance between the points which the boats could reach and the high dry ground beyond, to which everything had to be conveyed. The mules delayed matters considerably, and it was 3.40 A.M. before the last boatload was landed; and then eight battery mules stampeded, and were unfortunately not recovered in time to accompany the force, which marched off at 5 A.M. on the 26th January on its stiff fifteen-mile trek. I placed B. at the disposal of Colonel Delamain, whilst I remained on board the *Hardings* to keep in touch with the Admiral by wireless.

Now the striking force was off on its mission, the next thing to do at daylight was to try and recover the precious lost mules, of which eight had disappeared altogether, whilst seven others were left on the shore with their drivers, kit, &c. I accordingly asked the Admiral by radio for permission to send a party of one British officer and seventy-five men ashore to march these animals back by land to Jashk—a distance of twelve or fourteen miles—and to have them met half-way by another party of fifty or sixty Mahrattas under a British officer from Jashk. The proposal being agreed to, I communicated the

Admiral's instructions by wireless to Lieut.-Colonel Whyte at Jashk; and as soon as the additional infantry had been landed the *Hardings* left for Jashk. The two mule search-parties reached Jashk without incident shortly before 5 P.M., but had found no trace of the missing battery mules *en route*. Happily they were brought in a few days later by Baluchis, who had been offered rewards for their recovery.

It was some time before we received any intelligence from the raiding party itself; but on the afternoon of the 27th I was informed by an agent that at 2 P.M. the previous day he had seen a big bonfire blazing in the hills near where the store should have been, and that he had heard loud reports like the exploding of many cartridges. This news was passed on by radio to the Admiral, as he was naturally desirous of learning whether the raid had been successful or not. Early next morning this was corroborated by another agent, who reported that the raid had been successful, the arms destroyed, and three Afghans killed. But still there was no news from Colonel Delamain himself, though I had hoped before this to get a message from him by his cutting into the Chakbar-Jashk line, which ran not far from Hasar.

About 10.30 A.M. on the 28th, however, Major Nepean of the 123rd Rifles arrived, accompanied by a party of jovial bluejackets riding mules, with their boots slung over

their shoulders, and their raw-rubbed feet exposed to the cooling breezes as relief from the tortures they had undergone during their three days' unaccustomed tramp in boots! This was evidently the vanguard of the force, and Major Nepean handed me the following message from Colonel Delamain for transmission to the Admiral: "After 7½ hours march found party of Afghans 'sangared' in very strong position in hills about 3½ miles N. of Hasar village. Attacked and drove them out. Enemy retired, leaving three dead Ghilzais behind, and 760 rifles and carbines, besides revolvers, bayonets, and gunpowder; also just under 50,000 rounds of ammunition, all of which I captured and destroyed. Our casualties nil."

The force itself arrived shortly after midday, looking pretty tired after their three days' experience ashore in an inhospitable dry region; but they at once embarked on the *Hardinge*, leaving the mules ashore for the time being. Colonel Delamain informed me that the success had been due in no small measure to the capture of a Baluch guide, to

whom Rs. 100 had been promised; and he asked me to honour this promise by paying over the sum to the man, and Rs. 20 to two other Baluchis. He added further: "B. is worth his weight in gold"—an opinion which entirely accorded with mine regarding my faithful assistant.

As the Admiral had only a day or two previously also received information that a pinnacle of the *Philomel* had captured 20,000 rounds of Mauser pistol ammunition in a deserted fort three miles east of Bunji, he already had much to congratulate himself on in the combined sea-and-land operations, initiated by him, proving so immediately successful. Here again secrecy had been well observed; and, in addition, it was certainly a very fine performance on the part of Colonel Delamain and his force to effect a surprise attack on so distant an objective, and over ground not previously reconnoitred—so practically unknown.

Events were "panning-out" very satisfactorily; but it was still necessary to bring all Baluch sirdars implicated in the traffic in arms to heel.

#### IV.

The *Hyacinth* was back at Jashk shortly before dark on the evening of the return of the raiding party there; and the flag-lieutenant came ashore to take me off to see the Admiral, in order to discuss further action with him and

Colonel Delamain. The flag-ship left again during the night on a tour of inspection; and next day all mules were re-embarked on the *Hardinge*. On the morning of the 30th January the Admiral returned, and came

ashore after breakfast, with several officers of his staff, to inspect the defences of the station; and, in order to expedite their completion, kindly agreed to the section of sappers on board the *Hardinge* lending a hand. They were to live ashore, whilst the *Hardinge* stood fast at Jashk, until the return of the Admiral from a trip to Bandar Abbas, where a large number of Afghans had lately been assembling. As Captain Rae had only a small Indian escort for the protection of the British Consulate there, I had lately submitted proposals to him for placing the enclosure in a state of defence; and the Admiral desired to satisfy himself as to its security by personal investigation of local conditions. He left the same afternoon.

Meanwhile, Barkat Khan in his lair was feeling thoroughly uncomfortable, and as a result of the raid on Hasar, now showed anxiety to come in and make peace with us. He sent in a letter to me to that effect, and the Admiral agreed to receive him on his return. Unfortunately, when the *Hyacinth* arrived on the 1st February, the Admiral was down with an attack of fever, so it was arranged that Captain Dick, R.N., should grant Barkat the interview in my quarters ashore, and Lieutenant Eadie of the Indian Army act as interpreter for the flag-captain.

Shortly before 11 A.M. Barkat put in his appearance, looking extremely nervous and sus-

picious of our intentions towards him. The discussion lasted some time, and the result promised to be satisfactory, for Barkat declared he would have nothing more to do with the Afghans, and would unreservedly throw in his lot with us against them. As a proof of his sincerity, he promised to keep me informed of movements of Afghans, any intended landings of arms, &c., and to get Mir Haji of Sirik in, and his old fox of a brother, Mustapha (in whose territory the Lash consignment of arms had been landed, and on which the rogue had received the usual commission) to visit me again. He further expressed his willingness to write to Khalifeh Khair Mahomed to come in and see the Admiral, on the pledge of a safe-conduct being granted him. Captain Dick did not fail to make it quite clear to Barkat that this traffic in arms had got to cease—and that those who afforded us assistance in the future would be regarded as friends, but that those who helped the Afghans would be treated as enemies.

Barkat was apparently greatly relieved when he was permitted to return to his house in New Jashk, after the interview; for he and all his people seemed to be firmly convinced that he was placing his head in the lion's mouth, and would surely be made a prisoner, and removed from the country on one of the warships. In order to emphasise the power of the Navy, how-

ever, it appeared to me that a visit to the flag-ship might impress Barkat Khan still further. To this the C-in-C. agreed; so, on the next visit of the *Hyacinth*, Barkat and several of his entourage were introduced to the Admiral on board, and there again received serious advice from His Excellency as to the line of action he was recommended to take in future.

The Admiral further arranged that Barkat's letter to Khalifeh Khair Mahomed should be conveyed by a Baluch messenger, who would be given a passage to Galag in the cruiser *Preserpine*—lately arrived in the Gulf from home—which was due at Jashk that afternoon. Barkat and his following were then conducted over the flag-ship, and had the wireless, electric light, torpedoes, methods of navigation, &c., explained to them; after which two 6-inch shells were fired off for their edification. One was a solid shot fired at a range of 8000 yards, and the other shrapnel at 1500 yards, both of which astonished them greatly; for they had refused previously to believe it was possible to shell Old Jashk from where the *Hyacinth* was anchored—a distance of about 10,000 yards. The whole party returned ashore at midday pondering deeply. During the next few days the troops from the *Hardinge* were landed daily for exercise, training, and to practise disembarkation rapidly; and there is little doubt that the strength of the force was greatly exaggerated by

the time news of its presence reached the ears of the Afghans still about the coast. Obviously, therefore, the moral effect produced by its advent in the Gulf could not be measured in terms of the numbers of guns and men of which it actually consisted. Possessing, as we now did, the inestimable advantage of being able, suddenly and secretly, to land a mobile force anywhere along the Makran and Biaban coasts, no Baluch Sirdar would feel safe from a visitation—if his actions gave rise to a suspicion of his co-operating with the Afghans. In order, however, to heighten this sense of uncertainty and insecurity, it appeared desirable to make surprise landings at various places which hitherto had been favourite destinations of gun-running dhows from the Arabian coast. As a first step, the *Hardinge* left Jashk on the 8th February for Chahbar, where it was intended to land the force with the object of impressing the inhabitants near this Government station and establishing proof of our ability to descend speedily on any portion of the coast—should occasion demand it.

Shortly before her departure from Jashk, Mustapha Khan paid me a visit. I emphasised the fact I had not had the pleasure of seeing him for quite a long time. Much had occurred in this neighbourhood of late, and he had studiously kept out of the way. Why? Ever a ready liar, he replied that some of his children had



been ill up in Bashakard, and one of them had died: whereupon I remarked that his absence, strangely enough, dated from the time immediately following the landing of arms at Khor Lash, on which I was given to understand he had received his commission, and then disappeared into the wilds of Bashakard. He of course denied the soft impeachment; and as it was little use my attempting to compete with him in the gentle art of lying, I contented myself in endeavouring to make him understand that this gun-running business had got to stop, and that those who placed difficulties in our way would probably suffer in consequence. He protested he was most anxious to be the friend of the British, and would afford us every assistance in his power. He vowed he would warn all Afghans to clear out of his territory at once, and order his people to have nothing to do with them in the future, and would willingly make his submission to the Admiral whenever it was convenient to His Excellency to receive him.

How long he would observe his promises remained to be seen; but there appeared a probability that most of the Baluch sirdars along the coast had "got the wind up" now, for next day a messenger arrived with a letter from Mir Kambar of Kuhistak, written seven days before. Although he was married to Barkat's sister, he complained that that chieftain had attacked

him the previous year, destroyed all his property, &c., and expressed a desire to come in and see me. He would prefer to come by sea—which one could easily understand—and in that case asked that he might be provided with a pass, as he would be accompanied by a few armed men, and they might all be seized, otherwise, by one of our patrolling ships. I passed on this information to the Admiral, who was again proceeding to Bandar Abbas, and it was arranged the messenger should return in the *Hyacinth* to Kuhistak with a letter from me to Mir Kambar, asking that chief to pay his respects to the Admiral on the flag-ship, which he subsequently did at Bandar Abbas.

Meanwhile, Captain Rae reported from Bandar Abbas that the Afghans in the town were becoming a bit fractious. He had been joined there by Gregson of the Police, who was helping him to clear some of them out of the place, and to ship others off back to Karachi by mail. Hence the departure of the Admiral to this possible storm centre. Gregson in a letter to me stated that he had a hold over these Afghans in the shape of their accounts, and thought there was a good chance of being able to get them to quit without much trouble. Still the arrival of the flag-ship would greatly strengthen them in this ticklish undertaking.

The Admiral also instructed the *Hardinge* to land troops at 5 A.M. on the 12th February on the Biaban coast near

Sirik, along which area Afghans were constantly moving to and fro, and to search the village of Girau. By such an operation the transportation of arms would be rendered extremely risky to the gun-runners, since there was only one track that could be utilised by them in that part. Even therefore if no arms were seized on shore, the moral effect of a sudden landing at dawn on that coast would probably be considerable. My information pointed to the fact that although Afghans were scattered about in small parties, the only really large gathering of them was at Sarzeh, some ten to twelve miles to the S.E. of Sirik, amid the foot-hills. Owing, however, to bad weather about this time, it was not found possible to carry out the landing until a week later; for a stiff shamal was blowing, and the heavy surf made it a risky business to run fully-laden boats on to the open beach. The *Hardinge* therefore took shelter in a secluded bay on the Arabian coast in the vicinity of Cape Masandam.

Eventually the infantry on the *Hardinge* were landed on the 20th February at Girau, as previously arranged, thoroughly searched that village, and finding no arms, continued their march by land to Sirik, which was also searched. By a piece of good fortune Mir Haji happened to be present in Sirik, and was seized in his own house. All his papers were confiscated and made over to the Admiral, as the *Hyacinth* was standing by the

*Hardinge* during the operations. Colonel Delamain had taken the opportunity of cautioning Mir Haji as to his future association with Afghans, and then released him; but the nocturnal landing and easy capture of that chief had a very pronounced influence on him and his people—by showing how vulnerable was the position of the coastal Baluch sirdars from the sea.

The troops re-embarked on the *Hardinge* off Sirik, and she at once proceeded to Bandar Abbas in order to enable Colonel Delamain to draw up a report on the defensibility of the British Consulate. If considered advisable, its small garrison was to be increased up to fifty men under a British officer by further reinforcements of Mahrattas from Jashk. From subsequent reports received by me, Colonel Delamain's force appears narrowly to have missed being heavily attacked by several hundred Afghans from Sarzeh. On hearing of the approach of the small raiding party towards Sirik from Girau, they had swarmed out of the foot-hills to molest it; but before they reached the scene the force was already safely on board the *Hardinge* again and steaming off to another destination.

Shortly afterwards Mir Haji expressed his intention of coming into Jashk to make his peace with the British; but attempts to get Khalifeh Khair Mahomed in had so far proved unproductive. The man was as elusive as an eel:

first he would write to say he was coming, and then a very plausible letter would follow explaining how he had been unable to carry out his ardent desire to do so. It was decided, therefore, at a conference on the flag-ship between the Admiral, Colonel Delamain, and myself, that the *Hardinge* should proceed to Galag, land troops there on the 25th February, who would remain ashore for a couple of days or so, collecting information, sketching, &c. Such reports as I already possessed regarding anchorage, landing-places, water-supply, grazing, &c., I passed on; but these would require verification and amplification, in case it became necessary to land a large force there to march on Bint, along the course of the Rapph river. I arranged also for Colonel Delamain to be met on arrival at Galag by one of my agents, with fresh vegetables, &c.

On my return to shore I sent a telephone message to the chief telegraph linesman at Rapph, whose life had been threatened a day or two before by some of Khalifeh Khair Mahomed's Pathans, and informed him that a force was being landed next day near by, and he had better advertise this fact widely. The Karwanis at once became greatly alarmed and sent in a message through this man begging that we would not destroy their country. They had only permitted Khalifeh Khair Mahomed to reside amongst them as they were not aware he was

an enemy of the British; but now they understood he was, they would not permit him to remain in the country any longer, and desired to meet the commander of the force in a friendly way to assure him of their decision.

I suggested by radio to Colonel Delamain that he should meet this deputation and exact a written promise from them, signed by their most important men, to the effect that they would provide no assistance, such as camels, boats, or other means of transport, to any one engaged in the arms traffic; and would furnish information regarding any projected operations to me at Jashk. This was carried out by Colonel Delamain on the 27th February, and the petty chiefs present expressed their willingness and ability to exclude small parties of Afghans from the Karwan district, but that they could not cope with large forces. They stated, however, that if Islam Khan of Bint were addressed on the subject, he could prevent the passage of Afghans through his territory and afford the Karwanis protection. Islam Khan was, accordingly, subsequently communicated with. The deputation reported that Khalifeh Khair Mahomed and his followers had fled towards Bint when they heard of our intended visit to Galag.

Next day I received a letter from Saiyid Khan of Geh, saying he had sent men in all directions, ordering every one connected with the arms traffic

out of the country. If there was anything else we wished done, he would be glad to carry out our instructions. I acquainted the Resident by cable, and he agreed that I should merely acknowledge the letter, and thank Saiyid Khan, informing him that the Resident was glad to hear of his action, which was being reported to the Persian Government.

Saiyid Khan had apparently also sent a letter to Chahbar for transmission to the Resident. This was telegraphed on from Chahbar to Bushire; and in it the Sirdar stated that he had proceeded from Bampur to Geh with a large force and guns to punish the Afghans (1). He had also sent a messenger to Khalifeh Khair Mahomed, ordering him to leave Baluchistan at once; and notified to all the sirdars of Persian Baluchistan that whenever they found any Afghans, or even the Khalifeh, they were to "loot and kill them" — and that he, too, would do the same. He went on to say that all the Afghans were now gathered in Bashakard, with the help of Mir Barkat and others; and concluded by informing the Resident that "Ali Khan, the son of Musa, is a rifle and ammunition merchant in Masqat. He secretes Afghans, and gives them every help. Otherwise there would not have been so many Afghans in the country this year. Mir Barkat and Ali Khan are the real culprits."

The above was probably a pretty highly-coloured account

of the action taken by Saiyid Khan; but it certainly corroborated all previous information collected about the two last named. And recent reports I had received regarding events in Barkat's territory strongly pointed to his still playing a double game, in spite of the frightening he had received a few weeks before. To test his protestations to the Admiral, I had called on Mir Barkat early in February to seize two notorious gun-running "nakhudas," who lived at Bunji in his territory, and to hand them over to me. He had replied he had sent to have them taken, but unfortunately the two men were absent with their dhows fishing, and he was unable, therefore, to lay his hands upon them. Time passed, and he did nothing further in the matter, for the very good reason that he had sent Dadullah to arrest (?) them. This individual undoubtedly gave them warning to clear out, and then returned to New Jashk to resume his duties as head of the quarantine guard there. As soon as I heard of this duplicity I sent for Dadullah, administered him a homily, and informed him I was aware that he was in partnership with Rahim Dad, one of the "nakhudas" in question, and that the quarantine officer had decided to dispense with his services, and that of his brother Shahi. Barkat was also written to regarding these men, and came to see me a few days later. He gave me an entirely differ-

ent story to that composed by Dadullah, and seemed greatly exercised at the dismissal of that useful accomplice of his.

The sequel to this was that, some days after, B. had a narrow shave of being shot; and it was entirely due to his presence of mind and courage that he escaped with his life. A large number of people were on the beach near the Customs' shed helping to land stores, which was being done with great difficulty owing to the roughness of the sea. B. was standing by, watching, when Shahi came up to him and began to accuse B. of being the cause of his dismissal. Losing his temper, Shahi seized hold of B., and called to one of his "seedies" (Africans) near by to shoot B. The "seedie" promptly rushed up to Shahi's assistance with a loaded rifle, which he pointed at B. Holding Shahi with one hand, and grasping the "seedie's" rifle with the other, B. shouted out to the jemadar of Mahrattas, who was assisting Captain White in superintending the landing of leads. Fortunately this Indian officer was only twelve or fifteen paces distant, and immediately dashed to B.'s rescue. B. called on him to take the rifle first, and see if it was loaded, and on the jemadar pointing it upwards and pulling the trigger, it went off, whilst the magazine, too, was found to be fully charged. Shahi and his "seedie" were quickly overpowered, and marched off to the station, where, after a

brief court of inquiry, Colonel Whyte ordered both prisoners twenty-five lashes each as a start. These were administered with commendable vigour by one of the sepoys of the guard, after which the two rogues were incarcerated in one of the defence redoubts.

This incident was about the frozen limit; so Barkat Khan was also summoned and informed that, though it was regretted we had had to punish two of his men in this way, we would not tolerate attempts on the life of any one within the British concession at Jashk. I again warned him to get rid of Dadullah and Shahi from his *entourage*, as I felt certain they would land him in serious difficulties with us sooner or later. He besought pardon for Shahi in the most humble manner, by folding his hands across the breast, and bowing down his head on to my table, repeating that he was my slave, and other bunkum of a like nature. He, however, promised to get rid of Dadullah at once; whilst the two men were ordered to be kept prisoners by the Admiral, to whom the affair was reported by radio, until the arrival of the Daria Begi, then on his way to Jashk.

Prior to this, Mr Gregson had reached Jashk from Bandar Abbas, and spent several days with me. The papers captured in Mir Haji's house had been handed over to him to digest on his return to Karachi, in the hope that valuable information regarding

Afghans engaged in the arms traffic might be extracted from them, and prove of service to him in his police arrangements both at Indian perts and on the mail-steamers plying to and from the Gulf. Bandar Abbas had been reinforced by another fifty men from Jashk before he left, and things appeared fairly secure there at the moment, as very few Afghans remained.

Owing to the strict blockade, however, of the Biaban and Makran coasts, the Afghans were attempting now to change their tactics by landing arms along the Persian coast to the west of Bandar Abbas. Arms had recently been landed on the mainland some fifty miles beyond that port at Khamir, in the Clarence Straits, and a consignment of 500 rifles removed by the Afghans six or seven miles inland from that place. Goguyer's agent at Masqat was assisting the Afghans by conveying arms for them in dhows flying the French flag, and a depot had been formed not far from the port of Lingeh at Dishgun. Information was at hand, too, that arms were being run across from the Qatr peninsula to a point on the Persian coast opposite the island of Shaikh Shu'aib. In order to deal with these new developments, which greatly enlarged the sphere of operations, Admiral Slade arranged that a watch should be kept along the Arabian coast to the west of Cape Masandam, and, as soon as available, a ship was to patrol between the islands of Shaikh Shu'aib and

Qishm. Any dhow flying the French flag was to be followed, and directly arms were landed from it on Persian soil they were to be seized. The Daria Begi had been approached to do something with regard to the store near Lingeh; but he evidently felt none too sure of his position, and rather evaded the problem. He, however, set forth from Bushire on the *Persepolis* with 150 "tufang-chis" (riflemen) on the 22nd February for a tour to Bandar Abbas, Jashk, and Chahbar.

We had information also that a large depot of arms was being formed at Sohar on the Arabian coast north of Masqat; and there seemed a probability that these would be conveyed on camels overland across the Oman peninsula to points along the Pirate Coast, and there loaded on dhows destined for the Persian coast about Lingeh, a run possibly of little more than twelve hours from Dibai, and other ports, with a favourable wind. If this procedure were followed our difficulties would be largely increased by the wider possibilities open to the Afghans to elude the blockading ships.

I had been considering for some time past how to get hold of these Sohar arms—reputed to be some 5000 in number—as we could not touch them in the Sultan of Masqat's territory. I now came to the conclusion it might be possible, perhaps, to bribe Biaban "nakhudas" to carry arms from the Batinah coast, which should "acoi-

dentally" fall into our hands at sea. Much of their normal profits were gone, as, with few exceptions, they feared to work for the Afghans; and if we could offer them a rupee for every rifle (with 100 rounds) which we captured, trade might look up for them again, and it would pay us handsomely too.

I accordingly wired to A.H.Q. India and the Admiral, and asked for authority to offer liberal rewards for these risky undertakings, which demanded the utmost secrecy; and if approved I would start operations on these lines at once, since time would be required to arrange everything satisfactorily. Sanction was eventually accorded, and the necessary steps were taken to get into touch with several "nakhudas," whom I secretly interviewed, and who agreed to embark on this tricky manoeuvre. Several important captures were subsequently effected by this means; but as I was relieved at the end of March and returned to Simla, it fell to the lot of my successor to announce them during his period of office.

On the 1st March Mir Haji of Sirik at length arrived at New Jashk on his promised visit. He was a small man, possibly forty-five years of age, with short beard and whiskers turning grey near the roots, and was accompanied by his old uncle, Mir Yusuf, and five or six others. After usual presentations, &c., I requested that only he and his uncle should remain for the inter-

view, and the others retired. I then stated to Mir Haji that, provided he played straight with us in the future, we would overlook his past activity in the arms traffic, which had got to cease. Mir Haji replied that he had not been informed in previous years that the trade in arms was contrary to our wishes; but now that he clearly understood this, he was quite willing to assist us by denying facilities to the Afghans in obtaining arms from Masqat. He admitted that last season 20,000 to 30,000 rifles had been landed on the Biaban and Makran coasts; but assured me that not more than two consignments of 600 or 700 rifles had been landed in his territory this year, owing to the vigilance of our ships. It seemed hard to reconcile this statement with previous reports received by me; but at the same time I was very favourably impressed by his demeanour and apparent frankness, for he replied promptly to my queries about Afghans and other matters with no patent *arrière-pensées*. Our interview lasted a long time, and I understood from him that he had already several times sent messages to the Afghans to clear out of Sarzeh. They always replied they were going, but still remained, as many of their friends were at Sohar and Masqat, and Mir Haji conjectured they were awaiting consignments of arms from that side.

He acknowledged having seen Mir Barkat en route, and stated that that young man was con-

sumed with fear, and lurking 'mid the Behmadi Hills, ready to bolt for cover should there be any disposition on the part of the Daria Begi or us to seize him. Dadullah was with him, in spite of Barkat's promise to me to banish him from his territory. I asked Mir Haji, as a test question, whose rifles those were that we captured at Gaigan. He immediately replied they were the property of Ali Khan of Masqat, and this fact was common knowledge throughout Biaban, as also that Barkat had been commissioned by that dealer to sell them to the Afghans. At the close of the interview Mir Haji returned to the small camp we had pitched for him, and I informed him that he and his followers were to consider themselves our guests for the day, so ordered a sheep to be killed for them, and rice and other food to be placed at their service.

Next day Barkat sent in a message to me, asking what my orders were to him. I merely replied that so long as he remained in hiding with Dadullah I wished to have nothing to say to him, for he had failed to carry out his promise to me, and the matter rested with the Daria Begi, who was shortly expected at Jashk. The Governor arrived in the *Persepolis* the following morning, and sent a message ashore saying he would like to call on Colonel Whyte and myself in the afternoon. During the interview we made H.E. acquainted with events since his last visit to Jashk. He

inquired after Barkat's behaviour, and was candidly informed that, in spite of that chieftain's promises to Admiral Slade, he was not playing straight, and in my opinion was absolutely untrustworthy, quoting instances. The Daria Begi replied that he had sent to Barkat to be present on his return from Chahbar, whither he was proceeding next day. I suggested to him that it would be advantageous if he could remain here, on his return, in order to meet the naval Commander-in-Chief, who was due back from Bombay shortly. The *Hardinge* was also absent from the Gulf, having gone to coal at Karachi; but I did not inform the Governor of this fact.

On leaving, the Daria Begi said he only expected to be absent a few days, but wished to get into communication with Saiyid Khan of Geh from Chahbar, and seemed pleased to hear of the action alleged to have been taken by that Sirdar for expelling the Afghans from his country. The two prisoners, Shahi and the "seedie," were handed over to the Daria Begi's "bluejackets," and removed by them to the *Persepolis* in the evening; and she sailed for Chahbar next morning.

Mir Kambar of Kuhistak arrived shortly after midday with about twenty men, and immediately came over to the station to see me. He was what might be described as a "hearty fellow," with an unusually deep and powerful



voice. Of medium height, strongly built, with beard and whiskers dyed red, he possessed an aquiline face with piercing eyes. He recounted in detail the wrongs he had suffered at Barkat's hands—his home destroyed while he was absent, and he himself forced to flee to the Minab district, where he had resided ever since. Now this man had not spoken to Mir Haji before he came in to see me, so there could have been no collusion between them, and yet in almost every particular he corroborated the information previously vouchsafed to me by Mir Haji—regarding landings on the Biaban coast this season—except that he placed the number of rifles in the two Sirik consignments rather

higher than did Mir Haji. He also reiterated that Barkat Khan was responsible for the Afghans entering the country, by inviting them here, showing them suitable camping-grounds, pointing out the different routes through the hills to the coast, arranging for dhows, and so forth. At the end of the interview he, too, was informed that he and his followers would be entertained as our guests for the day, and a camp was arranged for him alongside that of Mir Haji.

The eagles were beginning to gather together, but the carcass had yet to be provided whereon they might feed. Portents proclaimed Barkat Khan as the likely victim of their feast.

## V.

The "silent strangle-hold" of the Navy has not, perhaps, been dealt with in sufficient measure during the course of this narrative; but it is difficult to apprise, or relate in detail, the never-ceasing vigilance demanded from all ships employed in patrolling the long coast-line under consideration. It would be wearisome were I to endeavour to record one-tenth of the information received by me daily at Jashk from the numerous efficient sources now at my disposal for the rapid collection and transmission of intelligence. Much of this had to be passed on by wireless to the S.N.O. in the Gulf, and was picked up

at the same time by other ships on their beats, who were thus enabled to take immediate steps to grapple with the situation brought to their notice. The result of frequent laconic remarks in my diary, "Navy informed," after the receipt of what seemed at the time important news, could only be tentatively guessed. But one could rest assured prompt action would be taken, and the intended enterprise by gun-runners probably checkmated.

The patrolling ships often visited Jashk in turn, and I was thus afforded the opportunity to make the acquaintance of their commanders, and

learn personally from them what the present disposition of their boats was, and how any given situation had been dealt with by them, and the result, in more detail than was possible by brief radio messages in cipher. That the Navy were having an onerous and hard time of it there could be no manner of doubt—particularly the crews of the ships' boats, who were detted along hundreds of miles of an unfriendly coast. These were exposed to sun and glare by day; whilst uncomfortable nights were passed, sleeping on oars stretched across the thwarts, for ten days or so at a time. A stiff "shamal" in an open boat, too, added to the severe tests of seamanship to which they were subjected; and it was not always possible to run for shelter to a neighbouring creek or cove through the heavy surf on these occasions—especially when small parties of Afghans were known to be lying up for them to come within rifle-range of the shore—so they had to ride the storm as best they could. It is small wonder, then, that when these boats were picked up again by their ships, at the end of their tour, many of their officers and bluejackets had no seats to their trousers left, and were otherwise in a very dilapidated and almost indecent condition! Yet they loved the boat-work, preferred it to living aboard their parent ship, and were generally as "cheery as sand-boys" about their discomforts afloat.

On the principle, however,

that prevention is better than cure, it seemed desirable that those who were mainly responsible for this traffic in arms should be tackled in their lairs, at the source of the evil. If by measures ashore we could sufficiently instil a wholesome dread of our power into the hearts of the Baluch sirdars, and others who assisted the Afghans in their nefarious trade, the conveyance of arms in dhows from the Arabian coast would certainly largely decrease, if not entirely subside. The very difficult task of the Navy in their endeavours to intercept the passage of arms across the sea would then, naturally, be greatly lightened. This, then, must be my excuse for dwelling somewhat more prominently on what was being done on land than what, meanwhile, there was never any cessation from at sea. Moreover, as my duties demanded my presence more ashore than afloat, I am not so competent to record the doings of the Navy in detail, as of events which came under my immediate purview. Peradventure some day a naval officer may be tempted to fill the void, and write his experiences at sea during these operations. They should be instructive and interesting reading.

That the operations so far conducted were creating dissensions among Afghans and Baluchis, between whom fighting had taken place in various districts, was all to our good; and this information was not only given to me by the Daria

Begi, but conveyed to me by several independent intelligence agents, and confirmed by both Mir Haji and Mir Kambar. Later, quite a considerable party of Afghans, homeward bound, were rounded up in a gorge, in retaliation for acts of violence perpetrated by them in their disappointed rage on the inhabitants, and were practically wiped out after a siege of some duration. All such occurrences led to the hope that, in future years, the Afghans might find the increasing difficulties in procuring arms from the Gulf hardly worth the labour, expense, and risk involved.

The prestige, too, of Barkat Khan appeared on the wane in his own district, where he was feared and loathed for his high-handed treatment of his subjects. Specific charges of his abominable cruelty, such as the gouging out of the eyes of those who offended him, were brought to my notice in a manner which admitted no doubt of the truth of these accusations. Indeed, several influential men of Barkat's village, anticipating that his sun had set, paid me secret nocturnal visits, and begged me to use my opportunity with the Daria Begi, on his return, to have Barkat removed. They were sick and tired of his machinations, and advanced the opinion that so long as he remained in Biaban, so long would he encourage Afghans to visit him in order to make money out of them, and his people would surely suffer in consequence.

Barkat had been instructed to be at New Jashk to meet the Governor of the Gulf Ports on his return from Chahbar, and now had the temerity to send a message to me, stating he was afraid to come in unless I would guarantee he was not seized by the Daria Begi. I replied that I was unable to say what that official's intentions were, as they had not been revealed to me, but that it ill became a Baluch chieftain to remain lurking in the hills like a robber. He came in next night, unknown to me, and Mirs Haji and Kambar reported the fact after dark. They were both very anxious that I should prevail on the Daria Begi to have Barkat deported to Bushire, and his territory handed over to Mir Kambar, when they would both furnish guarantees that no Afghans would enter the country in future, nor arms be landed on the Biaban coast.

This was entirely beyond my province; but I agreed to place facilities in the way of their boarding the *Persepolis* as soon as she arrived—and before Barkat if possible—so that they might first get the ear of the Governor. This was accordingly done on the morning of the 8th March, when B. conveyed a note to the Daria Begi from me in the station-boat, and took Mirs Haji and Kambar with him. I had asked H.E. that if Barkat visited him on the *Persepolis* he should retain him on board until after he had seen Colonel Whyte and myself at his promised call on us at

3 P.M. In B.'s presence both Mir Haji and Mir Kambar had opened their minds freely to the Daria Begi as to where the responsibility lay for the visit of Afghans to Biaban, and regarding also the ownership of the rifles destroyed by us at Gaigan.

Shortly after they left, Barkat went aboard, armed (as I afterwards learnt) with several thousand krans,<sup>1</sup> which had been collected the previous day on his behalf by Meshedi Abbas, and Muhtajimus-Sultaneh, a Persian who had replaced Meshedi in charge of the Customs. The interview was a very lengthy one, and evidently resulted in the Daria Begi having swallowed the bribe; for Barkat was permitted to return to shore, and the Governor sent over his "mirza" (clerk) to us, stating he was very sorry, but a sudden attack of fever would prevent him paying us his intended call until next morning.

This was rather a "knock-out." Barkat was naturally elated at what he regarded as a signal victory for himself, and held forth in a loud tone of voice in the village, scoffing at the British for having brought his enemies to Jashk in the hope of confounding him. He even went so far in his jubilation as to endeavour to twit B., who was a witness of this outburst, which raised the ire of my assistant greatly. Mirs Haji and Kambar were sorely depressed at the turn events had taken, so I sent B.

over to tell them that "the 'tamasha' [entertainment] was not all over yet."

Curiously enough, that same afternoon the down-mail arrived from Bushire with a letter to me from the acting-Resident. In this he gave me a few sidelights as to how the Daria Begi was being financed by the Persian Government in his high office. I was no longer surprised at the readiness of his Excellency to make a bit on his own when opportunity offered.

Early next morning the Daria Begi sent his "mirza" ashore to me again, saying he was just coming over to say "good-bye," as he wished to leave for Bandar Abbas at once. This was a bit thick; so I requested the "mirza" to inform his master that it would not be convenient for me to see him until 11 A.M., that the flag-ship was hourly expected at Jashk, and there were several important questions regarding the situation on the coast that required to be privately discussed with him. The crafty autocrat was trying to slip away alone and unobserved, but we were not taking any of it. It was then only 7.30 A.M., and the *Hyacinth* dropped anchor at 9. As the Admiral had remained at Bombay this trip, Captain Dick was ashore at 9.30, when I explained the whole position fully to him before the coming interview. On the arrival of the Governor, with Captain Dick's permission, I proceeded

<sup>1</sup> Persian coin of normal value of about 4½d.

straight to the point, and told him how Barkat had promised many things to the naval Commander-in-Chief, none of which he had observed, and quoted instances. His Excellency then remarked he supposed we desired Dadullah, Rahim Dad, and others to be produced; whereupon I replied he would be conferring far greater benefit to the country by removing Barkat Khan himself. Somewhat to our surprise, he immediately acquiesced, said he had heard of all his misdeeds, and would take him away with him, placing Mustapha Khan in charge of the country east of Kuh Mubarak, and Mir Haji in charge of Biaban.

This was highly satisfactory so far as it went, but I could not help suspecting there would be a catch in it somewhere. On leaving, His Excellency proceeded straight to the fort, where Mustapha, Barkat, Haji, and Kambar were awaiting his return. There some discussion took place between the Daria Begi and the chiefs, during which Barkat and Kambar nearly came to blows, and were with difficulty separated. This fracas over, the Daria Begi, addressing Mustapha, said: "You are to have Baluchi" (i.e., the country from near the Sadaieh river to Kuh Mubarak); and to Mir Haji, "you, Biaban." Turning to Barkat he continued, "And what is left for you?" Never at a loss, Barkat promptly replied, "I will go with your Excellency." "Yes," said the Daria Begi,

"you will come with me; and I will provide for you in Minab, Bandar Abbas, or Lingeh." He then led the way to his boat, and so out to the *Persepolis*.

Meantime Barkat's followers were hanging about, not fully realising what had occurred. And it was not until Barkat's bedding, clothes, and few personal servants were sent for that the situation was thoroughly comprehended. Later, the Daria Begi appears to have summoned Mustapha and Mir Haji on board, and explained to them that Barkat was his "son," but unfortunately was regarded as an enemy by the British; so he was taking him with him. After the *Persepolis* had sailed, Mir Haji and Mustapha both reported to me that the Governor had omitted to present them with their "sanads" (or letters of authority). So the old boy had been out to the end; but this trick I intended to scotch by cabling both to the acting-Resident at Bushire and to the Consul at Bandar Abbas, to make the Governor disgorge them. Moreover, it was most emphatically undesirable that Barkat should be installed at Minab, or anywhere else in these regions, by the Daria Begi; so the Resident was asked to prevent this by every means in his power.

The *Hardinge* had arrived from Karachi the previous day; and whilst all this entertaining business was taking place, the troops had been landed from her for purposes of exercise, some little distance

east of the station. Barkat's followers, consumed with the fear that they, too, were now to be rounded-up, hid their rifles under their garments, and fled in the direction of Old Jashk, by the shore track round the bay, accompanied by Shahi, whom the Daria Begi had released without any punishment at all.

On the departure of the *Persepolis* I sent for both Mir Haji and Mustapha, and spoke to them seriously about their future attitude towards this gun-running. Mustapha in particular was strongly cautioned, and he was candidly informed that we knew him to be a deep rogue, as were also his sons; for all their past misdeeds were noted in our records. He had therefore better watch very closely henceforth, or he might soon find himself in the same unhappy case as his younger brother. The man was a shifty old fox, but I judged him to be somewhat more easily cowed than Barkat.

Next morning the two chiefs came to me, accompanied by Mir Kambar, who had so far felt he had been left rather out in the cold. Mir Haji and Mustapha had each agreed to allot a portion of their extended territories to the control of Mir Kambar, and desired me to be a witness of this arrangement. I explained that, so far as I was concerned, the subject must be regarded as quite unofficial, since Mir Kambar held no "sanad" from the Daria Begi, but that the proposal

appeared to do credit to all concerned. Mirs Haji and Kambar then set forth on the return journey to their homes, after each had been presented with a small sum of money to repay them the expenses to which they had been put on coming to Jashk.

The flag-ship had left for Lingeh shortly after the *Persepolis* sailed, and the *Hardinge* had proceeded to the neighbourhood of Sirik, as reports were current that the Afghans at Sohar intended to make a determined effort to get their arms across to the Biaban coast. Now that the season was beginning to draw to a close, they were evidently anxious to set off on their return journey to Afghanistan, but naturally did not feel disposed to leave in store so large a number of their rifles on the Arabian coast until the following cold weather. On the 14th March I received a letter from Mir Haji, saying that the Afghans were expecting two boatloads from Sohar, and asking us to look after them at sea. He would endeavour to prevent the arms being landed; but should he require assistance, he hoped we would be able to furnish it. This information was forwarded by radio to the S.N.O., with the suggestion that touch should be maintained with Mir Haji.

Several enigmatical radio messages were flying about at that period regarding events at Bandar Abbas which I could not quite fathom, not being in telegraphic communi-

ocation with Captain Rae at that place. All I could gather for the moment was that trouble had broken out there, and it was not until the morning of the 15th March, when the flag-ship arrived and I was signalled to go aboard, that I learnt from Captain Dick what had occurred. The excitement had all been due to the Daria Begi having landed himself in difficulties there. Captain Dick shewed me a message he had received from the commander of the *Sphinx* the previous day, the purport of which was that shortly after the departure of the flag-ship from Bandar Abbas on the 13th a wounded Persian was brought aboard the *Sphinx* (then stationed there) for medical treatment. The man had been shot in the shoulder, and reported a disturbance in the town. This was presently confirmed by a note from Captain Rae, who asked the *Sphinx* to stand by until it had subsided. Briefly, the facts were that the Daria Begi had taken up his residence in the Governor's house, accompanied by Barkat Khan. On the night of the 12th some 400 "tufangohis" (riflemen) belonging to a henchman of the Lari Saiyid had entered Bandar Abbas and attacked the Government building, in which the Daria Begi was then besieged. Eventually he bought off his assailants with a bribe of 500 "tomans" (then about £100), and the Laris withdrew again at sunset on the 13th. Apparently one man on each side was killed, and

about nine or ten others wounded, and peace was once more proclaimed. A truly Persian episode.

Subsequent reports made it abundantly clear that Barkat, far from travelling as a prisoner, was being treated by the Daria Begi as an honoured guest, and he appears to have afforded much assistance to the Governor when they were besieged. Further, he was allowed to despatch messengers to his former subjects, calling on them to send armed men with all speed up to Bandar Abbas to enable him and the Daria Begi to deal with local troubles; and he stated in these letters that he was quite free and would soon be back again at Jashk. The Daria Begi, moreover, informed Captain Rae that several prominent people in Bandar Abbas had begged that Barkat Khan should be installed there as their Governor! But then—Oriental "diplo-mats" generally do have vivid imaginations.

Shortly after this farcical attitude of the Daria Begi towards Barkat had been disclosed, intelligence was received that Colonel Cox, the British Resident in the Gulf, was returning from leave, and was on board the sloop H.M.S. *Odin*, then en route to Masqat from home waters. I accordingly sent a radio message to the *Odin*, asking Colonel Cox if he could kindly spare me an hour or two by calling in at Jashk on his way to resume charge at Bushire, and was informed in reply that it was his intention to do so. He

arrived in his own steamer, the *Lawrence*, from Masqat in the early morning of the 20th March, and spent several hours ashore. I thus had the opportunity of reporting in some detail all that had occurred of late, and of discussing various pressing questions with him before he continued to Sirik.

The *Hardinge* had recently proceeded there again, and Colonel Delamain reported that Mir Haji was greatly concerned, as he had perused a letter from Barkat to his former followers, ordering them to bring as many armed men as possible to Bandar Abbas. Mir Haji stated that a party of forty men had already responded to Barkat's call, and others were following. He was extremely anxious also owing to the non-arrival of his promised "sanad" from the Daria Begi. Colonel Delamain was informed that the Resident would reach Sirik next morning, and go into all these matters on the spot.

After interviewing Mir Haji at Sirik, Colonel Cox proceeded to Bandar Abbas, and later sent me a radio message that the Daria Begi had given him the "sanads" for Mir Haji and Mustapha, which he was posting to me for delivery to them. Further, the Daria Begi had undertaken to ship Barkat to Bushire by the next day's mail; but the Resident was remaining at Bandar Abbas in the *Lawrence*, to make sure that he went. I informed Colonel Delamain accordingly, so that he could place Mir Haji's mind at rest. The British Minister

at Teheran was also addressed by Colonel Cox regarding the desirability of having Barkat permanently removed from his former sphere of activity on the Biaban coast. The villain was eventually taken to Bushire by the Daria Begi, but some months later was apparently allowed to escape from custody. In the time of my successor he appeared again on the troubled scene, but that is another story.

On the 22nd March, Captain S. G. Craufurd, D.S.O., of the Gordon Highlanders, arrived at Jashk from India, to take over the duties of Naval Intelligence Officer, Persian Gulf, from me. I remained at Jashk for another five or six days, in order to place him *au fait* with everything concerning the work, and introduced him to the various characters referred to in these pages, and others besides, before finally handing over to him on the 27th, when I sailed in the cruiser *Proserpine* for Masqat. There I spent several days with Mr Holland at the British Consulate, waiting for the next mail. His assistance to me throughout the period under review, and to the Navy generally, had been immense; and a large share of the success which had attended our efforts was due to his unobtrusive and rapid conveyance of intelligence, and his skilful handling of the Sultan of Masqat under most difficult circumstances. I was able to utilise this opportunity also of getting into personal touch with A. again, who had provided Holland with much of the information that had



been cabled across to me at Jashk by the Consul. B. I had left with my successor at Jashk. Both had performed yeoman service, and their good work was brought to the notice of, and fully appreciated by A.H.Q. India on my return to Simla. I sailed from Masqat for Karachi by slow mail on the 30th March, calling at Chahbar, where I spent several hours with Major Raven, who also had been of great assistance in the system of intelligence which had been gradually built up along the whole of the Makran coast. A small portable wireless was to be installed at Chahbar shortly, which would enable him, too, to communicate news of an urgent nature direct to patrolling ships.

Although operations for the year had by no means yet terminated, still there remained but few weeks more in which the Afghans would be likely to continue their activities in the Gulf—during the present season. Already telegraphic messages from Kirman, Sistan, and other centres in the interior, had reported large caravans passing through, homeward bound. Such movements from the coast area had for some weeks past been reported to me by my own intelligence agents, and from various sources of information it was confirmed that a comparatively small proportion of the camels carried back arms. By far the greater number were loaded up only with merchandise in their place.

That the losses suffered by

Afghans and Afridis during this season were great is emphasised by the subsequent attitude of the Adam Khel Afridis, in the vicinity of the Kohat Pass and Cherat. These border people of ours claimed that they alone had lost some three lakhs of rupees (£30,000) as a result of our actions in the Gulf, and brazenly demanded that this sum of money should be paid over to them as compensation! Another small frontier war was with some difficulty averted; but they did not receive their compensation. If so small a section of those who embarked on the enterprise lost so heavily, it may readily be inferred that, in the aggregate, tens of lakhs were lost to the adventurous Afghan spirits who had proceeded so far afield in quest of the rich treasure formerly so easily acquired. At the close of this season the actual captures made at sea and on land by our forces amounted roughly to about 12,000 rifles and about 1,500,000 rounds of ammunition; but it may be safely conjectured that probably another 30,000 or 40,000 rifles had been prevented from reaching Afghanistan and our border tribes—as intended—by the measures which had at last been adopted in order to check this serious evil.

The problem by which we were confronted was a delicate and difficult one, having regard to the international, as well as the British, outlook on this vexed question of Arms Traffic. As shewn, we had to act virtually alone, and in face

of scarcely veiled opposition; but our interests were more intimately and vitally affected than those of other nations. The start made had, however, proved a considerable deterrent to the trade from Masqat; but until some satisfactory agreements were arrived at with France, Persia, the Sultan of Masqat, and the Amir of Afghanistan, operations conducted during one isolated season would certainly not suffice to destroy the danger once and for all. As events demonstrated, such agreements were not easily obtained; and it fell to Britain's lot, therefore, to continue these very expensive, and particularly onerous and trying, operations for some years yet, before the naval forces in the Gulf could be reduced to normal dimensions, and the threat to our stability on the Indian frontier regarded as more or less dissipated.

In the preceding pages an attempt has been made to give some idea of the complexity of the situation, to disclose the network of intrigue, and to prove the complicity of practically every chieftain and tribesman on the Arabian and Persian coast-line in this trade. Its ramifications were widely distri-

buted, and covered a huge tract of country. This demanded the employment of secret agents in India, Afghanistan, Arabia, and Persia, in order to unravel its intricacies, and to lay bare the machinations of those who utilised every form of device to hoodwink the opposition to the traffic, initiated by our Government. And these agents, be it remembered, ever carried their lives in their hands; for one false move, which might give them away, would probably result in their having their throats cut.

References—though all too superficial, I fear—have been made to the highly important part played by our vigilant naval forces in these long-drawn-out conflicts of wit. Most deservedly were their exertions rewarded in due course by a naval medal, with clasp, "Persian Gulf, 1909-1914"; whilst, at the close of the first season's operations here described, Admiral Slade was raised to the dignity of a K.C.I.E., and his capable and energetic subordinate, Capt. Hunt, R.N., of the *Fox*, awarded the C.S.I. for their tireless labours to defeat the gun-runners' activities.

H. H. AUSTIN.

## THE RECENT EVENTS IN ULSTER.

BY J. A. STRAHAN.

MY mother, who, like Charley's aunt, was no ordinary woman, had a theory by which she explained to her own satisfaction the difference in the fortunes of the two races, known as the Saxons and the Celts, in the United Kingdom, and more especially in Ireland. How far the so-called Saxons are really Saxons, and the so-called Celts are really Celts, did not concern her, and need not concern us: whatever their origins, the two races are sufficiently distinct and distinguishable. Her theory she summed up in this way: the cause of all the difference in the fortunes of the Saxons and the Celts is that the Saxon populace are never dangerously discontented till they have not got enough to eat, and the Celt populace are never dangerously discontented till they have.

My mother was always ready to support her theory both with wise saws and modern instances. She was, what so few of our pastors and masters are now, very well read in history, and could cite from it scores of examples from the story of the Irish Celts where a satisfied stomach was accompanied by a dissatisfied heart, and, as the logicians say, *vice versa*; her most notable example of the *vice versa* being, of course, the century fellow-

ing the Revolution, when for a whole hundred years the Irish Celt was hungry and contented. But none of her evidences for the theory seems to me so complete as that she did not live to see, the present condition of Ireland.

The outbreak of the great war meant to most of the civilised races a period of penury, sickness, sorrow, and death. Their men who had tilled the fields were dragged away to die on them; their women were left behind to raise what crops they could from the empty land, and to ponder in agony over the fate of their absent husbands, sons, and lovers; the children were half-starved, and dying in thousands through hunger, neglect, and disease. But to the Celts of Ireland the outbreak of the war was a blessing. Their men were not conscripted to fight: any of them who went to the war went merely because they liked fighting, which it must be admitted a considerable proportion of them do. Those who preferred peaceful pursuits continued to cultivate their fields as secure from danger as if no war existed. Not only so, but for everything which their fields produced they received double or treble the pre-war price. Never in the whole story of their race were they so well protected, so well paid, or in

such a condition of general prosperity. While all the other peoples of Europe were stinted, the smallest Celtic farmer in Ireland could keep his family in luxury and at the same time put money in the savings bank. But as his breakfast table and his bank balance went up his contentment went down. Fairly satisfied with things before the war, when his farm brought him only a bare living, he became fiercely dissatisfied when it brought him a bountiful subsistence. At last he could not stand this satisfactory state of things any longer, and he rebelled against it; and he has continued his rebellion against it—and will, if my mother's theory is correct, continue rebelling against it until the disorganisation of industry and markets in Ireland has once more reduced him to meagre rations. I must say, for my own part, I look to this for the restoration of order in Ireland more confidently than to the Restoration of Order in Ireland Act 1920, which happens to be enacted just about four years after it might have been useful.

While the Celts of Ireland were thus showing their intolerance of prosperity, their Saxon fellow-countrymen were acting very differently. The Ulstermen were also in a most favoured position. Their men were not liable to conscription; but though, unlike the Celts, they have no love of fighting for its own sake, they joined up by the tens of

thousands—in such numbers indeed that many of them were afterwards sent back again to the shipyards and engineering shops, where their services were more needed by the State than at the front. Those who remained at home worked hard and were well satisfied with the prices their labour and produce brought. There was no discontent among them even when, as sometimes happened, their hours were longer and their wages lower than they thought was just. So long as the war was on they were satisfied to let these things stand over and to sacrifice their own rights to advance the rights of their country.

During the war a very considerable number of the advanced socialistic—perhaps Bolshevist—would be more correct—ironworkers of Glasgow found their way to Belfast. Why they crossed the North Channel is not very clear, since wages were no higher and hours no shorter in Belfast than in Glasgow. Possibly the Conscription Act had something to do with it. At any rate, a considerable number of them came to the shipyards and engineering shops of Belfast, and there they, after their nature, set about trying to stir up trouble between the workmen and employers who had been for years past on the most friendly terms. During the war they made little progress. Their propaganda meetings were held on Sundays on the steps of the Custom House, Queen's Square and so little were these to the

satisfaction of their fellow-workers that not even police protection could always prevent their being broken up. But with peace things altered to this extent, that the majority of the men in the ship-yards and engineering shops were made discontented with their hours and wages, and before long some forty thousand of them came out on strike. And when the strike died out some discontent survived. This led to the formation of a political labour party, which, with the aid of the Nationalists, has since made itself felt at both the Parliamentary and the Local Government elections.

Both the strike and the formation of this labour party were hailed by the English Liberal and Labour press with delight. The favourite contention of those papers had always been that the opposition of the Ulster Protestant populace was an artificial creation of the landlords and employers, astutely devised to prevent the small farmers and workmen of the North joining with those of the South in demanding land and labour and government reform throughout all Ireland. Now, they said, the workmen have broken loose from the control of the masters, and we shall see what we shall see. Well, they were right, and all have seen it who have eyes to see.

The fierce riots which have recently occurred in Ulster, and more especially in Belfast, were deplorable, but like many other things in themselves deplor-

able, they should be, if rightly understood, useful by way of correction and reproof. If they correct the delusion of these Liberal and Labour editors, who honestly entertain it, that the hatred of Home Rule felt by the Ulster workman is a creation of his employer, it will be good. If it opens the eyes of the English workman to the way in which he has been humbugged in the matter, it will be better. But we cannot be sure it will have either result. Few of the editors honestly believed in the delusion: they only worked it up to humbug the English working man. And the English working man does not appear to resent being humbugged by his instructors. During the negotiations which preceded the first Home Rule Bill, Mr Labouchere was the liaison officer between Mr Parnell and the Liberal leaders. Once he brought to Sir William Harcourt a new demand from the Irish chief. "Tell him I refuse," said Sir William angrily: "I will eat no more dirt." Mr Labouchere looked surprised. "Indeed," he said; "you have eaten so much lately that I thought you had got to like it." And possibly the English working man has been so much humbugged by his instructors of late that he has got to like it.

Let us now shortly consider the origin of the lamentable disturbances in Ulster, and especially in Belfast where infinitely the worst occurred. At first the Ulster Loyalist had a sneaking liking for the Sinn Feiners. All along he was cen-

vinced that the only thing the Irish Nationalists wanted was separation from the British Empire. When their leaders and their newspapers talked of Home Rule within the Empire he simply regarded them as lying: what they wanted was Home Rule as a step towards separation. Accordingly when the Sinn Feiners declared that their object was separation, he recognised them as in their way honest men; and, being honest men, he liked them and felt they were men with whom it was possible to deal: if they agreed to accept something less than separation they would probably keep to their agreement. But so soon as the system of murder was established his liking for the Sinn Feiners came to a sudden end; and when that system had extended to the frontier counties of Ulster fierce dislike took its place. That dislike rose to fury when Colonel Smyth, a gallant fellow-Ulsterman, who had shown his loyalty to the Empire by facing its enemies in the field, and his loyalty to Ireland by facing her assassins behind the hedges, was murdered at Cork in broad daylight while sitting in his own club. His fury over this was further fired when he heard that the Sinn Feiners had refused to permit Colonel Smyth's body to be brought back to Ulster by train; and that it had to be conveyed by private

motor-car in order to be buried in his native place by the graves of his fathers.

In their rage the Ulster Loyalists resolved that they would work no longer side by side with avowed sympathisers with the perpetrators of such crimes. This resolution was first adopted by the workmen employed in the great ship-building yard of Harland & Wolff. This fact is to be noted for two reasons. It was here that the late strike of the iron-workers began, and that the new political labour party originated; and, in the second place, the head of Harland & Wolff is Lord Pirrie, the leading capitalist and employer in Ulster who is at once a Radical and Home Ruler.<sup>1</sup> The workmen of the firm are nine-tenths of them Protestants, or, as the 'Westminster Gazette' in a moment of candour described them, Scotchmen, which, I suppose, means of Scottish blood; but among the remainder were some avowed and truculent Sinn Feiners. The Loyalists told these men they must leave the yard. Most of them left quietly enough, but some drew revolvers and shouted, "Up, the rebels!" and they were forcibly removed. When work was over and the Loyalists were returning home, some of them had to pass through what are now called Catholic, but what used to be called Irish,

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<sup>1</sup> It was another member of this great firm, the Rt. Hon. A. M. Carlisle (a brother-in-law of Lord Pirrie's), who, on 9th August, when the Restoration of Order in Ireland Bill was being discussed in the House of Lords, interrupted the debate by calling out from the steps of the throne, "My lords, if you pass this Bill you may kill England, but you shall not kill Ireland!"

quarters, and there they were furiously assailed with sticks, stones, and pistols. The Loyalists retaliated, and so for several days something very like civil war convulsed the working-class districts of Belfast.

The Liberal and Labour papers have been at some pains to explain these proceedings to the satisfaction of their readers. Some of the bolder of them stand firmly by their old theory, that they, like every other opposition to Nationalism, were the work of the capitalists and employers. I suppose it was a further development of their devilish astuteness which led them to start the thing among men employed by a Radical and Home Ruler. Others weep over them as the manifestation of that religious intolerance which is supposed to be characteristic of Ulster Protestants. This is hardly consistent with the fact that some of the men first ejected from the shipyards were not Catholics. It is still less consistent with the pledge which the Loyalists insist that all their fellow-workers must sign. That pledge makes no reference to religion. All that the pledge requires is a declaration of loyalty to the King, and of abhorrence of political murders and political strikes. What state of mind must an editor be in who declares it is a workman's natural right to refuse to work on the same job with a man who is not registered as a trade unionist, and who denounces as brutal tyranny the conduct of a Loyalist who declines to work side by side

with a man who will not sign a pledge against treason and murder?

The fact, of course, is that the Ulster opposition to Nationalism, whether right or wrong, is essentially a working-class opposition. If, as I have before written, it had depended on the landlords and employers, it would have broken down long before this. In the South and West of Ireland there is no Protestant working-class worth mentioning. The Protestants there are composed practically only of landlords and employers. The result is, we have them constantly calling out for a settlement, now of one kind and now of another, which the Protestants of the North will not look at. In the same way Catholic landlords and employers are very moderate in their Nationalism: it is the labourers and small farmers who are, and have always been, calling out for separation. The hopelessness of the situation in Ireland is that both in the South and the North it is the working people who dictate policy, and that the policy in each case is the offspring of their racial, religious, and traditional hatreds and affections.

And, if rationally considered, the late disturbances in Ulster will prove what a service to law and order was rendered by those who, when the third Home Rule Bill was before Parliament, organised the Ulster Volunteers. That service consisted in putting the Protestant youth of Ulster

under discipline. That youth were filled with the most passionate hatred of the Bill, which in their view was to hand them over, bound hand and foot, to the mercy of their hereditary enemies. Those enemies were openly and loudly exulting over the prospect of any opposition to their rule being put down in blood by the British army. If things had been left to themselves, this state of feeling would have resulted in sporadic outbursts of violence all over the province, to which the recent disturbances would be child's play. Something like this happened when the first Home Rule Bill was under consideration, although everybody was then pretty confident that it would not pass. What would have happened if Ulster opposition had been unorganised when the third Home Rule Bill did pass is too terrible to contemplate. And it was from this that the organisation of the Ulster Volunteers saved the country.

It saved it by putting the resistance to the Bill under the direction of cool-headed and responsible men. Instead of leaving tens of thousands of excited youths to act as their feelings moved them, they were brought together and placed under military discipline. That discipline forbade any of them to act on his own initiative, and it was strictly enforced. They were all pledged to resist the putting into operation of the Home Rule Act, if necessary at the cost of their lives. But how and when that resist-

ance was to be made was to be decided by their leaders, and by them alone. As a result the Home Rule Bill was discussed again and again, and finally passed; and yet not a stone was thrown by a Loyalist from one corner of Ulster to the other.

I myself was an eye-witness to how that discipline operated. I was staying in the most Scottish part of County Antrim, with a relative who is a county magistrate. At breakfast one Sunday morning my relative received a police message to come at once to a certain village, as there was likely to be trouble there. I accompanied him in his car to the village. We found that during Saturday to Sunday night a band of Nationalists had come down from their cabins in the mountains, and had broken every pane and every sash in the windows of the Presbyterian Church. When the farmers and their families arrived for morning service, a cry went up among the young men to follow the desecrators to their homes and exterminate them. The young men all belonged, however, to the Volunteers, and several of their officers were present; and these peremptorily forbade any attempt at revenge. Their orders were implicitly obeyed; and the farmers and their families proceeded peacefully to perform their services to God, with the winds of winter blowing about their heads through the paneless and sashless windows of their church.



Just after the Ulster Volunteers had accomplished their purpose, and Mr Asquith had declared, what he might with advantage have announced sooner, that the coercion of Ulster by force was unthinkable — a good many people about him had been thinking of it once and talking of it too — the great war broke out, and the Volunteers joined up and formed the famous Ulster Division. Many of them never came back, many came back crippled for life, and many came back to find that in their absence their jobs had been taken by Sinn Feiners. The last was a grievance dwelt on bitterly by the shipbuilders who ejected the Sinn Feiners from the shipyards. They had ceased to be the thoroughly organised and disciplined body they were in 1914. If they had been what they then were, there would have been no riots either at Derry or at Belfast.

Some fair-minded persons, while admitting the service the organisers of the Ulster Volunteers rendered in this way, may still think that they rendered a greater disservice by their arming the people to resist the law by force. It was this, they argue, which led the Nationalists also to organise and arm their volunteers, which was the cause of the subsequent rebellion and the present state of war in the South and West of Ireland. Such a view indicates either ignorance or disregard of Irish history. Every Nationalist movement for centuries past has followed the

same lines: it begins as a moderate claim led by moderate men, and it ends in a demand for independence led by armed extremists. Such was the first volunteer movement. At first its claim was for freedom of legislation and trade, and its leaders were Grattan and Charlemont; in the end its claim was independence secured by rebellion, and its leaders were Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Theobald Wolfe Tone. O'Connell's constitutional claim for Repeal of the Union in the same way changed into the Young Ireland movement and another rising. The Pope's Brass Band, with its leaders on the Treasury Bench, developed in time into the Fenian conspiracy with its leaders in Richmond Prison. Mr Parnell kept the physical force party under control longer than any other leader. That was due partly to his marvellous strength of character, and partly to his constantly assuring the party that he did not, whatever he said in Parliament, mean that Home Rule was to be the boundaries of the nation's progress. When he went, it was only a matter of time and opportunity when the physical force party would tire of the talkers and resort to action. The time, to sensible observers, was pretty near before the war broke out; the outbreak of the war supplied the opportunity.

This, then, is the state of affairs in Ireland as they stand revealed by the Ulster riots. There are a populace in the South and West who are resolved to have separation, and

are ready to kill right and left to secure it. There are a populace in the North who are resolved not to have separation, and are ready to die to prevent it. This seems a situation which does not lend itself to easy solution. Not so, thinks the Labour Party, a deputation of which went over to the distressful country lately to find a remedy for all her woes and this remedy, which the statesmen of Great Britain have been vainly seeking for seven hundred years, it discovered in seven days—and yet Mr Winston Churchill says the Labour Party is not fit to govern! The remedy was simplicity itself, in fact as simple as the deputation: it was just to disarm the police and withdraw the soldiers and let the people settle their troubles themselves. Before this remedy was well announced the leading men of both the Loyalists and Nationalists were denouncing the English Government for not providing sufficient forces to prevent their followers killing one another!

It is always an honest and usually a wise policy for a nation to stand by its friends. In the case of Ireland it seems also to be England's only possible policy. All sane Englishmen see that separation is impossible: geography, which no policy can alter, prevents it. The Irishmen opposed to separation are the Protestant populace of the North, who are the only friends in Ireland of England and the Empire. If there be any wisdom, not to mention honesty, still left in English

counsels, England will stand by them.

Those Englishmen who wish to save their consciences for not standing by them always insist that the so-called loyalty of Ulstermen is conditional loyalty—that is, loyalty on their own terms. That may be so. There are few things, if any, absolute in this world, not even, as we have been discovering lately, those very real things, time and space. It would be strange then if the Ulstermen's loyalty were absolute; but, so far as my experience has gone, the only condition they attach to it is that if they are loyal to Englishmen, Englishmen must be loyal to them. It does not seem on the face of it an altogether unreasonable condition, and certainly it is one the breach of which will be bitterly resented: there is no resentment so passionate as that of a betrayed friend. And it so happens that once upon a time the Ulsterman thought he had been betrayed by England. That was in the middle of the eighteenth century, when he was being evicted from the farms which his fathers had won from the wilderness, and was being persecuted for belonging to that religion which his fathers had died to protect. The effect of that betrayal on his loyalty was afterwards shown in the Irish Rebellion and the American Revolution. In the Irish Rebellion of 1798, the Ulstermen for the first time joined the Southerners in a furious insurrection against England. It will be England's fault if it is not the last time.

“AN EDUCATED BLOKE.”

BY A. J. REYNOLDS,

AS we moved into the lagoon, up some tributary of which we expected to find the headquarters of an almost lost exploring and prospecting party, a gust of wind—one of those sudden squalls that sweep down in October from the rocky peaks of the mountains in the Nigerian hinterland—sent the launch over until her gunwale lay flush with the water. I seized the railing of the bridge and watched the blurring of the mirror of water beneath us as the ripple of air passed across it, distorting my features as they lay on its hitherto placid surface. With the dulling of the water and blotting out of my own reflection, vanished the last reminder of the mood of kindness which the terpid air of Nigeria can sometimes be said to possess. The only suggestion left was menace.

Fierce little wavelets beat in impotent fury against the side of the launch, or curled under her forepart as she lifted her angry disdaining little head above them. The flying clouds stooped lower until they hid the head of the mount from our view, and sent the “boys” scudding below.

We proceeded down a monotonous creek with our Nubia pilot shouting instructions to his crew through the gathering mist; one moment we seemed to be running into

nothing less than a wall of rock, and the next we would eddy into the centre of the stream.

Aroused from a spell of gloomy speculation by the temperature of the rain which beat down through the neck-band of my shirt, I went below and put on a rainproof coat. The little vessel was pitching uneasily, but answering willingly to the helm in the hands of the pilot; as I opened the door a sudden pitch pulled it out of my hands and sent it crashing back against my berth-rail, causing me to start as if shot.

In accepting leadership of the relief expedition, I had done violence to some misgivings as to my ability to accomplish the object of the expedition, and to take seniority over so many men who were old enough to be my father; the youngest among them could have given me fifteen years at least, but the duties of my party seemed light, and besides, as the foreman of the party said, I was “an educated bloke.”

The members of the main party described themselves as young and untrained. Seeing this, I daren't describe myself at all. The Agent-General on the coast, in urging me to accept the leadership, had told me that my presence would exercise an influence

over them and stand as a guarantee that all was above board at headquarters, as it was from there I came.

I had no good reason to believe that the party was in trouble. I knew little about its composition beyond what had been told me by the Agent-General before leaving Lagos, who had added, that possibly the leader was a man of theory rather than action, and might have chosen to confide the charge of one party to a man named Oxley who was, added the Agent, "greatly distinguished at college in athletic sports." Of course there was material for speculation in this official opinion, that a subordinate member of the party was considered as good a man at the practical side of things as his chief, and at first thoughts it suggested a possible division of interests and effort, but it did not necessarily indicate a hitch in the operations of the expedition.

A call from the pilot at the helm aroused me from my reverie, and some one touched me on the shoulder.

"This is where we land, sir; the captain advises lying to for the night."

In fact, we were now near the source of the river; it meandered on for another mile or two, but then suddenly dried up or was lost in the arid lands, and certainly the soundings had shown that there wasn't sufficient depth of water to take our craft any farther with safety.

"We'll follow the captain's instructions," I replied. "I

don't take charge until we land."

The captain approached, and I suggested the firing of a gun. The captain gave the order, and as it exploded it produced an extraordinary effect among the hills, and then merged into a sound that spread far across the country, and seemed to an imaginative mind to be tumbling over itself in reverberating waves in its efforts to get away from its starting-point.

Our gruff old captain was gazing straight ahead, with his glasses to his eyes.

"See anything?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "seems to be something putting off in a canoe." I knew well how to look for it, and yet it was some moments before I could discern the black speck in the midst of the immense wilderness; it was set near the foot of a cliff which looked like the forefoot of an immense cloud-weighted hill which lay behind it; the great wastes of barren earth in which it stood enhanced its insignificance. I went forward to the fore-castle deck where the members of the party were standing.

A few minutes passed, and the canoe turned out to be manned by a solitary native fisherman, who ran his canoe towards the bank upon observing us, and scrambling ashore, sank his canoe by the edge of the water, and retreated inland.

That night at "chop" we were disturbed by a cry from the watch on deck of "Who's there?" followed by a reply which we couldn't distinguish.

Tumbling up on deck we were surprised to hear proceeding from our port quarter the unmistakable notes of the European voice, mingled with a slight touch of another accent which blended with it, which though now seeming familiar to my ear, just as quickly lost itself to my perception.

"What was that?" called the captain.

"Couldn't say, sir. I only caught the words 'old chap.'"

"You've been asleep."

As the watchman commenced his denial of the insinuation, once again the cry broke out. This time I distinctly heard the words "old chap" myself.

"He's right enough," I replied, "but they come from a great distance—seems to be more than one shouting."

The captain's face lit up. "It's an echo," he cried, "and we're probably nearer to the party than we imagine; get a megaphone," he called to the watch, "and send a hail—then fire the gun."

After the echoes of the gun had died away, we listened intently for an answer, but strain our ears as we would, not as much as a whisper disturbed the air.

Next morning we were up with the sun, and after breakfast got out the launch's gig and pulled ashore, making for the foot of the hill that sloped from the water's edge. After a short scrutiny we began the ascent, with the object of thoroughly scanning the surrounding country from its summit in the hope of locat-

ing the overdue party. The scramble up the mount took us nearly half the morning—the going was comparatively easy, but we stopped for observations several times; at last we reached the summit, or as near as would do for our purpose. Although we weren't more than three thousand feet above the river level, yet we were so remote from the world that our sense of isolation was complete: the inhabited world lay at our feet, but we stood on a different planet removed from it by undreamt-of space; the turmoil of the elements about us intensified the indescribable majesty of that stupendous reach. Over the higher foothills to the north-east piled a dense copper-coloured haze—a dust-storm from the plains—far already the sun had completely dried the ground after the previous night's drenching, but to the east we simply gazed into space itself. I never knew until then what space meant; I stood on an overhanging pinnacle of rock, and by looking straight ahead seemed to be as far away from the earth as I was from the sky.

Our journey to the hill proved abortive; we didn't even catch sight of the fisherman of the previous evening, although we could see farther than any man was capable of travelling in the between times. Upon our return to the launch we held a consultation, and decided to go in search of the exploring party immediately. The rainy season was

just over, and with the exception of a few small tornadoes we didn't expect much in that line. Our first course of action was to retreat to the lagoon which we had forsaken the previous day, as we weren't certain how long the river which we were then in would hold sufficient water for flotation, and we had no wish to get stranded in case of a drop in its level.

The following day, the Assayer, one of the machine-operators, and myself, with thirty carriers and three hardy little horses, started due east; along with these we took a further thirty carriers to do the rough and heavy work of the first few days' march, intending to send them back upon the third day, so leaving our main party of ten nearly as fresh as when we started.

The first day's march wasn't more than ten miles, as none of us were in fit condition for great exertions after our long cramming in the limited space of the launch; that night's camp fire was of dried brushwood which lay in profusion everywhere. The next night camp was pitched after covering about fifteen miles, and our fire was the same as our first night, as wood was still plentiful.

By the third night we were a good forty miles into the heart of semi-arid country with very little timber; occasionally we came across water, just sufficient to meet our needs; it was of a very brackish flavour, slightly tintured with alkali, and had collected in old pits made by the natives when

digging for tin. Next morning we parted with our extra carriers. About the third hour's march we saw the last of them as they were lost to view in the waist-high brush. Most of us were now complaining of sore eyes as a result of the constant staring at the dreary unchanging ground; the blinding hot sun shone upon the particles of sand which reflected into our eyes like the light from a burnished mirror, and after the cool green shade of the forest creeks we found it very trying.

About the fifth day there was a general improvement in our eyes, and the first soreness wore off. We expected to come across signs of the party towards the seventh day, or the eighth at latest. That day saw a betterment in our eyes, but not in our tempers. All that afternoon I noticed a surliness amongst the carriers, which I first of all attributed to the loss of their companions; next day was like the last, only worse; early and all as it was in the progress of the expedition, things began to assume a killing monotony. A deep brooding silence came over the carriers, and they seemed to take the spirit of the place to their very hearts.

Upon the sixth day the sun rose as usual in her early morning copper garment, gradually changing to her midday blinding gold. By midday the obsession of the trail began to master our senses, and towards the afternoon, in one spell of stillness which could almost be felt, a

mirage spread screens of fantasy out for our entertainment — curious cliffs, odd-shaped mountains, inverted palms were displayed in an attraction of colour that was never seen outside a Turner painting in water-colours. Nothing changed materially as the horizon moved — we moved, but we took our landscape with us. We were like children walking inside a large hoop, and kicking it forward as we stepped. Not a breath of wind escaped from the cloudless sky: we were alone in a lifeless world; we had pushed beyond the habitat of all creatures, ever onward into the still wastes; with eager eyes we searched the dusty plains of silence, but there was no speck of life to grace the burnt brown run of death. By the seventh day the mirages became too common to deceive even our shattered discriminating faculties: night descended upon us dewless and dreary, and we turned in to sleep with aching heads and sore limbs after the toil and labour of the day.

Towards morn on the eighth day the landscape changed with almost theatrical suddenness — strange odd-shaped hills, abrupt and rugged, cropped up on either hand. That evening, before we had decided upon our night's camping-ground, we ran across a herd of hump-backed cattle with a Filani herd. He was questioned in Hausa, and he turned out to be a deserter from the camp of the party of which we were

in search, whose whereabouts he indicated by simply pointing to the east, and muttering, "Chung" (there). We tried to induce him to accompany us, but, judging by his obvious reluctance to our company, we concluded that he hadn't been too well treated by his late employers, and had had already quite sufficient of men of our colour. Upon rounding a small hill we were greatly surprised to find that we had reached the end of our journey, for there, not two miles away, glistened a sheet of water, surrounded by dried grass, exactly similar to the veldt grass of South Africa, and set a few yards from the water's edge a couple of huts; even at that distance the unmistakable work of white men.

The sheet of water turned out to be a dam built to hold back the water for tin-slicing. A wild yell of delight left the threats of our "boys" as if by mutual consent, and each man quickened his pace unconsciously. I thought that the shout would have instantly brought to the open any persons who might have occupied the huts, but we were less than a hundred yards from them before any one appeared. Even then the indifference and boredom of the solitary figure was so apparent that it was almost sufficient to make one turn back immediately. Presently the figure began to roll as if drunk. We discovered it was one of the least important members of the party, not necessary to describe here, who had been left behind by the

others while they went on an exploring expedition up the river, which ran into the dam from the eastern end. He expected them back almost any moment, in fact had taken our shout for theirs, and therefore didn't trouble to hurry himself. As he explained matters, my eye suddenly caught something moving on the water's surface just under the shadow of an overhung growth, and next moment a dug-out canoe, holding five men, came into view. Directly they sighted us they rent the air with a shout which made the rest of our party turn round, and instantly began jabbing the water so furiously with their paddles that the small canoe began to roll. Not possessing the balance of the native born to the unstability of the craft, I could see that they were in jeopardy, for two of them had to drop their paddles and begin to bail.

Making all allowances for the eagerness of men who have spent a couple of years in isolation to greet friends from home, I found myself a little impatient at their recklessness. However, they came alongside without accident, and one by one left the craft. A man in a blue shirt, with green neck-cloth, came first; his beard and hair were red. Standing in front of my party, I held out my hand to greet him, but he turned to wait for his comrades, and not until all four men had landed did he come forward.

There seemed to be something odd in this. My first

words were of inquiry, and seemed to bring a look of anxiety into each face; the man in the blue shirt answered that there had been no accident of any kind.

"We are all safe as far as we know," he said. "The doctor is away on a trip to the east with all the 'boys' we had left but one, and he has now deserted us."

"So you have had sickness amongst the boys?" I asked. "Any deaths?"

"Yes, sir," he replied. "You see it's like this—blackwater broke out amongst them all together, but we couldn't induce them to let the doctor see them, as they said that what medicine was good for white man no be good for black man; they refused to take it, and all died with the exception of five, who are at present away with the doctor, not counting the deserter."

He spoke readily, as if anxious to share some news which was too much for him to carry alone. I replied as cheerfully as I could, and inquired about the rainy season.

While one of my "boys" was getting out some liquor comforts, I took a closer look at them: except for one who was standing farther away from us, they all seemed very much alike. He was obviously still a lad, not more than twenty-two years old, and attracted my attention because of his boyish appearance; the others were heavier and darker, and evidently none of them had put soissers



to hair or beard for a couple of months. This surprised me greatly, as it is a very unusual thing in a land where it is of the utmost difficulty to keep the head clean unless the hair is kept short.

A second glance at their faces shewed me the cause of it. I should have noticed it sooner but for the fact that the hair on their faces concealed a pair of hollow and emaciated cheeks in each case, and I knew that the terrible lifeless feeling left behind as a reminder by malaria was accountable. I therefore understood how they must have felt as they kept putting it off and off from time to time, as only those who dwell in the tropics can understand. The man in the blue shirt was bigger and burlier than his comrades, and evidently older, and as I noticed this I had the impression that all of them looked older than I expected to find them.

The boyish-looking lad finished a sentence, and his lips closed in a straight line while a line ran down from the side of each nostril, making his mouth triangular.

"Yes," he was saying; "in August we had it one hundred and twenty-five in the shade, and it rained for six weeks without a break."

"That's bad," I said. "Much sickness?"

"We all had malaria, but the natives had blackwater as well; it was then they died."

By this time the steward

had seen the cases opened and some wine produced; we accordingly adjourned to one of the huts to drink it.

When they had filled up, I began—

"Well, gentlemen, it is a great pleasure to meet you and have the opportunity to toast the success of the expedition. Let us drink to the safety of you all, including the doctor, who is not amongst us. I suppose, judging by appearance, this is Mr Oxley sitting on my left, but I cannot name the others. However, that will come with acquaintance. Here's to the health—"

The moment I had spoken Oxley's name I had smiled down at my neighbour; but I had no answering smile, and suddenly the glass was crushed to atoms between his fingers. He stared stupidly at the litter of glass and wine as the others sprang to their feet. Suddenly he banged his hand down upon the table.

"What made you think I was Oxley?" he rasped. "My name is Phoenix!"

This outburst was as disconcerting as his action had been. But I made shift to blurt out some words of apology, and the young boyish-looking one jumped up, and seizing Phoenix's out hand, led him into another apartment of the hut to have it bandaged.

I immediately attributed the outburst on the part of Phoenix to liver, knowing the feeling of unreasoning irritability that can be produced

by constant doses of intermittent fever, and how easy it is to upset men by the merest trifles after the rains. I resolved to think no more about it, and to try and smooth matters over by toasting him as soon as he returned. As I was filling my glass the boy returned, but without Phoenix. A footfall outside told me that Phoenix had found his way out through some door which probably led out of the other apartment, but as yet unknown to us.

Almost immediately he began to speak.

"Of course we should have told you who we are, sir. Mr Phoenix is our chief, the rest of us are Welsh Hughes—beg pardon—Mr Hughes—Mr Penn, Mr Tearle, and Dr O'Dea, who is away; and there's myself, my name is Ford, sir."

"Six," I tallied mentally, and noticed his eagerness to get into conversation, while looks of anxiety passed from face to face as he spoke. He was about to continue, but I interrupted.

"That's only six," I said; "there should be seven." As I mentioned this every man stirred uneasily on his seat, and judging by their looks, none of them envied Ford his job of explaining.

"You see, sir, Mr Oxley wasn't here when you called; he—he isn't always here." He spoke with the ease of a man accustomed to drawing-rooms, and his manner was infectious after the em-

barrassment of the meeting. I then presented the members of my party, and a sort of freedom and conviviality ensued, which was just the sort of thing I desired.

"How was Oxley all this time?" I inquired.

"I think he was anæmic," he said. "His voice had wavered perceptibly, and his lips turned very blue. You see, we were all anæmic," he hastened to add. "We couldn't get any exercise, and the rain and thunder was maddening; one thunderstorm seemed to last for nearly a week. That made the house a queer place, sir," he continued, with a more confident freedom. "We could do nothing but sleep, and used to feel too tired even to eat. You see, sir, we have nothing to read but a few old books, and we read these so many times, and got so sick of them, that at last we tore them up, because we knew them so well that we always knew what was coming next, and besides, the colour of the covers used to annoy Oxley. We had nothing to break the monotony but walk about from one room to another, and as one was bound to want to walk while the other was sleeping, this always caused annoyance; and besides, sir, everybody thought that everybody else wanted to sleep in any room but the one he occupied; so we all changed, and then found we couldn't stand it, and had to change back again. Oh! sir, can't you see it was the rain—the constant beating of the rain

on our roof—it was maddening; and the thunder—it never stopped."

"Did you try nothing in the shape of concerts?" I inquired.

"We did, sir," he replied.

"But——"

"Did Oxley ever take part in them?"

"Oh yes. Oxley could sing all right—in fact, I liked listening to him; but one evening he wanted to sing a song with four verses, and the fellows didn't like it."

"So you quarrelled?" I ventured.

"Well, no, sir, not exactly that; but you see everybody else only sang one-verse songs, and besides, sir," he added, "we all had pains in our heads from the fever and quinine."

"Used he to put on what is called 'side'?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir, that's just it, only I didn't like to say so," he replied in the manner of one finding relief at the completion of a job which he expected difficulty in beginning. "You see, he was a university chap and had college ways, and used to want to shake hands with the fellows on any special occasion, and used to say 'old chap'."

Just as he spoke, as if in echo to his last words, came the cry of "old chap," clear and distinct on the night air.

Instantly the recollection of having heard it before crossed my mind, and I glanced at Ford; his face had gone ashen grey, and the faces of the rest

of the men had taken on a similar hue. I could see that he was completely unnerved, and forbore to question him further that night.

So bidding them all come and join us at "chop," I left the hut just in time to get a wash before dinner was announced by the steward.

It was with a head heavy with protest against the men who could not show a little more tolerance to one in the same boat as themselves that I lay upon the bed that night, and who through their actions had driven one of their scanty number out into that desolation of desolations. But I slept soundly on the thought that I would see him next morning; and awaked about six.

As I started towards the hut a figure came out to meet me, and introduced himself as the doctor, and expressed regret that he wasn't present when I arrived.

I expressed a desire for a walk, and the doctor agreed to accompany me; we returned just in time for breakfast. As I went into their hut I met Penn. I had the impression that he wasn't pleased to see me.

"Good morning," I said. Up to this time I hadn't taken much notice of him, but at the thin dry "'n'morning" which he returned me, I took a second look at him. "How do you do?" I responded, and held out my hand. He gave my hand what I thought was a very flabby handshake. I looked

him up and down in the full sunlight, and saw that he was leaner than the others, and a retreating chin and receding forehead gave him an unpleasantly simian appearance.

"Well," I inquired, "have you read your home letters yet?" Penn glanced furtively at me before he answered. "No, I was looking for Mr Oxley."

"You get to work early, I see," I replied.

"It's not that; I wasn't looking for him for that." Again he gave me that furtive glance.

"Oh!" I replied. "Won't it wait until breakfast; he'll be here by then; don't let me detain you." He pulled one of the letters out of the breast pocket of his shirt and glanced at it. Something in his action drew my gaze to his eyes, and I wasn't surprised to notice that his eyes, instead of looking down towards what was in his hand, were peering out of the corners of their sockets at me. He gave a little chuckle.

"I don't think they'll find Mr Oxley."

I took another glance at him in the hope of seeing something significant, but his eyes were new on the letter.

"Why not?" I asked, and I felt my voice betray the anxiety that I was anxious to hide. He was not disturbed by that, however, and he answered just as before—

"Because there was a row with Mr Oxley, and we aren't on speaking terms with him."

It was a confirmation of my

forebodings, but coming from him it didn't seem serious.

I determined to refrain from questioning him further, but a glance out of his shifty eyes showed me that he was hoping to be further questioned.

He had the unbearable air of one who believes himself to be master of the situation, and I turned and walked as far as my own cooking fire. It was now near eight o'clock, and already the heat of the sun was awful.

"I may mention," began a voice behind me, "that we all found Mr Oxley unbearable."

The voice was as dreary as a tombstone epitaph, and I listlessly wondered if Oxley hadn't found some one else unbearable.

"You may like to know," insisted the voice, "that Mr Phoenix was almost as implacable as any one."

"The Chief?" I asked, turning about—"didn't the Chief speak to him either?"

He shook his head.

"Ner the doctor?"

"No."

"Then who did speak to him?"

"No one."

"How long has this gone on?"

"Since May."

It was a little more serious than I had expected. If the man was telling the truth, and remembering Phoenix's behaviour and Ford's beating about the bush, I was convinced that, however great the exaggeration, the man was not quite lying. It now took on a

bewildering importance. Then the query presented itself to my mind—what effect had this grotesque *men-intercourse* upon Oxley? The problem enlarged so threateningly that I determined to ask the doctor next, but he met my opening question from the door with the announcement that breakfast was ready.

During the meal I met all the men together, and was not surprised to notice that Oxley was not there; their faces were pallid with fever and sleeplessness, and they gave me the most perfunctory of greetings. There was little or no conversation; so I got time to hastily review the evidence that I had so far collected and compare it with my previous experience. The result showed me that their conduct was nothing to be surprised at, and I recalled to memory numerous cases that I had known of men who, being placed in similar positions, had, instead of being drawn together by a common bond of suffering, simply hated each other, and wouldn't speak to one another sometimes for months on end, and although occupying the same hut, each would have his own entrance. I recalled a case I met with in Southern Nigeria of finding the body of a two-day-old suicide with the brains on the pillow, and the man in the next room, separated only by a wall, unaware of his death or the manner thereof.

"You see, sir, I told you they wouldn't find him." It was Penn again.

Phoenix swore out loud, and took a pace towards Penn, but the voice rasped on.

"Yes, and I told him, too, that we weren't speaking to Mr Oxley."

"Never mind," I interposed, "never mind. The first thing to do is to find him. I'll call out my party, and if he is really lost, I expect we'll find him all right."

Phoenix turned to a cupboard and began to take out cartridges and count them.

"Yes," he said, "I suppose you'll have to call out your party."

Ford, by my side, startled me with—

"You can't keep it from him, Phoenix," he cried. A strained look came into the faces of all present.

"Is he dead?" I asked, risking the worst.

"No! no! sir," Ford hastily rejoined.

"Shut up, will you?" yelled Phoenix.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute; I am not here to pry into your family squabbles," I said, "and I don't want your confidences unless you offer them. But tell me what had best be done."

"Search for a lunatic," out in the irascible Penn, as calm and cold as ever.

I am not sure that I should have taken note of this disturbance if it had not produced such an unexpected silence. I was looking at Phoenix, and his lips widened into a long thin line, while his eyelids closed down till they looked

like mere slits, and then opened with dismay until I saw plain horror in them. He was looking beyond me, and following his line of gaze I saw Ford with a similar expression on his face. The silence lasted for several seconds, and then Phoenix said—

"Let us start right away. The ground to be covered is from here to the edge of the foothills on the east and north. He can't possibly have gone further, as we heard his cry la——"

"So that was his, was it?" I asked, closely scanning his face and immediately forming my opinion as to what distance he was likely to cover in the interim as the recollection of that cry upon the night of our anchoring came back to me.

"Shall we spread out, sir?" inquired Ford as we gained the open.

"No," I replied, "not just yet, as the ground about here is flat and we can see just as much together as we could spread out; time enough when we reach the hills."

"Very well," said Phoenix. "I'll bring some 'boys' with some provisions on after you."

Penn chuckled and looked pointedly at Phoenix; for a moment Phoenix's hand dropped towards his belt, but as the laugh died off Penn's face almost instantly, Phoenix's hand dropped as quickly.

"Come along," I said, trying to avert a quarrel, and within five minutes we were plodding along towards the north-east.

For a while we walked on

in silence; they seemed reluctant to begin explanations, and then, as Phoenix caught us up, I inquired of him—

"How does Oxley get his grub?"

Penn and Ford looked at Phoenix. He walked on a few paces before answering, and then said—

"How do I know?"

He spoke very defiantly, and I was just in time to catch back an indignant inquiry as to whether, as chief of his party, he shouldn't have made it his business to find out. He must have realised my impulse, for he hastened to explain: "He comes for feed though—that is, we think he does."

"Why, we know he does," broke in Ford. "The case of flour and bacon is empty."

Phoenix roared at him.

"Tell the story yourself, you fool, if you want to, I'll have nothing more to say. You have wanted to tell it all along, now say on!"

Phoenix moved still further ahead.

Ford's mouth straightened out into a line. Penn grinned, and Tearle looked angrily at Penn.

I was afraid there was going to be trouble and intervened.

"Never mind, boys," I said. "Let's do our best now; it will be all the same at the end of all things."

Ford looked positively pleased and turned to me eagerly.

"That's exactly what we thought!" he exclaimed—"or rather," he stammered on, "we

didn't think much about it. We knew, of course, that—that something was wrong, but it—it didn't seem so bad, until you came. We were living our own lives up here, and this was just one of the conditions—I can't seem to explain it." He paused and looked anxiously at me, and then burst out again—

"You know how it is, sir! You have been here!"

"Yes, I think I know," I said. "Let me put it straight. There is something queer about Oxley, and it just goes with the rest of the weirdness here—the weirdness of this part of the world, I mean; I know it, I think, perhaps as well as you,—and so, of course, you didn't realise Oxley's oddities."

He looked a little disappointed.

"Yes," he admitted. "That is part of it. He is queer. You heard what Penn said. None of us ever said that before. We suspected—at least I did, I know now—that he was not quite right, but he kept away from us, and we had our own interests, and didn't speak of it—didn't want to speak of it. Perhaps," he confessed, "we were afraid to speak of it. At any rate it didn't seem so bad until yesterday, when you came. You see, sir, you came from home, and all of a sudden we thought of what they would think of this business."

"H'm!" I reflected. "Yes, I see. The standards of civilisation cropped up anew, with our arrival."

Phoenix turned about suddenly.

"We don't know that he's insane!" he exclaimed.

"Well, then," said I, "what makes you think that he is?"

Phoenix turned abruptly and walked rapidly on. In a minute Ford hinted timidly—

"Well, sir, you must have heard him yesterday."

"Yes," I agreed; "I heard. I am not likely to forget it."

"Neither are we," answered Ford quickly. "That has been going on for a long time."

Ford looked toward Penn, apparently for help, but Penn had nothing ready, so the lad took the burden upon himself.

"Well, I don't quite know," he hesitated. "You see," he went on, "he took his provisions himself from the general stores—the boxes, you know, outside the headquarters—and carried them to his hut."

"I suppose you mean," I suggested, in some bewilderment, "that he watched for your absence to get his food unobserved?"

Ford turned with an appeal to Phoenix.

"That's what you think, isn't it, old man?" but receiving no reply except a grunt, he repeated: "That's what Phoenix says. But I think you ought to know, sir, that it seems to me not like Oxley—and in fact he has only been doing it for a short time, a couple of months. Penn says—didn't you, Penn?—that he used to march up

and take what he wanted whether we were there or not."

"That's what he did," grinned Penn. "I should jolly well think so. He wasn't minding us in those days."

Phoenix faced about again.

"Not that we ever tried to prevent him," he threw off. "He was always welcome to food."

I could not help repeating that; yes, I supposed that he had been welcome to food. They did not seem to see any point in this, at least they did not acknowledge it directly; though after a moment Penn suddenly came again to the foreground with the remark that he had seen traps that Oxley must have built for leopards.

"Yes, I have seen them too," added Ford. "I hoped—that is, I dare say that he hated to come to us for grub as much——"

He broke off, and I filled out his sentence—

"As much as you hated to have him."

"No, not quite that," Ford hastened to differentiate.

"As much as we hated to see him."

"Oh!" I commented. "Did you hate him as much as that?"

"Well, yes! you see his face became awful," continued Ford; "it was demoniacal over the least thing, and as he was always in the wrong it was maddening to have to take orders from him, especi-

ally as we knew very well that they would be cancelled the next minute, and then reissued and cancelled again in almost the same breath; his mind was chaos, and like all those sort of people he was always screaming at people not to jump to conclusions, and then in the same breath he would make the most absurd statements himself. He couldn't remember a thing for five minutes, and things that happened overnight and would require to be dealt with the following morning would, when morning came, be completely forgotten, or only remembered as a garbled version of the actual facts, and he would proceed to deal with the matter on what he remembered of the facts. The result was that everything had to be done twice—further, he couldn't make notes; upon the rare occasions he jotted anything down, when he came to read it he couldn't remember what it was about. We couldn't get away from him even after working hours; it was quite usual to be sitting in your gidda perhaps at nine or even ten at night, when suddenly you would hear his gallop; as he approached your house he would burst in completely out of breath with the importance of some trifling inquiry, about a matter upon which you had already informed him in writing during the day, and in addition mentioned the subject to him several times as well; it wasn't that we didn't know our duty to him as



manager, but that he didn't know his. He used to run instead of walk at all hours during the day—his run was more like the gallop of a horse than a human; sometimes he would go about in the heat of the midday sun without his helmet, his hands with the fingers outspread over his head to keep off the sun."

"Where was Mr Phoenix during all this?"

"He was often away at other properties, or else kept to his gidda most of the day. Oxley wasn't a very pleasant companion," finished Ford. "And I believe that he liked us just about as much as we liked him. You know what he did to Hughes?"

"Yes," I acknowledged, "I guessed that there had been a fight. So he's ugly, too, is he?"

Ford spoke impetuously.

"He has been ugly from the very first. You know how big he is? Well, he thought that because he could pull two of us round in a boat, and could walk away with eighty pounds, that he had the right to bully us. He was always trying to get us to do athletic stunts, and then he laughed at us when he beat us. And he used to show us a trunkful of medals that he had won at Oxford. When at dinner he were a lot of them—his coat was covered all up with them. It was beastly. It seems foolish, I know, sir, to care about things like that——"

"If he carried that kind of

thing into the rains," I assisted, "I can easily see how it might get on your nerves."

"That's it, sir!" said Ford, so earnestly that he had the effect of pleading a cause. "It was the rains and the thunder, and in August we couldn't go out at all, and we were all cooped up together in that hut, and every one knew just what every one else was going to say next, and I thought the damn thing would never end."

"And you all hated each other?" I put in.

"There were some minor quarrels," admitted Ford solemnly.

"But nothing like the big one?" I suggested.

"Oh, no," expostulated Ford. "Nothing like that. It's queer," he added, "but I think that did the rest of us good. You see it gave us something to talk about. We had a common sympathy——" He looked to inquire whether I understood.

"I see," said I. "You became brethren in your common hatred of Oxley."

"That's it exactly," rejoined Ford. "We were better from that minute. We used to sit around the table after dinner when the chief had gone to his room and Oxley had shut himself up in his bunk, and talk the matter over, and afterwards turn in quite friendly."

Just so, I mused. "I can understand. Did the chief ever talk it over?"

"No; but he had suspended

Oxley from active work, and I don't think he noticed him much after that. You can't tell what the chief thinks. He keeps altogether to himself."

"I suppose the smash came some time in September?" I asked.

"Yes," said Ford, "in the middle of the month. How did you know?"

"Penn told me that he had a bad dose of fever just then, and I concluded that it wouldn't be long before he gave way entirely. Is that true?"

I caught a queer satirical expression on Penn's face. Ford's face fell into dismal lines and he only gave a nod. We plodded silently along the dull stretch of khaki-coloured ground bounded by the low range of black hills, beyond which we hoped to find Oxley; except ourselves not a living thing stirred.

"Did you ever think," I asked, "that it must have been maddening for Oxley?"

"He didn't care much about our company. You see, sir, our not speaking to him wasn't all that was wrong. We just didn't care to have anything to do with him, and at table we weren't careful to pay attention to what he said. You see, sir, he was always reaching up for epigrams in his speech, and you couldn't fail to notice the way he used to listen to his own voice. At last no one would answer him, and then he ceased speaking altogether, and began to take

his meals by himself; he used to take his share of things before we had been helped and take them to his room."

"Before or after you were seated?" I inquired.

"Oh, he didn't mind; you see, those college chaps think that their superior education is such that, as Hughes says, they think they can afford to be rude to people from lower schools than themselves, and that it won't be attributed to anything but a superior indifference to ordinary conventions."

"But I did not think you carried that thing to here," I replied.

"We don't, sir; but when he showed obvious contempt for us and everything but himself, it reminded us of them. You see," he added anxiously, "we didn't mean to treat him badly, but just didn't want to have anything to do with him."

"Just so," said I; "do you know what he did with himself?"

"He spent most of his time in his room—I don't know what he did there. We only had two packs of playing-cards, and one night he came, without a word, and carried one away, and we never saw it again."

This seemed irrelevant to me, but evidently formed part of the general grievance, for Penn took it up.

"He kept it in his room, and used to sit up late at night playing 'Patience.' I got up at two o'clock one night,

and, seeing his light burning, went and looked in, and he was talking to himself and playing cards."

"Did you catch what he said?"

"No, as he always spoke in French when excited, or on any occasion like that."

"You see he was educated in France," broke in Ferd.

"Had he any pets?" was my next question.

Penn answered me in an odd dry manner, as if he were uttering an effective bit of irony.

"Yes—my dog."

"That's true," faltered Ford. "It only began to go to him when no one else would."

"You know what some of these dogs are," said Penn. "Some of them you can get on with, and some you can't. That one stuck to Oxley because he over-fed it, and for no other reason."

"Where is it now?" I asked.

Neither of them seemed inclined to answer, and I could see, by a sudden shadow that crossed Ferd's face, that some terrible realisation had just come home to him.

"It's dead," faltered Ford.

Thinking I saw complete daylight at last, I inquired, "Had Oxley anything to do with its death?"

Ford faltered again, and then answered in a non-committal sort of way, "Yes—indirectly."

"A man doesn't like his dog to forsake him," blurted out Penn.

I could see that Ford was relieved at Penn's interrup-

tion, and looked as if he wished to shift the rest of the story on to Penn's shoulders, but Penn suddenly dried up, and Ford had perforce to continue the story.

"You see it was like this, sir. One day during a short cessation in the rain, we decided to go for a run, and Penn whistled his dog; it answered the whistle all right and left Oxley's side. I was looking on at the time, and I thought that Oxley was going to break down; instead of that he gave a counter-whistle, and the dog forsook Penn and ran back to him, and Penn didn't like it—can't you tell?" he beseeched, turning imploringly to Penn.

"And I damn well shot it dead there and then," blurted out Penn in no way affected by Ferd's exhibition of kindly feeling.

"Then a bird came and lit on the dog's body and chirped 'Peep, peep,'" said Ford.

"Well, what of that?" I asked, wondering what that had to do with it.

"Penn fired a stone at it!"

"I thought it said 'pip, pip,'" grinned Penn.

I thought that I had never listened to a more brutal sentence in all my life, and I told him plainly that it was himself he should have shot, at which he only laughed.

I rather thought that Ford was going to break down—he was green to the lips, but he went on bravely—

"I didn't think of it at the time—only afterwards; at the

time we were too busy getting an outing, and we were all angry with Oxley and thinking too much about our own affairs to bother about his feelings."

"What happened after they had gone?" I asked Ford.

"Oh! Oxley got the dog's body and buried it. It was about this time that he took a particularly bad dose of fever——"

"And was unapproachable," commented Penn aside.

"I used to go and see him," contradicted Ford.

"Aye—only you," sneered Penn.

"What about the doctor?" I asked in astonishment.

"Oh! the doctor—oh yes, I forgot him," replied Ford. "The doctor came to see him once, but as Oxley was nearly delirious at the time and didn't like the doctor, it only made him worse."

"Couldn't he exercise some influence over his patient?" I inquired in astonishment.

"Well, you see, sir, the doctor was always suffering from intermittent fever and wasn't much use during his attacks."

"I see," I replied comprehendingly, "and so you became nurse and doctor all in one."

"I don't mean it as a reflection on the doctor's skill," he continued in a compromising tone, "but that is just as it happened."

I encouraged him to continue.

"Well," he continued, a little more cheerfully, "I may as

well tell all. He went from bad to worse until I thought he was going to die, but through it all the doctor daren't go near him, and as none of the others would, I had to do all the work. Well, sir, one day I was so utterly fagged out that I fell asleep and lay like a log far into the next morning, and when I awoke I found Oxley crying out and meaning. I was too dazed at first to listen intelligently, but as my senses came back I heard the fellows cursing and asking him to shut up his oh! oh-ing! As I lay listening it suddenly occurred to me that Oxley always spoke in French when upset or excited, and that what the other fellows mistook for a mere moan in English was really the cry of "eau-eau." The realisation was awful. For the first time I was glad that our alarm clock had stopped with the rust and that I couldn't see how long he had been without water; since then I have worked it out and it must have been at least twenty-two hours, sir."

I fairly gasped, but noticing his agony of mind, I hastened to console him.

"Well, sir," he continued, "after this, strange to say, he began to mend—it seemed as if he was fated to live, and that now that the fever had done its worst, short of killing him, it had nothing left to do but depart."

"Did he display any gratitude towards you?"

"No, sir, he never spoke to

me except when he had to ask for anything—he suddenly became very resigned."

"What happened after this?" I asked.

"He went away as soon as the small rains set in and we didn't see him for nearly a week. Then Phoenix met him fooling about the stores. He says that Oxley walked up to him aggressively, but Phoenix turned and walked away."

"How did you get on with the rest of the men?" I asked.

"Oh! I—" he laughed. "I can get on with any one."

"Didn't Phoenix leave any rations on purpose so that he could get them?" I asked.

"Oh yes," replied Ford, "he did the conventional thing—he left out grub and all eating requisites."

"Any ammunition?" I inquired.

"Oh yes, we left him ammunition all right, but he used to pass it over and open fresh cases."

"Did he eat his food raw or cooked?" I asked.

"Give it up," he replied; "we left him cooking utensils, which we presume he carted away as they disappeared entirely. He built a hut a few miles outside a Pagan village to the north, but——"

"Then let us go there at once, instead of wasting time about here," I suggested.

"That's just what I was going to tell you," he continued. "Oxley never stays in the one hut more than a few days; he's always chang-

ing his abode and building himself new huts."

"Do the natives help him?" I inquired.

"They wanted to do so at first, but he drove them away; and now they think he is a madman, and openly treat him as such, and this only makes him worse. So now they leave building materials ready to his hand, but he won't use them."

"That was his boy you met coming in," added Penn—"the one who deserted. I met him once," continued Penn, "and I said, How do?"

Ford's worn face lighted up.

"Did you, Penn?" he burst out. "Why didn't you tell us."

"You know as well as I do," grinned Penn, "no one seemed to be talking to him just then."

Ford lifted his hands with a gesture which I thought theatrical, and said, "Damn the whole business!"

I wondered that he didn't detect the note of irony that was in Penn's voice, and conclude—as I had done—that Penn's way of saluting Oxley was not calculated to induce that unfortunate to come to a reconciliation.

His outburst startled us all, and we marched on embarrassed for a moment.

"Did he answer you?" I asked of Penn.

"No," said Penn; "he simply stood and stared at me, and his eyes opened till they were complete circles."

"Did you notice his eyes in particular?" I asked.

"Yes," said Penn; "they were round and funny."

"Round and funny?" I queried. "Anything else?"

"Yes, with small discs in the centre like pieces of bright steel."

"Oh, hell!" shouted Ford, "why didn't you do something? If I'd seen him I'd have done something."

"You might have seen him yourself if you had taken the trouble," replied Penn imperturbably. "He used to come peering round the place and whistle, as if calling a dog."

"Oh yes, I remember something like that now; but I suppose I must have forgotten," said Ford in a dropping voice.

Penn's airy manner became insupportable, and I refrained from questioning him further; besides, there were plenty of things to think about.

Of course Oxley had been overbearing. It was the natural expression of the pride that went with his strength and medals. One thing was certain, he should never have been chosen for a West African mining camp. I had an amount of fascination in erecting for myself the spectacle of a man like Oxley—university bred—with what all men outside a Government office would call a "lawdy-daw" manner. The inability of the men, owing to a certain amount of prejudice against the class, to associate an

affectation of voice with the manly feats of which he was no doubt capable, all the little conventional observances which came quite natural, and which were no doubt performed unconsciously by him—those and a host of small things all combined went to make up one great grievance; then his rank folly in openly displaying his "superior education," and that too during the rainy season in the tropics. In all fairness I couldn't blame the members of the party for hating Oxley, nor even for carrying into the light of day the vindictiveness that had flourished in the dark, and the next moment I was blaming them for treating a comrade in such a manner. Of course I knew well how insignificant life and death were in a country where the vicissitudes of life and death are superabundant, and where you sit down with a man to dinner to-night and go to his funeral the next morning without any feelings of undue amazement; and yet at least they might have taken the pains to find out whether they had driven a comrade crazy or not.

We were now within fifty yards of a small hut, which Ford explained had been built by Oxley. Already Phoenix, who was on ahead, had entered. Just as we approached the entrance Ford stumbled—it was a slight stumble—but instantly Penn had him by the elbow. He jerked him upright, and supported him with an arm around his waist until

Ford shook it away and started on. As we entered Penn loitered behind with an arm in readiness. His anxiety was real; evidently he had an affection for the boy in his own rough way. He hustled him into the house very much as an elephant hustles along her young. There was a low mud shelf along one side, and he made Ford sit down and fanned him with a wad of grass which he caught up from the floor.

It was not a superfluous attention, for the air inside was revolting. Everything was wet, and the muddy ground was strewn with empty cans: I caught the labels of chicken, beef, fish, ham, tongue, potatoes, tomatoes, and all the preserved foods that are to be found in a tropical store; what remained of a rusty double-barrelled shot-gun lay among them. The stock was broken and the barrel was bent and twisted; in one corner lay a pile of decomposing pelts and furs. Phoenix stood in the middle of the litter searching about him. Presently he stooped and picked up something which lay among the labels. I was watching his face, and noticed a quiver about the lips. Ford, who was evidently watching it also, arose from his seat and snatched it from him. No sooner had Ford looked at it than he gave a cry and dropped it as if it had stung him. I picked it up instantly, and was surprised to see that it was a hand-painted photograph of a very pretty girl, with a pair of

trustful blue eyes, and her hair in two plaits over her shoulders, making three-corner her forehead: across the shoulder of the photograph was the inscription, "With love to Ned," and underneath it, apparently in Oxley's handwriting, was a rough drawing of a dog with the words "Old Chap" underneath that again.

As Penn was paying Ford all the attention he required, I peeked the photograph and gave the place a closer survey. On a raised earthen mound stood a uniform case of black-japaned tin, with the letters E. O. in white on its lid, and underneath that a large red label bearing the words:

Elder, Dempster, & Co.,  
First-class state room.  
NOT WANTED during voyage.

The lid of the box had been prised open, as was evidenced by the lock. Raising the lid, I was met by a stifling odour—a heap of decayed pelts met my gaze. Calling one of the "boys" who had carried our grub, I got him to clear the box out. While he was doing it I continued my search, and was rewarded by finding a couple of sealed envelopes; without intending to be unduly officious, I considered myself entitled to inspect their contents, and I was glad that I did so, for inside each was a half-sheet of notepaper, bearing the same rough drawing of a dog as appeared on the photograph, and underneath were the words "Old Chap."

I had too much sympathy with Ford to let him see my discovery, but I wondered what effect it would have on Penn, so I called him to me and bade him read what was on the notepaper. I may be misjudging the man—I don't know. A harsh laugh burst from him, which would have drawn a reply from my fist, but that I noticed in time a twitching round the corners of the mouth and concluded that the laugh was only forced to hide finer feelings, which the man evidently considered it a weakness to admit.

Presently I was aware that Phoenix was at my side, standing with his hands behind his back.

"I don't see any reading matter," I said.

"Oxley never did care for reading; in fact it was one of the things that made him so unbearable."

"How was that?"

"He used to show by his manner that although we were always reading and he wasn't, that he knew more than any of us."

"Surely you could afford not to notice such conduct?" I asked.

"I could," replied Phoenix, "but the others couldn't."

"Was he what you would call a gentleman?" was my next inquiry.

"Well, he was," hesitated Phoenix; "that is, as far as schooling went, but he couldn't conceal the fact that he thought us beneath him."

"I don't wish to be too per-

sonal," I said, "but are you a university man?"

"No," answered Phoenix, with a challenging look in his eye; "I don't see what matter it makes what school a fellow went to—it's what he learnt there."

"True," I agreed; "I know there are as good educations to be had outside as inside these places."

Phoenix abruptly left my side as if to show himself out of sympathy with my methods of investigation, and went to the slab where Ford was sitting with his face buried in his hands; he took no notice of Ford, but examined the slab.

"He slept on this," he announced.

I do not know why this statement seemed so impressive, unless it was because Phoenix had spoken in his ordinary pitch and his voice had sounded more than usually harsh. The slab was covered with a few skins and pelts, and beneath a bundle forming a pillow was a pack of playing-cards and several small flat stones. Phoenix swore impatiently and knocked one of the flat stones to the ground; in its fall it turned over; almost instantly he stooped, picked it up and examined it. His scrutiny lasted so long that we gathered behind him; it was a piece of slate about half the size of a playing-card, and upon it had been roughly scratched—probably with a jack-knife—the same drawing and superscription which was



upon the photo and half-sheets of notepaper. Ford uttered a queer cry and flung the other stones from the bed; some of them upon turning over displayed the same drawing, and one bore the name "Jenny" above the drawing of a heart.

They gazed blankly at one another. Phoenix's face lost its rigidity, his jaw dropped, and his eyes were glassed over. Ford caught the horror, sank back upon the bed, and again covered his face with his hands.

I looked to Penn, expecting him to rush to Ford's aid, but was surprised to find him standing in the doorway with one of the stones in his hand and an expression of blank dismay upon his features. I remember now that I couldn't see his eyes until he raised his head, and as he did so the light from the open way shone full upon them. For an instant they seemed rather grim with obvious emotion; I had the sensation of having seen similar before, and as I wondered where, his own description came back to me in answer to my late inquiry about Oxley's eyes.

"Round and funny, with small discs in the centre like pieces of bright metal."

It was with feelings akin to horror that I realised this, but collecting my senses quickly, I called to both him and Ford to come into the fresh air.

I pulled Ford to his feet and into the open. Beyond the

door he jerked his arm free of mine and turned on me fiercely.

"It's not our fault, it's not our fault. It was the monotony and rain," he raged.

"Aye! rain — rain — you ought to know the rain," echoed a thin flat voice at my side like the bark of a toy spaniel. I turned, for I didn't recognise the tones, and was surprised to see that it was Penn—but what a different Penn from the one of a few moments ago—why, the man's face had shrunk to half its size.

I seized him by the shoulders and shook him up, then calling Phoenix to hold him down I got out my flask. He gulped down the raw spirit without a cough, until I had to stop him.

I then forced some on Ford, pressing what was left on to Phoenix.

"Now, we'll have chop," I said, "and come back to common-sense."

When "chop" was over, I took Phoenix aside.

"Come," I said, "you are no boy, and I want you to tell me the best way to get Oxley back—I don't suppose you think he is dead—"

I had to hesitate, but Phoenix reassured me with a meditative shake of his head.

"Well, then," I said, "you must have some plan for getting him back—tell me about it."

"I hardly knew how to answer," he replied. "The arrangements seem to be taken out of my hands."

"Out of your hands?" I inquired. "Who by?"

He made no reply to my questions, but occupied himself with fumbling with his bootlace.

I swallowed my disgust. "Perhaps you would be good enough to tell me who by, and what are your plans for getting Oxley back?"

"The first part has failed, as we expected to find him here. It was Ford's opinion, and I may say mine, that he was inside. I want to make it clear to you at once," he proceeded aggressively, "that I was for going out and bringing Oxley in—by force if necessary. But Ford and Hughes and Tearle asked me to wait and give you a chance. Ford thought that, as a stranger, you might do something with Oxley," he flung off after a pause.

"Perhaps I might do something," I agreed. "Have you any idea where Oxley is?"

"Ford thinks he knows. I've heard his idea, and I must say I think it worth looking into."

"Wait a moment," I said. "Is it more horror?"

"That depends upon what you call horror," he responded with a shrug of his shoulders. "I suppose you could find horror in it if you had a bit of an imagination."

His rancour was so evident that I lost patience, and determined to get an answer from one of the others.

"Very well," I said, "I've only one more question to ask you—Do you think that Oxley

is—er—well—quite responsible?"

"Crazy?" cried Phoenix. "How can I tell? How can I tell? Damn the man," he breathed as he turned and walked away.

If he were insane, I thought, his treatment at the hands of his party had been enough to make most men a little queer, but in spite of this I could not bring myself to believe that the well-balanced mind of a man of his education could be so irretrievably unhinged in so short a time.

Whether Phoenix repented of his brusqueness to me or not I can't say, but he approached me and asked me to have the story from Ford himself.

"Very well," I said, "let our boys spread our chairs in the shade of the hut, and then I'll listen."

"Well, you see," said Ford, when we were seated, "Oxley was very fond of animals, in fact upon one occasion he told us he couldn't live without them."

"Dogs, you mean," I interrupted.

"No! no! not dogs only, but all animals—cats, birds, horses, cattle, and even sheep, and before he went ins—away," he corrected, "he would go into the next valley—the valley beyond Karama village, where the goats and sheep are. But Phoenix thinks they are only theories."

"Theories," I repeated. "No, very probably you're right."

"I think he is too," chimed in Hughes, who had hardly

spoken previous to this, "for Oxley used to love animals of all kinds, and used only to go there to look at the sheep and cattle."

"What sort of sheep are they?" I inquired.

"Oh! a mongrel kind, a cross between a Persian and a Cape sheep," answered Tearle, who was at one time in the employment of Hagenbeck's, and could therefore speak as an authority.

"Could nothing else have induced him to go there?" I inquired.

"Oh, we've only been there once or twice," continued Tearle with a shrug, "but I for one didn't like it. There's a sort of whispering-gallery there."

I must have looked my miscomprehension, for he added: "One of those places where you speak in a low tone and can be heard miles off."

"Who saw Oxley there?" I asked. "Did you?"

"Yes," said he, "we all did, and in that valley the echo is remarkable—in fact the doctor says that the sound travels right round the rocks to the east and clean round the depression we are now in, and can even be heard at the lagoon where you left your boat."

I started; so this was the solution of the sound which we had heard upon the night of our final anchorage.

"In that valley," he continued, "there are places where it comes back to you three or four times as clear as you hear me now. Only last month I

was coming back from a trip, my road lay alongside the cliffs that shut in the valley, and I had to pass a projecting ledge of rock that juts out from the cliff; all of a sudden some one said 'Hello, old chap,' just at my ear. I jumped. At first I thought it was Ford—you know he has ways too, picked 'em up from Oxley, and always says 'Hello, old chap,' and bids you good morning and good night, and wants to shake hands with you when he comes back from a trip."

I looked at Ford to see what effect this candid summing up of himself had upon him.

He was looking straight ahead with a misty glimmer about his tired eyes, and I hoped he hadn't heard.

"I shouted back and got millions of echoes, and in the middle of them a whistle like what you call a dog with; I made up my mind to investigate, and climbed to the top; and there was Oxley down in the valley holding a young lamb in his arms and calling out 'Hello, old chap.' I thought it was me he was calling, so I climbed down the rock towards him. It was queer," he went on meditatively. "Sometimes I could hear all kinds of noises, and sometimes as I dislodged a stone I could hear it rattling like the fire of an army, and all through came the sound, as if just in my ear, 'Hello, old chap.'"

"I had to watch my way going down, for the descent is slippery, and I didn't get a decent chance to look at Oxley

until I got on the flat. I was pretty near him then, but his back was turned, and it suddenly dawned upon me that he wouldn't say it so often if it was to me.

"Do you know what he was doing?" he demanded, and immediately answered himself: "He was talking into the lamb's ear while the Filani boy lay amongst the sheep nearly paralysed with fright,—now what do you think of that?" he burst out, apparently unable to restrain his eagerness for verbal appreciation.

His story gave terrible meaning to the fragments of narrative that had been scattered to me; it had, as it were, reflected back into the gloom and killing monotony of the rainy season a gleam of light which revealed the mortal agony of that great mass of a man in his maddening isolation, while his pride, the essence of himself, was breaking down.

Against the loneliness Oxley must have been helpless—I shuddered to think of myself alone in that desolation of desolations,—I asked myself ever and over again why he didn't go and make friends with one of the native tribes, but could find no answer except the conclusion that his mind had already become unhinged before he finally parted with his white companions. How he must have suffered! I could not measure it. Then I thought of his pride in his great body and "superior" education, and his useless opposition to the inexorable aloofness of nature.

Why had he not been driven—absolutely driven—by his isolation to seek them out and ask one word of comfort,—to force from them companionship by his "superior intellect"—by the intellect that needed not the companionship of books.

I turned upon Tearle.

"Well," I almost screamed, "what did *you* do?"

"Nothing," replied Tearle in the most natural voice imaginable. "I simply walked away without his seeing me."

"Oh! hell," moaned Ferd.

"How dared you do it?" I shouted. "You should have gone to him or have reported the affair to your chief. Why didn't you do it?"

"The chief didn't want to hear about him," he protested confusedly. "The chief had suspended him—even Ferd didn't go."

"Is that an excuse for you?" I roared. Then I saw the uselessness of casting blame and I stopped.

"I know something now that I didn't know until you came along asking questions about him."

"You ought at least to have spoken to the chief."

"Good lord," he shouted, "do you think I'm a boy like Ferd?"

In spite of my efforts to think clearly, a confused medley of ideas came crowding to my brain. Chief amongst them was the question, "At what period in his downfall had he become conscious of the need of other men and come to peer over rocks at them, and seek

comfort in hearing 'Hello, old chap,' from echoes, and applying it to all animals with which he came in contact?"

It was now nearly two o'clock, and time for us to be getting under way again. An hour's walk brought us to the valley in which Tearle had seen Oxley on that memorable day.

"This is where he stood!" exclaimed Tearle. We were in the depression of a natural amphitheatre; around us on all sides were great towering black cliffs, with broad water-worn furrows glistening like silver on their sides. Monkey Hill lay to the north, and Satu to the east. At the foot of Monkey Hill and on the eastern side ran the Quaya pass, and through it during the rains ran the Quaya stream, but now a mere trickle of water, running to the pool which formed an ideal cattle-trough.

We had almost reached the side of the water, and stood facing a pass through the rocks similar to the one by which we had entered. There was a thin line of quartz-stringer running along the other side of the pool for a hundred yards or more, which at last rose abruptly, a bright white note against the black circumference of the hollow, and melted into the other side of the ridge.

"Look!" called Phoenix, pointing to the eastern pass in the cliff, "there's something coming."

A mile or so away, straight ahead, moved two black figures, making their way around the base of the promontory. Against

the immensity of the cliff they looked ridiculously insignificant. I had the sense of watching flies sidling along the wainscoting of a large room.

Phoenix brought a pair of glasses to bear upon them, and then handed them to me.

"Sheep," I said, as I returned them.

"Rather early in the day for them to be folded," commented Phoenix. "I suppose the remainder are coming after."

"No, only a lone couple coming down to drink," answered Tearle. "It will be some hours yet before the flock arrives."

"Are they likely to run away if they see us?" I inquired of Tearle.

"They've seen us already," he replied, "but let's get under cover and wait."

We spent the next two hours waiting in expectation of finding Ford's theory realised — viz., that Oxley would come back to the valley before nightfall with the sheep.

It was yet an hour to sundown when more black spots began to slide round the wainscoting of the cliffs. A light eastern wind had got up and faintly wafted to our ears a low swelling whisper with a long-drawn note of pain in it.

"Here they come," said Tearle.

And a few moments later the whole cliff-side was alive with writhing, moving, springing objects which looked coal-black in the mountain shade.

For fully half an hour the stream passed through with a uniformity about their height which was broken only now and again by a larger object which proved to be a humpbacked cow.

The sun was just slipping over the top of the eastern cliff when a longer object moved into view, which with the aid of the glasses I made out to be the Filani herd.

Tearle, who was crouched down beside me, suddenly uttered an exclamation, and seizing me by the arm pointed excitedly to the rear of the sheep and cried: "Good God, whatever's that?"

For a fraction of a second a larger object than anything else around caught my eye, but just as quickly seemed to be swallowed up in the dust and movement of the flock.

Phoenix was kneeling with his right hand shading his eyes.

"Only one sheep on the other's back," was his reply.

I looked at Tearle, but could see for some reason unknown to me that he wasn't convinced.

"Don't like the look of it," he soliloquised.

"Great God!" I cried, "surely you don't mean to suggest that——"

Just then the sun half slipped below the cliff wall and showed up each face ashen grey in the shadow.

"Come," said Tearle, "let's make a detour and get to the shepherd."

Scrambling to our feet, we fell in as if by mutual consent behind Tearle. The going was rough and the noise of our progress carried to the sheep, whose leaders instantly converged on their followers, quickly bringing the whole flock into a crescent-shaped formation, and exposing the whole length of their line to our searching gaze.

In ten minutes we had reached the front of their line. Though nobody had spoken, we each knew what was in the other's mind.

Suddenly I became conscious of a pain in my left arm, and was barely conscious of the ownership of Tearle's voice as he croaked hoarsely in my ear—

"Look, sir, look! Look! Oh, my God, look!"

In a perfect agony of dread, in which my one thought seemed to be that I was now really acting a piece which had previously been rehearsed many times in the past, I gazed fearfully at the place indicated by Tearle's shaking hand; for a flash of a second I caught a view of something which I dreaded to gaze at, and as quickly lost it as the surging animals moved.

"Look! look!" again cried Tearle, tightening his grip.

Another break in the line of sheep brought the same dread object into view, but still well into the general mass. I remember longing for them to stay still, if only for a moment, to enable my tired

eyes to pick out the strange object in their midst.

A bark at length, more animal-like than human, broke in on me, and through the everlasting murmur of the sheep I caught the words, "Oh—Christ—it's a man!"

The next instant Ford staggered by and threw himself on the strange object crawling on the ground. I was by his side in an instant, and between us we lifted the mass to its feet—it was hardly human,—a great mat of hair straggled over the head, completely hiding the features; the upper part of the body was completely naked and scorched the colour of the brown earth; over all lay a regular coating of goat's hair, tangled, matted, and filthy; the eyes weren't discernible through the matted locks. Great pads of flesh and cloth hung from the knees, which were worn nearly flat through crawling over the rough ground. A gaunt terrible figure, the beard immeasurably long. His clothes were ripped and torn by the sharp rocks and thorns, the boots were shreds of leather, bloody to the ankles, with the torn feet protruding through their rents.

Ford, raising his hands, tossed aside the ragged mane.

"Oxley! Oxley!" he shouted, rolling his weary head from side to side. "Oxley! Oxley! old chap, answer me!"

The great sunken eyes opened with a look in them which I'll see to my dying day; then an opening ap-

peared more than half-way down the face and a great dry sound of "Ba-a-ah, Ba-a-ah" issued from the parched lips.

Ford staggered away with his hands to either side of his head, and the great figure, released from the support of his arms, dropped to its knees with a motion that spoke of long custom.

Without awaiting the given signal, but obeying the promptings of the impulse that snatched unerring at the opportunity, the men, Phoenix, Tearle, Ford, Hughes, and myself, rushed to pick him up; as we did so I was conscious that Penn joined us at the last moment, and I was also conscious that the action was more mechanical than voluntary on his part. I was on the top of Oxley with my hands upon his shoulders almost before I knew it, and the next moment I was sent reeling away as he rose under me, and with a suddenness and swiftness that seemed almost incredible he began dealing out blows and kicks right and left,—like lightning it developed into what a spectator would have taken for a fight of six to one. Six men in full possession of their senses against one poor demented, half-starved, half-naked wretch ground down to the point of imbecility by the nerve-destroying, brain-racking loneliness of the African bush. We swarmed upon him from all sides, gripping at his legs, his arms, his head, clutching him—shaken free—then clutching again,

falling to the ground, rolling over, ever, and ever—now under, now above, now staggering forward, now back; one moment under the hooves of a humpbacked cow, the next falling across the broken back of a sheep. Still Oxley fought, through that scrambling staggering group, through that maze of twisting bodies, twining arms and straining legs, his face flaming, his eyes blood-shot, his hair matted with sweat. Now he was down, pinned under, two men across his legs, and then half-way up again, resting on one knee, then upright again with half of us hanging on his back. His strength was that of a madman; when his arms were held he fought like a bull with his head; a score of times it seemed as if we were about to secure him finally and irrevocably, and then he would free an arm and send the fist crashing into some one's face, and the group that had settled locked and rigid on its prey would break as he flung a man from him reeling and bloody, and he himself twisting, squirming, dodging, his great fists working like pistons, backed away dragging and carrying us all with him.

More than once he loosened almost every grip, and for an instant stood panting, rolling his eyes, his body now stark naked, bleeding, dripping with sweat, a horrible figure, nearly free.

At length Tearle and Hughes were sent flying across the

back of a young sheep which got mixed up in the fray, a well-directed kick from Oxley's foot sent Phoenix staggering away, and the next instant Oxley was free and bounding across the ground with a lope more suggestive of some four-footed creature than a human being, with his horrible cry of "Ba-a-ah" ringing in our ears. Hardly waiting to draw breath, we started in pursuit. The echoes took up the mocking cry, and perhaps it was partly in defiance of them as well as partly with an unformulated design of doing something at once that I took up the cry of "Oxley! Oxley! Oxley! Oxley!"

I had grown somewhat accustomed to the idea of echoes, but I was by no means prepared for the extraordinary effect that my increase in volume of tone produced. It seemed to find in every nook and corner of the valley new and responsive surfaces; from every point my cry came back until the whole amphitheatre was calling for "Oxley! Oxley! Oxley! Oxley!" and even after the chorus of rooks had taken up the call, and were transmitting "'Slee! 'Slee! 'Slee! 'Slee!" to the uttermost parts of the range, in the midst of the tumult of sound, sudden rapid exclamations of his name rapped out, apparently from close at hand. On we stumbled, Oxley straight ahead, bounding up the hill like a mountain-sheep. Suddenly, before I could realise it, I saw Ford and Penn stop



suddenly, plainly startled by something I knew not of, then came a cry — piercing, resonant, "Ba-a-ah!" Ford was a few paces ahead of me, and bending forward in an attitude that denoted a tensity of attention. After the last murmur had died, he threw out his hands with a gesture of despair, and turned to me a face portentous with a new idea. In some way or other, without the medium of words, I realised his thought and thrilled the rocks with "Hello, old chap!" Before the refrain had come back to me twice, it was overwhelmed by a great rear, and filled the cliffs again in the midst of a chaos of noises to which Phoenix, who had now caught us up, added. "There he is. Great Father, he's going to jump," and immediately Oxley leaped into full view on the summit of an overhanging crag which jutted out a hundred feet above us. The last few rays of the sun fell full upon him, and against the grey background of the cliffs his skin stood out like marble, while his gestures were plainly visible as he flung his arms to and fro. It was only for a moment that he stood there. With one last cry of sheer animal rage he leaped toward the old Ningi Hills.

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## THE LURE OF SEA CLIFFS.

BY LEO WALMSLEY.

THE plaintive cry of a herring-gull flying seaward through the murk that almost hid the Tower of London Bridge from the roadway brought it all back. Gone were the fog and smoke, the nerve-smashing clatter of buses and heavy drays, the acrid fumes of burnt oil and gasoline. . . . I saw a deep blue bay flecked white by a fresh west wind—the red-roofed cottages of a fishing town half hid in a wooded cove, a yellow carpet of gorse spreading up to the moors, and the tall sea cliffs that stretch for many a mile to the north and south of my native place, with the low murmur of breaking surf at their foot.

These cliffs held always for me an irresistible fascination, but for reason that the narrow path that skirts their edge was scantily fenced, and because of falling blocks and the treacherous tide below, I was forbidden under the severest penalty to venture near them. This in ordinary circumstances was an irksome enough restraint—with my mind ever full of the romance of smugglers and treasure-trove, secret messages washed up from ships, and the like; but when, at the age of thirteen, I fell victim to the egg-collecting fever, it was more than flesh or blood could stand. With simple guile I would tell my

mother I was going to the woods for flowers, and then at the outskirts of the town meet a bosom friend of mine named Tom, the son of a coast-guard, and by a devious route we would make our way to Ness Cliff, hiding at the approach of any human being, then walking rapidly along, until the only living things to be seen or heard were the herring-gulls, kittiwakes, and cormorants, driven by our approach from their nests, circling and screaming in great commotion above our heads.

Carefully we would climb down the narrow grassy slope that separates the path from the vertical face of the cliff, and then, peering over the edge, feast our eyes on the treasure below. Not a ledge without its cluster of at least half a dozen rude grass nests, with one, two, or three beautiful green, brown-speckled eggs in each—a sight to make any boy's heart beat faster. And we would lie there in the wind-bitten grass and heath, with the murmur of the sea and the screaming of the gulls in our ears, plotting and planning as to how we could loot these ledges and add fresh spoil to our collection.

Fortunately, the love of adventure that is mine was tempered even in those days by the saving grace of caution. A risk I would take, but not

a foolhardy one. I would gamble my life readily on my nerve and climbing abilities if my instinct was satisfied first that the proposition was a feasible one. A proposal my companion made, that he should lower me down to the first ledge by means of a rotten old piece of tow-rope he had found on the beach, did not meet with my approval for this very reason. I doubted not that he would bear my weight, for he was strong and heavy built, while I was light as a jockey; but I seriously questioned, in spite of his assurances to the contrary, the tensile strength of the rope. I remember we had a fight over the matter, but when we came to test the rope from a tree in the woods (whither we went for our suspicion-allaying flowers), and it broke under his weight at the first trial, resulting in a painful fall in a bunch of nettles, he saw that my fears were not entirely groundless.

One glorious afternoon in May (it was a Sunday, if I remember rightly, and our parents doubtless were happy in the thought that for once we were out of harm's way in the Sabbath-school) we had wandered much farther than usual. Ledge after ledge we had reconnoitred—climbing far down to some, and getting so near that had only our arms been longer the precious eggs would have been within reach—trying to lift the treasure from others by means of a stiff wire loop—climbing, scrambling, crawling among

the rank grass and thorn, with little regard for our best Sunday clothing, and one single thought in our minds—how to get a herring-gull's or a kittiwake's egg for our collection, and thus be the envy of all the village boys. It was exasperating to be so near to our heart's desire at times and yet so very far; but we were lured on with the hope that somewhere, at any rate, there would be an accessible ledge.

We passed Castle Chambers, where, a year or two before, a boy named Baxter, in reaching for a nest, had missed his footing and fallen to the rocks, two hundred feet below. By a lucky chance he was not killed, but the sight of the place served slightly to slacken our enthusiasm, and we talked of turning home while there was still time to join these righteous and obedient children who, while we were tanning in the sunshine and breathing the good sea air, were stewing in an atmosphere of varnished pitch-pine and mildewed hymn-books.

Alas for good intentions! for suddenly I clapped eyes on a broad grassy ledge, hardly twenty feet down from the path, and bearing anything up to a dozen herring-gull nests. The cliff sloped but gradually towards it, and at first glance it looked delightfully possible. Closer examination proved, however, that the slope was not so gradual as we had imagined, that the last six feet was little less than vertical, and

that it consisted of very soft blue shale, greased by a series of miniature springs oozing from the cliff edge. A large herring-gull, with superb grace, swooped down within a dozen feet of where we stood measuring out our problem, and screamed a defiant protest into our very faces. The trickling water had turned the grassy area of the slope into bog, and Tom, who had on a brand-new pair of boots, fearing to add but another item to the long crime-sheet of the day, dare not leave the path. Therefore I descended alone, creeping slowly down, until at last I was hanging by a thick clump of grass of "Parnassus" at the edge of the short greasy shale cliff, and barely six feet above the ledge. I could see the eggs distinctly, almost count their very spots: one nest contained three young ones, little brown balls of fluff, and farther on was a chick very nearly fledged, crouching timidly against the cliff face. I saw also that half-way down the shale bank was another large tuft of "Parnassus," growing from a miniature watercourse. Would it bear my weight? If it would, I could reach the ledge with ease, and what was more important, climb back safely to my present position. The accident to Baxter suddenly flashed across my mind. The precipice that fell directly from the edge of the ledge was higher than Castle Chambers, the tide was full and the surf breaking at the

very feet of the cliff. If the tuft gave way I should be killed for a certainty: was it worth while? A glance at the eggs, so tantalisingly near, answered my question, and without a second's hesitation I turned over on to my stomach and lowered myself gently down until my feet touched the clump of grass. It was soft and spongy, and the water oozed from it as I gradually increased the strain.

To bend my body down until my hands almost touched the ledge was a tricky matter with nothing at all to grip, save the slippery shale; but I carried out the operation safely, bent down on one knee, lowered the other leg, and sprang lightly on to the broad ledge.

"Tom! Tom!" I cried exultantly, "I'm here! I've done it, Tom!" There was no reply; then came a low distant whistle—a whistle we had long agreed upon to be a signal of approaching danger. What had happened? Was some one coming? Tom evidently was making himself scarce, for the whistle sounded a long way off. Crouching as near to the cliff face as I could, I waited. . . . No further signal came, however, and my stock of patience was quickly exhausted. On hands and knees (alas for my Sunday suit!) I crept to the first nest. How wildly my heart beat as I handled the eggs, still warm from the brooding gulls! What beauties they were, delicate green their ground-work, mottled and blotched with the

loveliest shades of brown and blue. Hardly two of them were alike, and I went from nest to nest picking out the best specimens for our collection. More than two I could not possibly carry if my hands were to remain free for climbing. The chicks were wonderfully fascinating. How I should have loved to have taken one with me for a pet, but already I was overladen. . . . It was time to be getting back too. Plucking a handful of grass, I carefully wrapped up my precious eggs, transferred them to my jacket pocket, and started to creep back. Hardly had I turned, however, than there came a noise of loosening earth, and I saw the very tuft of grass and soil that had been my "stepping-stone" slide down the shale and fall with a sudden thud on the ledge. . . . *I was trapped as neatly as a stoat in a gin.*

"Tom, Tom," I screamed hysterically, but there was no answer save the mocking echo of my own voice, half-drowned by the clamouring of the gulls. For a minute or two I lay flat on the ledge, stunned by the awfulness of my predicament. Less than four feet away was the edge of the precipice falling a sheer three hundred feet to the wicked wave-washed rocks. Barring my way to the path and safety rose the black slimy wall of shale six feet in height, without as much as a finger-hold now that the tuft of grass had fallen. At the top of it I could see the firmer grassy sod, more tantalising

now than ever the eggs had been. I thought of the Sabbath-school, and my pity for those pent-up children was changed to the bitterest envy. What would I have given to hear the mournful sound of the American organ, the voice of the superintendent giving out the hymn, to breathe through my nostrils the hated smell of the varnished pews and the mustiness that is invariably associated in my mind with the house that men call God's?

Slowly, however, my nerve returned. I rose to my knees and began to weigh up the possibilities of escape. Perhaps I could collect sufficient earth and shale to make a step from which I might reach the sod. I set about me with a will, first piling up the mass of fallen debris, then scratching out handfuls of soil from the ledge and putting them on top. Quickly I realised the futility of the scheme: the earth was so wet it spread out like sand, and by the end of ten minutes I had hardly diminished the height of the cliff by seven inches.

I tried to scratch out a hold in the shale, but the water had given it an incredible toughness, and I could do little more than make a shallow hole from which my fingers quickly slipped when I tried my weight. If only I could get one foot in the hole, however, for a second, it would give me time to reach the desired grip above—a thought particularly exasperating, for I appreciated also that had this ledge been

ordinary level ground the cliff would have presented no difficulty. By taking a run I could have jumped with one foot on to the scratched-out hold, and before the momentum had died, gripped the sod above and pulled myself into safety. The ledge was hardly four feet in width: at least three times that distance would be necessary for such a run. . . . Yet I was light and a good jumper: it would mean stepping back to the very edge of the precipice, where the slightest hesitation or slip would mean certain death.

I did not spend much time in consideration. With a small piece of sandstone I started work in the hold again until at last it was big enough to take my foot. Then deliberately (albeit with very great fear), I walked as near to the edge as the crumbling earth would permit. For a second I stood and measured the jump with my eye, then with the vigour that is only born of fear I ran forward, leapt to the hole, swung up with the momentum, and clasped my fingers in the Parnassus grass as my feet slipped away. Slowly now I wound my way up, "sucking" on to the shale with my stomach and flattened thighs, until at last my feet touched the grass and my hands were dug deep into the wet soil of the slope. *I was safe.*

I must have lain there in soft boggy soil for nearly five minutes before I realised that there still remained certain problems. My suit was utterly

ruined; my cap had fallen off when I jumped. What had happened to Tom? Why had he whistled? Stiffly I clambered up the remaining dozen feet to the path, and then as I pulled myself over the grassy bank, I saw a sight that almost made me wish I was back on my ledge once more. Coming down the narrow track, but a dozen yards away, was Tom, with a very woebegone expression on his face. On one side of him was his father, looking very stern; on the other side was my own, looking even sterner.

I will draw a curtain over the subsequent proceedings, which were of an unnecessarily disagreeable and painful nature.

This adventure and the painful event that followed ought to have cured me of my passion for the cliffs, but the herring-gull eggs had served but to arouse the lust for further trophies. Never did I see a kittiwake or a big "black backer" flying over the bay without my thinking of the eggs my collection still lacked, nor a cormorant winging south to Ravenscar at the end of its day's fishing without my picturing the treasures that high grim cliff might hold.

The cormorants, I knew, had a breeding-place there, and beyond all doubt I should find kittiwakes, and possibly a kestrel, if I climbed high enough. What eggs to be proud of these would be! I could hardly rest from thinking of them, and I made up my

mind to visit Ravenscar at the first opportunity.

This, for divers reasons, did not come for many days. My mother had lest all desire for flowers, and my repeated suggestions that I should be allowed to go and collect firewood along the beach were received with cold suspicion. Part of my punishment was that during my spare time I had to report home at the end of every hour, which did not permit of anything save an occasional sally to a quarry near the moor-edge, where I knew of a jackdaw's nest, with four squawking young ones, whose digestions I must have ruined by supplementing their diet with numerous worms and slugs.

One Saturday, however, towards the end of the month, a chance came. My parents had planned to go to Whitby for the day, catching the early train, and not returning until evening.

As soon as they were gone I ran quickly to the beach, where Tom already waited, and by the time they had taken their tickets at the station we were almost out of sight of the town, keeping to the broad flat scars which at low water enable one to cut across the curving of the bay and shorten a tedious journey of three and a half miles into less than two.

Midday found us lying on a tussock of grass at the sloping foot of the cliff, gazing up with eagerness and envy at the dizzy sandstone crags, counting the nests, guessing as to

their contents, arguing as to which were herring-gulls' and which kittiwakes', straining our eyes for the famous cormorant ledge which, so far as we knew, no human being yet had climbed. It was Tom who found it. While I was taking a pebble from my boot, something big and black swooped down from the cliff, and, with a raucous creak, joined the wheeling and screaming gulls.

"Look! Look! There's a lot of 'em, that ledge with the white on it."

A hundred feet up the vertical face of the precipice was a bold sandstone bluff extending sideways for several yards, and forming at its base a flat underhung ledge, white with guano, and with at least a score of croaking cormorants waddling nervously about on it. As we looked two of them swooped down like the first, made a broad circle, and returned, croaking louder than ever, to their starting-point. Evidently they were nesting, for under ordinary circumstances they would not have returned until the danger was past.

"No good without a rope," was Tom's verdict; and at first glance I felt like agreeing with him. The cliff, as I have said, rose absolutely vertical from the slope on which we lay, and there seemed hardly a single foothold.

But my blood was afire with the lust of the eggs. Were we going to throw away the chance of getting a cormorant's egg without as much as

making a try? Never. For several minutes I studied out the possibilities of the direct climb, and my conclusion was that it was far from being hopeless. Sandstone is excellent climbing rock, and there might be a hundred foot- and hand-holes without their being visible from our present position.

Delaying no longer, we started up the slope, and in a couple of minutes stood directly under the ledge. The birds were now in very great commotion, flapping their wings, and jabbering away like a lot of old fishwives. Some were craning their long necks over the ledge, and peering down at us with angry flashing eyes. We began to feel scared. Would they attack me if I tried to climb? Tom thought they would, and he tried to persuade me not to take the risk; but while he argued I was taking off my boots and stockings, so that I could use my toes as well as my fingers.

Certainly it was much easier than I had thought. There was a long crack stretching half-way up which simplified things considerably, and I could see at least three possible holes between the top of it and the cormorants' ledge. But how should I reach the bottom of the crack? The first five feet of the cliff was smooth as marble, and without a projection on which a beetle might hold. Six inches higher there was a grip—a piece of weathered ironstone—but how could I even reach that? Tom

supplied the solution. Standing a foot away from the cliff face, and bending his head forward until it touched the rock, he made a human step-ladder which I hastened to avail myself of before he repented of his willingness to help. With one hand on the ironstone it was easy enough to draw my knees up too, and then reach for the bottom of the long crack, which ran, not straight with the cliff, but at an angle that made it possible to grip firmly on its edge. Hardly had I drawn myself up, however, than there came a sudden flutter of wings, and something black swept out of the crevice almost into my very face. For a second I reeled back; but my hand had a firm hold, and I was held up in time. It was a jackdaw, and when I recovered my wits I could see the untidy bundle of sticks and heath that composed its nest. It had been a very near shave; for although the slope below was easy to climb, with the momentum of my fall I should have rolled with considerable force to the jagged rocks nearly sixty feet below.

"Come back! don't go any further!" cried Tom in a very scared voice; and, truth to say, I was so nervous just at that moment that I almost fell in with his wishes. But the thought of the eggs spurred me on, and, gripping the edge of the crack, with one knee wedged firmly into it, I started to climb again, worming myself up with my hands and toes and almost



every available part of my anatomy. In places the crack was so wide I had to bend my body like a steel spring and hang on with the friction of my shoulders and knees. In others it narrowed so that I could hardly get my fingers into it, and but for my bare toes I should have been forced to return. Occasionally I left it to take advantage of a series of better holds; but it was not until I was nearly eighty feet up that it ceased completely to be of use to me. At this point I rested, for it had been a strenuous enough journey. My toes and knees were scratched and bleeding, my whole body ached, but my heart was exultant. The ledge was now scarcely twenty feet above me. I was half-deafened by the creaking and cawing of the cormorants and the incessant screaming of the gulls. Looking down, I could see poor Tom still standing where I left him. He looked very unhappy, and although I could not hear his voice for the clamouring gulls, I knew he was calling me to return. It was hardly likely I should take much notice of him with the ledge so near; and pointing a hand to acquaint him of my intention, I turned my face upwards once more.

Short though the distance was compared with what I had already climbed, the last twenty feet was easily the worst, for what holds there were had a thick layer of greasy, stenching guano on them which made it almost impossible to get a grip. Not

for one second from leaving the crack did I have that sense of temporary security that the feel of a good hold gives to a climber, and which at times makes him loath to move either up or down.

But for the thought of the eggs that would soon be mine, I would have turned back a dozen times. The cormorants had long since left the ledge, and had joined the circling gulls. Now and again one of them would fly very near, as though intending to return, but before its feet touched the rock it would swoop down again with an angry creak. Would they attack when I reached their nests? I began to wish I had brought my big jack-knife with me, for I should be entirely defenceless if they did.

Slowly but surely I mounted upwards until at last the ledge was a bare three feet above my head, and my fingers had found through the layer of filth a hold firm enough for the final effort. I rested a second, and then with the strength of arms and hands alone I pulled myself up so that my knees sank deep into the grease and took the weight, while my hands found a sure grip on the ledge itself, safe on to which a second later I dragged my aching body.

Oh! the utter relief of being able to lie flat on a firm broad rock with every muscle relaxed; to open my mouth wide and fill my panting lungs with air. But the smell—shall I ever forget it? I was lying on the accumulated filth of

centuries, a solid matrix of fish-bones, seaweed, twigs, and guano. It nearly made me sick, and quickly gave me an urgent desire to get back to the shore again.

Now for the eggs! I must see these quickly and make a choice. I got up on my knees and looked eagerly about me. Eggs? *There was not one.* . . .

I had come too late in the season, for squawking noisily in the far corner of the ledge were nearly a score of fluffy blue-grey chicks, beating their wings in terror and backing as far away from me as they could.

*My climb had been for nothing*, and whether it was the bitter disappointment, or the nervous reaction, or terror of what still lay between me and safety, I cannot say, for suddenly I lost all control over my senses and began to cry like a baby. How I wished that I hadn't come, that I had gone to Whitby or stayed at home with my yacht, if only I could . . . a loud croak and the heavy flapping of wings brought me back my wits. With horror I saw that two big cormorants had alighted hardly a yard away from where I was sprawled in the filth, and that they were adopting a most aggressive attitude. One of them made a sudden rush forward and gave a savage thrust at my bare foot with its wicked spear-like beak. I dodged just in time to receive the cruel jab of the second one on my thin-lad shoulder. Crying aloud with the pain of it, I moved

back to the cliff wall, and with one hand dislodged a fair-sized stone. Even as I bent my arm to throw it three more birds alighted and prepared to join in the attack. Aiming at the nearest, I slung the stone with all my strength and caught it fair in the chest. It fell to the floor, and then flapping wildly, rolled over the edge and disappeared.

Alarmed by this turn in the battle, the remaining birds noisily took to their wings, and I had the ledge once more to myself and the terrified chicks. That they would come back very soon, however, and with reinforcements, I had no doubt, and hastily collecting a few fragments of egg-shell so as to have some souvenir of my visit, I crept to the edge and lowered my feet down to the first hold.

When modern man takes to climbing rocks he becomes for the time being a four-footed animal like his great-great-ancestors the apes, but with this one disadvantage—he has no tail. Thus in making a descent, instead of moving head first, as a prehensile tail would permit him to do, he must go feet first, and lose the temporary use of his eyes and the highly developed senses of his arms and fingers.

Even the descent of an ordinary rock climb with an abundance of good hand- and footholds is usually a hundredfold more difficult than the ascent, but in this instance the difficulties were increased out of all proportion. There was not a single decent hold between the

ledge and the top of the crack, and what crevices or projections there were had a thick coating of slippery guano upon them. I had to feel with my toes for a footing, and then, without a hold at all for my hands, slide my body down the rock face until my knees were secure, when my hands would replace my feet. In places I had even to use my chin, forcing it hard against the rock to act as a brake while I was testing the strength of a hold.

In spite of this I made good progress, and in ten minutes found myself scarcely a yard from the top of the crack, with only one really awkward place between me and comparative safety. The ledge on which I temporarily rested my feet was a soft Parnassus grass sod about four inches in width, threatening to give way if I imposed the slightest additional strain upon it. My fingers were gripping a narrow projection of rock, between which and the sod there was nothing but smooth sandstone. If I left go with my fingers the sod would break under my full weight, and there would be nothing to prevent my falling straight down to the rocks.

No purpose would be served by hesitation, however, and gulping down a lump that had come into my throat at the thought of the fall, I lifted one foot from the soil and commenced to lower it, at the same time leaving go with my hands and forcing the palms of them and my chin firm against the rock's face, so as

to take as much weight as I could away from my one supporting foot.

Inch by inch my feet and my hands sank down until at last my fingers gripped the soft substance of the sod. Fearing delay, I lowered the other foot over at once, and then, without a moment's warning, came the hideous flapping of wings again, and I felt a sharp stab in the very middle of my back. For a second my hands loosened and I began to slip, but they gripped again in time. Flat as I was against the rock face I dare not turn, but I could see the shadows of at least three cormorants circling in the air not six feet away. One of them suddenly made a vicious jab at my foot, and caught it fair in the instep. I screamed with pain. Another dived for my head, missed it, and brushed my hair with its wings. The sod was now loosening, . . . it could not possibly bear my weight for another minute. To attempt to fight the cormorants in my present position was hopeless, and I started to lower my body down, gripping as best I could with my elbows, stomach, and chin as my hands lost their purchase. By this time my feet should be low enough for the crack . . . wildly I felt for it with my bleeding toes. Another cormorant dived down like a streak of lightning and delivered a sharp peck at my right thigh.

The sod was moving. . . . I screamed in mortal terror as

I felt my elbows slipping outwards . . . and then my feet found their hold in the top of the crack. Dead to all pain, I wedged them firmly into it, and then quickly bent down and gripped the edge with my hands even as the sod gave way and fell in a blinding storm of dust and soil on my head.

*For the time being at any rate I was safe.* The cormorants had fallen back. Most of them were on the ledge croaking and chattering, but still very angry. Had they realised that the danger, from their point of view at any rate, was over—that their chicks were safe? Fervently I hoped so, for I had no stomach for further encounters.

A brief rest and I started down the crack, taking my time, and making a careful reconnaissance before attempt-

ing any portion of the climb that would expose me defenceless again, should the birds attack. The wound on my foot was so painful that it had taken all sense of touch from my toes, and I might have had a wooden leg for all the use it was to me.

Nearly half an hour passed before my feet touched the ironstone nodule, and I heard Tom's very welcome voice screaming above the noise of the gulls and the sea. He soon got into position against the rock face, and I as quickly lowered my legs, grasped my bleeding limbs about his neck, and slipped down his body to the sure firm earth, on to which I threw myself with a relief that no words could possibly express.

## MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

PLACE FOR THE BOLSHIEVISTS!—ORGANISED IGNORANCE—THE DANGERS OF OPPORTUNISM—THE UNCHANGING STANDARDS OF TRUTH—WHERE OUR DUTY LIES.

ONCE upon a time in a western State a man was being tried for his life. While the trial was still going on, a mob of ruffians, having taken already the law into their own hands and executed the prisoner, clamoured at the court-house, and said to the judge: "When will this trial be over, because we want the room to lay out the corpse in." This story came to our minds when we read the account of the solemn proceedings at Lympne. So Lenin with a grim smile might have asked the representatives of France and England, "How much longer are you going to discuss a futile question? When you have quite done with Sir Philip Sassoon's comfortable villa, it will be useful to me for the laying out of the body of a perished Europe." The levity of Mr George, indeed, has added another episode to the tragic farce of international politics. There is nothing which our Prime Minister has not done to cajole the Bolsheviks. He has brow-beaten them and submitted to them alternately, and at last, when his words no longer carried any weight, he discussed peace with the forces of Lenin marching upon Warsaw!

It would be difficult to match Mr George's futility in the annals of the past. To all his sentimental appeals for peace Lenin turned a deaf ear. Krassin and Kameneff, with their fluent promises of bulging corn-bins, came and went as they would. The Red Government, still bent upon the destruction of Europe, was obediently recognised by the Minister who said he would never shake hands with murderers; and Poland was more closely, more brutally threatened than ever. While Lenin acted Mr George talked, and actually went so far as to say that he would be seriously displeased if his wishes were not instantly complied with. But the man who fears to meet force with force had better hold his tongue, and not the fabled luxury of Sir Philip Sassoon's gilded "residence" is sufficient excuse for those who chatter in the face of an advancing foe.

It is Mr George's practice to worship opportunism rather than opportunity. Opportunity is a fickle jade, who never repeats the offer of her charms. The lock which she wears in her forehead must be seized at once or it will ever elude the aspiring lover. When once

she has passed, it is too late to recover the vanished moment. And it is in accord with Mr George's temperament that he can never make up his mind to seize the fleet-foot Opportunity. She gives him the go-by with a stern contempt, and he is left with nothing better to embrace than her unnatural sister, Opportunism. He must always be content with whatever is awkward and ugly. In other words, in his attachment to the politician's momentary success, he must ever surrender the triumph of the statesman.

Assuredly there has been little enough statesmanship in his management of the Polish question. From first to last he has been completely dominated by Lenin. Now Lenin is a fanatical scoundrel, who knows little or nothing of foreign countries or foreign opinion. But he does know one thing: he knows what he wants. From the very first he has aimed at a world-wide revolution, at corrupting the opinions of all the proletariats with Russian gold. How far he has succeeded is evident to us all. Mr George also knows but one thing: he knows that he wants to stay in office as long as he can, no matter what it costs. The combat between the two men, therefore, is obviously unequal. To the concentrated malignity of Lenin is opposed the discursive garbality of our Welshman. Lenin has a policy, cruelly shaped and brutally applied. Mr George

has no policy at all, unless you call it a policy to put off a little longer the evil day. When Lenin explains that he means to force a bloodthirsty revolution upon every country in Europe, Mr George replies with unctuous flattery of our own revolutionaries. He permits himself to be swayed by a mere suggestion thrown out by Labour, and is so feebly irresolute that he welcomes Mr. Thomas's intervention not only in Russia, but in Ireland. How is it possible that he should win in a duel with Lenin? How shall he even oppose with any success the sinister plottings of "Lord" Lansbury, that eminent Christian, and his cosmopolitan friends?

At every point of the game Mr George has been beaten. On July 11 he demanded of the Soviet an immediate armistice between Poland and Russia. The demand was rejected. On July 20 Lord Curzon, acting of course as the humble representative of the omnipotent Mr George, warned the Russians that if the Soviet armies still marched on Poland, the Allies would help the Poles. Of course the Soviet armies went on marching, and of course the Allies made no effort to give the Poles the help which they had promised. Then followed weeks of prevarication. The Russians broke faith as they chose, and were not called to account. The Poles, if they were ever so foolish as to rely upon our promises, were handsomely punished

for their credulity, and it was proved once more that honour is never safe in the keeping of a democracy.

And then, to make the breaking of our obligations a certainty, organised labour, which has had no training in foreign politics, and which has hitherto been supposed to support the cause of oppressed nationalities struggling to be free, emphasised its futility and its ignorance by espousing the cause of the tyrant Lenin. For the impertinence of organised labour and its leaders there is no excuse whatever. Between them, they are attempting to engross all the power of the State. They clamoured for universal suffrage, and they have got something very like it. That is not enough for them. If their superstitions or their prejudices are interfered with for a moment, they cry aloud for what they call "direct action," and they will insist upon a policy of "down-tools" as soon as ever a British Minister dares to thwart the imperious will of the new Russian autocrats. That policy, of course, is a negation of democracy and of sound government, and if it be persisted in will bring the British Empire to a speedy end. It is impossible to govern an Empire, a province, or even a parish, if you are asked daily to submit to the petulance of this class or of that, and unless the mass of our citizens are able to acquire some sort of

political sense, then assuredly Great Britain will go the way of all other futile democracies.

Meanwhile Mr George, emerging from the oriental splendour of Lympne, addressed a deputation of the Labour Council of Action before he took the House of Commons into his confidence. That this is an inconvenient method there can be no doubt. The Prime Minister, by the mere fact that he gave a privileged political body the first opportunity of hearing him, proclaimed at once his own fear and that political body's privilege. As Mr George said himself, in a momentary aberration of courage, we have not had a Soviet Government established in this country yet. The thoughts and plans of Mr George, if any, can reach the Labour Council of Action from the House of Commons as readily as they can reach any other collection of voters, and it is difficult to defend Mr George's willingness to forestall and to satisfy the curiosity of a violently egoistic group. Above all, we resent Mr Bevin's impudent pretension that he and his friends did not approach Mr George as a political body. If they are not a political body, it would be interesting to know what they are. They are not a tea meeting nor a Sunday-school nor a slate club. They are politicians pure and simple—politicians fighting for their own hands—with no thought of any class than their own, and with very little love

of the country which bore them and bred them. If they may be said to cherish any ideal, it is an ideal of gross materialism, a tyranny of the breeches' pocket which exceeds in selfishness even the Anti-Corn-Law League of Mr Cobden.

However, as Mr George knows only too well, the party of Mr Bevin and his friends is excellently organised, and finds some justification in the flattery bestowed upon it if it believes itself the veritable workmen's council which shall exterminate the *bourgeoisie* and take full possession of England. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr George's speech, delivered in the House of Commons, was also addressed directly to the Champions of Labour. Our Prime Minister did not attempt to gain the ear and to capture the understanding of England and of Europe. He appealed to a far narrower audience—the audience of Labour—and with the greatest cunning he found precisely the arguments which might be expected to persuade it. He did not spare Poland. "The Polish attack," said he, "was not justified in our judgment, and I sincerely regret that it was made in spite of the warning of France and of England. . . . The Soviet Government in any conditions of peace is entitled to take into account the fact of the attack made by the Polish Army upon Russia. They are also entitled to take into account that those attacks were de-

livered in spite of the warnings of the Allies." Though the facts are not indisputable, they are an essential part of Mr George's argument. For he goes on to say that "whatever the mistakes may be which were committed by a government in an act of aggression upon another nation, nothing justifies a retaliation or a reprisal or a punishment which goes to the extent of wiping out national existence." The principle enunciated by Mr George is sound enough, the sounder perhaps because it is almost impossible for one nation to wipe out another. It is not a principle which Mr George, fresh from doing his best to wipe out Austria and Hungary, that he might invent the ridiculous things called Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia, has any right to advance. However, his purpose is clear enough. He wishes Labour to understand first that Poland is greatly to blame, and second, that Russia would inflict too severe a punishment if it attempted to wipe out Poland's national existence. The attempt to wipe out Poland has been made before now and failed. But the treaty of Versailles has changed all the circumstances. Mr George failed to remind his hearers that he and the Allies have made themselves responsible for the making and the maintaining of an independent Poland.

From Poland Mr George turned to Soviet Russia, and again, for the benefit of Labour, he painted the



tyranny of Lenin and Trotsky in the dark and hideous colours of the truth. Out of the mouths of Mrs Snowden and Mr Bertrand Russell he convicted the so-called revolutionary government of Russia of all the crimes that ever could be committed by the most brutal autocracy ever imagined by the mind of man. And thus he reached the conclusion that if the independence of Poland be threatened England and her Allies would help the Poles to defend their freedom with "advice and direction." No Allied troops shall be sent to Poland. But if the Bolshevist Government imposes conditions upon a beaten foe which are "inconsistent with national freedom and are excessive," the Allies, out of the stores at their disposal, will help to equip the Polish people for its defence. It is not an heroic proposal, and it is not likely to check the Red armies if they are minded to march across Europe in order to establish, with fire and sword, the supreme and deadly benefit of Soviet government. But for the moment it seemed to pacify Labour. Mr Clynes, speaking for once as a member of Parliament and not as one of our tyrants, was kind enough to say that if Polish nationality or independence were seriously menaced, he and his friends would have to consider their position. "We recognise," said he, "that the independence of the Polish nation is

essential to the continued peace of the world."

So far, so good. And if we conduct ourselves with discretion and obey the Labour Council, we need not fear the immediate risk of direct action. Our good and kindly autocrats will refrain from putting on the screw, so they say, if the rest of the British nation is scrupulous in obedience. But all the trump-cards remain in the hands of Lenin, who is still master of the game. You cannot match the kings and aces of troops in the field with the small cards of rhetoric and pious aspiration. And we only hope—and we hope with great uncertainty—that we shall not be asked to combat the armed opinion of Bolshevism on the banks of the Rhine.

The ultimate fate of Poland and of Europe, endangered by opportunism, will not be settled in a month or in a year. But one plain truth emerges from the discussion, so far as it has gone, and that is that Parliamentary government is for the time wholly suspended. Mr George cares little for those who occupy the benches in front of him or behind. It is the half-formed Soviets outside the House which he is at pains to conciliate. The situation is at once novel and dangerous. Never was there a time when resolution was more obviously necessary. The aim of Lenin is what the Kaiser's aim was six years ago—the domination of the world. The coldly fanatical monster

aims at acquiring universal power by disintegrating all the civilised countries of Europe. He knows full well what can be achieved by the union of propaganda and bloodshed. His ill-omened words have had the force of bloodthirsty deeds. And neither he nor his lieutenants shrink from murder. The unspeakable Apfelbaum, Lenin's trusty colleague, is good enough to say that if the suppression of 10,000,000 recalcitrants be necessary he will steel his heart for the job. We have no doubt that he will. And since the excesses of Sadism are dangerously catching, we know not how soon the example of Apfelbaum may not exert its influence in the West. The risk of a world-revolution is not overpast, and we can avoid it best by initiating a consistent and uniform policy.

The first step in this initiation is to restore to our politics the principle which we have lost. If they have not principle, in vain do our governors speak and act. If there be no difference between peace and war, between Home Rule and the Union, between dumping and the encouragement of national industry, then truly we may discard morals altogether, and judge good and evil only by the momentary success which they bring to idle rhetoricians. Our one chance of restoring the national security and the national self-esteem, which once were our pride, is to see to it that members of Par-

liament shall vote as their consciences dictate, and not as they are bidden by the wire-pullers of an unmoral coalition. Of what use is it to prate of the freedom of Poland, and then in the same moment to denounce by word and deed freedom of speech and freedom of thought in the House of Commons? The war has brought with it many changes. It has not transformed the unchanging standards of truth, and the member of Parliament who has hitherto been staunch to the Union cannot accept the futile experiment in Home Rule now offered to him, without putting a stain upon the public life of England.

Foolishly do our rulers ask "what does it matter?" or "how shall we stand firm against the spirit of the age?" It is not the spirit of the age to which they surrender. It is to the spirit of cowardice and sloth. It is far easier to give way to Mr Clynes or Mr Smillie or Mr Bevin, to Mr Valera or to Dr Griffiths, than to oppose the plain and simple truth of the sophistries of these turbulent men. But the more you give to these turbulent men, the more will they ask. Take, for instance, the sad case of Ireland. We have renounced all principle in the government of that country. The men who were once prepared to sacrifice for the Union their very existence as politicians, stand by to-day in utter helpless indifference. The result is that many men—

soldiers and constables and officials—whom the Government is bound in honour to protect, are foully murdered and go unavenged. When it is suggested that the criminals should be caught and punished, our governors, with meekly folded hands, murmur *non possumus*, and do not see that their wicked inactivity makes them the accomplices of murderers. There is the stain of blood upon Mr George and upon all his colleagues.

But since it is far easier not to govern than to govern, the old principle of duty is callously renounced. The law and the order, the maintenance of which was once considered the first business of Government, are laughed at to-day as vain and empty words. They come within the scope of principle; they are not innocent of the taint of morals; and therefore they are sternly despised by the brisk modern champion of opportunism, who never looks further back than yesterday or further forward than to-morrow, and who is prepared to justify by an argument, found after the event, whatever he or any friend of his chooses to do or (more often) leave undone. And law and order are not the only things which have gone into the limbo of oblivion. The old-fashioned virtue of honesty, which once was a wholesome check upon our public men, is nowadays wholly discredited. None is so simple as to believe the unsupported word of a poli-

tician, and this lack of trust naturally brings the House of Commons into disrepute. Is it, then, wonderful that the noisy members of Labour Councils should regard the parliamentary system with contempt, and pretend that direct action is the best means by which to attain their own selfish ends?

And as we have no principle in our home politics, so our foreign policy also is devoid of principle. This is the more dangerous, because here we endanger not only ourselves but other countries. The one principle consistently observed in this field seems to be that America can do no wrong—that is, however we shape our policy at home or abroad, our first consideration must be to win the approval of the United States. Had we dared to free our hands from the shackles put upon them by American politicians, what a different story should we have to tell in Ireland! And if we had followed principle in the matter of foreign policy, we should have seen always that the one thing important for us is the friendship of France. In sentiment, in tradition, in interest we are at one with the French. Our history is theirs, their aspirations are ours. In arms, as in arts, we have been closely allied with the surest kind of alliance, which comes from hard fighting and clean hostility. Since Chaucer's time we have exchanged views and influences. At the outset we owed the French the heaviest debt.

By initiating the romantic movement in France we more than repaid them. What Ronsard, Molière, Voltaire, and many another had given us, Sir Walter Scott and Byron gave back in full measure. They, perhaps, have never understood our best. We, also, have sometimes selected our gods from the Olympus of France indiscreetly. Shakespeare has too often appeared a barbarian to our neighbours. We have not appreciated at its proper worth the well-ordered beauty of Racine. To some English readers the elder Dumas has appeared more prodigally gifted than Balzac. The French, who have missed the meaning of Fielding, have found in Richardson a miracle of sensibility, and having discovered a great poet in Young of the 'Night Thoughts,' have remained deaf to the exquisite poetry of Keats and Shelley. These misunderstandings, on either side, were inevitable. The truth, which must never be forgotten, is that, in the search after beauty, the French and the English have been always united, and have sometimes surprised it lurking in the same hidden corner.

We have been secular enemies. We have fought one another at Crécy and Agincourt, at Fontenoy and Blenheim, in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. And when the fighting has been done, it has not left behind either the pride of victory or the rancour of defeat. We have drawn the

sword, let us hope, as honourable opponents; we have sheathed it as gentlemen; and not even the fiercest fray has left behind in the mouths of either the bitter taste of enmity or disdain. As in warfare, so in politics, we have marched together with an equal step. Our political philosophers have exchanged views and swapped constitutions. Nothing which the one has thought or done has been indifferent to the other. Montesquieu was profoundly influenced by the example of England, which in her turn was perhaps too eager to turn to account the lessons of the French Revolution. But, rightly or wrongly, the Channel has joined rather than divided us; and there is no doubt that the civilisation of Europe depends still, as it has always depended, upon the essential harmony of France and England.

It is true that the French and the English differ profoundly in temper and in sentiment. The differences of friends are but the closer buckling of friendship. We English are an instinctive people. We jump at what we think the right conclusion, and skip the intervening steps. The French are logical always, even when they base their reasoning upon false premises. They are dissatisfied if the argument be not conducted according to the rules, and, being artists, still love dialectics for their own sakes. Thus we and our neighbours are complementary. They give

what we lack; we teach them some lessons which have escaped them. Together we are, as may we always remain, irresistible. For we are civilised both, and have climbed to a pinnacle of intelligence which is as yet out of the reach of the Germans and Americans alike.

If, therefore, what we know as civilisation is to survive, it must be kept in being by the joint effort of France and England. Nor should there be to-day any risk of dissension or disagreement. We have for four long years fought side by side upon the field of battle. We have together foiled the Huns' attempt to dominate the world. We have rescued Europe from the clutch of a baleful *Kultur*. If we remain friends, nothing can harm us. We are strong enough and brave enough to keep the Boche at bay, and to ensure that the ideals which we have shared shall not vanish from the earth. None knows this more clearly than the Huns, and if only they could drive a wedge, as the saying goes, between us, they would shed no tears over the lost war. That is what they are trying to do with all their might. The secret merchants of propaganda are busily at work. You may see the effect of their cunning in newspapers, you may hear it in speeches. Baleful words are put by enemies in unsuspecting lips. Books and articles are inspired stealthily by agents, whose

names the authors (and victims) have never heard. And if the plot which is alive on either side the Channel be not constantly watched we shall wake up one fair (or foul) morning and find that the work of victory has been quietly and wickedly undone.

Consider for a moment what would happen if there were a rupture of the friendly bond which binds France and England to-day. One power would be left supreme in Europe, and that power would be Germany. The plain men, who at Versailles boasted of their plainness, have destroyed without ruth or reason Austria and Hungary, and have left no counterpoise in the East to the restless savage temper of Prussia. Why they did this we shall know perhaps in fifty years. Was it in malice or in ignorance? The malice was there, truly enough, and so was the ignorance. We can even guess whose was the cunning that lay behind the criminal invention of Czecho-Slovakia, and which forced Messrs George and Wilson to forget the very sound principle that if Austria had not existed, it would have been necessary to invent it. But since Germany, with a larger population, is left to face France unhampered, our duty becomes clear indeed. Though self-interest is never the sole efficient motive of politics, let us forget for a moment the intelligence, the wisdom, and the needs of France, and consider what would happen to us

were we to leave our friend and neighbour to be devoured by Germany.

France at the first opportunity would be overrun by the Boches, who would seize the Channel ports, and thence begin the campaign against England, of which they have always dreamed, and will always dream. When once they were established with their heavy guns and their aeroplanes, and their submarines at Calais and Boulogne, they would have every reason to believe the conquest of England not impossible. If they were justified of their belief, then we should pay for our foolish unnecessary division from the French by the total extinction of our life and liberty, our customs and ideals. Perhaps it is putting too heavy a price upon bad temper to run such a risk; and it would be well if the rhetoricians and journalists of London and Paris, who just now are busily engaged in promoting a ceaseless and a dangerous quarrel, were to reflect with some sincerity upon the result which their carelessness might produce.

What, then, are the thoughts and suspicions which might, if they were not checked, divide France and England? France, not without reason, begins to doubt the seriousness of our politicians. It is our misfortune that our noisiest mouth-pieces at present are Messrs George and Churchill. That the French should understand Mr George's dangerous habit

of permitting his audiences to make his speeches is hardly to be expected. Mr George is a phenomenon which lies altogether outside their experience. And when, to please this or that section of Labour, he cheerfully surrenders the cause for which France and England have bled, the French cannot be expected to understand him. They are at a complete loss, moreover, when Mr George suddenly supports the infamous pretensions of Germany, or reveals in a flash the deep and constant affection which he cherishes for the blood-stained Bolsheviks. These experiments in policy of the ignorant amateur are profoundly disquieting to the French, who have at once a wider knowledge and a quicker instinct than Mr George will ever appreciate. Again, when Mr Churchill, in defiance of all the decent traditions of public life, prints an article in a newspaper, suggests that the Germans should bar the road against the encroaching horde of savages and revolutionaries, and hints that if they did this without any ulterior design, they would have made a gigantic step along the path of their redemption, the French may be excused if they rub their eyes and wonder whether there ever was a treaty signed and sealed at Versailles.

Nor is Mr Churchill's monstrous indiscretion the worst of the rebuffs which have been administered to the pride and patriotism of France. Mr Keynes, another official upon

whom the professional secret has weighed but lightly, has done his best to frighten and to alienate the French, who may be forgiven if they take Mr Keynes and his work more seriously than they deserve. And thus an impression has been created that the English are practically indifferent to the carrying out of the Treaty, that their greatest desire is to see the Germans once more upon their feet, trading busily to the discomfiture of ruined France and crippled Belgium in all the marts of the world. We, on the other hand, if our newspapers may be believed, seem to detect in the French a recrudescence of the military spirit. We charge them foolishly enough with wanting to get more out of the peace than the peace warrants. We see our own Mr George smiling blandly upon the Bolsheviks, whose ensanguined hand he would not take a few months ago, and we object, most unreasonably, that the French do not share our faith in the bursting corn-bins. But it is superfluous to lean too heavily upon the causes of difference. When friends and neighbours squabble, any pretext or none serves for controversy.

But even if we were to put the worst construction upon the arguments which have disturbed our unanimity, we must all, both French and English, recognise that nothing will ever justify the disturbing of our good relations. To flatter a false pride for the sake of

murmuring irrelevantly "I told you so," we might imperil once more the safety of Europe. That we should wholly understand, or be understood by, a Latin race is almost impossible. The tradition of many centuries, the blood that flows in our veins, differing systems of education—these would prevent the French and the English speaking the same language, even if they had shared a common idiom. The barrier of speech is not insurmountable. It is rare, indeed, that any one, French or English, can climb over the barrier of thought. Clearly, then, it is the first duty of France and England both to brush away the smallest suspicion of misunderstanding. Each must take the good faith and the good will of the other for granted. Neither must be repelled by a phrase or a whim of which the reason is not quickly apparent. Truly, if either country, for the sake of an insistent pedantry, quarrelled with the other, then would Germany resume the struggle for the domination of the world, and with a far better chance of success than in 1914.

And we must remember that, since we have been protected by the sea against the bitter losses incurred by France, it is our duty before all things to be generous and forbearing. The men, side by side with whom we have fought in the trenches, with whom we shared the hardships of the war, have returned many

of them to devastated homes, to broken factories, to ruined coal-mines. Let us never forget that the Germans, of malice aforethought, destroyed the industries of France, that they themselves might capture the markets of Europe after the war. That is the essential fact. And let us resolve that, until France has rebuilt her factories and re-

opened her mines, we will not encourage the Germans in commerce by sea or by land. Herein justice and friendship join hands, and if we are determined upon a policy which is at once friendly and just, we can neglect all the pin-pricks, which we either give or take, in obedience to the subtle suggestion of interested foes.





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## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

BY ETHEL SMYTH, MUS. DOC.

### I.

STRANGE that the death of a woman of ninety-five should seem to those who knew her well the one incredible thing. Yet this, I am certain, was the feeling with which, on the 12th July, hundreds of people read the news that the Empress Eugénie's long life had come to a close. There seemed no reason why she should not live on indefinitely—ner any for wishing it might be otherwise, since the one shadow that darkened her later years (though she herself never believed it could net be dissipated), the dread of total blindness, had passed away.

There are two conditions, I think, which determine fitness to survive: your own interest in life must be unimpaired, and further, you must possess the certainty that your company

is still eagerly desired by your friends. Such was more emphatically the Empress's case, surely, than that of other mortals who have reached so great an age. One felt convinced, too, that as she had been, so she would be to the end; that there would be no gradual failing—no sad period of death in life, which is the fate one most dreads for the old.

And so it turned out. Well in health, back in Spain again, after years of absence, and among her own people; her sight painlessly and, as it seemed, miraculously restored; congratulating herself on having faced an operation that if painless was formidable, glorying in the fact that it was a Spanish doctor who invented the method . . . behold her one

day walking in her nephew's garden, discussing the details of her imminent return to England,—and the next, after a few hours of pain and distress, sinking gently into death. As one who loved and was beloved by her has told me, "her heart gradually ceased to beat . . . as it might be a little bird that dies in your hand."

Such was her end; and who shall say it was not the happiest one could wish for her?

In the following pages no attempt will be made to speak of the Empress as historical personage; unless incidentally, when recording things she said that struck one so much at the time, that they found their way into private letters, or into a diary which, alas! was only started in 1917. This is merely a record written by one who saw her constantly, travelled with her, stayed in her houses, lived practically next door to her for more than thirty years, and who eagerly sought her company because, quite apart from her story, she was one of the most interesting, original, remarkable and delightful people in the world.

In order to shew what my claims may be to speak, I will say, briefly, how I came to know her.

When she came to live at Farnborough Hill after the Prince Imperial's death, my parents were among the neighbours occasionally invited to tea or dinner; and my

mother's French upbringing, which included an easy command of the language, was a point in her favour in a house where no one but its mistress had any English. In those days the Empress had more or less of a Household: the old Duc de Bassano; Madame le Breton—once *Lectrice*, now *Dame d'Honneur*, sole companion of the flight to England in 1870; and Monsieur Pietri, the Empress's secretary, who was one of the few people connected with her in the old days of whose deep personal devotion there could be no doubt. And besides one or two daughters of ancient officials of the Imperial Court, who occasionally took a spell of honorary service, there were later attempts at a resident *Demoiselle d'Honneur*. But these were not successes, as will be recounted in due course, and the idea was soon abandoned; particularly as the Empress went nowhere, except on occasional visits to Queen Victoria, and at such times was attended by Madame Arce, who was a *persona grata* at Court.

The first time I saw Her Majesty was in the year 1888—the time when, as I have related elsewhere,<sup>1</sup> the Duchesse de Mouchy remarked that in a certain sense she was even more beautiful now than in her youth; and certainly that beauty surpassed one's extreme expectations. Not more than 5 feet 5 inches, I fancy, the perfection of her

<sup>1</sup> 'Impressions that Remained.' (Longmans.)



proportions gave the idea of a far taller woman, and any one interested in motion must at once have been struck by her walk. Less like walking than gliding, it was the easiest, most graceful style of progression imaginable. The face was very pale, and, except as to the eyebrows, not in the least made up (no powder, no rouge); and under the large hat you caught sight of her hair—grey, inclining to white. It was not till some years later that I saw her bare-headed, but to the end she never changed her *coiffure*. She detested caps and never wore them; and, as the years went on, the flat curls and other additions she permitted herself, faithfully turned white, with her own strong, plentiful hair. I always thought the whole head-arrangement a triumph of genius—absolutely suitable to her age, yet not hiding the shape of that exquisitely poised little head.

The occasion I am speaking of, when I first came into personal contact with her, was a meet of the harriers, which took place, at her special request, at Farnborough Hill. She came out on to the gravel sweep in front of the house, and her manner was more gracious and winning than any manner I had ever seen, as she bowed right and left to the awestruck field, saying repeatedly, "Put on your 'ats; I pray you, put on your 'ats." The Master was then presented, and she really and truly did remark to him—as, if you come to think of it, she

naturally would—"I 'ope the 'ounds will find the 'are near the 'ouse,"—all of which was my first intimation of a fact which surprised me in later years, her lack of gift for languages; for well I knew that her education had included a prolonged sojourn at a boarding-school at Clifton.

In due course I and my sisters were presented, and instantly were lifted into the seventh heaven by the warmth of our reception, for even then she had the delight in young people that became such a marked characteristic in after years. A little later my mother was bidden to tea, and thus began the relation that was one of the great joys and burning interests of my life up to the day of her death.

One more instance, before I leave the subject, of her peculiar English of that epoch (for as time went on, though it was never very good, there was considerable improvement). She was driving me back to our home, Frimhurst, one day, the entrance to which was extremely awkward. Her coachman not being the soberest of men, one of the hind wheels caught the gate-post, and an accident was narrowly avoided. Pulling up, he explained that the 'orses were pulling very 'ard. The Empress's angry rejoinder was: "It's not the 'orses that are pulling 'ard, it's you that always forget the be'ind of the carriage."

In connection with the boarding-school I spoke of,

one of those little incidents occurred that beget reflections on the wide subject called "human nature." A rather creditable Smyth relation of ours, who had figured in her youth in the "Book of Beauty," and who once told me that her mouth was considered an exact reproduction of Cupid's bow, had known Mademoiselle de Montijo in those Clifton days; indeed, the family had been asked to be kind to this young Spanish girl of partly Scotch descent. Naturally we imagined that the fact would be a passport to the good graces of the Empress; but she seemed to have no recollection of my cousin's existence, and we suddenly felt that this was not a subject to pursue.

In after-life I noticed that she would talk freely about the impecunious days of her childhood in Spain—how, from motives of economy, she and her sister were not allowed to wear stockings; how they would gallop twenty miles across country on rough, unshod horses, in order to have a good meal, for once and a way, at the house of a high-born and wealthy relation, and so on. This picturesque Spanish penuriousness evidently appealed to her imagination; not so the dingy boarding-school era, which seemed to be forgotten! I can only recall her alluding to it once, namely, when she told us that her life had been made a burden to her "at school" because of the colour of her hair

—that wonderful golden-red, that a few years later all the hairdressers in Europe were endeavouring to reproduce on the heads of their oriental Bearding-schools were not patronised by the aristocracy in those days, and I was never to learn anything about a bit of her life which would have interested me quite particularly.

In the same way, though less of a snob in the depths of her soul than any one it is possible to conceive, she obviously gloried in the illustriousness of her Spanish descent, was horrified if any of her relations contemplated what she considered a *mésalliance*, and rather implacable if the marriage came off. And though she was proud, theoretically, of her Scotch blood, I came to the conclusion that certain genealogical investigations had not yielded a wholly satisfactory result, and that here again was a point upon which it was not tactful to cross-question her.

During the years that followed that first vision of her at the meet of the harriers, I personally saw little of her, being either in Germany or Italy for a great part of the year; and it was not till 1890, when, all my sisters being married, I took up my abode at Frimhurst, that I came to know her well. By way of illustrating the human, understanding side of the Empress, perhaps I may be permitted a glance into our home life.

I have told elsewhere how,

shortly before my mother's death, overcome by the tedium of life in the country, she was seized with a sudden desire to live in London, and how this prospect appalled my father and me. "Il faut tâcher de la distraire, de l'égayer un peu," said the Empress, and she at once began planning a dinner party for the following week to which my mother was to be invited, begging me to find out from her whom she would like to meet. And on the day when her last illness fell upon her, my mother had been discussing the matter with delight.

Shortly after her death I paid my first visit to Cap Martin, where the Empress was already meditating the building of her villa, "Cyrnos"; and afterwards I accompanied her, as a sort of honorary *Demoiselle d'Honneur*, on a yachting trip down the east coast of the Adriatic. It was then, during two months of close intimacy, that I formed an impression of her character—an impression conceived in a first whirl of affection and admiration, but which the succeeding years only served to deepen. "Whatever may be her faults," I wrote home, "they are faults of a noble character, and one wonders how her worst enemies can ever have attributed littleness to her. Her judgments of people, including these, are so temperate, so free from bitterness, so generous and merciful, that one feels ashamed of one's own acrimony and harshness." It is worth while saying this here, because many are under the impression that certain of

her qualities were only acquired in old age. But in 1891 she was a great deal nearer to "les événements," as she always called the downfall of the Second Empire, than in 1918—the last date at which I came upon some remarks to this purpose, coupled with truisms concerning the mitigating effects of time upon character.

I remember noticing at Venice one convenient result of that gliding walk of hers. Some *festa* was going on: night after night the *Piazza* was thronged, and she always loved wandering unknown in a crowd. But if you lost her it was easy to find her again, for though there were scores of *tussore* parasols lined with green, none moved among the packed heads as did hers—without jerk or oscillation.

It was at Venice that I discovered that she had not a drop of artistic blood in her veins. It was amusing, and at the same time embarrassing, to look at pictures in her company, so anxious was she to believe and prove that she was enjoying them, so obviously was she at sea; also secretly bored to death, as are all people who have practical interests they thoroughly understand, and find themselves condemned to flatter ignorantly round things the meaning of which escapes them. Confronted by a fine portrait, her comments were of the order of those you may overhear at an Exhibition of the Royal Academy: "Isn't that the image of Aunt Jane?" But



if it were the case of an historical picture, the battle of Lepanto for instance, you could listen to her by the hour, such was her memory, her grasp of the interests at stake, and of what would have happened had the issue been the other way. It was this quality of hers, her knowledge of history, her perception of the general lie of events, that so profoundly impressed my friend, Mr Wickham Steed, when he went with me to see her just after the Armistice was signed, and talked with her for five hours on end. "There is not a soul alive," he said, "who has this precise knowledge of what the war is about, and what led to it. It is like talking with a dozen dead-and-gone statesmen—with the very Incarnation of History!"

The yachting party consisted of four persons only, the other two being Count Joseph Primeli and M. Pietri, and at Corfu I learned to know her passionate love of justice. We arrived in the midst of one of the periodical disturbances between Jews and Christians—including a revival of the old charge of massacring a Christian child in honour of the Passover—and the Empress, greatly to the alarm of the local authorities, marched ostentatiously through the Ghetto, and insisted on presenting the Chief Rabbi with a large sum of money for the outcasts.

Wherever we went, the Empress being meticulous as to outside observances, the Church was visited, and the

whole population would follow in her train. This used to annoy her considerably, for she had had enough of that sort of thing in the past, and now cherished the unrealisable hope of preserving her *incognita*. Besides which, publicity involved large donations, and though she was a generous giver, she objected to her purse being prized open like an oyster.

On one occasion a supremely ridiculous incident happened, and to give point to it I must explain that she had a physical horror of relics which no sense of their sanctity had power to counteract. One can imagine her consternation, therefore, when we were informed, on landing at Trau, that a ceremony had been arranged at the Cathedral in her honour, in which the shin-bone of the founder was to play a part. There was no escape, the church was filled to bursting, and as she knelt at the altar-rails, the organist meanwhile playing a thunderous valse-tune, the relic was not only produced, but as an unheard-of favour presented to her to kiss. I watched the whole scene from the background where I had modestly placed myself, fearing, as a Protestant, to defile the bone; but the priest, informed by the mischief-loving Count Primeli that I also was of the Imperial party, made a kindly yet authoritative signal. And no sooner had I pressed my lips to the relic, than a bell was rung, and the valse broke off abruptly in the middle of a bar—which

is an exceedingly difficult feat to accomplish.

I have many vignette-memories of that entrancing voyage: the journey from Trieste to join the yacht at Cerfu in a huge liner, empty but for a crowd of Mussulmans on their way to Mecca, who walked about with large, long leaves of bread under their arms in the daytime, and used them as pillows at night; I see Primoli, who was mad on photography, snapshotting the pilgrims, and the Empress's terror lest they should murder us all in consequence; I see them draw aside their floating garments, in civil dread of contamination, as we moved amongst them; I see the whole party, including the servants, in the throes of sea-sickness, while the Empress, who did not know what it meant and gloried in rough weather, was divided between genuine sympathy for our sufferings, and that mixture of scorn, and evil triumphant delight which is the inevitable state of mind of the immune. . . . And here a vision of later years obtrudes itself: it is in the Mall of Cantire—surely the most horrible bit of water in the world—and I see her, lashed, chair and all, to the mast, needless to say with no company save that of the crew!

From that time onwards the Empress became one of the two pivots of my life in England, and when my father died, in 1894, I took a little cottage about two miles from Farnborough Hill. If I mention

that my public career as musician was just beginning, it is because I want to lay stress on the fact, that never had beginner a more wonderful friend to look to. She had always been keen on women's work, and told me how furious it had made her, during the Empire, when they decided that, inasmuch as women were not eligible as members of the Légion d'Honneur, that distinction was to be conferred upon Rosa Benheur's brother, who, it appears, was a very middling painter! I now learned, too, that it was at the Empress's instigation that women were first employed in the French P.O., and how fierce the opposition had been.

Such being her views, it will be believed that all it was possible to do was done by her to help me. The expenses of printing some of my earliest compositions were borne by her; and in my interests she broke a rule, rigorously kept ever since "*les événements*," never again to appear in public, and attended the first (and only) performance of my Mass at the Albert Hall in 1893. . . . Alas! too soon she came to the conclusion that in some ways I was a bad horse to back—too uncompromising and bent on having things properly done, too averse to diplomacy and the use of soft sawder! . . . "*Vous n'êtes donc jamais lasse de vous faire des ennemis!*" she would say.

This, according to her own account, was not a matter she

herself had considered negligible. I remember her once relating how at Biarritz she had been at infinite pains to shower civilities upon an imposing gentleman whom she believed to be the editor of the 'Times,'—a journal that had been inimical to the Empire from the first—and how it gradually became manifest that the object of her amenities was not connected with the 'Times' at all, but owner of a racing stable! . . . I suppose sovereigns are obliged to do this sort of thing, but I wondered how such a conspicuously sincere, upright nature could thus stoop to conquer. It was, however, one of the peculiarities of her complex character, in spite of a sense of honour so delicate, that at times one felt as if all other nations were crawling worms compared to the Spaniards, she could not conceive why any reasonable being should shrink from opportunism in cases such as one's "career."

In the same way she would advise me to be specially civil to so and so, because he or she was very rich; and I must admit that, though she was pre-eminently the friend of the unfortunate, riches appealed to and impressed her. I remember saying in the case of a certain Dives, that, apart from his being a cad and antipathetic to me, I hated rich people. Whereupon she remarked with some violence, "Dieu, que c'est bête!"

It is chiefly on account of the Empress that I regret not having kept a diary till late

in life, except during a brief period of three months. Outstanding events get into one's correspondence, and there is some chance of refreshing memory at this source later on. But as regards the sidelights thrown on history in the course of conversation with one who has played a leading part in it, nothing but a diary meets the case. At special moments, when some passing event brought sunken details of the past whirling to the surface, she would discuss the matter eagerly, illustrate it by her personal knowledge, go to a drawer, pull out papers, and prove her statements. Especially would this happen, of course, in connection with affairs in France; and one marvelled at her dignity and self-restraint in never using the terrible weapons that lay to her hand.

In those early days I used in my innocence to urge her to write her memoirs, and even maintained it was a duty. She said it never would be done by her—not from indifference, but mainly because the idea of reliving her past filled her with horror. And there were other reasons, too, for silence. "In such cases," she remarked, "one is surrounded by St Peters—people who in a moment of infidelity failed you, but later on in their remorse, did their best to atone—sometimes at heavy cost to themselves. Who could show up such penitents? Yet, if memoirs are not to be useless, it must be done"—which was unanswerable.

That day she spoke of the folly of supposing that they themselves, who had little to gain by success, and everything to lose by defeat, had pressed for war. As for the rôle of firebrand attributed to herself, she said she had not even been present at the councils of that period, the Emperor having informed her, on her return from opening the Suez Canal, that M. Ollivier desired her attendance should be dispensed with, . . . "which," she remarked characteristically, "I found quite natural. Former Ministers had requested my presence, this one requested my absence. Why not?" She added, that so far were she and the Emperor from conviction that France would be victorious, and so convinced that in the opposite case they themselves would be driven from the Tuileries, that as soon as war was declared she made over the Crown Jewels to the Ministry on her own responsibility—and got a receipt!—"for I knew," she said, "that if it came to a revolution, I should be accused of having stolen them."

As the Emperor was very ill at the time, and in constant pain, he may not have always been able to conceal his forebodings. If so, and indeed in any case, it would be like her to do her best—her violent best, one may say—to profess enthusiastic confidence; hence perhaps the legend of her crying, "C'est ma guerre à moi!" and so forth.

This trait, a belief in keeping people's spirits up, was

amusingly manifest in a visit she once paid to the sick-bed of her old steward.

"But you are looking splendid, M'Laurin!" she said to the dying man; "we shall soon have you back at work again!"

"Now don't you believe it, M'Laurin," sobbed his very Scotch wife—"that's the Empress's kindness! But the doctor says you'll never be better in this world, and if you're alive to-morrow it'll be a miracle!" And after the Empress had gone, poor M'Laurin remarked: "I hope Her Majesty'll come again soon; she do cheer me up so!"

Her comments on this incident were very funny. "O this Scotch truthfulness!" she cried. "If the poor man has got to die, what harm to let him hope to the last?" adding: "when my time comes, Heaven grant that I may not be surrounded by truth-telling friends!"

These and other details I found in a few letters of my own, miraculously preserved by one of my family. Thus I am able to state a fact I had quite forgotten—namely, that at the end of 1892 she believed in a possible return to power of her dynasty. Let the political historian say what crisis was raging in France, but she then thought there was nothing for it but the Commune—or else an appeal to the people—"and there is only one name that appeals to them," she added. I well remember that the individuals who came out worst in that particular

*fracas* were the very same who had combined to vilify her in 1870, and I remarked that she must rejoice at this exposure of her enemies—a sentiment I should not have uttered in later years, when I came to know the strength of her public feeling, and her complete immunity from personal points of view. Her reply was that she took no pleasure in this side issue of an incident that made her sick and miserable for France. "If they must attack each other, why do it in such fashion?" she exclaimed.

Here M. Pietri struck in—Pietri who, as I have said, adored her, and of whom, in spite of her detestation of Corsicans (though why she detested them I cannot recall), she was as fond as it was possible to her to be fond of any one. Alluding to her magnificently kept resolution never to defend herself, since defence involves attack, he said slyly: "Si l'en attaquait à la manière de l'Impératrice on serait offensif!" With a flash of her eyes the Empress re-

torted: "Ah! moi je ne suis pas Corse!" "Non," said Pietri, who loved chaffing her, "une fausse Espagnole!" which was one of the epithets used, in a very different sense, by her enemies, but which in this case meant a Spaniard who meekly accepts insult! And this particular application of the phrase, involving a compliment to Spain, delighted her.

She would have been less than human, however, if Bismarck's revelations concerning the Benedetti telegram, which were published about that date, had left her indifferent; and next time I saw her she cried, almost triumphantly: "Vous voyez comme on a raison de ne pas se défendre!" Yet I think what gave her as much gratification as anything, in connection with that affair, was the joy of our own Royal Family at seeing her and the Emperor vindicated at last—thanks to the cynicism of the arch-plotter's confessions—from the charge of having brought about the war.

## II.

All who knew her would agree on one point, that never was a more baffling conundrum than the Empress's character. It was quite possible to predict how she would feel or act on a given occasion, but impossible to "rhyme," as the Germans say, her warring characteristics.

Take the question of pride,

for instance—keynote to the attitude of incomparable dignity maintained by her since the fall of the Empire. It did not prevent her, as we see, from kowtowing to a journalist; and though she had reason enough, Heaven knows, for limitless gratitude and affection as regards Queen Victoria, it seemed to me unnecessary, and

rather humiliating, to conceal her convictions on a given subject when in that august presence, for fear of giving annoyance. And yet at times she did so.

Again, take the matter of kind-heartedness. In certain ways she was, without exception, the kindest person I have ever met in the whole course of my life—the most lenient, the most considerate, and the least exacting. Nothing was too small to be thought out and done by her if it was a question of giving pleasure or alleviating pain, whether of mind or body. Yet she was capable, even in the case of old friends and old servants, of a curious hardness that would amaze and puzzle. What had touched that chord you could not imagine, . . . but there it was, and I have no doubt that the causes were her lack of intuition, or poetic imagination, as to character, and her extremely halting and uncertain sense of humour.

Writing the above sentence, I once more become aware that no sooner have you stated definitely, "She was thus and thus," than you find yourself obliged to qualify the statement. I suppose poetic imagination includes the power of understanding the spirit of an utterance or an action, and no one would kindle more readily at an instance of moral beauty that appealed to her. But it was quite on the cards that the reverse might happen, and that, far from chiming in with your Hymn of Praise, the comment would be:

"Dieu ! comme il a été bête, celui-là !"

Her sense of humour was perhaps the most incalculable element of all. She would enjoy the ludicrousness of dear Sir Evelyn Wood falling on his knees before her on the gravel path and kissing her hand, in the costume he adopted when driving over from Government House on Sundays to play lawn tennis at Farnborough Hill; which costume consisted of a top hat, a frock-coat, white flannel trousers, and tennis shoes—his extremities being enveloped, while he sat on the box, in a rug, lest the camp should be scandalised at the Sabbath recreations of its commandant. In fact, obviously funny situations appealed to her much as they do to children. Moreover she could be exceedingly funny herself, and would tell a story admirably and effectively, the only drawback being that, having finished, she would instantly tell it a second, and perhaps a third time, . . . with regrettable amplifications and explanations—which I have been informed is a not infrequent Spanish trait. She was an admirable mimic, too, in some cases—in others an execrable one—and seemed to have no idea which were, and which were not, her masterpieces in that department. But this was probably the result of immunity from criticism—a corrective she could entirely dispense with in regions of greater importance, being critical and merciless to a fault as regards herself.

A story she was fond of telling, and told to perfection, was a little scene between the then Crown Princess of Prussia, later the Empress Frederick, and her cousin, the Grand Duchess X—(not a favourite cousin)—which took place in the Imperial box at the opera. The Empress had marked with secret trepidation the growing "nervosité" of the Crown Princess, which finally culminated in a remark addressed with chilling intonation to her Russian kinswoman: "I do not like being called Vicky," she observed, "except by members of my own family." Thereupon the other, examining the house through her bejewelled opera-glass, said lightly: "Eh bien, ma chère, je t'appellerai comme tu voudras . . . Altesse Royale si tu le désires! . . . Et toi, tu m'appelleras Altesse Impériale!" One could well credit the Empress's account of her own agony, seated in that box between the august combatants.

Last summer she gave me a most amusing account of the visit paid by her to the Sultan, on her way home after opening the Suez Canal—a visit she was requested to pay, so she told me, by the English Government, the Sultan being Suzerain of Egypt. He sallied forth to meet her man-of-war in a *caïque* built to hold one passenger only, himself; nevertheless, she was obliged to step into it, and was rowed to shore at a terrific pace, practically sitting on his knees. I may add that she was the first sovereign of her sex received

by His Majesty, and of course the only woman with whom he had ever been seen in public. One must allow that on this occasion he seems to have done the thing with commendable thoroughness.

Apparently she had cherished a hope which at that time must have been still more fantastically unrealisable than in voyages undertaken by her later,—she had actually dreamed of stealing about Constantinople *incognito*! but unfortunately her host would not leave her for an hour. I had forgotten for the moment the Sultan's notorious infatuation, and asked why he had been so embarrassingly attentive? "Mon Dieu, je ne sais pas!" said she, for, as I have told elsewhere, she never referred either to her beauty or to the passions it inspired. But Madame Antonia d'Attainville, one of her young relations—companion, preferred before all others, of her later years—winked at me and said, "C'était sa grande admiration!" Then I remembered the whole thing, and said we all knew that the Sultan had often expressed his regrets at having met her too late, &c., whereupon she ejaculated "Bêtises!" and went on to tell us that nothing would persuade the Turks but that her suite was her harem. They thought it was always like that in the case of female sovereigns. "Pourtant," she remarked, "ils étaient presque tous bien vieux . . . et si ça eût été ainsi, je les aurais choisis plus jeunes!" And in this connection she quoted an

enchancing Spanish proverb: "Si vous voulez aller au diable, au moins allez-y en voiture!"

New all this proves that in some ways she had a keen sense of humour, but one of the most hopeless undertakings in the world was to try and tell her even very obvious jokes. How describe her puzzlement—her desperate efforts to understand—her agonised attempt at a laugh, followed by some remark which clearly proved that the point had escaped her! One could not refrain from telling a funny story sometimes, in order to witness its still funnier reception. She was fond of saying that she preferred English "humour" to French "wit," which she described as "*de l'esprit sur le point d'une épingle*," and I cannot help suspecting that her extreme difficulty in understanding that sort of "*esprit*" had something to do with it.

But if for once, to use an expressive vulgarity, she really did catch on, . . . what triumph! what a scene! It reminded one of a child's delight blowing open a watch! That joke would be repeated by her over and over again, its anatomy analysed, and comment after comment would satisfactorily prove to you (and herself) that the point had been grasped. And once more you realised—as in other cases where, perhaps, it was less a matter of unmixed delight—the childlike quality of certain aspects of her spirit.

Again, as regards artistic

feeling, one is puzzled to say how much of it she possessed. I have said that pictures were a sealed book to her, and one of the difficult moments at Farnborough Hill was being called upon to admire works of certain famous painters of the Second Empire which were unhesitatingly accepted by her as masterpieces. Nor can one deny that such decorations in the house as she herself was responsible for were not in good taste. Yet it is certain that she must always have dressed beautifully, and in later days her costumes were the perfection of appropriateness, simplicity, and grace. She once told a very elegant sister of mine that in the old days no pains were too great for her to take as regards her toilette, but that once she had left her dressing-room, she never gave the matter another thought—which is exactly what one would expect. There is no doubt whatever that she loved nature; but I have come to the conclusion that this particular form of sensitiveness to beauty, which is shared by some of the least artistic people I know, can have nothing to do with the so-called artistic temperament.

On one point no qualifications whatever are needed. Any one more totally devoid of musical instinct I have seldom met. She was quite aware of this, and would make fun of herself on the subject, as testified by a unique autograph I have, and which, I think, dates from about 1895. She had forgotten all about it, as I found out last year when I remarked that probably no one



but myself possessed a composition by the Empress Eugénie. But on reflection I think it must have been a case of copying, for I do not believe she would have been capable of an original effort of the kind. I may add that it consists of two bars of music, written on a sheet of letter-paper, and bears the superscription: "Two days and two nights work!! Eugénie."

Countless are my memories of her connected with music—among them her touching belief that the Prince Imperial must have had strong, though undeveloped, musical preclivities, inasmuch as, when a baby, after hearing Madame Alboni sing, he reached forward out of his nurse's arms, and putting his fingers on her vast throat, said "Ioi! ioi!" It was a charming anecdote, but seemed to me rather an indication of the map-making genius for which the prince was celebrated when a Woolwich cadet than a proof of musical instinct. For Madame Alboni was so enormous that people used to call her "the elephant that has swallowed a nightingale"—and to find the right spot on so large a surface was a remarkable feat for a baby in arms. But if one had said so to the Empress, this is the sort of joke she would not have understood. Besides which, she would have preferred her own reading.

Once upon a time the singer Henschel, who was staying with us, asked me if I thought she would like him to sing to her Schumann's "Two Grenadiers"? Of course she said

she would be delighted; but as it was to be sung in German, I took the precaution of explaining that Heine's poem was an immortal tribute to the Great Emperor. This explanation seemed to be unnecessary, for apparently she knew all about the song (in which, as we knew, "The Marseillaise" is introduced), and no doubt had heard it scores of times in the French version. None the less, next day she remarked to me: "Quelle drôle d'idée de votre ami d'aller chanter cette chanson-là... 'le Kaiser... le Kaiser'!" Horror-struck, I explained matters all over again, and needless to say that at the time no one would have suspected a hitch anywhere; her manners were proof against far severer trials than this!

Close on the heels of this incident came a similar one, if possible more surprising still. One day she paid a visit to the County Lunatic Asylum, and on her arrival the band (composed of lunatics) struck up "Partant pour la Syrie," which is the hymn of the Napoleonic dynasty and is attributed to *la Reine Hortense*. I felt certain that it was not on their usual repertory, and must have been specially studied for the occasion; so as we drove away, I remarked that to play it in her honour was a delightful idea on their part. The Empress gave a great jump: "Comment?" she exclaimed, "vous êtes bien sûre que c'était 'Partant pour la Syrie' qu'ils ont joué? . . . Il me semblait connaître cette mélodie-là . . . mais j'ai pensé que c'était God

save!" . . . And a letter was despatched expressing her gratification at this delicate attention.

I think no one can ever have had greater natural violence of temperament than the Empress. Age may be supposed to have mitigated it, but as late as 1918 I have seen her possessed by a passion of wrath, and pouring forth a torrent of magnificent invective, such as few young women could emulate. We had been discussing the future of Serbia, and gradually worked round to the murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga. None have ever disputed the proposition that these unfortunate sovereigns were puppets of Austria, and I had been contending that this fact should count, to a certain extent at least, in defence of a people struggling for independence. But the Empress hated and disbelieved in the Slavs. Moreover, Austria was one of her sacred subjects, owing chiefly to the romantic attachment she cherished for the aged Emperor Francis Joseph.

This cult found expression in a visit she had paid him not long before the war, and her fond belief was that one as sorely stricken in his domestic affections as she herself would inevitably share the emotion she felt at the thought of their meeting again after all these years. Pathetic illusion! blatant instance of her lack of intuition as regards character!

. . . I do not suppose that in the whole world you could have found another monarch who, on being informed of her desire to visit him, would merely have said, as did that cold-hearted old cynic, "Was will denn eigentlich die alte Eugénie?"<sup>1</sup> This supremely characteristic remark went the round of Vienna, and greatly amused the Viennese, who rather admired, but had no illusions concerning, their venerable sovereign. The following winter was spent by me at Vienna, and when, on my return to England, the poor unsuspecting Empress cross-questioned me as to the impression her visit had left in his faithful heart, for once I lied—and lied freely.

To return to the murder of the unfortunate Alexander and Draga, the Empress's contention was that the horrible circumstances of the crime, though carried out (as she must have known) by a Court cabal, proved the Serbians to be a race of barbarians, unworthy to take rank among civilised nations. Thereupon I could not refrain from pointing out that no nation, civilised or otherwise, had gone the lengths of the French in the unnamable charges brought by a more or less regularly constituted tribunal against Marie Antoinette. It was not a bad retort, for Marie Antoinette was a still greater idol of hers than the Emperor Francis Joseph, . . . and for the moment she could

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<sup>1</sup> What does old Eugénie want?

not think of an adequate rejoinder.

Nobody likes being cornered, and one could not expect a woman of ninety-three, and an ex-Empress, to like it more than another. As a matter of fact, large-minded as she was, and far from demanding other deference than that due to her age, she was not accustomed to her *dicta* being opposed. Pietri was of course a privileged person, though she did not always endure his bluntness with equanimity; otherwise I think young Count Clary, son of her former Master of the Horse (?), and myself, were the only two people who ever ventured to contradict her, for which reason she bracketed us together as "*mauvais caractère, tous les deux!*"

Long, long ago I remember a splendid onslaught of hers. Something I said infuriated her to such a pitch, that she suddenly seized me by the shoulders, and, with an "*allez-vous en pour vous calmer!*" ran me bodily out of the smoking-room, dragging one half of the double swing-door to with such violence that I found myself involuntarily plagiarising the young lady of Norway. I cannot remember hearing of any similar outbreak throughout all the years that lie behind me, and fear I must have begun by shewing temper, or at least unseemly zeal, myself. Anyhow, to continue the plagiarism, if the door squeezed me flat, well may I exclaim "what of that!" for I never think

of that scene—the Empress's swift concentrated fury and the herculean strength it gave her—without laughing.

Her usual method of signifying annoyance was a way she had of looking at you without seeing you. Suddenly you would find yourself reduced to the status of a plate-glass window, thus to remain for several hours, or in extreme cases for several days. Another plan of hers was to address her replies to some third person. Any one would do; and thus some maiden, who happened to be at the tea-table, between two sets of tennis, has found herself recipient of the Empress's views concerning protection, colonisation, or the principles of foreign policy. One day last summer I was lunching alone with her and Madame d'Attainville—as so often happened,—and being by no means sure of my sympathy, she addressed her scathing analysis of the English Government's fiscal policy to Antonia, who naturally had not studied the question, but none the less went on comfortably murmuring at intervals: "*Mais oui! je crois bien! . . . naturellement!*" and raising her eyebrows at the proper places, though I fancy her thoughts were elsewhere. At last the Empress saw the ludicrousness of the situation, and remarked: "*J'en m'adresse à toi . . . mais à l'intention d'une autre personne!*"

There was one particular manifestation of annoyance that could only be studied

at meals. The Empress had told me that toothpicks, together with a certain ever-thorough, not to say dreadful, use of finger-bowls, were forbidden by the Emperor at the Royal Table. But in my day the toothpick had come back again, and at certain critical moments you might watch it turn into a weapon of warfare in the Empress's hands. Brandished right and left, it gave point and emphasis to her argument; put to its proper purpose, the while she listened with simulated patience to your reply, nothing but the reflection that never was a human body made of more magnificent material than hers, relieved your anxiety as to the outcome of so furious an onslaught. Meanwhile her eye would be fixed on you sideways, darting such disgust and aversion, that you were thankful it was only a toothpick, and not a stiletto, she held in her *crispé* fingers.

I must add that sooner or later after these little scenes, she would be at special pains to soften down the impression—perhaps put her arm round the offender's shoulder as the party trooped down the corridor. On one such occasion, quite in early days, I remember her saying to me, “vous n'êtes pas commode, ma chère!” It was said chaffingly and in all friendliness . . . but she meant it!

I love insisting on the violence of the Empress's temperament, because apart from its being so wonderful a

thing at her age, one must remember that it was this immense force, tamed and channelled, that held her unswerving in the road of heroic endurance she had marked out for herself, and made of her a live and inexhaustible source of beneficence where others were concerned. There was one Royal House she detested, for political reasons of course: “I would rather see them dragged down than ourselves uplifted!” she exclaimed one day; “could I but live to witness their downfall, I would willingly accept an extra spell of purgatory in exchange!” She raised her voice, and raised her arm: “Ce sentiment que j'éprouve. . .” But here Pietri cut in with one of his amused little comments: “Ce n'est pas un *sentiment*, Madame, c'est une *passion*!” —“Eh bien,” cried she, “c'est la dernière que j'éprouve”; adding in accents of tragicomic regret, “*et combien faut-il encore pour la réchauffer!*”

Less than she imagined was sufficient to rekindle the fire. True, it did not often flare up to this extent, but association with her was like a stroll on the upper slopes of Vesuvius; a chance stumble cracks the cool lava . . . and lo! the sole of your boot is smouldering! It was this eternal ardour, combined with a powerful brain and unlimited intellectual curiosity, that kept her so young, and guaranteed her against boredom. An advance in science, a new discovery in medicine (which I trust one is not expected to class among

the sciences) was a fortune to her bookseller, for no scientific or technical book was too recondite for her. She was a great and wise doctor herself, and thanks to her medical instinct and knowledge—also no doubt to her magnificent constitution—was able to tackle with impunity certain Spanish dishes—high explosives, swooning in languorous oil—that daunted even her own compatriots. Her firm intention to go up in an aeroplane was crossed by the war, and her only consolation was to reflect that her growing blindness would have taken away half the pleasure. “But if, when peace comes, I recover my sight,” she said, “then . . . nous allons voir!” . . . And I have not the slightest doubt that, had she lived to return to England, she would have gone up in an aeroplane—not by-and-by, but this very summer.

I fancy hers was one of those natures that love danger for its own sake. Old as she was, and surrounded by people who felt it to be their duty to say “don’t,” if there was any danger going she wanted to be in it. At one period of the war the Germans were said to be planning to bomb Aldershot, and one objective would certainly be the Royal Aeroplane Factory, just beyond her park. “S’ils viennent,” she said, her whole face lighting up with excitement, “au moins nous serons au premier rang!” . . . and I could not help fancying that the presence in her house of a guest who made

no secret of her own extreme dread of air-raids, rather enhanced her delight in the prospect.

To one whose physical courage was so flawless, whose sense of honour was so passionate, it must have been torture that among the cruel things said of her in 1870 was the attributing of her flight to fear. . . . As Empress she had walked the cholera hospitals. Those who at that time said “don’t”—and there must have been plenty—were not listened to. But the French would seem to have forgotten the incident. I never heard her allude to that monstrous imputation of cowardice, but in the early days of the late war one was to learn how it had rankled.

When the French Government removed to Bordeaux, Paris became a desert. A former *Dame du Palais* of hers was among those who took refuge in England, . . . and though, when I saw her in Paris two years later, she did not comment on her reception by the Empress, I can well imagine it! What she did tell me, however, was, that the Empress had instantly announced her own determination to start for Paris then and there. “If I left after Sedan,” she said, “it was in order to save bloodshed, . . . but some said it was from fear! Now I will prove to them that that was not the reason!” My informant added that if, after unexampled efforts, she and

the rest of the "don't" party carried the day, it was by insisting that if the Empress were to go to France it might make difficulties for the French Government, . . . which she would rather have died than do.

One of the strangest things about her was that, notwithstanding this unquenchable fire within, you felt instinctively that love can never have played a great part in her life. People have said that her skill, as Cæsar's wife, in avoiding the breath of scandal, is a great proof of her "cleverness," but I suspect it was still more a case of absence of temptation from within. She was not tender, for one thing, nor imaginative; and imagination plays a great part, I think, in women's love affairs. Above all, not to beat about the bush, there was no sensuality in her composition. Age has nothing to do with it. There are old women who are far from being that *bête-noire* of the Empress "*de vieilles folles*," in whom you none the less feel how great a part that element must have played in their youth. Without their realising it, to the end of their days their whole outlook is thereby coloured. But in her case you felt convinced that it must have been the feeblest string of the lyre from the first.

She was anything but lacking in romance, however, and given a temperament so passionate in other respects, it would be strange indeed had

there been no love episode. Even the least amorously gifted should be able to fall in love once in a lifetime, and that much she accomplished. Unfortunately this was not a subject it was possible to broach with her, and her contemporaries, among whom the story was no secret, are dead long ago. But it is well known in the inner circle, and I think there is no indiscretion in repeating it as it was told to me by a relation of hers—one deep in her confidence, a faithful, ardent admirer, to whom, in a rare and fortunate moment of expansion, she herself communicated the details.

One must begin by saying that the Empress idolised her sister—in my humble opinion this was the strongest emotion of her life—and after the Duc d'Albe married that sister, their house became her home. A certain Duc de S—— became deeply enamoured of the Duchess, and in order to gain easy access to the house, made love to Mademoiselle de Montijo, who, suspecting nothing, fell desperately in love with him. The truth having dawned upon her, she did exactly what one would expect her to do under the circumstances—took poison; and when the fact was discovered, nothing would persuade her to swallow an antidote. Finally, as a last resource, the man she loved was brought to her bedside to break her resolution, . . . and as he bent over her he whispered, "*Where are my letters?*" Well can I imagine that his victim's love thereupon per-

ished in the blaze of her contempt! "You are like Achilles' spear," she exclaimed, "that healed the wounds it had made!" . . . and forthwith she swallowed the antidote.

Even if the story had not come to me from an indisputably reliable source, one would be certain that it must be true in every detail. She herself was probably proud of only having loved once; myself, I wish she could have had the experience of a second and happier passion. But to wish that is to wish the Empress had been some one else, . . . which is inadmissible.

The anomalies of her mental equipment were nowhere more baffling than on the field of politics. I am not venturing to speak of her political action in France; nothing save the lapse of time can decide how far it went, and as I have hinted, there were documents in her possession which, to my certain knowledge, would reverse many a settled conviction.

Judging by her character, and in spite of a qualified sympathy with democratic ideals, I imagine she must always have been an absolutist at heart. I remember her saying that though the English monarchical system was undoubtedly the only one suited to England, to be a ruler bereft of real power would not appeal to her personally, nor did she think the position dignified "au fond." At the same time she allowed that to fill it adequately required a rare

combination of qualities—especially in war-time; "and if you were to search history," she added, "you could not find a more ideal war-time monarch than *le roi Georges*."

As for the verdict of history on herself, a very sympathetic cover-note in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' for this month (August 1920) quotes a bitter remark I have heard her make more than once: "*Ma légende est faite; au début du règne, je fus la femme futile, ne s'occupant que de chiffons; et, vers la fin de l'Empire, je suis devenue la femme fatale, qu'on rend responsable de toutes les fautes et de tous les malheurs! . . . Et la légende l'emporte toujours sur l'histoire!*" One day, in the last summer she was to spend at Farnborough (1919), she said, "*Je déteste les gens qui ont peur de la responsabilité. On veut me rendre responsable pour les événements, . . . bien! j'en accepte la responsabilité! . . . au moins j'ai l'air de l'avoir accepté, puisque je me tais!*" . . . Then, after a pause, she added, "*C'est l'orgueil,*" . . . and I shall never forget her accent as she said it—the proud magnificent expression that was on her face. . . .

Nevertheless, towards the end of her life, when the Great War, monstrous epilogue of the Bismarck revelations, opened all eyes to Germany's designs of world-dominion, I think she came to believe in the silent depths of her heart that that legend of "*la femme fatale*" might some day fade out of existence. I would often

urge—only one had to put these things very carefully, so intolerant was she of anything that might be construed into flattery—that the self-restraint exercised by her since the fall of the Empire must shed a reflex light on the past. And she herself was surely too sensible, too just, to believe that such testimony could be swept aside as worthless. So, at least, I hope.

I think the Empress cared for politics more than anything, and if you take passionate interest in a subject, it is hard not to believe yourself specially equipped for it. One day I had been asking her who were the most *fascinating* personalities she had met, and among them, greatly to my surprise, she mentioned Bismarck! "When it was worth his while," she added, with a peculiar look on her face, "no one could be a more adroit courtier." To extol her beauty would have left her indifferent, and suddenly it was borne in upon me that he must have laid himself out to flatter her on the score of her political *flair*! It was late in the sixties when last he was in Paris, and such flattery would have been well "worth his while!"

Whatever her political action and influence may or may not have been in France, listening to her comments on current English politics, I reluctantly came to the conclusion that seldom was any one more pertinaciously wrong-headed! If black seemed the obvious colour

to name, she would say white; if the turn to be taken lay on one hand, she would maintain that salvation was to be found on the other. And, still stranger fact, although, as better judges than myself can testify, her political knowledge was unlimited, her judgment on past events sound and even brilliant, there were certain political factors which she seemed incapable of grasping, because the collective states of mind connected with them escaped her.

The Dreyfus case is an instance. This was a conundrum to which she possessed no clue. People who knew nothing whatever about France might be excused for racking their brains as to what it was all about, though to others who, like myself, had some acquaintance with French mentality, *l'Affaire*, however regrettable, was comprehensible. But the Empress never got beyond asking how it was possible that a *question of justice* should be treated in such a fashion? I have said that a sense of justice was among her ruling characteristics. Here it was outraged, and her lack of insight into the spirit of a people did the rest.

She had believed from the first in the innocence of Dreyfus, and was amazed at the stern which this conviction brought about her head. Not that she would have shrunk from proclaiming it in any case, but it is strange that she failed to realise the state of feeling in France. Her earliest intimation of it was the be-



haviour of the very first person who came to see her as she passed through Paris—a lady, who began with the three profound *révérences* which, it appears, are *de rigueur* on entering the presence of royalty. (“Je vous dis cela,” interjected the Empress, “*pour vous montrer la personne.*”) But when, as was inevitable, *l’Affaire* was broached, and the Empress’s views became manifest, her visitor fled from the room in horror, without even *one* courtesy! She also told me that she and the Duchesse de Mouchy had all but quarrelled for good and all on this terrible theme—“that is to say,” she added, “it was the Duchesse who was almost ready to give *me* up!” But this, of course, was a humorous exaggeration.

Again, during the late war, her sentimental attachment to the Emperor François Joseph, and perhaps, too, an old political hatred of Italy, made it impossible to her to see the inevitableness of the break-up of Austria; and I perceived that she knew nothing, or rather chose to know nothing, of what the Austrian Empire really amounted to—a conglomerate of states in which different languages were spoken, and which were welded together by the cement of mutual hatred. She had read every word of a book I had taken malicious pleasure in calling her attention to—my friend W. Wickham Steed’s classic study of the Hapsburg Dynasty—and ever since she had been desirous to know the

author—a desire that was fulfilled in the last year of her life. But for all the conviction it brought her, she might never have read that book at all, . . . and it was the same when the subject was discussed between her and the author. Amenable as few people I have met to new ideas, in some directions you were up against a wall; and her one reason for tolerance of the Jugo-Slav idea was, I fear, that she knew it would be a thorn in Italy’s side! Otherwise, whether from the standpoint of European tranquillity, of the peculiar interests of England (which she desired to see safeguarded at all costs), or even of abstract justice, she refused to admit the *raison d’être* of a Jugo-Slav State.

Still the fact remains, that the person of my acquaintance I most intensely longed to see at all critical moments in the last five nightmare years, was the Empress—so sane and so unshakable was her faith in ultimate victory. She was blessedly free from that belief in their own strategical powers which temporarily clouded the intellects of many of one’s most revered friends; and once she made me laugh by saying, in reference to H. Belloc’s far-famed articles in ‘Land and Water’: “Je déteste les livres qui vous donnent l’illusion de comprendre des choses dont vous savez très bien que vous ne les comprenez *pas*!” She glories in the raising of Kitchener’s army—a feat to which the patriotism and de-

votion of no other country in the world, she said, would have been equal; and later on she was even more fired by the fine attitude of Sir Douglas Haig, and the armies he led, in the matter of the Supreme Command. Of course England was not the only nation called upon to make that gesture of magnanimity; but the problem between ourselves and France was peculiarly complicated, and the Empress maintained that such a triumph of common-sense over national vanity could only happen on this side of the Channel. "Ah! you are an easy race to govern!" she would say wistfully.

All the same, I am sorry to say that she, who up to 1914 had worshipped England and English ways to an extent that sometimes seemed to me excessive, would now level many a reproach against us.

There were many reasons to account for it. As years went on she had become intensely Spanish, and I think felt a little uncomfortable about Spanish neutrality; but the form it took was railing at the stupidity of the English, who wanted all countries to be dragged into the war, and did not see how greatly it was to the advantage of the Allies that Spain should remain outside. During the first two years of the war I had been away, either in France or Italy, so do not know if she was speaking generally, or referring to some special incident.

Then there was the censorship, and the special supervision

exercised over a foreign establishment such as hers—matters in which I thought her curiously unreasonable. I imagine that here again the Spaniard in her was specially sensitive. "Here am I," she would say angrily, "whose love for England has all my life amounted to a passion, who have taken up my abode among you, half of whose house has become a hospital for your wounded officers. . . . Not that I think anything of that," she threw in quickly; "it is my duty and my pleasure—but at least it shows where my heart is! . . . And yet it would appear that I am *un personnage suspect*!" It was vain to try and make her see that a principle was involved, that her Swedish footman, or other of her foreign servants, might receive and write letters, or do deeds it was impossible for her to supervise. She was wounded in her pride, and either couldn't or wouldn't see the point.

D.O.R.A. and all her works were anathema to her. "I will not live in England when the war is over," she once said, though I knew she did not mean it; "this used to be a free country where people were left alone, but now you shower *des petits papiers* on one, just as military-mad Continental nations do, and ask for oaths, and dates, and signatures! It was because there was none of that over here that one loved England." And one day, when I remarked, possibly with some heat, that we had perhaps been too careless in the past, and that

anyhow it was only reasonable to take precautions in war-time, she looked at me curiously. "Strange," she said, "how the war has changed even you! You used to listen reasonably and with good humour to criticism of your country; now you are up in arms at a word!" I couldn't exactly speak my thought, which was, that when your country is safe and at peace, you do not mind fault-finding, but when it is in the throes of a life-and-death struggle, the carpings of ever so friendly and beloved a foreigner are hard to bear. Yet something of this sentiment must have made itself felt in my reply; I think she partly understood . . . and partly resented. And the whole incident is referable to that trait I spoke of—lack of comprehension for the collective sentiments of a people.

On the other hand, everything connected with her hospital was a source of unmitigated joy to her. How human she was about it!—how delighted, one June day in 1918, when the King and Queen came to inspect it! "People will take it seriously new," she said, "and that is what I want." Well they might! No modern appliance was too expensive for her, no contrivance for the comfort of her wounded officers too far-fetched, too complicated for her eager thought to devise. How proudly she said one day last year, "Not one of them but, when he was well again, has come to see me." And if, in the case of a slow

and doubtful recovery, her constant pre-occupation was touching to witness, the one or two deaths that occurred under that roof plunged her into such grief, that one day, speaking of a boy whose third operation seemed likely to end badly, Antonia said, with reason: "On craint autant pour l'Impératrice que pour lui, le pauvre garçon!"

And I must not forget to say, that all and any means of increasing a patient's hold on life were welcomed by her. There was one young lady-visitor whom we used to chaff about the devastation her visits wrought in their hearts; "Tant mieux!" said the Empress, "cela leur fera du bien d'être amoureux!"

She used often to insist on the faultless manners of her patients: "Many of these young fellows are clerks, solicitors, engineers, not necessarily belonging by birth and education to the class of gentlemen; and yet there is not one of them whose behaviour has not been perfect—modest, dignified, grateful, all one could desire! 'Comme ils sont fencièrement bien-élevés, les Anglais, n'importe d'où ils viennent—de l'Angleterre ou des colonies anglaises!'" And she went on to say that young Frenchmen of the equivalent class might easily have fallen into bump-tiousness, by way of proving they were not shy; "and of course it would have been because they *were* shy," she added.

Her hospital was one of the

last to be demobilised; she refused to do it till absolutely commanded. Meanwhile she informed all the patients, many of whom were to convalesce in the neighbourhood of Aldershot, that they could have the run of her house and gardens. "‘Puisque je vous ai connu au lit,’ je leur dis, ‘impossible d’être plus intime!’”

One day last autumn Maurice Baring, for whose whole family she cherished a special and comprehensible attachment, lunched with her at Farnborough Hill, and afterwards he said to me: "It is useless telling people, as one does, that the Empress is wonderful. Only those who see her can know *how* wonderful she is. . . . She is thirty at most! so brilliant, so amusing, such delicate exquisite tones in her voice, when, bending her head a little, she puts in some *nuance*. . . . She is the marvel of the ages!" (That is why, as I said at the beginning of these recollections, it was so impossible to think of death in connection with her.)

She was very amusing that day. "But these nice English boys I am so fond of," she said, "knew little of history. In fact, they knew nothing at all"; and she told us that when Antonia was showing one of them her *cabinet de travail*, he pointed to the full-length portrait, by Cabanel, of Napoleon III. with the sash of the Légion d'Honneur across his breast, and remarked—

"That's M. Poincaré, isn't it?"

But even more incredible was the comment of another patient of hers. There hangs at Farnborough Hill a celebrated picture, I think by Bougeraud, of Romeo and Juliet—and of course the group is full of amorous suggestion. Here the remark was: "That's the Empress, I suppose?" Few things ever amused her more than that naïve assumption.

As if to soothe the national pride of Maurice and myself, however, she allowed that Americans are still more hopeless as regards history. She told us that soon after the Philippine war, her yacht found itself moored, in the harbour of Naples, between two American men-of-war, and that both captains were for ever urging her to come on board their vessels. At last she pointed to the Spanish flag, flying, together with the Y.C.S. ensign, at the masthead (or wherever such emblems do fly), and said to her would-be hosts: "Well, you see, I can only go on board *with that!*" The captains looked profoundly puzzled; then one of them exclaimed, in a flash of intelligence: "I have it! I guess you're a Spaniard!" And the Empress said (I should like to have seen her face as she said it!), "Yes, I am a Spaniard."

It was just after the Armistice was signed that Mr Steed went down to see her. Under the transparent disguise of "a Correspondent," he has told the story of that visit in 'The Times,' but one or two of the incidents are so arresting that

it is worth while repeating them here.

She had observed that although Clemenceau had always been one of the bitterest enemies of the Second Empire, she could willingly embrace him now, so magnificently had he served France in the hour of her greatest need. Nevertheless she considered he had made a great mistake in not waiving, for the moment, his anti-clericalism, and attending the recent celebration of the Armistice at Notre Dame. "It would have been a grand lesson," she exclaimed, "in union and moderation," and went on to point out that he could still retrieve his error by attending the similar celebration that was shortly to be held in Strassburg Cathedral. Here Mr Steed asked her if he might give M. Clemenceau a message to that effect? but she said, "Non . . . je suis morte en 1870."

A few days later Mr Steed repeated her words, though not as a message, to M. Clemenceau, who remarked: "Well, she will be disappointed again; I shall not attend that celebration in Strassburg Cathedral!" . . . But he did; and what is more, in publicly recounting his impressions of the ceremony, he told how he had seen a little old nun softly singing the "Marseillaise" under her coif, . . . "which," he added, "is a lesson to all of us in moderation and unity." He may, as Mr Steed remarks, have forgotten the Empress's words, . . . but there the fact remains.

That day Mr Steed brought down with him a copy of *Le Journal*. In it was a picture of a woman and her little boy, standing beside one of the many battle crosses that were the only crop I saw in the north of France after the war; and the little boy is saying: "Mère, est-ce que père sait que nous sommes vainqueurs?" The paper was lying on a side-table, and I called the Empress's attention to the picture, reading aloud the text, which I knew her dim eyes could not decipher. I shall never forget how she gripped my arm in her amazingly strong fingers, and, looking across the park towards the Mausoleum, whispered: "Je l'ai bien dit aux miens là-bas!"

Another vivid recollection of mine is the account given me a few weeks previously in Paris by her friend and dentist, M. Hugenschmitt, of the celebrated letter written to her after Sedan by the King of Prussia, which letter she passed on during the late war to the Archives of France. It was in reply to one from her, in which she had implored him, for the sake of future peace, not to make the mistake of annexing Alsace-Lorraine; and the point is, that, far from looking on these provinces as ancient German territory, which was the claim put up in later years by the Germans, the King wrote, that if they should decide to annex French territory, it would not be from any desire to enlarge Germany, "which," he adds, "is large enough already," but in order to guarantee themselves against

future attack by France. Knowing that Clemenceau was one of M. Hugenschmitt's patients, the Empress bade him take a copy of the letter to shew the Minister, who at once saw the immense importance of the document, and begged that the original might be deposited in the Archives.

Together with that letter were others from the Emperors of Russia and Austria, which M. Hugenschmitt was also permitted to read; and in returning the packet to the Empress he asked if he might take copies of these as well. "They are a wonderful justification of your Majesty," he added. But the Empress snatched the parcel from him, saying: "I will have nothing said or done in my own justification. I have long ceased to care about that." And nothing that M. Hugenschmitt could say would move her from that position.

When I came home I spoke of all this to the Empress, who confirmed it in every detail, adding: "I told Hugenschmitt to impress upon M. Clemenceau that I gave up the letter, not to the *Government*, but to *France* . . . that I wished it put in the Archives . . . and that if he chose to use it, I could not prevent him!" Watching her proud face, the flash of her eyes, that at such moments seemed undimmed, the incredible transformation of an old into a young woman that always happened when she was deeply moved, I could not help

wondering if M. Clemenceau would catch the *nuance* of that message. . . .

Afterwards the conversation veered in the direction of William II., who, it may be remembered, had paid her a surprise visit in her yacht years ago, somewhere in the North Sea. She remarked that he had obviously taken pains to make that visit an agreeable one . . . and succeeded. I reminded her of what she had said to him, almost as farewell word: "For the sake of the principle of monarchy *don't upset any more thrones!*" and we spoke of the downfall of his own throne, utterly without what the Germans call "*Schadenfreude*" on her part,—that is, pleasure in the misfortunes of others. Speaking of revolutions in general, not of 1870 in particular, she said: "It is not that your enemies dethrone you . . . *o'est que le vide se fait autour de vous;*" and I thought of what Napoleon had written about the battle of Waterloo—"tout d'un coup je me trouvais seul sur le champs de bataille. . . ." That same day she had been reading the account of the cheering of our King at Buckingham Palace: "It is the most intoxicating sound mortal ears can hear," she said, . . . and then her face changed suddenly . . . "and no one who has not heard it can realise the horror of its *pendant* . . . the roar of a crowd that has only one desire—to tear you to pieces."

(To be concluded.)

## MAHSUDLAND, 1919-1920.

BY GANPAT.

## CHAPTER I.—THE WAY.

"WHEN Allah made the desert, he laughed." So say the Arabs, but he who has seen the Waziri frontier, with its arid summers of blinding dust-storms and scorching heat; its bleak killing winters, when the biting gales from the bare grey hillsides sweep down the tangis across the ice of the nullah-beds,—must wonder what Allah said when he made Waziristan.

Thus, indeed, did I wonder when first I came to this land of desolation, and, with the Arabs, thought of Allah's laugh as he made such places—a sardonic, cynical, mocking laugh—the laugh of a Mahsud squatting astride a helpless wounded man as he twists the knife in slowly, for my soul was bitter within me.

I passed in time by devious paths and many, by roads of fatigue and tracks of pain, and came in the end to a reading which pleased me better, and think that my soul was somewhat healed thereby. If you, oh reader, care to follow these pages, you shall see, with such skill as I can portray them, the scenes and paths we passed.

If you take train at Pindi, you crawl out slowly through the rich cultivation of the Punjab with its teeming villages and fertile fields, its

slow processions of cattle heming to the byre—wild-looking, mud-streaked, black buffaloes, with staring china blue eyes, and slim white oxen, under the charge of keen-eyed unwashed urohins; while to east of you the pine-clad Murree hills fade into the purple haze of the evening sky.

You awake in the morning in a new country, the rolling sea of cactus-strewn sand-dunes which is the divide between the Western Punjab and the North-West Frontier Province, that fecund land of Romance for the Indian novelist.

If you are young and all athirst for war and glory, you hang out of the carriage windows as the train passes the little wayside stations, with their bastioned loopholed keeps; and craning your gaze to the far horizon, where, amarynth against the cobalt background, a fringe of sharp-toothed mountains stabs the sky, rejoice your soul at your first view of the Promised Land of the frontier.

If, however, you are older and war-weary, as many of us are now, you look out in the cold dawn air at the distant hills, and murmuring "same old fly-blown frontier,"

snuggle up in your blankets again. You think of your last leave, years and years ago, hope for your next one, and curse army headquarters for sending you to grill and freeze on the border hills, when your only prayer is for leave, long leave, to the flesh-pots of home or the bliss of an old pattee suiting in a smiling dreamy Kashmir valley, with the iris all abloom and the snows of Haramukh rose-pink above the Wular.

Later in the morning you sort yourself out, and, either on horse or afoot if you be with a regiment, or in a tonga if you be a "reinforcement," or in a car if you be a distinguished glebe-trotter or merely a common hired assassin returning from leave with a friend on the staff, you take the road to Mahsudland. You hie you from Darya Khan, along miles of low-lying sandy road to where, across the rapid streams of the Indus, a little oasis in a dusty, thirsty land, lies Dera Ismail Khan, "Dreary Dismal," Queen of the Derajat, a clump of scented rose-gardens and green lawns fringed with feathery palms.

This is a new country, you realise, even merely from the fresh types you see and the speech you hear—from the fact that the police go armed, and the men wear "chapolis" (leather sandals) rather than shoes.

Also you know it when your car is halted at the swaying boat-bridges, to let the long Afghan powindah caravans pass—great shaggy camels laden with the skins and

fleece and merchandise of Bekhara, led by bushy-bearded burly men in baggy trousers, with the ruddy complexions of Italian mountaineers or fair-skinned strapping women in shapeless black overall garments and braided hair.

From Dera Ismail you drive your forty miles into Tank, along a dusty white tree-lined road, dead flat all the way. On one side of it now runs the little Decauville railway, with its two-foot gauge toy-trains puffing along at eight miles an hour, truck after truck heaped high with bales of bhoosa for the transport animals, or sacks of atta for the troops, and a drowsy guard of sepeys in the rear truck.

Mile after mile of glaring flat, sandy riveraine country, but changing nathless as you go, for the powindahs are more often armed, each man's belt crammed with cartridges; the villages are walled, and here and there have high watch-towers, with look-outs, and ever the hills in front draw nearer, grow higher, more menacing. At last, passing Hathala rest-camp, with its sandbagged picquets and its barbed wire, you realise that you really are in the "dāman," the comparatively rich flat country at the feet of the hills, where the Mahsud and the Wazir claim, as their hereditary right, the privilege of raiding a night's run from the hills.

The government of the Punjab, whether Moghul, Sikh, or British, has continuously disputed this claim; while Mahsud



and Wazir alike contend equally continuously their age-old right to raid, punctuating their claim with stark corpse, blood-trail, and flaming thatch all up and down the Derajat.

Consequently this year of grace 1919, when the Big Four sit at Versailles to conjure up the millennium, sees us, the P.B.I., out again on the edge of empire trying to impress on the sceptical Pathan the beauty of, failing the beauty, the stern necessity of peace. Peace, however, implies the Pathan's refraining from cutting the throat of the Derajat villager merely because he tills better land and owns more cattle than that shiftless anachronism, the frontier tribesman. A hard task when the said sceptical Pathan knows that the week's work spent in a successful raid will set him beyond the need of work for a couple of years or so. When he knows further that once back in his foothills he is safe from all retribution, save after every twenty or thirty years, when his accumulated misdeeds cause long-suffering India to turn out a punitive force, it is small wonder that he prefers raiding to honest toil.

The evening sees you in Tank, a dusty, uncomfortable wired camp sprung up around the nucleus of the old Militia post and the political bungalows. You drive in over the level crossing where the main line from Kalabagh enters, for the toy railway from Dera Ismail Khan is only a subsidiary route, of much diminished value when the

Indus floods down from the melting snows in the hot weather and the boat-bridges have to go.

Tank is a city in the plain, well into raiderland, and if you are new to the game you may lie awake and listen to the "Barder," as the frontier constabulary are locally called, firing at raiders—or shadows—and the picquets loosing off Very lights, or chucking bombs to keep up their spirits.

Next morning sees you away in a car (always postulating your high globe-trotting estate, or the existence of that useful friend on the staff) down the metalled highway to Kaur Bridge, where the Gumal road runs through Murtaza into the hills, the derelict piers of the unfinished bridge marking the present limits of the Pax Britannica, somewhat a shadowy pax this year, alas! Then you turn up the slope right-handed to Manzai, another wired camp, now advanced Headquarters of the Waziristan force, telegraphically addressed as "Wazirforce," and described by the irreverent as "*Was-a-force*."

The frequent roadside picquets, and the little Ford Vannette Lewis gun patrols with their big brothers, the armoured cars, threading their way through the long straggling fleets of motor transport which run between the rail-head at Kaur Bridge and Khirgi, show that you really are on the frontier; and looking to your left, you see nestling at the foot of the hills Girni Post, which not so long

ago took a battalion and guns to visit, for all that it lies in British territory.

You drive through Manzai and out again along five miles of stony read in undulating, black, rock-strewn country interspersed with sandy nullahs fringed with high sundried grass. Then, as the hills loom and narrow before you, you find yourself at Khirgi, one of the main gates of Waziristan, a mass of white tents below the old mud fort, on the precipitous cliffs that overhang the Tank Zam river, more correctly, but less frequently, known as the Takhi Zam.

You leave your car here because the motor road ends, and hereafter on your pilgrimage you will meet neught but the humble and useful camel, and those old friends, the horse and the mule. If you climb to the top of the fort where the Union Jack flies and stand by the sentry, who stares across the stream scanning the gaunt black hills beyond, you will see that the river turns sharply into the mountains—for these are mountains to an English standard, though since we must husband our terms in this country lest we be short of adequate words later, we call them merely "hills."

A sharp-cut defile, a stony river-bed with a string of camels, and on the face of the cliffs a labour corps blasting out a road, while high above them in the little sandbag-topped stone picquets show pigmy sentries' figures.

So you see it now and look

well, for it is "the Gate," the portals of the hot and cold hells of the Buddhist creed, but the gate to a land which shall prove a man's worth beyond all lands. He who would endure to the end in this icy, fiery, flint-hard corner of the earth, must be what the Mahsud is every time, in spite of his obvious faults—a man.

We saw it first just as you see it now, except that there were no strings of camels, no labour corps, no lonely skyline picquets. These adornments had to be put there later. When first we looked out from the tower at Khirgi the river-bed was empty, and the black hillsides were bare save for the rare movement that marked the snipers, whose bullets splashed occasionally against the mud-walls of the fort.

And we knew in those days that except for lonely Jandola, at the other end of the pass, to whose garrison we sent up, furtively, and on days whose date was secret to the last moment, fortnightly conveys of rations and stores, no other British flag flew beyond Khirgi, which stood then on the edge, almost the uttermost edge, of Empire, though miles this side of the Durand line.

So before you enter, look well at the gate, and as you ride up day after day, mile after mile, between the naked and precipitous hills, and later under the towering heights of the wooded mountains, consider the days before the picquets were, and perhaps you will spare a thought for the road builders and picquet

makers, the P.B.I. of no import, who at cost of endless blood and labour fashioned you this safe road into the heart of Mahsudland.

Having seen your baggage roped on the camels and started up the "road," you get you to horse, follow down the steep incline to the river, and turning left-handed, make your way at snail's pace up the winding track in the boulders which crosses the river twenty-three times in seven miles. As your pony splashes through the streams, you can once again thank all your stars that you are not one of the wretched infantry whom you see plodding along beside you, for to wade knee-deep through water frozen except where it runs too fast is a poorish pastime.

Thus rode up one morning in December the cavalry man and I—he came up as a reinforcement to the 57th Wilde's Rifles, I hauled back from fifteen days' leave, whereof I got but two. Above us, like flies on a wall, a pioneer company were working on the new motor road to Jandola; alongside of us paced strings and strings of unwieldy camels laden with bales of forage, boxes of ammunition, coils of barbed wire, crates of oil, petrol, aeroplane bombs, and all the endless miscellany that an army needs. We overtook and passed a toiling Gurkha regiment labouring through the stream, and came presently into the Hinis Tangi. A "tangi" is that common frontier feature, a narrow pre-

cipitous gorge cut sheer through the rock by æons of rushing water.

The muffled detonation of a couple of bombs caused us to look about for a large and kindly rock, until we spied a small group of men around a pool. We rode up to them cautiously and discovered friends—to wit, "Brecks" of the 3rd Guides, who with two companies of his merry men was enlivening the rather dull procedure of picqueting the road by bombing fish.

Their appearance was far from military, albeit extremely warlike, but that is in accordance with the best taste in Mahsudland. When Wana was evacuated at the outbreak of the Afghan War in 1919, about two years' supply of khaki had to be abandoned owing to the lack of transport, and the looting tribesmen arrayed themselves in much glory of Spinners' best fast-dyed.

The Very Great therefore decided that for the present, in order to avoid confusion, we would let the Mahsud and Wazir wear khaki and ourselves go into fancy dress, and the word went forth, "anything you like in reason, but not uniform."

So each and every regiment devised unto itself a fancy war dress—some electing grey jerseys, others brown cardigans, others again grey back flannel shirts worn, *more indianico*, outside the nether garments.

"Bally Neapolitan fishermen," said "Brecks" disconsolately, indicating his braves

with one hand and holding up a large fish with the other. "Look at me."

Baggy, shapeless breeches, a rough brown jersey, and a rakishly-tied turban over a much-peeled face. Certainly if not a Neapolitan fisherman, he was but one remove from a Levantine pirate.

The squat-faced grinning Gurkhas and clean-featured Dogras around him were similarly disguised, save that they had rifles loaded and cocked, for we had come into the land where always, in peace time as in war, you move with your weapons loaded and your pistol-holster hitched well forward.

"Come and dine to-night," he shouted as we pushed forward. "We've got a beano on."

More stony river-bed, more icy streams, more precipitous forbidding hills high above us, until we turned a corner, when lo! a plain lay open before us, a patch of a few square miles of nullah-intersected country with a couple of towered villages. To left, upon a plateau above the river-bed, the two forts of Jandola, the military post and its more diminutive civil brother, square bastioned works with, newly sprung up between and to one side, a long straggling array of canvas and rusty wire, the camp of the 68th Brigade.

Past strings of camels, empty and laden, past a Bristol Fighter whose pilot was revving up his 250-horse-power Rolls Royce Falcon, on past the great iron fort gates to the La Touche Arms, where the

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lonely traveller finds food and tent and—at a price—beer.

The great war taught the Frontier a few things, not the least being the necessity of that invaluable institution, well-appointed rest camps, where drafts and odd officers coming up can get food and shelter on arrival instead of having to wait weary hours sitting on a bhoosa bale until the baggage comes in.

So, nowadays, echeloned down the line at each post, you find the serried array of E.P. tents, whitewashed guide-stones, and notice-boards inviting you to enter and repose you in a Rurki chair, and refresh your inner man with food and drink served in glass and china on real tablecloths. You arise later, a lot later, a better braver man, and perhaps soothed by good food and tobacco, feel that, after all, the Indian Government is not quite so bad as you thought it was.

Napoleon said that armies march on their stomachs, but "Was-a-force" marches on the La Touche Arms, whose value as a morale raiser to the detached officer, especially in the early strenuous days, would be hard to estimate.

After tea you meander round the camp, sucking the pipe of content, and mark the localities of the various messes against the hour of sundown. All good soldiers bear in mind the importance of knowing thoroughly the interior of their camps and the necessity of getting into touch with flank units. Also, is not our brigadier always trotting round to

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inquire, "and have you taken tea with the friends on your left?"

A little device in white-washed pebbles. "Ah, the 3rd Guides." You make a mental note for 6.30 P.M. Their whisky macdonalds of a cold night convert you from a soulless frozen cled of mud into a chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*.

Also you recall their telegram, franked O.H.M.S. to Bombay for 500(0) Corona Coronas and the Force Commander's even more famous wire equally franked O.H.M.S.

"Units are not allowed to send state telegrams for mess stores, a.s.a. If you can spare will take 200 Coronas on arrival."

A little further another white-washed device, a regiment of Bombay Rifles this time. Succulent memories of Club of Western India Milk Panch arise before your mind's eye, and you make another mental note.

And so you go on until your visiting list is full.

You drift slowly back through rows and rows of tents, big E.P. hospital marquees, with piles of stretchers outside, smaller 160-lb. tents full of sepoy, cleaning their kit, their rifles, themselves; playing cards, chatting, sleeping, with perhaps now and then one more literate reading aloud to his pals from a tattered vernacular newspaper in flowing Persian writing or square-cut Nagri script.

Little groups of followers' tents, packed rows of kneeling camels and heaped-up camel palans, squealing, kicking mule

lines and twenty-foot high pyramids of bhoosa bales or atta bags.

A tarpaulin-covered dug-out with a sentry and a notice "Petrel—No smoking," and a bomb dump show that the Air Force has a hand in the game. Later you pass an engineer field park, with coils upon coils of barbed wire, bundles of pickets, dumps of explosive.

And so perhaps into the fort to send a telegram, to the little room with the blue-and-white flag outside, near where the tiny twin-cylinder Douglas engine of the pack wireless purrs and buzzes intermittently.

Once again are you tempted to climb the keep (one always seems tempted to climb towers in strange places), and struggling up steep ladder-like stairs, you emerge on the loopholed roof where the sentry stands by the machine-gun, and the search-light nestles in its sandbag empalement. Standing thus on the outer fringe of the Bhattani country you look out to the north and west where the Tank Zam runs, silver threads of water in a white stony bed, cutting through the many-coloured hills about Palesina into the heart of the Mahsud country.

Left of you, lost in a tangled mass of sharp-cut mountains, slate-blue in the evening light, lies the Shuhur Tangi, the narrow road to Wana; to right lies the Spinkai Raghza, a barren, stony, bushy plain, split up by endless nullahs; while in front, to the north-west, stands up the long, low Sarkai Ridge, the scene of the Decem-

ber fighting when the Mahsud made his first memorable stand.

Beyond Sarkai, ridge after ridge, ever higher and higher, a dog-toothed and knife-edged fantasy in myriad-coloured rock, Mahsud Waziristan spreads out before you, twisted and cracked and tortured into every conceivable shape, climbing away afar to where pine-clad Pir Ghal's snowy peak blocks the north-west horizon,—a pitiless, stone-hard country, whose any tangi might have served Deré for the Inferno, bearing a people fiercer, harder, crueller than the rocks they spring from.

But if there be any spark of imagination left in you, and you can pull your mind out of the olinging morass of war-weariness and endless mental and physical discomfort of these late years, you may be able to discern some faint conception of purgatory. Yes, if matter can still reveal to you something of the spirit, you may perhaps see faintly the image of the soul, tattered and stained, passing through extremes of fierce cold and heat, toiling over parched jagged hills, hanging on reeling at the lips of dizzy precipices of utter blackness, until it emerges some day, somewhere, having drunk to the full the bitter waters of experience, but gained step by step the hard-

bought knowledge of the secret of the end, and master at last of itself.

This, perhaps, is the purpose of Waziristan in the scheme of things, to mirror faintly to us that path of purgation which each and every soul must tread unto the end.

So at least it came to my errant mind as I sat smoking on Jandola keep one day in the early evening, and the thought was balm to a troubled soul, harassed beyond all bearing with the eternal recurrent "Why?"

John Oxenham's half-remembered words came back to me over the empty years:—

"To every soul there openeth  
A way, and ways, and a way . . .  
. . . But the high soul climbs the high  
way,  
And the low soul gropes the low;  
While in between, on the misty flats,  
The rest drift to and fro."

And it seemed to me then, as it seems now, that the road into Mahoudland *was* indeed for some of us a way of purgation—that is, a way wherein by constant unceasing endeavour, by endless painful stumblings and restartings, a man watching others climb "the high way" might learn by unstinting service to his fellows to be master of his own soul, and so, quitting "the misty flats," come in God's good time to "the peace that passeth all understanding."

## CHAPTER II.—THE ACTORS.

Having now, oh reader, induced you to cast a preliminary glance over the scenery,

I will present to you some of the actors. Since in all well-conducted pierrot entertain-

ments the first number is a concerted item, following good precedent, I will ring up the curtain on the troupe.

The scenery is hidden, for it is but 4 A.M. of a January morning, and the little crescent moon has long since sunk through the jewelled velvety indigo of the western sky to her rest behind the dim formless hills. The stars are beginning to be partly veiled by driving wisps of cloud, and the icy wind that sweeps down on to the camp cuts to the bone—for all that, like the sentries, one is muffled up in a heavy-lined greatcoat over a leather jerkin, big gilgit boots, and woolly cap and gloves, while the sleeping men around are snuggled with all their clothes on under as many blankets as they can share.

Come with me, then, along the little stone perimeter wall, behind which the men are just starting to turn out, past where the sentries sit in pairs on ammunition and bomb boxes, keenly alert, despite the early hour and the chilling numbing cold, since this is a seasoned regiment which does things quietly and without flurry. No need to rush around kicking up drowsy sentries, when each man knows the price that might be paid for sleep before an ever-watchful foe.

Dim forms move here and there; you catch the jingle of the saddle-chains of mules, the clank and rattle of tool-kajawahs, the metallic sound of rifle-bolts worked backward and forward. Yes, seasoned

soldiery, I said. Only the raw stuff starts out at dawn against the Mahsud with an untried weapon.

That's the mess-tent door, that little jagged line of light to your right: mind the steps, the sandbags are rather worn; and watch your head, the ridge-pole sags a bit.

So into the fuggy tent where the acrid wood-smoke olings and the hurricane lamps seem to make the shadows darker—sit down anywhere you can find a box; we don't run to chairs much here. "What's for breakfast?" "Herrings, sausages, bacon—all from tins." None so bad, though 4 A.M. is a trifle early. But screw your appetite to the sticking-place; you'll be glad later that you started with a square meal—unless, of course, you catch one below the belt.

Also oocoo—also rum. Pussy-foot hadn't soldiered in Waziristan in winter.

Now let me point out one or two of our troupes.

The C.O. there, in our only chair, small, rotund, hook-nosed, and ruddy of countenance, with twinkling eyes, and a red blebbed green forage-cap glued to his head as ever, night or day. Does he sleep in it, we wonder? A jovial soul withal, pessimistically cheerful or cheerfully pessimistic turn by turn.

The Adjutant, large, round-faced, with pleasant eyes and a quiet determined manner, a tower of calm strength in a sticky place.

"Jock" yonder, "D" Com-

pany skipper, taciturn Soot, Hodkin of "C," and several more make up the company, finishing in the far corner with the "Babe," pink of cheek and smooth of lip, but a few months out of the military college at Wellington.

Also the doctor filling flasks from a bottle of three star, a little, youthful, dark-faced Madrassi, who laments the restful equable atmosphere of the benighted presidency, but yet will be out each day to climb unnecessary hills and risk a bullet, to set fly-traps in the piquets. Like all embryo medicos—he is little more as yet—he loves describing "innards" and larding his speech with the phraseology of the *materia medica*. But plenty of work with first field dressings will cure him of that soon.

The muffled-up servants pass and repass with the dishes, while the mess havildar ceremoniously presents us all with packets of sandwiches and curry puffs in case we find time for lunch.

A silent meal at best, punctuated from time to time by dry humorous remarks from the C.O. and pessimistic interludes by Hodkin, who loves not early risings.

The only person with any flow of conversation is the second-in-command, his garrulity due to the fact that it is his day to remain in camp, and he is duly and properly repressed.

A farewell cigarette and out again into the cold darkness, to shed some of the pleasant

warm clothing, not owing to the night air having warmed, but because you cannot go up 600-foot rock hillsides in North Pole kit. Turbans replace cap comforters, and belts and bandoliers are donned in the faint hope of deluding the lynx-eyed Mahsud into mistaking you for a Sepoy.

The dim scattered forms about the camp have now coalesced into large black masses where the companies have fallen in. A few movements, a few quiet words, reports exchanged, an order or two, and the dark masses change to shadowy snakes creeping away in the gloom through the mazy camp and are lost in the darkness.

Come with me down to the river-bed, and pick your way as you go, for the road is none of the best, sown as it is with endless pitfalls of tent rope and wire, sleeping camels and drowsy men. We tumble down a steep rocky slope into another floor of the camp, and butt into a crowd of stretcher-bearers getting ready to go out, on through high-piled supply dumps, down another slope to another flat, musical with the jinglety jink of laden gun mules.

A nightmare vision of writhing sinuous neck, horrible pendulous lips, and a putrescent breath surges open-mouthed upon you, and stepping sideways to dodge a loose camel you trip over the bloated stomach of an over-fed S. and T. pony, who jumps to his feet with a scurry of hoofs and wild snortings of alarm.



You wriggle clear and push on into the gloom once more, bump into a column of armed men, get your toes trodden on by a Lewis gun mule in the endeavour to avoid a tornado of hoofs and teeth and twining rope, as an ammunition mule bursts out of the darkness with two breathless dishevelled Sepoys clinging to its ears and bridle as they vainly endeavour to extricate a badly-tied box of bombs that has slipped between the brute's legs. That terror passes squealing into the uncertain grey dawn just beginning to lighten the gloom of night. You pull yourself together and make your way downward, ever downward, stumbling, tripping, cursing, until at last you reach the level and are aware of men and animals converging in serpentine columns into the stony bed of the river.

The growing light is just sufficient for you to make them out as they pass near by, silent for the most part in the cold damp wind, for a fine drizzle of sleet and rain has just begun.

Brown jerseys and bandoliers, small, sturdy, dark-faced men—Mahrattas of the 109th, steady, resolute, eminently reliable. Follow longer leaner men, lighter of complexion, often bearded—the Rajputana Musalman company.

They fade away again in the half light, and behind them, clattering, clanking files of mules, two sections of No. 27 Indian mountain battery, come slithering down the hill. Big, burly, bearded Sikhs and strap-

ping Punjabi Musalmans with Greek features and bobbed hair; officers and men alike in sleeveless leather jerkins girt in with leather waist-belts; beautifully-kept mules with screw guns in bits, 2·75's; the wheels and axle, the carriage, the trail and shield in two bits, the recoil buffer, the front and back halves of the gun itself, and mule after mule with leather panniers of shells.

They pass, crashing through the thin ice at the river's edge, and the clatter of their tread on the stones dies away as they are succeeded by another column of infantry, small laughing men in Tommy's serge jackets and webbing equipment, with Cawnpore topees mostly a size too small perched on their little bullet heads.

The 4/39th Garhwal Rifles, the "Tor Gora" as the enemy calls them, the "Black Whites," tribute to their magnificent stubbornness on Long Ridge when they fought him hand to hand for a whole afternoon to cover the building of Scrub Hill picquet, and when withdrawing in the evening they made a feint retirement and a counter-attack that checked the Mahsuds' desire to close with them for many a long day.

Ruined Kotkai village with its roofless houses, fallen tower, and piles of cold grey ashes mixed with fragments of calcined bone, shall long stand monument to the Tor Gora. They cost the Mahsud dear in lives to kill, and dear in gear for funeral, since their funeral pyres were built of the Kotkai house timber, and the watch-

ing enemy from the heights around could see the little men in helmets heaping the ghi-fed pyres from the wood-work of his houses to the dirge of the bursting shells and the "o-r-r-r-ump! o-r-r-r-ump!" of the bombs from the drening 'planes above.

"Thus was the samadh perfect, thus was the lesson plain  
Of the wrath of the 4th Garhwalis,  
the price of the Garhwal slain."

So might one paraphrase Kipling.

Succeed led horses, a general and staff on foot and a trio of signallers, a British lance-corporal, a Degra lance-naik and a Punjabi Sepoy conferring together in heaven alone knows what tongue.

An open space a second, and then the slipping stones herald more arrivals—black puttees, black leather bandoliers, the 1/55th Coke's Rifles, an original first line frontier force regiment, Sikhs, Dogras, Punjabi Musalmans, Cis-frontier Pathans, and a sprinkling of Afridis. With them a small company of wild-looking men wearing Pathan-tied turbans and ohaplis, the Khuttack detachment of the South Waziristan Militia, vociferously cheerful and itching for a chance to get even with their old-time foe, the Mahsud and Wazir raider.

Guns again, British gunners now, No. 6 Howitzer mountain battery, dazzle-painted, double-trailed; dumpy guns in bits on powerful mules, guns with ranges beyond all old-time

dreams, and practically every man a N.C.O., for No. 6 is manned by the remnant of the pre-war British mountain batteries, gun crews such as we shall not see again.

And so the actors pass, regiment after regiment, company after company, until at last in the growing daylight, as the little columns creep up the lightening river-bed, and on the heights above the spatter of rifle fire and the occasional detonation of a rifle grenade show that the advance-guard picqueting troops are at work, a lean long-legged figure, clean-lipped, with dreamy blue eyes that veil the clear sharp brain behind, the column commander comes striding down the slope.

A faint watery glow suffuses the eastern sky as the sun comes up behind Thorny Ridge, and the rattle of a Lewis gun rings out, the call-bell for the first turn.

You clamber back up the steep path to the now deserted mess tent and spend the day kicking your heels in camp, divided between thankfulness that you aren't climbing up impossible hills under fire in the driving rain that seems to have set in for the day, and annoyance at having been left behind on what seems like to be a good show, for the news from in front is cheering, and only a few laden stretchers have filtered back, whose occupants, if capable of describing anything, imply that all is well ahead and the day going in good style.

You watch the long camel convoys coming in from down the line, each sarwan with his sinuous string of beasts roped nose to tail. A hard life is the camel sarwan's, loading up his beasts day after day at 3 A.M., marching hour after hour through the half-frozen streams, back into camp perhaps at 3 P.M., just in time to water and feed his beasts and pitch his tiny tent ere dark, when perhaps he'll get some food himself.

And living always cheek-by-jowl with smelly, grunting, gurgling, snarling, ungrateful camels. But probably the Oriental doesn't mind this last part, which would prey upon a European far more than all the long hours.

Deracol owes much to the untidy sarwans and the ungainly camels, and most of all to the hard-working transport officers, for without that trinity we should have gone nowhere in this land, where roads are unknown and a horse a rarity.

After lunch you stroll down into the hospital to glean news and watch the doctors at work, as the wounded arrive, for the stretcher parties are more frequent now. A burly Jat comes in, his ripped-up trouser leg showing a blood-stained bandage. Fellows a little Mah-ratta, laughing and waving cheerily to a pal, and even if you can't follow his liquid speech his whole attitude would convey to you its sense: "Luck's in—me for the Poona train—Good-byeeee!" and he waves his sound arm.

He is dumped down, while

an assistant surgeon lays bare a great hole in the man's calf, and presently another clean little perforation in his upper arm. He is washed, dressed, tied up again, ticketed, labelled, and carted off to a tent where he is planted out under blankets on a stretcher, provided with cigarettes, and left retailing to an envious circle of his less fortunate unwounded comrades how he intends to spend his leave in the Deccan.

Inside the big E.P. tent a couple of white-aproned doctors are working on a head case on the little operating table, intently busy with shining instruments and rolls of lint and wool. A poor chance at best, for a Kabuli martini bullet makes a nasty mess of the human brain. You can see that much by the doctor's face as he bends over the recumbent figure, whose stertorous breathing, frothy lips, and staring, unseeing eyes eliminate all need for any assumption of make-belief optimism.

Other stretcher parties come in with their loads, and each in turn is attended to deftly and swiftly, save those blanket-covered ones that pass out again to the far end of the camp, where a party of Musalmans stand round the narrow-niched trenches, or to the river banks where the Hindu pyres flame.

Some of the actors have spoken their brief parts, and for them the curtain has rung down for good in this play, and they depart to new rôles, new scenery. As one watches the stiff forms being borne

away, the grand words of the Bhagvad Gita surge to the memory :—

" For just as one who layeth his worn-out robes away,  
And taking new ones, sayeth, 'These will I wear to-day,'  
So lightly puts the spirit aside its robe of flesh,  
And passes to inherit a residence afresh."

Thus the day wears on in the casualty clearing station, with its steady unending round of dressings, morphia, anti-tetanic; and late at night, if you pass, you will see the doctors still at it under the swinging lamps—silent, grave-eyed—immersed in their task of patching up the players for the next act of the drama long after the rest of the camp has sunk into sleep, outworn with wadings in ice-cold water and clamblings over break-neck heights.

Gone, thank God! are the dreadful days of 1914 and 1915, when the wounded or sick man in the side-shows seemed expected to heal himself or die, and the overworked doctors stood by helplessly watching men die for lack of sufficient medical appliances. The administration of frontier wars may still have points to remedy; but at least one knows that now, if only you can be dragged out of the clutches of the Mahsud and not have your throat cut—or often worse—as you lie helpless, everything possible will be done to get you on the quick road to recovery.

. . . . .

The grey January evening is drawing in as you sit on the little outcrop of red-and-green rock at the north corner of the camp watching the columns of men and animals winding back down the river-bed—column after column of sodden and weary but cheerful men, and string after string of laden mules with dripping loads and soaked harness. The guns pass again in bits, big tarpaulin covers lashed over the gun parts and saddlery.

The firing has died away, and one hears only occasional rifle shots, where a few snipers are worrying the newly established picquets.

The regiments come splashing through the streams in the drizzling rain, and string into file up the steep path to the camp—a mixed mass of men and mules, all alike anxious for the food and comparative warmth of camp, for hot drinks and rum, for jhools and bhoosa.

At the rear—lines of men strung out across the river-bed and little khaki figures tumbling down the hillsides—the rearguard sweeps the river clear, gathering up here a fallen mule, there a belated slow-moving stretcher with its tortured load.

And over all the heavy laden clouds closing down on the half-veiled, unfriendly, grey Mahsud hills whipped by the soulless breath of the northern gale.

## CHAPTER III.—PICQUETS.

I think it is in "With the Night Mail" that Kipling coins the phrase "transport spells civilisation." In war you may invert the principle and say "civilised armies spell transport."

In the old days when armies were smaller and their requirements less, when to a great extent they lived on the country they traversed, when twenty rounds of ammunition was a fair allowance for a fighting man for a small campaign and machine-guns were not, transport was not so important, and lines of communication could often be dispensed with at will.

Operations in the barren No Man's Land of the frontier and in the sparse tribal country beyond, necessitated, it is true, a line of communication, even if of an exiguous type, but a perusal of old records shows us what a shadowy travesty of the modern article it really was.

When we first entered Waziristan in 1860, the force marched from Tank *via* Khirgi, Jandela, Kotkai, the Ahnai and Barari Tangis to Makin in five marches. To march from Jandela to Makin this time has taken us over two months. And the reason of this lengthy period may be given in a single hackneyed phrase—"L. of C."

With rifles capable of getting rid of fifteen shots to the minute and Lewis guns eating up ammunition at the rate of

seven to eight rounds per *second*, not to mention quick-firing guns and mountain howitzers; with large numbers of wounded to be evacuated, and well-equipped hospitals to be kept fitted out; with every ounce of food for man and beast to be brought up from India, and the new and enhanced demands of aircraft, wireless, signals, and engineering supplies necessitated by fighting a foe armed with modern rifles to be coped with,—the L. of C. has now become on the frontier what it has long been in Europe, the dominant factor in war.

But whereas the letters L. of C. in France and in most other theatres of the recent great war conjure up scenes of a region where the armed soldier was conspicuous by his absence, and portly supply sergeants, blue-tabbed D.A.D.O.'s, R.T.O.'s, and babus innumerable functioned in the bustling atmosphere of railheads and distributing centres, L. of C. on the frontier means a zone where the fighting soldier gets as much and sometimes more work than elsewhere.

You see, we do not occupy Waziristan in anything but a technical sense, for all that the globe-trotters visit Kaniguram daily. What we do occupy is four or five fortified camps at intervals of a day's march, between which along the river on certain hill-tops are little stone-built, wire-aproned, pic-

quets. The ground inside the wire of camps and picquets is ours, the rest is No Man's or Mahsud.

By day from each camp goes out a battalion or so, with perhaps a section of guns, and clears the bed of the river half-way on either side, dropping here a section, there a platoon, on spurs or above nullahs opening into the river, until eventually the diminished remnant joins hands with the troops working outward from the next camp, and the road is open.

But the permanent picquets are the real guardians of the route, whose presence ensures its daily easy opening and the passage of the enormous camel convoys required to supply a modern army.

They lie on both sides of the river, from half a mile to a mile apart, on the dominating features on either bank, and thus the troops moving out from camp have only to deal with under-features of ground and perhaps occasionally with small parties of the enemy, for no large parties can collect near the river unknown to the permanent picquets.

Look out by day from camp, and stretching up and down the river you see them receding into the distance, peak after peak, each with its little stone or sandbag post, by night a succession of twinkling signal lamps in the soft darkness under the glowing eastern stars.

On either side of this thin ribbon network of picquets lies the tangled mountainous maze

we call Waziristan, where every man goes armed, and every able-bodied man is an enemy.

There is no central Government and no definite army, and each tribal section and subsection is a law unto itself. In consequence, except just in the early days of the campaign when the various sections collected together into a lashkar to oppose the advance of the column, trouble is as likely three miles out of Jandola as it is near Kaniguram. In fact, since the Mahsud lashkars broke up after the Ahnai fighting and, with the exception of those unfortunates whose homes are situated actually in the Tank Zam, dispersed back to their villages, trouble is if anything more likely farther back.

The Mahsud is no fool, and he knows that the bulk of the guns are with the column ahead, which alone is nursed by aeroplanes, and that the picquet garrisons and picqueting troops will be scantier the farther back he strikes. Wherefore L. of C. is no sinecure up here, for a successful large-scale attack on the picquets would have possibly far-reaching effects.

As you ride along now between the picquets and see on the lower crests little subsidiary stone sangars held by day from the parent picquets, and in between, the knots and groups of the convoy picqueting troops, having learnt your trade perhaps on the much-boomed civilised fronts where things were done on a big

scale, you wonder at our slowness in reaching Makin.

But if you have still some sense of proportion and a little of that great essential in life, "humanness," and have possibly in the interludes of moving battalions and brigades as pawns upon a chessboard, gained some slight knowledge of the old-fashioned, simple, but yet more complex type of warfare—the warfare of small bodies of men against a really mobile enemy who does not often miss at less than 700 yards—you will understand better.

That piquet which you are looking at with its rough walls of piled stones topped with sandbags, its crude apron of straggly, rather badly put up wire, and its uneven tarpaulin roof, took two whole days to build.

Recalling your reinforced concrete dug-outs in France, you smile at the idea. Then, perhaps, being at heart an understanding regimental soldier, you remember hearing also that the hill on which it stands had first to be taken in the face of a gathering of tribesmen armed with magazine rifles, each and all a marksman pretty near as good as the 1914 "contemptibles."

It takes you now in your unadorned Sam Browne belt twenty-five minutes to climb to it up a path cut out by the Pioneers. But the men who put it there climbed the hill when there was no track, carrying full equipment, and every bush and rock on the

crest held a man who could really shoot.

And when after a couple of hours they had made good the hill, they had to push on in front so that the builders might work undisturbed by anything more than aimed rifle fire. Knives interfere too much with the progress of the work.

So they had to go down and up and clear the next ridge in a similar way. Yes, it is steep; one or two men fell over there, for it's difficult in full equipment, and perhaps carrying a box of bombs as well, to climb across a sheer rock face with people shooting at you, and some of the poor devils slipped.

Only when that next crest was made good could the pioneers and carrying parties get to work and build the rough wall, and hammer those stakes into the rock. Accurate rifle fire makes for rather inaccurate aligning of entanglements.

Then before it was finished, the troops had to withdraw so as to reach camp before dark, and so had to come out again next day and clear the hill and the ridge once more and repeat the work. And there it stands now with its little garrison of thirty rifles, just a quarter of what it cost in casualties to build.

Thus day after day was the road made good, half mile by tedious half mile at a daily price of lives, until one fine day the column was able to move forward three or four miles, establish and secure a new

camp, and then recommence building more picquets ahead, where the same old Mahsuds lay behind the same old rocks across the same old nullah.

Now, of course, it is quiet, and save for the snipers you hear but little firing. A dull uneventful life, with lots of dick and worry and kicks, and mighty few ha'pence, is L. of C. on the frontier.

The early morning start from camp down the river-bed, the little picquets to be sent up on to the hills at intervals, the nullahs to be blocked. One pushes along slowly hoping no one will be there. They've not been seen for nine days now, but that's all the more reason why they should be here, the tenth, hoping that immunity will have made your men careless.

One halts and watches a picquet up; Lewis guns loaded and laid on the likely spots; off they go, two or three lines of men with fixed bayonets clambering slowly up the steep hillside, with occasional halts to restore formation and get breath.

The advance-guard commander scans the ground above them with his glasses, looking for the least movement, until at last the leading line clears the crest and settles down. He heaves a sigh of relief and pushes along to the next spot. Not *this* time anyway, but it may be the next one, or the next picquet but three, or tomorrow, or next week.

He knows it all too well, the straggling line, the careless

Lewis gunner who has covered that point every day for a fortnight and never had to fire a shot, the equally careless men grown accustomed to seeing no enemy on that run—and then, suddenly, the ragged valley from the rocks on the crest-line, the sudden rush of dirty figures, the flash of knives, the quick leap back again to cover, and *then* the covering fire breaks out on to the now empty hillside it should have beaten 30 seconds earlier, and all is as it was, save for five good but careless men gone west, and six lost rifles that will snipe the camp that night.

And so the convoy picquetting troops go on, and behind them the slow creeping lines of laden camels string up the river-bed with, scattered among them, little parties of mules and men, taking rations and water to the picquets.

As they work forward the hillsides above the river come to life. Down the steep paths and goat tracks from the picquets come little knots of running, laughing men, carrying canvas chagals for water, kerosene-oil tins for washing, and now and again a slow moving group bearing a sick or wounded man.

This is the picquets' brief hour of life, when for a short space they can stretch their legs, wash in the stream, see new faces, hear news and meet pals. For the rest of the twenty-four hours, for weeks on end, they are cooped up in a little circle of wire, perhaps 80 yards in diameter, or if the enemy is sniping,



shut up in their tiny stone-walled hutch.

The groups of mules break off from the river-bed by twos and threes, and make their way up to the various picquets to dump their loads, each party leaving a couple of men as road sentries with a description ticket in the river-bed to ensure that when the day-picqueting troops withdraw no party shall be left out.

Why *two* men? Why, because this is Mahsudland, where a rifle is worth far more than a man's life, and although the net of picquets is strong, its meshes are not so small that a few determined enemy cannot creep through them and mop up an isolated man.

The convey quickens its pace a little, and a party of mounted officers, a "Cook's tour" from India, break into a brisk canter for a couple of hundred yards over the boulders, where a camel lies with its neck twisted back, kicking and struggling.

"Tick . . . took—Tick . . . took."

Evidently Adolphus and his pals are in a sportive mood to-day. That's their third camel this week, and they got a man there the day before yesterday. They shoot from that scrub-strewn hill up yonder, and the range is over 1000 yards, but their shooting is none so dusty, and they're pretty good at taking cover, for we haven't spotted their perch yet.

"Pop . . . Pop . . . Pop-pop."

One of the day-picqueting groups evidently think they've spotted them, and will now probably spend a half-hour

plastering the hillside with lead. Meanwhile Adolphus & Co. will go home to dinner, and later, after a well-earned siesta, return to enliven the afternoon by a few shots as the picquets withdraw. Painstaking souls!

The obligato steps, the convey slows to its usual stately pace, the Cook's tourists pull up to a walk, complaining about the hardness of their ponies' mouths, and a few men pull the dead camel clear of the track, strip off saddle and load, gralloch the carcass, and light a fire over it to prevent it becoming too offensive later.

Would you like to look over a picquet? We've plenty of time to-day, for it's a big convoy.

We'll leave the ponies here near that party of men washing in the pool. A joyous-looking lot of souls—little dark Mahrattas of the Kenkan, laughing and chaffing. A cleanly crowd, too, with a predilection for cold water.

You can tell a Mahratta picquet miles off by the fact of all their bedding being spread out in the sun of a morning. Your Punjabi likes to keep his gear inside the picquet where he sleeps, and, unless he's strafed enough, will never make or shake or air his bedding until the number of lodgers calls down retribution.

"Here, Maruti, where's the sahib? Oh, gone out, has he. Well, we'll see his picquet, anyway."

Yes, there are British officers out in these picquets, one to every group of three or four. He lives in one and visits the others in turn.

A lonesome life, as you say, but very good for the modern subaltern just entering the Indian Army, since cooped up with a handful of his men for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, he's got to learn their ways and speech—and thereby, if he be of the right sort, grows a mutual liking and understanding which, alas! is too often lacking nowadays, when so much of the officer's time is spent in office work and intensive training of all sorts, and he has so few opportunities of really living with his men.

The pre-war type of Indian Army officer learnt to know his men and speak their speech ten or fifteen years back, not during the hours we sat in office or in the dull monotonous periods of parade, but during these spells, week-ends and ten days, out in the jungle miles from a railway, just oneself with half a dozen of one's men and some jungli villagers. We sat round a wood fire of an evening and heard strange old-time yarns of kings and tigers, of djinns and peris, of sahibs long forgotten everywhere except just in the district where they worked, told in the rough speech of daily usage that could not be learned from the vernacular text-books.

Or we wandered into villages and, sitting under the peepul tree by the red-painted carved snake stones, had speech with the grey-bearded elders, as we drank the fresh warm milk served for the guests, and discussed to the best of our meagre ability crops and rain,

news and prospects of recruiting, while a crowd of lesser lights sat in the background to stare at the sight of a European, perhaps the first they'd seen for a year or more.

And our orderlies sat near throwing chests and telling lies about our excellence and valour and straight shooting, leading their hearers by inference to understand that naturally the servant was as the master, only mere so.

And by degrees, as our halting speech grew more fluent with the years, we learnt to understand some little fraction of the minds of these our people, and had the silly preconceived notions with which we first landed in Bombay knocked out of our heads, and our minds broadened until we began to realise in the end that caste and creed and custom are after all but small excreescences on the underlying strata of human nature, which is pretty well the same everywhere, however different the outer weathering may appear.

But the modern rush of army life leaves little time for this old-fashioned leisurely way of doing things. Nowadays at the end of a long day's intensive office work and training, the weary British officer demands rest and relaxation and change of company, and so there is danger of his never coming into real contact with his men, since real contact with the Oriental is only to be gained in leisure hours, not on parade.

So this pique life should

be good for the men who are coming in now to take the future of the Indian Army into their keeping, too often, alas! with no old experienced hands to guide them.

A long pull up a very steep narrow path of loose stones, where we pass a man driving up an unwilling sheep, the meat ration, and a couple of mules laden with metal pakhsals of water, and here we are at the picquet. The top of the hill is a narrow hog's back, and just at the highest point stands the picquet, a circular wall of rough piled stones, loopholed and topped with sandbags to keep down splinters from bullets; a cleanly well-kept picquet, with its little plot of beaten earth lined out by smashed stone of varying hues in a geometrical pattern, surrounding the tiny shrub, substitute for the sacred Tulsi plant.

Another Mahratta trait that, of carrying the homeland with him wherever he goes. You can forget the naked savage hills and the far snow-line and think yourself back in the dreamy Dekhan, rich with old palaces and rose-gardens of dead kings as you smell the fresh leaped earth of the picquet floor and note the spotless surroundings, so different from the dwellings of the North Country men.

There is something English about this homeliness of the Mahratta, a something which conjures up visions of laughing, skirted, unveiled women instead of veiled, trousered pillars of secrecy, and familiar everyday virtues and vices instead

of the uncouth ones we read of in the Old Testament.

Outside, under cover, a couple of squatting men are cooking on a little mud flat, and the sizzle of ghi rises on the air. A couple more are busy making ohupattis, the flat, round, unleavened cakes of flour which replace bread in the East.

We pass through the belts of rusty barbed wire into the welcome shade of the picquet, where four sentries stand at the loopholes with rifle loaded and bombs handy, and a Lewis gun lies ready in its emplacement.

It is a trifle cramped, with rolls of blankets and waterproof sheets, boxes of ammunition and bombs, a little dump of rations, and a big canvas water-tank, but it's not too bad. When the snow was down, the men, packed like sardines, were glad enough to huddle together for warmth, but shortly now it will be stiflingly hot at midday.

Nothing much to see inside, very much like any fire-bay in any trench—the loaded rifles, the bundles of equipment hanging on pegs driven into the wall; a group of men playing a weird form of whist in a corner near where the British officer's little 40-lb. tent is pitched, dug down inside for increased space, tiny but comfortable withal.

The havildar in charge proceeds to dispense hospitality as we rest in a tarpaulin-covered patch of shade, mopping our faces after the climb. Bowls of tea flavoured with ginger, potato chips, little

fried cakes of flour and sugar and ghi, fresh from the griddle, that burn your fingers as you eat them; and lastly, wondrous ration cigarettes.

You must eat even if you are not hungry, for refusal would be almost discourtesy.

Squatting down in front, he proceeds to inquire after the regiment, news of the column, prospects of ending the show, and then—burning question with all ranks from Generals downwards—“what about leave?” The magic word brings others to collect round in the hopes of hearing something good.

The Force Commander's premise of early leave having been repeated and names called for in anticipation, polite inquiries are addressed on your behalf as being obviously a stranger in the land, since helmets and ties and gaiters are uncommon in this land of fancy dress.

“What is the Sahib's regiment?”

“The Norfolks! A good lot, yes,” says the havildar reminiscently. He had fought side by side with them from Basra to Ctesiphon, which the Indian soldier, being evidently like many others defeated by the conjunct consonant, refers to as Sulaiman Pak.

“Where was the Sahib wounded?”

Apparently at Kurna, another bond of union, for the havildar's brother had taken it badly there, though he himself got off with one through the pagri.

And so the conversation

drifts on, and more and more people join in.

“How do they like picquet life?”

Well, it's getting a little boring now, and a spell of camp would be welcome, though at first after weeks of continual marching, climbing, digging, and fighting it was a blissful rest. It's peaceful enough except for occasional sniping; but, they repeat, a change would be appreciated, especially a change to “India”—the word is absolutely vernacular nowadays,—say Belgaum or Ahmadnagar for two or three years!!!

We get up and stroll round outside the picquet, where the signallers sit winking their helio at the next camp. The Mahsud has developed a fondness for telephone wire and takes away hundreds of yards every night, so that the signallers, nominally there for intercommunication between picquets, come in handy to relieve the congestion on the wireless when the cables are out.

The hills lie shimmering in the sun, grey, hazy, bush-strewn masses, slashed with the Indian-red shadows of nullahs. All is sleepy and drowsy, save where below your feet the long series of tiny moving khaki dots show the convoy on its way. Adolphus & Co. have ceased from sniping, and the only sound is the far-off high-pitched drone of an unseen plane winging its way home from a bombing raid. To the north-west shows Pir Ghal, a mass

of cobalt flecked with the last few traces of snow.

A stir round the signallers' telescope draws attention.

"Mahsuds? Real live ones?"

The group makes way, and you squat down and glue your eye to the eye-piece, and sure enough, there in the village across the nullah, 1600 yards away, are three lurking figures, dressed in ragged garments, grey with dirt, each man with a rifle and cartridge-belt. You watch them shambling about, and presently they stop, standing together at the edge of a field.

The Lewis gunner looks imploringly at you. Feeling the occasion demands something, you say half-heartedly "Right-oh! just a burst," or the vernacular equivalent of same.

He dashes into the picquet, and a few seconds later—"Br-r-rrrrr."

One of the dirty figures drops flat, and the other two belt into a bush-covered depression. You hope for the best, but the range is long, and before the next burst rings out the prostrate figure wriggles a couple of yards into the lee of a stone wall, and is gone.

However, it's probably frightened them, and the Lewis gunner is of course convinced that the man *must* have been wounded.

Silence settles down on the landscape again, and presently bidding farewell to our hosts, we slither down the loose stone hillside to the river-bed. The down convoy has just passed when we reach our

ponies, a man with a red flag on a camel at the rear, whose job is to be last of every one—gathering in laggards, and "helping the lazy ones on with the shtick."

The advance-guard commander, now converted into the rearguard commander, gathers up his men, heists a large coloured flag carried by a runner, and signals in his further picquet, who come tumbling headlong down the slope. The main point in withdrawing off a hill is to do it fast, and only those who have tried it can realise the difficulty of running in full equipment down a steep hillside covered with loose shale.

It is a slow process going home, because it generally means a halt below each permanent picquet to gather up a water party, or a pioneer officer inspecting defences, or a relief, or a doctor looking for flies.

A party of pioneers making stepping-stones across the streams has to be collected, and then a belated trio of telephone linesmen have to be waited for, for the rearguard commander is responsible that no one is left out.

As I said, we do *not* hold Waziristan; the Mahsud merely permits us the use of the Tank Zam for such of the hours of daylight as we choose to put a sufficiency of rifles along its edges.

As the picqueting troops trek homeward, the river-bed and the hills grow quiet once more, the last parties of bathers scurry up to their picquets, and

the long stony expanse of occasionally meadow-dotted river-bed lies empty again till the morrow,—empty save for the jackals and the prowling parties of Mahauds, who come down by night to water their fields, cut the telephone cables, and snipe the picquets or the camps.

“Tick . . . took — Tick . . . took.”

Adolphus is saying farewell to the rearguard, and emphasising the fact that fifty army corps moving up the river-bed won't alter the essential fact that for the greater part of the twenty-four hours it is entirely Mahaud property.

#### CHAPTER IV.—PUTTING UP A PICQUET.

The hills north-east of Kotkai lay bathed in sunshine—grey bush-sprinkled hills, with stunted patches of broom among the outcrops of black rock.

Along the skyline moved new and then little squat topi-crowned figures—a company of Garhwalis, forming part of the covering troops.

In front the ground dipped sharply into a deep nullah, mostly madder-brown rocks, up which ran the thin beaten thread of a Mahaud path. Below again to the left lay the bed of the Tank Zam, a glaring expanse of white stones.

Across the nullah the ground rose again, ridge after ridge of rock, to where, pinnaled against the blue northern sky, a sharp-cut jagged mass of stone, “White Rocks,” closed the horizon. Between White Rocks and the near nullah, blurs of khaki and grey and brown, with flickers of light from bayonets and tin position-discs, the bulk of the covering troops were spread out in little groups, cuddled for the most part in hastily-built sangars.

Every few moments a shot or two would ring out in front, sometimes the harmless “pop . . . pep” of friendly rifles, sometimes the “ta . . . pong” of the enemy rifle fired towards one; and occasionally high overhead came the song of a passing bullet.

The Pioneer officer—short, round-faced, dapper, resplendent in topi and much-polished brass buttons—was conferring with the brigade-major and the infantry subaltern. The question before the house was the one of siting and building a new picquet. The general locality had been settled the previous day; the point at issue now was the exact spot where it should be placed.

Behind the trio, under cover, a company of pioneers, each man with pick or shovel or mamootie, *anglicè* hoe, slung in leather slings on his back, were unloading bundles of stakes, coils of wire, packs of sandbags from the mules, while an infantry working-party was busy collecting stones in heaps.

A handful of red-fringed “Suffering Miners,” as the sappers and miners, Indian

equivalent of R.E. field companies, are locally known, were standing by, with mauls and wire-cutters, awaiting orders to begin work.

"This is the spot every time," said the brigade-major. "You've got dead ground on the left, but you can't have everything in this world."

"What about putting it a shade more to the left and covering that patch?"

Thus the infantryman in fancy war-dress — "dickie" turban sewn around a double thickness kullah, with a brown jersey, from which protruded the open collar of a *recherché* flannel shirt.

"And lose that bit of nullah on the right?"

"I'd rather lose that and keep an eye on the river-bed," replied the foot-soldier crossly.

The Pioneer intervened to keep the peace.

"Why not build a thin oval picquet, and cover both bits?" said he sagely.

"Can do," replied the subaltern, "and we'd better hurry, 'cos time's getting on, and Musa and his brave 'Abdulas,' as the press gent calls 'em, know that with our present programme they can bet on tools being downed by three pip emma signal time."

The Pioneer waved up a havildar and a couple of men with a tracing-tape, and laid it down in an irregular oval around the site of the picquet. Then, calling up two platoons of his company, he set them to work building a stone wall round the tape. Waziristan consists for the most part of bare rock with occasional pockets

of earth in the river-bed, and, consequently, the soldier's most valued friend is not the good old sanguinary shovel, but rather a crowbar, with which he may prise up chunks of rock, and a sledge-hammer wherewith to break up the said chunks into convenient sizes for building "sangara," as the stone breastworks which replace trenches are called.

Some levered out rocks, others built them up into a wall on the line that the Pioneer officer had marked out, others again filled the interstices between the bigger stones by pouring in sandbags full of rubble. The sappers got to work, crowbarring holes into the rock, and driving in six-foot stakes, while another platoon of pioneers followed them with coils of barbed wire linking up the stakes.

Below them mere pioneers passed up the stones the infantry had collected, and the infantry working-party, who were to occupy the picquet when built, shovelled earth and small stones into sandbags for dear life. You can't make decent loopholes or head-cover with stones only, and a plain stone wall with no sandbag top means showers of splinters to accompany each bullet—splinters that fly off just about the level of your eyes.

The desultory rifle fire in front and to the right continued, varied occasionally by a burst or two of Lewis gun fire. The stone wall grew inch by inch until it was perhaps two feet high, and the wire fence round had now got its full four strands of wire

just in front, although to the right a bad rock outcrop had slowed work and twenty yards that side were as yet bare of stakes.

The Pioneer looked at his wrist-watch.

"Well up to time to-day, anyway, and no sniping to speak of, thank God."

The words were barely out of his mouth when the desultory firing going on seven hundred yards away where the line of covering troops bent back along a crest-line to the right changed to a steady rattle mingled with the burst of bombs.

The infantryman put up his glasses and scanned the skyline whence the noise came and the puffs of smoke marked the bursting bombs.

"'Struth! They're coming back! Hurry up with those stones, and get some bags up quick."

He shrieked out an order in Hindustani, and the infantry below dropped their tools and started handing up the filled bags they had dumped ready.

Sure enough there was an ominous backward kink in the line, and as they watched the kink stretched and broke, and a cluster of leaping figures in loose dirty garments showed for an instant against the sky ere they dropped and melted into the rocks and bushes where the covering troops had been.

"Whit . . . whit . . . whit . . . whit . . . plonk"; a pioneer dropped across the stone he was trying to lift and lay still, a huddled mass of twitching limbs.

"Whit . . . whit . . . phutt . . .

ping . . . whit whit . . . plomp." Another dropped the coil of wire he was carrying and stood open-mouthed, holding his arm foolishly, watching the blood spurting from his elbow.†

"Get that wall up quick!" yelled the pioneer, and called on the party below to push up sandbags as fast as they could.

The men inside, crouching under the low wall, feverishly piled up the bags in front of them as the bullets spat viciously past, splintering on the rocks or splashing into lead stars on the stones of the wall.

A sapper, trying vainly to drive a stake in the gap on that vulnerable side, sat down heavily with the blood soaking through the knee of his trousers.

"Ta . . . pong . . . whit . . . whit . . . zip . . . plonk . . . ping . . . plonk."

The sapper rolled over and tried to crawl painfully into cover. Two big Punjabi sepoy leapt out of the picquet, fell on him, and hauled him down the slope, regardless until, losing their footing, the three rolled pantingly into a thorn-bush and comparative safety. Whereafter they picked up the wounded man, brought him in to where the mules stood, and, handing him over to the stretcher-bearers to tie up and take home out of the way, carried on passing up bags once more.

"Phatt . . . ping . . . whit . . . whit zip . . . plonk . . . zip zip."

The infantryman was adjuring his struggling soldiery in a string of picturesque oaths in three different languages to



get a move on with the sand-bags, the brigade-major had gone off at a run to hurry the supporting troops up to retake the broken bit of the line, and the pioneer officer was disconsolately sucking an unlighted cigarette.

"We'll never get it done at this rate," moaned he as he sheltered under the lee of the half-built wall and fumbled in his pocket for a match. "B——!" and removed from his eye a chunk of Waziristan thrown in by a ricocheting bullet.

"Why in God's name can't they shove in a counter-attack instead of sitting there shooting into the blue like a lot of stuffed owls!" He turned round: "Hi, you sapper havildar, get up a concertina and we'll pull it across the front."

Two sappers came up with a concertina of barbed wire, that refuge of the destitute when excess of fire prevents one putting up a proper belt. A well-made concertina pulls out as fast as a man can run, so all you have to do is to tie one end to a stake, hold the other, and changing your luck bolt across the danger-space, and lo! behind you springs out of nothing the ghost of a wire fence.

"Whit . . . whit . . . zip . . . brrr."

"Thank God! there they go," said the subaltern. A double line of infantry emerged from cover below the point now occupied by the enemy and advanced at a slow double up the hundred yards or so of hillside, while behind and to their flank Lewis guns, several

by the noise, yelled cheerfully. Covering fire evidently.

The dip in front was veiled an instant by the smoke of bursting rifle bombs, and as the "zip-zip" of bullets ceased around the picquet, the sappers hauled their concertina across the gap, and infantry and pioneers swarmed over the wall again in response to the pioneer officer's blasphemous entreaties to build again from both sides as before.

The subaltern put down his glasses.

"And that's *that*! Hi, stretcher-bearers!" and told them to get away the wounded quickly, and after them the dead. The picquet was cramped enough without having dead and wounded lying about, and also one doesn't want to have any one extra to carry down when the withdrawal begins. Your stretcher-bearers can generally find enough to do then with the fresh cases, and don't want to be hampered with "arrears," so to speak.

The line in front was re-established, parties of stretcher-bearers were moving up to the re-occupied crest-line, and the Lewis gun fire had died away once more, leaving only the intermittent "pop . . . pop" of the rifles.

The wall grew again slowly, inch by inch. "Keep 'em going on the far side first. Then if they snipe again we shall have some cover while we're running up the rear wall," said the infantryman.

"Right-eh," replied the pioneer; "I'm watching that."

"Bas abhi—buri lagade."

The wall was nearly four feet high now, and the first layer of sandbags went on, a cushion to keep down flying splinters.

"Now loopholes, Jemadar Sahib—jaldi."

"Tell your blokes to hurry with more sandbags, Jones, and some more stones for that rear wall."

A pioneer havildar and two men clambered atop of the wall and started building sandbag loopholes, topped with stakes to carry another tier or two of bags as head cover. The sappers were away once more putting an apron of wire on to the front of the upright fence, and thickening up the concertina with loose rolls and coils of rusty barbed wire.

"Another hour and a half to go," said the Pioneer, consulting his watch again. "Hope to God they don't rush the covering troops," and leapt off to hurry the platoon now piling up the rear wall of the picquet.

Out in front of the picquet three-quarters of a mile or so, Major Miles, in charge of one of the covering battalions, lay in the shelter of a rock chewing a cigarette-holder and consulting his watch from time to time.

Just below him under the slope sat his jemadar-adjutant, four or five red-armletted runners, and a party of signallers squatting to a helio. The doctor was busy with some stretcher cases farther away to the right. Three hundred yards or so in front lay two of his companies stretching out to

either flank, thin lines of men scattered in twos and threes among the rocks, here and there a Lewis gun cuddled cunningly into a patch of shadow.

Still farther below him in the head of a small nullah sat his reserve company in column. The remaining company, "D", had been thrown in on the right to take charge of that weak spot where the enemy had broken in earlier in the day, and where reports said they were still collecting.

In front stretched the stony brown hillside, shimmering in the sunlight, the quivering air dancing above the trembling rocks, for even in winter the Waziristan sun is warm at mid-day in clear weather.

At intervals bullets flicked past—"Whit . . . whit . . . ping," and all the while, now from the left, now from the right, but always more insistently from the right, came the intermittent rattle of musketry mingled with the short staccato bursts of Lewis gun fire, and the occasional thudding crash of bombs.

Major Miles' thin, pleasant, sunburnt face, with its close-clipped reddish moustache and big frank grey eyes, was deep in thought, for he was cogitating over his plan of withdrawal. Putting up a picquet is not like the more lasting type of warfare where you get a locality and keep it. Covering troops for picquet building occupy a bit of ground with the deliberate idea of abandoning it again when the picquet is established, or perhaps at some definite pre-ordained time—e.g., as on this occasion at 3 P.M.

The Mahsud, being no fool, knows that it is far better to fight a retiring enemy than one advancing, since in the former case he will pick up the casualties instead of us. Wherefore the covering troops generally get their ground for a few shots. But once they have settled in and work on the picquet has started, the Mahsud watching from the higher hills around, starts in to make his dispositions with the eye of a born tactician. He studies the probable lines of withdrawal, and while his "shook troops" proceed by devious routes to mass out of view against some weak or ill-guarded spot which he will rush, if and when opportunity offers, either to break up the day's programme or to harass the retirement, the rest of his forces disperse in a cloud of marksmen to snipe methodically all over the line, and throw in a minor attack or two if chance offers.

Normally the wretched covering troops are the people who have to suffer all day, but sometimes in really bad country the picquet can be sniped as well, despite the covering troops, and then the Mahsud's cup of joy is indeed full.

So to-day the "do soh wun-jahs" lay out in the sun for the nth time, listened to the unseen enemy's bullets whimpering past as he unceasingly tormented them, made themselves small behind rocks, and prayed for three o'clock when they could at least get up and run home instead of lying out in the open as targets for the Mahsud with nothing whatever to do unless he chose to attack.

At intervals the guns from below would pitch a shell or two over them on to the higher slopes beyond, and once a circling 'plane drifted over dropping bombs. This was always welcome, because the moment a 'plane came over you could sit up and stretch your arms and legs, secure in the knowledge that Brer Mahsud would be spread-eagled down motionless, with his nose well into the dust, until such time as the 'plane had passed. The tribesmen long ago learnt to take cover at the sight of 'planes, their indescribably grimy garments harmonising well with the landscape; and nowadays on an ordinary stony hillside it's like putting a hawk over partridge—they just cower, although in bush they can still sit up and shoot.

Miles reflected as the passing Bristol gave him an opportunity to stand up in comfort and look around, that if there were only enough machines you could sit up all the time, and better still, suffer few, if any, casualties.

His attention for the present, however, was mainly concentrated on the best method of withdrawing his men at the witching hour of 3 P.M., or in modern military parlance, "fifteen hours."

There would most certainly be trouble; the enemy had been more than usually attentive to-day, even to the extent of rushing that bad place on the right, where a thickly-bushed nullah gave them an easy way up, a bit of ground, moreover, quite out of reach

of the guns, owing to the steep angle of the slope.

That must, he had settled, be the last bit to be withdrawn, because otherwise it would enflade the whole of the rest of his line as they came back. On the other hand, since the enemy could get to within fifty yards, practically out of sight, the moment the troops there *did* fall back they would be properly "hotted." Yes, it would most certainly be lively.

He had sent the adjutant over to see how things were going now, and to explain once more the exact scheme of withdrawal to the Company Commander. He looked at his watch—"2.15." Another three-quarters of an hour to go. Turning round, he called up the reserve company commander, and went through his dispositions again.

"When I give you the signal, fall back across the dip and take up your position along the ridge. They'll probably come on like stink to-day, so tell your men to keep their eyes well skinned and shoot quick and straight.

"Let every one know that A and B go straight through you to the line of rocks above the nullah, and you'll be called back from there. Above all, watch your right, and keep touch with D Company."

He inserted a "scissors" cigarette into his much-chewed holder, and lit it, then took his glasses.

"Look at the dirty blighters on that hill there! Fids of 'em! Here, signaller! Message pad!"

He scribbled a message and

sent it off, and five minutes later heard the hewitzers in the river speak. Then, following the whistling sound of the shell, saw the peak in front veil in smoke, as the H.E. burst on it, "one—two—three—four."

"Damn!"

The lurking figures had also heard the sound, and ere the shells burst, had vanished out of sight—one re-appearing defiantly to wave a "wash-out" with his filthy turban.

"Still, it'll worry 'em."

The adjutant came back up the slope.

"Browne's ready, sir. They're still collecting there. He says you can hear them below in the bushes; but you can't see a d—d thing, and any one who pokes his head up over-long gets it. He's had twelve casualties in the last hour."

"Got 'em all away?" queried Miles.

"All the wounded have started down. If the stretchers get back in time and aren't wanted for more wounded, he'll try to get the dead away too; but I doubt his doing it. It's a real bad place."

The crash of bursting bombs broke into the conversation, and all three looked to the right again.

"He's bombing new. They must be getting pretty close. Look at the smoke."

Several more bombs exploded, and a steady rattle of rifle and Lewis gun fire broke out and then died away again.

Major Miles stared long through his glasses, and then put them down again. No low bullets had come over

from that side anyway, which meant that the enemy was being kept well below the crest-line. Also he could see Browne walking about in rear of the firing line, presumably just under cover; and once he caught a glimpse of Williams, Browne's company officer, conspicuously pink and white among the bearded Sikhs.

He looked at his watch again—2.40.

"Get all the mules down, Little," he said to the adjutant. "The Mahsud path in the nullah, you knew, and then straight back to camp. We'll have to carry the guns, of course."

Little went down into the hollow and started the first-line mules away, and they disappeared down the winding track to the river-bed.

A signal message came up from Brigade H.Q. to tell the "do soh wunjahs" to retire at "fifteen hours." Then another from the picquet itself to say that they were ready. Miles crumpled the message into his haversack and rose to his feet.

"Way you go, Smith. Get into position as quick as you can and then wait for me."

"Time's up, Jones," said the Pioneer Officer, looking round the picquet. "You'd better get all your kits and stores in—we shall have to go in a minute."

The picquet walls were finished as regards stone-work, and one side had loopholes and some head cover. The remaining sides were as yet bare of loopholes, but dumps of filled

sandbags lay around inside, which the picquet themselves could build later.

The inner belt of wire was finished and the stakes of the outer one, and a few strands of wire in position.

It was by no means the finished article, but it was a picquet that determined men could hold, and if not worried too much could improve considerably by nightfall. In any case there was all round cover from fire provided you kept low, and there was one good belt of wire.

"I'll leave all the wire here inside the inner belt, and when you get a peaceful hour during the next day or two you can get on with the outer one yourself."

"Right-oh," said the subaltern, and shouted to his men to stop work and get in all the stores as quickly as they could. The pioneers broke off and filed away down to the mules to pack up their tools and stores.

The infantry came straggling up the slope with boxes of ammunition, of hand and rifle grenades, sacks of rations and tins of ghi, which they dumped into the picquet. Then off again down the slope for a second and yet a third trip to bring up their blankets and greatcoats, cooking pots and firewood.

The Lewis gun team established itself in an emplacement looking towards that dangerous spot on the right, two rifle bombers settled near them, while some signallers fixed up a telephone on to the wire they had laid previously and brought in their helio and lamp.

The water party emptied the last pakhals of water into the canvas tanks they had placed in the picquet, and departed for home with their string of mules in the wake of the pioneers, who were starting down the long sloping ridge back towards the river, dead ground to the enemy at present.

As the last loads were thrown into the picquet, the subaltern signalled to the O.C. covering troops in front that the picquet was ready. A few minutes later he saw their reserve company move down towards him and deploy into line on one of the nearer ridges. He put as many men as he could fit along the north and east faces of the picquet, and set every one else to pile up rough head cover of sandbags as quickly as they could on the unfinished walls. There was a good deal of noise on the right. Evidently the enemy were getting impatient.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed—the walls on the rear faces were mostly topped now with piled sandbags built into rough notches.

Suddenly the foremost line of covering troops in front started to run back, and from away below he heard the guns, and the bursting shell leaped into life in front. The covering troops were withdrawing all right now. On they came, passed through the reserve company at a steady double and took up a position on the edge of the nullah in front of him, while the reserve company broke into a rattle of rifle fire. The fire to the right

redoubled, and the dull reverberations of bombs broke on the air, accompaniment to the “phutt-phutt” of the white-wreathed shrapnel ahead.

Four laden stretchers passed him looking downwards. Then the reserve company, now become the foremost line, started coming away in bunches of swift-moving men, and just as these reached the nullah the remainder came away, running fast now. Once a man dropped. The men nearest halted, flung themselves round and opened fire, and two seized the prestrate figure, heaved it up and stumbled onwards again, the bullets spattering the rocks around them and the dragging figure with the hanging head. But they stumbled into cover where A and B Companies had spread out, and the rest of the group came after them spread out, and running fast, heads down, as men run in heavy rain or hail.

Major Miles came up with his runners and signallers near the picquet and called up the people on the right, whence two more stretchers were coming away followed by a couple of walking wounded.

The fire from in front was growing heavier, and bullets splashed continually against the picquet wall. A runner dashed up to the major with a message. Reading it, he turned to the adjutant.

“Tell A Company they’ll have to hang on a bit. Browne’s got some more casualties to get away and no more stretchers. Send him up all you can find.”

The adjutant rushed off, and presently three men went off carrying a blanket stretcher apiece, disappearing into the bushes near the crest-line where Browne's company lay, to reappear again five minutes later, four men to each sagging stretcher.

Farther away on the right flank a dumpy little Garhwali hove into sight carrying a wounded man on his back. Evidently stretchers were running short up there too. The little man stumbled slowly along, and presently dropped his burden and straightened himself, then, squatting down, hoisted the wounded man on to his back, and so onward again slowly. Then they fell all of a heap, and the watching subaltern thought the rescuer was hit; but no, he scrambled to his feet again, hoisted up his burden once more, and so away down the loose shale slope past the picquet, down the path into safety.

You can't leave your wounded pals out to be out up by Mahsuds if anything humanly possible can be done to get them away.

A signal flag flickered, and the company across the nullah fell back and joined the line by the picquet. A rush of dirty grey-clad figures showed for an instant across the nullah, and vanished again as the whole line burst into fire.

"Now for it," said Miles to himself as he gave the signal for Browne's company to come away.

The first half of them

emerged from the bushes below the crest and made for the picquet, a little group in the centre dragging along a wounded man. The supporting troops on the right of the picquet opened rapid fire as the remainder of the company came leaping over the loose slipping stones down the hill at top speed, the rear brought up by an Indian officer with two dead men's rifles, and Browne himself, revolver in hand.

A rush of enemy whirled over the skyline behind them; the picquet Lewis gun yapped out, and a second later a salvo of shells burst round about the enemy, and as the smoke cleared away some of them could be seen tearing back with long strides over the skyline, three or four carrying either their own wounded or our dead to strip under cover. The gunners below were watching: "Bang—bang—wheuu—crump . . . or-r-rump."

But as Browne came in, Miles asked "Where's Williams?"

"Out there," said Browne. "Got it through the neck over the hill—five men killed and three wounded trying to pull him in. Had to leave him in the end—stone-dead, thank God." Browne's face was very white and grim.

The major swallowed twice before he spoke. Williams was Browne's best friend. "D—sorry, old man. You take your company straight down and out now. They won't follow beyond the picquet and we've plenty of people here. Tell your men they've put up a d—d good show."

Browne saluted and tramped mechanically away to where his Sikhs were collecting under cover. They looked tired, a little dazed too, many of them; several had two rifles, eloquent signs of the day's casualties.

As he passed the picquet he saw the subaltern standing by the door.

"Keep the filthy brutes off the ridge if you can, Jones. We've got several men lying out. Poor old Billy's there."

"God! I'm sorry," said Jones. "We'll do our best."

Browne fell in his company and marched off down the hill. The fire had slackened in front now, but the enemy, foiled of further advance, sniped steadily from the cover on the right, "smack—smack—smack," on the picquet walls, and once one of the picquet crumpled up slowly at his loophole, to slide inertly to the ground in a pool of frothy blood.

The drone of an aeroplane sounded overhead: "Cr-r-rump—cr-r-rump—cr-r-rump—cr-r-rump," followed by the prolonged chatter of a Lewis gun. The ground fire died away, and the Garhwali company on the flank fell back quietly in line with the rest.

The remaining wounded were despatched homewards, and then, platoon by platoon, the covering troops followed towards camp. The infantry subaltern watched them go, and then turned into the picquet. The men along the N.-E. face were firing intermittently into the bushes five hundred yards away, where occasional enemy figures showed,

but all was over bar the shouting.

The day's work was finished satisfactorily, another picquet built and held, another half-mile of the road made good—as usual, at a price—while some of those who had paid it lay out in the rocks and bushes yonder, where the watching Mahsuds prowled, waiting for night to enable them to gather in something for their day's labour. They might attack the picquet at night—Jones half hoped they would—his wire was passably strong, and he would lay out some of the swine. "Poor old Billy!"

Later the darkness came down, and the men in the new picquet stood to arms at their firing-places, tensely alert, and heard the Mahsuds calling to one another, and once for a while the voice of a wounded man calling, calling, until it suddenly stopped.

The Very lights curved heavenwards, throwing great black shadows and vivid white radiance over the hillside; and from time to time the spattering crackle of rifle fire and the burst of bombs told the camp down-stream that "X" picquet was still holding good.

But Browne lay wide-eyed in the dark in his little 40-lb. tent thinking of Billy as he last saw him and of all the past years they had spent together, while a bitter black hatred against the hand of Fate seethed in his heart as he listened to the distant shots and thought of the enemy's ghoul-ish movements that drew them.

*(To be continued.)*



## THE FAGS' APPEAL TO GOD.

BY C. R. L. FLETCHER.

MOST people who have visited the magnificent seventeenth-century quadrangle at Branningham School know that the famous Fags' Dormitory, commonly abbreviated into "Fags' Dor," or "Fags," lies on the left hand of the great gate, and on the first floor. Over the gateway itself is the Common-room of the Sixth-form boys, and beyond that, to the right of the gate, the studies and bed-chambers of the same Olympian personages. These rooms together fill up the western wing of the quadrangle. At right angles to "Fags," and forming the southern wing, come the three successive "dors" of the Lower, Middle, and Upper Fifth-form boys, and each "dor" communicates with the ground-floor by its own staircase; while the northern and eastern wings of the quadrangle are occupied by the Chapel, the Schoolhouse dining-hall, sundry schoolrooms, and the entrance to the Cloister Garth. Part of the ground-floor of the southern wing is taken up by the private rooms of the Master of the Schoolhouse, familiarly known as "Schoolhouse Cad"—for the Headmaster, who is by right head of the Schoolhouse, lives in dignified state in a private house beyond Cloister Garth, and keeps a "cad" to perform for him the duty of looking after the hun-

dred boys who inhabit the Schoolhouse. My readers will be kind enough to note that the word "cad" is not used in any offensive sense; in school phrase it merely means "one who performs the work of another"—a Regent would be described at Branningham as "a King's cad." Mr Snow, or "Snorkins," the "cad" at the time of my tale, was a wise and popular master.

The interior arrangements of the four great dormitories are all upon the same plan: on one side of each is a row of little divisions with desks, not unlike the "toys" at Winchester, and on the other side a corresponding number of beds, washstands, and chests of drawers; curtains supported on iron pillars conceal the row of beds in the daytime. In the centre on each side is a gap, and in these gaps stand, opposite to each other, a large fireplace and coal-box, and a large baize-covered table, with a few battered basket-chairs, which can always be carried across to the fireside. In "Fags," at least, whatever may be the custom in Lower, Middle, and Upper "Dors," it is in this central space that the twenty occupants do chiefly congregate. There *la basse justice* is administered (with the back of a long-handled bath-brush, the victim kneeling with his trousers tight on

the ancient coal-box) by the captain of fags; there the events of the day are discussed after evening school, cricket or football sides are made up, and plots are hatched. It is the Delphi, the ὀμφαλός of fagdom, the centre of its earth.

One of the first rules at the Schoolhouse is that no fag may, *proprio motu*, enter Lower, still less Middle or Upper Fifth "dors." It might almost be called an unnecessary rule, for no fag is likely to wish to enter those abodes of savage men, nor ever does so save when he is sent thither with a message by one of his lawful masters of the Sixth form; then, indeed, he is protected by privilege, and his person is as sacred as that of a herald in mediæval, or an ambassador in modern, times: it would be the actual duty of a fag to sneak (indeed it would not be sneaking at all) if any Fifth-form boy laid hands on him while he was so fagging. A less easily upheld rule is that no Fifth-form boy might come into "Fags"; for, although standing at right angles to it, "Lower" is only separated from "Fags" by a narrow space into which open two little rooms inhabited by specimens of that strange sex known as School-maids;<sup>1</sup> in odd half-hours in the summer, when all doors are open and dormitory cricket in full swing, a ball from "Lower" is quite apt to cannon off into "Fags," and will then

usually be retrieved without scruple. "Fags" may not retrieve a ball from "Lower."

In truth, the enforcement of rules of this kind depends on the wisdom and strength of Sixth form; there have been times not so far back in the history of the Schoolhouse—there was, in fact, such a time when my tale begins—when the boys from "Lower" would invade "Fags" in force, oust the lawful occupants from the seats by their own fireplace, and generally run riot. That was because the Olympians slept, and such invasion was always intensely resented by the little boys.

With their own lawful masters the relation of the occupants of "Fags" was much more cordial. As is well known, there are always twenty Sixth, and always twenty fags, a serf to each master. It is essentially a prædial serfdom, not a slavery: the labour-rents are not heavy, are fixed to definite hours, and cannot be increased *ad voluntatem domini*. Custom, the one real sovereign of all primitive and barbarous communities, is the surest protection of the fag. The Sixth may go into "Fags" at all hours of the day, and indeed it is their duty (very ill-performed as a rule, for they treat it as a supreme bore) to patrol it occasionally. Each fag has also his appointed duties to perform in his master's own study and in

<sup>1</sup> The office is hereditary in certain families; the qualifications are great bodily strength and great taciturnity; their names are always either Sarah or Marah or Maria.

the Sixth Common-room, and some kind masters have even allowed good fags to take occasional refuge in their studies and do their lessons there.

"Fags," then, is, or should be, by tradition one of the most privileged places of the School, and it is immensely conscious of the value of its privileges; though it possesses neither charter nor seal, it almost regards itself as a corporate body. As all students of mediæval antiquities know, there are associations of men who by long prescription "acquire the aspects" of corporations, and are very apt to act as if they really were such. Whether they can sue and be sued is a point which even the late F. W. Maitland had hardly been able to determine. I shall now endeavour to shew how my heroes went so far as to claim this last great privilege of corporate bodies, and how it came to be granted to them by the highest earthly authority which they acknowledged.

At the beginning of the Great War, "Fags," which claimed that it actually had more fathers fighting than any other dormitory could boast, felt a great patriotic impulse sweep through its veins, and one form which this impulse took was the collection of money for the "Comforts Fund" of the local hospital. Similar collections were begun in all the dormitories, and there was a good deal of praiseworthy rivalry between these. Before the end of the winter term of

1914, all except one of these collections had been merged in a Schoolhouse collection, to which each "dor" made its weekly contribution. "Fags" alone stoutly refused any suggestion of such merger—"We began the idea, and we are going to carry it on on our own,"—and it insisted on carrying its contribution, by the hands of the captain of fags, to the actual hands of the matron of the hospital at the end of each term. How far this stent attitude on the part of the little boys was influenced by the fact that the matron almost always kept the little contributor to tea with her, and gave him what he described as a "buck feed," it is not for me to say, but it is a fact that successive captains usually managed to bring their contributions to her at about 4.30 P.M. on the last Saturday of each term.

Now in all schools, as most of us know, the line between a voluntary contribution and a forced levy is obscure and easily overstepped. "Fags" had unanimously voted on September 21, 1914, that half its weekly shillings, *plus* half the money each fag brought from home at the beginning of the term, *plus* half of any tips that might be acquired during the term, should be contributed to this Comforts Fund. Successive captains of fags had rigorously enforced this rule until the end of the year 1917. Once or twice there were small skulkers who had failed to

pay, but after a public execution of one such skulker, detected in endeavouring to conceal a "Bradbury" which a wounded uncle had given him, there had been no further trouble. The independence of "Fags" in this matter was well known all over the Schoolhouse, the wise Olympians approved it, and persuaded the Schoolhouse "cad" not only to approve but to undertake the terminal audit of the accounts of the fags' collection as well as of the House collection. The keeping of these accounts, and the safe-keeping of the cash (locked in his own desk), were matters which were ill or well performed according (a) to the arithmetical capacity, (b) to the strength of character, of the captain of fags for the time being.

In the year 1917 there was undoubtedly much war-weariness, not only in the nation but even in that heart of all that was best in the nation, the Schoolhouse at Braningham. There were a lot of temporary masters, some of whom had not even been Braningham boys—"Squills" they were called (Heaven alone knows the etymology of the word),—and they kept little order. Field-days and drills had been multiplied *ad nauseam* and became an abomination to most boys. The Sixth were listless, their own time to go and be killed drawing ever nearer, and the Fifth got out of hand. The Lower Fifth had always been a tough lot, for it was in this

form that stupid or idle boys most commonly stuck, sometimes until they were seventeen,—at which age they would be superannuated and dismissed from the School if they had not passed into Middle. And there were now no boys in the School over the age of eighteen. There was a spirit of rebellion abroad, occasionally rising almost into mutiny, against sacred traditions and sacred privileges. Bolshevism cast its shadow before on some of the idle Fifth form, who took to reading Mr G. B. Shaw and mistaking the slime which he spreads over his paper for humour. Some boy brought back a copy of a book called 'The Boom of Youth,' and it was greedily devoured in Lower Dor, which began to model its language upon that used by the characters in that astonishing work.

The first sufferers by this state of things were naturally the fags. Neither as a corporate body nor as individuals had they previously been distinguished for piety or for immaculate language; but when they heard their own natural enemies in Lower Dor begin the practice of swearing at large in season and out of season, in imitation of Mr Faugh's heroes, they naturally adopted the opposite course, and set a bridle upon their tongues. Indeed, it was gravely discussed in "Fags" whether a set of penny fines for each oath should not be imposed; but the state of complete impecuniosity to which the subscriptions to the Comforts Funds had reduced the

dormitory, seems to have caused this counsel of perfection to be rejected. Yet it was carried that a series of euphemisms should be, as far as possible, adopted, so that you might hear a small boy who had been badly shinned at football exclaim "bad words" with great fervour; and for what is perhaps the most common of schoolboy terms of abuse or endearment, you were now supposed to call your friend "a four-letter man."<sup>1</sup>

The fags, however, suffered, during the weakness of the Sixth and the increasing toughness of the Fifth, worse things than shocks to their ears. "Lower" interfered with them in all sorts of ways from morning till night, and some of its worst specimens might be said to have been in almost continuous occupation of the comfortable corners in "Fags," whose members they harried with exquisite torments, such as those employed, according to the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, by the wicked barons of the reign of King Stephen.

In these circumstances it was often difficult for the captain of fags to wrestle at his desk with the weekly accounts of the Fund. Some big ruffian from "Lower" would come and look over his shoulder and commence an imaginary audit, or would snatch up the little dirty thumbed account-book, carry it off to his cronies by the

fire, and read aloud the contributions of the various members of "Fags" for weeks past. The collection in "Lower" itself (and it must be confessed in other parts of the School also) had been steadily dwindling for several terms past: except in "Fags" it had always been voluntary, and so had been much more irregular. "Lower" were a hungrier lot than "Fags"; their table in Hall was not, or they asserted that it was not, so well-fed, so they needed to buy more sausage-rolls to stay their stomachs. They played fives, and some of them even played that very expensive game racquets: whereas "Fags," by long tradition, had always devoted its own fierce energies to but three games—football in the winter term, cross-country runs, called "grinds," in the Lent, and cricket in the summer; and none of these demanded any immediate outlay of money, their expenses being charged in "home-bills." It was, however, not without resentment that "Lower" knew (and "Fags," which had its own share of self-righteousness and original sin, took care that it should continue to know) that the contribution from the youngest dormitory in the House maintained the high and even tenor of its original way. "These young scoundrels had grown most abominably insolent over it," thought (and said with many a blanky blank) Mr Williamsen, Captain

<sup>1</sup> This was perhaps an adaptation of the well-known Latin euphemism for "fur" (a thief)—namely, "homo trium litterarum."

of "Lower" in the Lent Term of 1918, "it was time to read them a good lesson; it made him sick when he took his contribution (without an account-book) to Snorkins at the end of last term to hear Snorkins praise the fags for their steady regularity," and so on. To cut a long story short, it may have been Williamson, or it may have been some other big boy in "Lower," from whom the devilish suggestion emanated, that "Fags" should be compelled by the strong right arm (which could, if necessary, be used to twist the less strong) to contribute a regular weekly sum out of its Comforts Fund collection to make that of "Lower" look more respectable. "There was no question of diverting this contribution away from the Hospital Fund, the wounded soldiers would lose nothing"—such was the argument of the leaders in "Lower" Dor. Even in that den of vice this proposal was not carried without some criticism; but it *was* carried, and a deputation was appointed to march into "Fags" and to translate it into action. It seemed to be a gratuitous addition to this evil mixture of force and fraud that the sum to be levied was only two shillings a week; so that even the stupidest little fag could see that it was to be done not so much to benefit "Lower" as to outrage "Fags."

The consternation with which the deputation was received in "Fags" cannot be described in temperate language. But from

words the deputation soon proceeded to acts. Hurdwell, captain of fags, clutching the cash-box in his chubby hands, with seventeen of the Old and Young Guard round him (two were in sick-room), stood manfully at bay, and the deputation from "Lower" had to summon reinforcements before these were overpowered; blows were rained, coats were torn, and blood was shed, concerning which blood several big lies had afterwards to be told to the matron of Schoolhouse by the losers. One small boy, Harker minor, was trampled under feet, went about for several days with his head bound up, and was told by his fagmaster that he would be licked for "fighting" as soon as he was well. The cash-box was broken in the scuffle, and its contents (Hurdwell's private fortune in one compartment, and the term's accumulated funds in the other) were scattered on the floor. Williamson & Co., with a lordly assumption of integrity, contented themselves with taking their two shillings and departing. But in departing their leader stated, with great emphasis, that if any word of what had happened should reach Sixth form, even in the most indirect manner, "Lower" would seize the fags one by one and put them successively to death with unheard-of tortures.

From the demeanour of the fags during the ensuing week a more wide-awake Sixth might have guessed that something was gravely wrong in the lower strata of the Schoolhouse. One and all of the little boys were

sullen as well as frightened; they almost ceased to practise for the athletic sports, which were due in three weeks; they were infamously slack in Wednesday's grind, and three of them were beaten by their masters for this offence. They were less molested by "Lower" than usual; "Lower" was content to enjoy its triumph, of which perhaps its better elements were already half ashamed. Only one motion was proposed in "Fags" parliament that week, and it was carried unanimously—that the contribution to the Comforts Fund be at once suspended. They were going to gather no more shillings for "Lower" to plunder. They need give no reasons for this suspension to any higher authorities. "What will Miss Beatty (the matron at the hospital) think of us? Well, we can't help what she thinks."

Gloomy and silent, if undisturbed, the fags sat round the fire on the evening of 21st March, all ignorant of the fact that the fiercest of the German blows had just begun to fall on their fathers at the front. Even their interest in the war seemed almost to have ceased. Harker minor, whose bandage had recently been removed, and whose fagmaster had forgotten to lick him, was sitting in the high window embrasure reading 'Ivanhoe,' and drumming with his heels to the irritation of Hurdwell, who exclaimed, "Stow it, you ass, can't you?" For the four-and-fortieth time the assembly was considering what, if any, redress could be obtained,

in what quarter vengeance could be sought for the insult of the previous week. But there was no voice, neither any that answered; it was the Dumb Diet of Gredno ever again. Suddenly little Harker shut his book with a slap, jumped down and sprang into the circle, *ἀλατο δ' ἐπὶ μέγαν οὐδόν*. "I have it," he cried; "we'll appeal to the judgment of God. We'll challenge 'em to fight by a champion." There was a general growl. "What the dev—what the drake's-tail do you mean, you silly ass? Who's going to fight William-son? There's no one here knows how to fight; we should only get into a h—hurry of a rew," &c., &c. Harker said very quietly, "My major is a professional bruiser."

Braningham as a school is considerably behind the times. There is neither gymnasium nor boxing-school. Games had always been enough, and had indeed been far too exclusively worshipped. The Harkers were undistinguished at these, except that the major was good at cross-country grinds. Neither were they particularly distinguished in school work. They were both Governors' nominees, sons of a "backwoods" sporting parson who hardly ever left Suffolk, and thought, when he thought at all, along early Victorian lines. In all other respects, except their lack of distinction, Harker brothers were as dissimilar as could be. The minor, who was in his first year, was a delicate, weedy

little boy, full of fun and spirits and a great devourer of novels; the major, who never opened a book if he could help it, was near the end of his second year; he was short, broad-chested, bumble-faced, with a disproportionate length of arm—the neolithic type of boy, and as habitually silent as if speech had not yet been invented. No one but his minor knew (because at school one never asks about these things) that he was an ardent naturalist, gymnast, and sportsman, with a phenomenally long “wind”; that at home he spent whole nights in the open air, and that, from his ninth year, he had studied, under his father’s careful tuition, the noble art of self-defence. He was one of the two fags who had been in sick-room when the outrage of the previous week occurred, but it had only been because he had cut his thigh on some barbed wire in a recent grind, and the wound was now healed. The minor skipped up to the major and shook him. “You’ll fight, major, won’t you?” And the boy growled out, “Don’t know,” and after a pause, “Yes, if you fellows want me to.”

Then in the rapid ungrammatical speech of romance the fiery minor poured forth his ideas of how it could be done, but it was long before he could communicate his own enthusiasm to his audience. It was all, you see, quite contrary to Schoolhouse tradition. Tyranny they knew, bullying to a certain extent they were accustomed to, fair play they

didn’t expect. There had been no set fights within the memory of man or boy; there was a vague idea that it was “a thing for which you might get the sack.” A mere weighty objection was raised by Hurdwell himself. “‘Lower’ wouldn’t agree—it would only carry out its threats of isolated lickings of all fags in turn; and then we should be worse off than ever. Besides, the Sixth would get to hear of it, and then perhaps the whole story would come out”—a result which, with true faggish perversity, “Fags” was resolved to avoid at all costs. But Harker minor was equal to the occasion, and developed his arguments with some skill. Briefly they were these: there must be a set field with a ring and ropes (the ropes were at once voted down as “ridiculous fuss”); above all, there must be some one to preside at the combat—his head was full of the Disinherited Knight and the lists at Templestowe,—“I’ll go to Jenky” (Jenkinson his fag-master, second captain of the house), “and I’ll tell him as much as he need know.”

“What’ll you tell him, then?”

“I’ll tell him we have had a row with ‘Lower’ and want to settle it fairly—I can make him think it was quite a friendly row—and ask him to preside at the fight.”

It was not a bad idea on little Harker’s part, for Jenkinson, a great lazy, kindly, clever boy, who was notorious for spoiling his fags and laughing at them, was himself a bit of a romantic and a crank to boot;



he thought far too contemptuously of School traditions, and the whole thing would appeal to his sense of humour. Also he had acquired by odd reading a smattering of the lore of prize-fighting. He was just going into the Guards' Cadet-School at Bushey, and didn't care much whether in this, his last term, he got into a row at school or not.

Before the bell rang for prayers, Harker minor had wrung a more or less formal permission from "Fags" parliament "to do his dashedest," the person who was to be the protagonist in the hoped-for battle sitting all the time dumb with a face like a plum-pudding. When the Schoolhouse matron went her rounds that night and looked at the boys in their beds, Hurdwell was lying awake with a smile on his face.

"You look more cheerful to-night, Hurdwell," she said; "you've all looked so glum lately, I couldn't make you out. Has there been anything wrong?"

"All right now, thank you, ma'am, good-night," said the boy.

Harker minor duly called Jenkinson for early school next morning, and found time to slip in a petition that he might come and do his "swynk" (lessons) in his study after second school. Jenky readily gave him leave to do so, and when the little boy appeared with a Cæsar and a Latin dictionary at 12 o'clock, the great man curled himself up in his arm-chair and prepared for a luxurious midday sleep

over the second *Æneid*, which he was supposed to be getting up for Repetition prize. The little boy sat biting his pencil for a while, and then said, "Please, Jenkinson, I want to consult you—that is, we want you to help us."

Jenky looked up. "What's up, young 'un? Something about that broken head of yours last week, I suppose? Any one been bullying you?"

"No, no, nothing like that," said Harker; "but it's like this, we've had a row with 'Lower' and we want to fight them."

"Don't be an utterly ridiculous little fool."

"Well, Hurdwell said I was to consult you for our whole dor."

"Oh, you're all in it, are you?"

"Yes, we're all in it; quite a friendly row, you know, but it's an insult to 'Fags,' and can only be wiped—wiped out in blood, you know."

"Well, of all the silly things I ever heard. . . . You can't fight, you mustn't fight, and you shan't fight. Besides, I must know more about this; some of these fellows in 'Lower' are rather beasts, I think, and you must tell me what's up. . . . But why don't you go to Clowes if you've got a complaint to make?"

"Well, you see, Jenkinson, we thought you'd understand better than Clowes" (the captain of Schoolhouse).

"All right, out with it—only mind I don't approve of sneakin' any more than Clowes would."

"No, I can't tell you any mere, except that 'Fags' has been insulted and wants to challenge 'Lower' to fight—fight by a champion, you know, like people did in Richard the First's time." Jenkinson roared aloud with laughter, and the poor exorbitant little fag turned very red and began to whimper.

"Don't laugh at me, please, Jenkinson; all we want is somebody like you to preside at the fight and see fair play," he blubbed out.

"My good fag," said Jenky, "don't you see that if I was to be such an ass as to do what you wish I should be the first person to be dropped on by the Head; I should probably be sacked at once."

"But somehow we thought you were the sort of fellow that wouldn't mind a mild sort of row. . . ."

"Mild, you call it, eh? And I'm not to know the cause—the *causa teterrima*—of this row?"

"No, you can't be told anything about that. Hurdwell would murder me if I told you; besides, I took my dick I wouldn't."

"Well, but what's the fun for me, or for you—or for any fag, for the matter of that,—to see some little kid getting knocked down by some great lout like Williamson, or Dallaway, or Messel?"

"I don't think you quite understand, Jenkinson. There's my major, he's a professional. He's boxed almost every day of his life with my pater at home for the last five years, . . . and he's very strong. . . ."

"Yes, it's one thing to box with one's own pater for fun . . ."

"Yes, I know it is; but he's fought all the village boys on our Saturday evening sports in the summer, and hardly ever been beaten, . . . many of them much bigger than himself."

"He can take punishment, as they say?"

"He doesn't care how hard you hit him, if that's what you mean. Of course, there may be some fellow in 'Lower' who's been trained too, and then he's bound to be licked; but he'll make a good fight of it, I'll bet."

"But I don't suppose there's a pair of gloves in the school."

"Oh, but we didn't mean to fight in gloves."

"My crimes and Jimmy! I can't let you fight without."

"But the old school-fights—like what you were telling me your grandpater remembered—they weren't with gloves?"

"No, they weren't, of course not; but now . . . Now, look here, there's another thing: next winter more than half you fags 'll be in 'Lower' yourselves, and what sort of a time will you bloodthirsty little beggars have then?"

"Well, Williamson and Messel will have left then, and Dallaway will be up in 'Middle'; and . . . well, if you *knew*, I think *you'd* say that it would be a jolly good thing for Schoolhouse if we did this now."

"Clear the air, you mean? And I mustn't know any more?"

Thus step by step the big boy was borne down by the ardour of the little one, and before dianer-bell rang, though not a serap of Jenky's or Harker's swynk had been done ("Nice row I shall get into at afternoon sehool," said the fag to his master with great glee), Jenky had solemnly summed up the case somewhat thus:

"Now, look here; I'm on in this scene, but I can't see to it all on my own. I'll get hold of Higgins and Merivale (his own espeel cremenies in the Sixth). Clowes goes away to-morrow, *thank goodness!* for this Trinity Scholarship-thing. We'll do it in style. You know the old place in Woods?—there's a natural ring there, and the two dors can make a human ring by standing fairly wide round it. I'll leave you and Hurdwell to manage 'Fags,' and I'll speak to 'Lower' myself as soon as Clowes has gone to-morrow. . . ."

"But, I say, Jenkinson, suppose 'Lower' refuse to find a man to fight?" interrupted Harker.

"I'd like to see 'em refuse, my boy; don't let that worry you; they *shall* find a man. Get 'Fags,' quietly and one by one, to stroll out to Woods after second sehool on Tuesday as if they were going to Sports-practice. Get two of your sharpest brats to be ready to stand where I shall put 'em to keep *cave*, for I tell you honestly, if any of the Staves (Masters) come along, I shall leg it; I don't want to lese my *Valses*. And — another thing, if your ohampion or

t'other feller is caught, he'll be swished, sure as eggs, but I suppose your major won't mind that?"

"Not a tuppenny dit."

"Well, tell him to put on a pair of light shoes with rubber soles."

"Oh, Jenkinson, thank you so much; you are awfully good. Then Higgins and Merivale will be like the Marshals of the Lists, I suppose?"

"Eh, what?" (Jenkinson had never read his Scott, and the little boy didn't like to confess the source of his inspiration.) "No, they aren't going to give a knee; you must find a second for your man, and so must they for theirs, . . . oh yes, and a sponge and a basin of water."

"All right, and you'll be the Warder, and drop your baton as a signal?"

"My dear fag, you must have been reading some wild goak; your head is evidently full of Richard the First, . . . don't *you* be your major's second or we shall have you squealing out some Anglo-Saxon rot or other. Leave all that to me, and keep as quiet as you can till Tuesday; and now run away."

On the evening of the ensuing day Jenkinson, Higgins, and Merivale, in Schoolhouse blazers and slippers, strolled arm and arm into "Fags"; they evioted thence, with many sharp words, two big boys from "Lower" who were singing "Who's your Lady Friend" to a hymn-tune in front of "Fags" fire and compelling a small fag to dance to their music

by the threat of dropping the heavy poker on his toes if he stepped; they then passed on into "Lower" and were seen no more for a quarter of an hour. As they returned through "Fags" they called Hurdwell to come after them; and when Hurdwell returned just before the prayer-bell rang he was grinning from ear to ear.

What arguments Jenky had used, or what orders he had issued in "Lower," will perhaps never be known, nor did the existing members of "Fags" ever learn, in their corporate capacity, what was the course of the subsequent deliberations in the rival chamber. But during the next term or two, while the story of the fight was rapidly becoming legendary, it leaked out that Williamson, who had kept very quiet in the presence of the three Sixth-form boys, had, on their departure, proposed an instant raid on "Fags" by the whole of "Lower" with fire and sword—and "blank the consequences." This being rejected, he had said he would have nothing to do with such blanky blank rot as a fight. But the soberer instincts of the room had decided that the orders of the Sixth must be obeyed, the challenge of "Fags" be accepted, and a champion appointed. Several of the boys had thereupon said that they had boxed at their private schools and would easily be able to knock out any little beggar whom "Fags" could put in the field,

that they "would take care not to hurt him too much," &c.—for of course no one knew that "Fags" had a professional champion. In short, the feeling of "Lower" had been for assuming the responsibility—readily but sadly; it had seemed to some extent as if it put the outrage which they had recently committed in a less unfavourable light to themselves. Finally Dallaway, who had taken up his parable as second captain of the dor (Williamson being deposed *pro hac vice* as in the sulks), had said he was ready to risk his body; he had modestly disclaimed any scientific knowledge, but thought he could make it hot for any small boy who came within his reach.

So noon on Tuesday was an hour big with fate—and Byng and Horne were by now known to be holding their own outside Arras and Amiens, which put every one into better spirits. The "Woods" above referred to is a thick hazel plantation, with a few timber oaks in it, about two hundred yards beyond Cloister Garth. A path runs through it leading to the cricket fields, and is crossed at right angles by a narrow track running northwards; just off this track is the small round clearing which was the traditional scene of fights in the old brutal days of our grandfathers. By 12.15 "Lower" and "Fags" were there to a boy, and little Harker whispered to himself, as he wriggled about watching Merivale and Higgins measuring the space with strides—

"Within the lists in knightly pride,  
High Home and haughty Dacre ride."

But dead silence during and after the fight had been Jenky's strictest order—for the scene was so near the frequented path that the danger of discovery rendered this absolutely necessary. It is not my intention to regale my readers with a long description of a school-boy fight. This has been described once for all by the hand of a great master. Dallaway had about three inches in height and two stone in weight the advantage of Harker major, who walked into the ring with his neolithic arms hanging down till his fists seemed to be almost level with his knees, and with such a hang-dog look that the tender-hearted Jenky whispered to him: "Don't be afraid, kid; I won't let him quite kill you." But, once they were off, the sluggish little boy was suddenly transformed into a sprite almost as alert as his minor. He danced, feinting just out of reach, two or three times round the whole ring, and then, suddenly springing from the ground, got in two fierce blows on the nose and left eye of his opponent; and the rest of the first round was on his part merely a series of dances and feints, in which he occupied himself with guarding his head, quite indifferent to the few very heavy blows that Dallaway managed to get home on his chest and guard-arm (Dallaway afterwards said that he might as well have been hitting a stuffed sack). Dallaway, in spite of copious spenging,

was bleeding like a pig when he stood up for the second round, and was half-sick with the pain in his eye. He rushed fiercely at Harker, who just dived under his arm, and reappeared behind in time to see him lunging at some friend or foe in the ring of boys by mistake. From that moment Dallaway never had a dog's chance. In the third round Harker landed two more blows exactly in the same places as in the first, and the bigger boy simply reeled, stupid with the pain. But he kept his feet, for he was a brave fellow—took his punishment stoutly, and stood up round after round, occasionally getting in a heavy blow on Harker's body. He seemed, however, quite incapable of learning to guard his head, and when, in the seventh round, Harker transferred his attention to his enemy's right eye, with a force behind his blow that seemed quite wonderful, Dallaway tumbled forward on his knees and collapsed in a dead faint. That was the end, and the fags, who had stood round the ring sweating with inward triumph, but not daring to utter a single yell, rushed to their champion and hit him, in their enthusiasm, more blows in affection than Dallaway had been able to deal him in wrath.

Jenky raised his hand, and the fags fell back into the ring as Dallaway slowly sat up, rolled over on his other side, and was violently sick. Then Jenky, who had spent some time on Monday in getting up the subject of "fights by champions," spoke in a low

voice: "The fight has been fairly fought, and the best man has won; but I think that the champion of 'Lower' deserves the thanks of all his dormitory for the great courage with which he has sustained their cause, which I suspect of having been a bad one. I repeat, then, that this has been an ordeal by battle; that which we had every reason to suppose would be the weaker side has appealed to the judgment of God. That judgment has been as decisively given as it used to be in the times of—of King Richard the First. In the old ordeal by battle the arms and horses of the vanquished were forfeited to the victor, who usually allowed them to be redeemed at a moderate ransom. The vanquished on this occasion doesn't seem to have any armour nor horses, and will probably not for some days be in a condition to treat for the ransom of any other property he may possess. But my order is that Lower Dormitory do make instant amends, collectively and individually, to Fags' Dormitory for the insults or outrages, or whatever they may have been, which provoked this challenge. I shall examine the captains of each of these dormitories privately before prayers this evening, and I shall expect to hear from both of them that ample satisfaction has been made to the challengers, although I shall not inquire the cause of the challenge. And if I catch any of you young skunks from 'Lower'

in 'Fags,' or bullying a fag, or in any way interfering with a fag, I'll flay his skin off his bones. I shall tell all I know about this fight in Sixth Common-room as soon as Clowes comes back, and if I am not perfectly satisfied that ample reparation has been made to 'Fags,' I shall also tell Snow before I leave. Williamson and Hurdwell, you will come to my study at 8.30 this evening."

"Fags" were vindictive, there's no denying that; Harker major alone kept a "calm sough"; though his right arm was much swollen and his chest black and blue, he ate his dinner none the worse, and enjoyed his sleep in afternoon school all the better for his fight. Dallaway had to retire to sick-room, and there he spent the next three days, at the end of which he emerged, and was severely swished by the Headmaster for "fighting with some person or persons unknown." He did not attempt to deny that he had been fighting, but refused to say more. Williamson still chose to remain in the sulks, and so it was Messel who, with three other boys from "Lower," appeared in "Fags" after tea on the evening of the fight, and tendered the sum of ten shillings (five times the amount of the cash looted) with a formal, if rather stiff, apology to Hurdwell. Hurdwell refused to receive either. "Fags" parliament had sat on the matter, and Hurdwell's view had been that they should demand a full

average week's contribution, which was estimated at twelve and sixpence. But Harker miner's amendment had been carried in favour of "two beb only, but *let's take it awfully*." So now Hurdwell, endeavouring to make himself "awful," said: "We only want what you *stole*, which was two shillings. Williamson must bring it himself, not you . . . at eight o'clock sharp . . . not before; I've got swynk to de till then. And I think, . . . yes, we have decided, that your apology must be in writing, and signed by all your 'dor' except Dallaway. . . . We hope he is not badly hurt."

A very anxious hour passed, and odds were freely laid, less freely taken, that Williamson would not come. It is to be feared that few fags knew anything about their swynk when they again gathered round the fire just before eight. Hurdwell frankly said he would give little Harker tickle-toby for giving bad advice if the enemy held out. But the school o'clock had only just finished striking when Williamson, looking very white, stalked in and handed over a florin and the written apology. Hurdwell read it out, looked round his company and asked, "Are you fellows satisfied?" Then, as every one said

"Yes," he looked Williamson hard in the face and said, "Thank you, you may go now." He was thus able to tell Jenky at 8.30 that everything was all right now, and, "Please, 'Fags' wishes to thank you most awfully." History does not record what passed at the subsequent interview between Williamson and Jenky except that a full half-hour was occupied with it.

Harker minor proposed that the florin should be framed and hung up over Hurdwell's desk; but his major, who had uttered no word the whole time, was roused and said, "If you say another word about it, minor, I'll beat you."

The Comforts Fund collection in "Fags" at once recovered its tone. In the ensuing summer term it passed all former records, and its glories were crowned when Miss Beatty invited the whole dormitory to tea in the nurses' dining-room on the last Saturday of the term. "You, of course, will sit on my right, Captain," said she to Hurdwell, "but who on my left?"

"Please, ma'am, that must be Harker major. I'm afraid you'll find him very shy, but he did more for the Fund this year than any one else. You mustn't ask how. But he'll eat his tea all right."

He did.

## SWIFT, STEELE, AND ADDISON.

BY J. A. STRAHAN.

THE whole reading public accepts without question the portrait of himself which a writer draws in his books, especially when the writer is one of those who have acquired

"The deep and bitter power to give  
Their images again as in a glass,  
And in such colours that they seem  
to live,"

or, in the language of prose, is a man of genius. And this is so whether the writer, as so many writers do, makes himself the hero of his story, or whether he leaves the public themselves to piece together a portrait of him from the opinions on morals, religion, and life contained in his works.

But the portrait of himself which a man of genius draws in his books is seldom accurate: it is sometimes flattering; strange to say, it is more often the reverse. Every man, and especially every man of genius, has in a corner of his brain his private lunatic asylum wherein reside his insane fancies, impulses, and frailties. The normal man keeps every cell in that asylum locked, and denies to the world, and sometimes even to himself, that such a place exists: it is only the fool and the genius who throw open the doors and invite the world to enter. The world does not trouble itself about the follies of the fool, but it is deeply interested in the follies of the

genius; and its picture of the genius depends on the extent to which that private asylum is opened for its inspection in his works. One will open every door; another will open only one or two; a third will keep every door as carefully locked as if he were a bishop. And the world will judge each according to the number of insane fancies, impulses, and frailties of his which each displays to it, forgetting that the true character of a man is shown not by what he writes but by what he does.

These reflections have been suggested by the different portraits which the world has drawn of three great writers of the same age—Swift, Steele, and Addison. Swift is painted as a politician who was false to his party, a priest who was false to his faith, and a man who was false to mankind. Steele, on the other hand, is regarded as a maudlin drunkard, an absurd politician, and a good-humoured fool whom the virtuous Addison tried vainly to make prosperous and keep sober. As for Addison, he in popular esteem is simply the just man made perfect. And as old Isaac D'Israeli has shrewdly pointed out, this estimate of their merits as men has affected the estimate of their merits as writers. Surely but for the view he held of Steele and Addison's characters,



Macaulay, bad literary critic as he admitted himself to be, would never have been so foolish as to write that Addison's worst essay in the 'Spectator' was as good as Steele's best; nor would Thackeray, but for his view of Swift's character, have committed the stupidity of taking as a heartless jest the heart-rent irony of the Modest Proposal that the landlords who had already devoured their parents should eat also the children of the starving Irish peasants.

As a very short investigation will show, these respective portraits have little or no resemblance to the real men as they displayed themselves to their contemporaries in actual life: they are simply ideal pictures of them drawn by the public from their writings. In his writings Swift opened very wide one door of his private asylum and revealed a cell in which sat his insane hatred of an abstraction which he called man; Steele in his opened every door, and pointed out to an astonished and amused world every foolish impulse or frailty which found a home in his head; and Addison in his kept every door tightly locked, and let the public see none of the frailties which possessed him, but only the wisdom and virtues which he sometimes did not possess. And the reading public, and some who should have known better, have taken in each case the picture of the writer as he appears in his writings as a true portrait of the writer as

he appeared to his neighbours. Let us see then what each man was in actual life.

Swift's insane hatred to man in the abstract was due primarily no doubt to the dash of madness in his blood; but it must have been aggravated by the humiliations of his youth and the disappointments of his age. He was an orphan from his birth, and a peer dependant till he was twenty-eight. And those on whom he had to depend were not over-considerate. His uncle, Godwin, who was the first of them, did much for the orphan boy; but according to all accounts he never let him forget that he was doing it. The second of them was Sir William Temple, and in his relations with him, at least till Swift took Holy Orders, "like George Nathaniel Curzon, He was a very superior person." After taking Holy Orders Swift was for some years his own master, and for several years later he was master of the Empire. Then on Queen Anne's death came a fall almost as great as that of Napoleon or the Kaiser—a fall which doomed him to exile, and to watch from his exile men whom he hated wielding the powers he once possessed in the State, and men whom he despised promoted over his head in the Church. It is to be noted that all the works which have earned for him the character of a scoffer and misanthrope were written during the years of his early humiliations or of his late disappointments. During the

time of his triumph he was, as he more than once reminds Stella in his 'Journal' to her, a very cheerful fellow and not at all censorious of man and his ways.

Swift, like many another man of genius, was, though not selfish, absolutely self-centred, viewing the world always from his own standpoint and his own circumstances. Milton was the same, though Swift never went so far as the man who, when his wife ran away from him, immediately wrote a pamphlet advocating free divorce, and, when she came back to him, never again mentioned the subject. So when the world treated Swift well he was very content with the world. When it treated him badly, and especially when it treated him as he thought unjustly, he turned those clear azure eyes of his on it to discover its defects. In one man he found hypocrisy, in another falsehood, in another ignorance, in another conceit, in another envy, in another cruelty; in all selfishness. These qualities he bulked together and classed as the characteristics which marked an abstraction which he called man, and he hated that abstraction because of these qualities; and when the world was unkind to him, he raged against this abstraction with the fury of a madman, and said and wrote every notion, however gross and callous, that came into his inventive brain, which would shock or outrage that abstraction, and demon-

strate how little he cared for it or its opinion.

The mistake his readers fall into is in taking his hatred of this abstraction and his scorn for its hypocrisies, to be hatred of the actual men about him, and scorn for their convictions. Take his attitude towards religion. He in his youth wrote 'The Tale of a Tub,' in which he jibes at the fellows men have been guilty of in connection with the doctrines of Christianity; and the world in consequence was half convinced he himself, though a clergyman, was not a Christian. Even Johnson and Thackeray, consciously or unconsciously, agree on this point with the world; and the thought of it poisons the views they take of his character and conduct throughout life. Yet few clergymen were more wholly devoted to their faith, and especially to their Church, than Swift was. It was devotion to his Church which led to his breach with the Whigs. When they urged him to support with his pen their project of repealing the Test Act, which he thought would be detrimental to the Church of England, hinting that if he did so he would have his reward, he answered angrily that he was not going to make his fortune at the expense of his Church; and when they pressed him further, he replied by publishing a violent pamphlet denouncing it, which is certainly a contrast to the virtuous way of Hoadley, who bet the King's mistress £5000 he would not get a certain bishopric, and, when she got it for him, paid up like a man.

And if he performed his own devotions privately, he performed them, and led the devotions of his flock regularly at a time when neglect of duty was rampant among the clergy. Dr Sheridan also notes that he spent more in keeping his Cathedral in repair than any previous dean, and that he never held a benefice which he did not leave in a better condition than it was when he received it.

And this enemy of man was a very kind friend of men. His remembrance of his old dependency made him often too eager to shew by insolence or overbearing that he was no longer dependent. But to the people he met who were loyal to him he was not only loyal but generous. He was a considerate master, and where good service was given he gave a good return: he is, so far as I know, the only dean in the United Kingdom who has erected in his cathedral a monument to a faithful valet.<sup>1</sup> Thackeray says that sooner or later he slunk away from all his friends. That may be so, but what is more important is that none of his friends ever slunk away from him: they remained faithful during his life to him, and after his death to his memory. Witness Dr Sheridan who, quarrelling with him when he was half mad, could not speak too lovingly of him when he was in the

grave. And what friends he had—Pope, Arbuthnot, Congreve, Gay, Addison, Bolingbroke, the choicest spirits of the age. He is said, with reason I think, to have been more rude and contemptuous with women than with men, and yet no man ever received greater affection from women. I do not refer merely to the adoration of Stella and Vanessa; but, as Lord Ossory says, till he became hopelessly insane his deanery was a regular seraglio of virtuous women, all delighted to serve him; and when he became insane his niece, Mrs Whiteway, waited on him with the watchfulness and affection of a devoted daughter. Of course it is possible that he was liked by women not because of his good qualities but because of his masterful ways.

“That *man*, he used unduly  
To swagger and to bully,  
And, Oh, and Oh,  
The ladies loved him so!”

There is little doubt but that, from the time he obtained emancipation from his youthful servitude, he did, in his personal relations with men and women, bully and swagger a bit; but his essential actions were directed nevertheless by a good heart and by a high principle. During the years of his greatness he was in a position, as he says, to make

<sup>1</sup> In the south wall of St Patrick's Cathedral stands a tablet with this inscription:—

ALEX. M'GEE, servant of Dr Swift, Dean of St Patrick's.

His grateful master caused this Monument to be erected in memory of his discretion, fidelity, and diligence in that humble station.

Ob. Mar. 24, 1724. Aetat. 29.

any man's fortune except his own. He made many men's fortunes, and most of those men had no claim upon him save that arising from worth. Nothing seems to have exasperated him more than appeals to help an incompetent because of his incompetency, nothing to have pleased him more than appeals to assist merit for merit's sake. And he knew merit when he met it. He worked for Pope when he was a poet in the making; for Parnell, the gentle songster, whose family was to produce the iron politician of a later time; for Berkeley, whom, while still a youthful Fellow of old Trinity College, he recognised as a philosopher destined to be immortal. And this aid to merit did not depend on political or social friendship or association: he worked as hard for Addison and Steele when they were threatened with dismissal for being Whigs as he did for any of his Tory friends, and for Berkeley, a new acquaintance, as for Congreve, an old schoolfellow. His principle he has stated in his 'Journal to Stella,' when writing of Berkeley: "I will favour him as much as I can. This, I think, I am bound to, in honour and conscience, to use all my little credit towards helping forward men of worth in the world" (12th July 1713).

Byron, when Southey, the friend of virtue, denounced him as the friend of Satan, said truthfully that he had given away more in charity in a year than Southey had given in his lifetime. Swift

might have responded to his critics in the same way. He has been called not merely a misanthrope, but a miser. He was in his own expenditure most parsimonious, but his frugality was not due to meanness, but to generosity: he saved to give. From the time he freed his deanery from the debts following his installation, he divided his income into three parts. One was for his own use; one for the relief of the poor and wretched about him; the third he saved up to found a hospital for persons afflicted with the terrible malady from which he felt all his life he himself must sooner or later suffer—madness. He had obtained the land for this hospital, and he was, with the assistance of the architect, Sir W. Fownes, planning the buildings, when he became the victim of the very disease he was labouring to alleviate. When, after years of seclusion, he died, the poor, wretched, and oppressed among his neighbours had not forgotten what this savage misanthrope had done for them, and they lamented him with a passionate grief such as has seldom followed to the grave the most philanthropic of philanthropists. "Peace to his ashes! He was the noblest enemy of man that ever lived."

Steele, as I have said, threw open in his works and letters every cell in his private lunatic asylum; and he not merely permitted but invited the public and his friends to enter and view the inmates. His writings contain a public con-

fession of all his insane impulses and frailties, and a public repentance for the follies into which they led him, which after all were not very much worse than most men's; but the world could not understand any man making such an exhibition of himself unless he was a fool, and a fool it decided he was. Accordingly it did not take, and does not to this day take, him or his works seriously. To this day it regards him as a sort of stage Irishman, with much good humour, a certain amount of wit, and a muddled intellect; constantly in drink, constantly in debt, and constantly ridiculous. As I have said, it is only the fool and the genius who open their private asylums to the public. Sometimes the public think the fool who does so is a genius; far more often they think the genius who does so is a fool.

In real life Steele was very far from being a fool. In business affairs his imagination sometimes ran away with him. For instance, his search for the philosopher's stone, and his project of bringing over from Ireland living salmon in tank-boats, on both of which he spent much time and money, were hardly undertakings that would commend themselves to hardheaded business men. But most of the notions with which that same imagination supplied him turned out in practice astounding successes. 'The Tatler' and 'The Spectator' were not merely new ideas in journalism, but their results financially were such as amazed

the world of his day. In political affairs he was a violent partisan; but sometimes he differed from his party, and when he did so differ he was always right. His fault in all the affairs of life was not want of sense, but want of self-consideration and self-restraint. "He was," as he himself says, "always of the humour of preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune." When he was minded to do some vicious or foolish act he did it recklessly; and, being a good and wise man at bottom, he was soon afterwards minded to repent it; and nothing would then satisfy him but to declare repentance publicly—a proceeding which was as sincere as it was silly. When he was minded to do some act which was right but indiscreet, he did it recklessly; but here, whatever disasters it brought upon him, he never repented. "I am in a thousand troubles," wrote Addison in 1713, "about poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself." As we shall see, there was never any danger of Addison's zeal for the public being ruinous to him.

In other words, Steele in managing his personal affairs acted on the principle on which we were lately advised by one of our statesmen to manage our public affairs—"Damn the consequences." Judging from the results in Steele's case it is not altogether a prudent one on which to proceed. But for it he would have in his life been as successful as his friend Addi-

son was, and after his death have enjoyed as a writer as high a reputation, and as a man a higher character.

Born in the same year as Addison (1672), the son of a Dublin solicitor, one of his earliest recollections was the death of his father, a recollection which he afterwards relates with a pathos and tenderness of which Addison was absolutely incapable. On the death of his father he became like Swift the charge of his uncle, his mother's brother, Henry Gascoigne. Gascoigne was private secretary to the Duke of Ormonde, who was a governor of the Charterhouse; and through the Duke he obtained a nomination to the school for his youthful charge. Here Steele met Addison, and a friendship began which continued not till death, but till politics, parted them. From the Charterhouse Steele went to Oxford, where he became post-master to Merton College. Here the first damage to his fortune, due to his principle of conduct, overtook him.

He had apparently grown tired of academic life, and was minded to become a soldier. Now he had a relative who owned "a very good estate in the County of Wexford." Apparently this relative was a Quaker: at any rate, he had a strong objection to the army. He had intended to make Steele his heir, and he wished him to remain a civilian. But Steele, "preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune," followed his fancy. He left Oxford without a de-

gree, "to the regret of the whole Society," became a gentleman volunteer in the Life Guards, and lost the "very good estate in the County of Wexford."

His brother Guardsmen, like the world later, made some mistakes about him. Because he was good-humoured they thought he was a coward, and tried "their valour upon him." Soon they found out their blunder: he challenged one, Captain Kelly, fought him in Hyde Park, and nearly killed him. That brought a flood of repentance to Steele's kindly heart, and from that day till his death he hated duelling: in the very last play that came from his pen, "The Conscious Lover," he denounces it. And, of course, he had to publish his repentance, which he did by writing 'The Christian Hero; An Argument proving that no Principles but those of Religion are sufficient to make a great Man.' This caused his fellow-Guardsmen to make another mistake about him. Just as they had thought a soldier who was not a bully must be a coward, so they thought a man who was religious could not but be disagreeable. So, as he explains, to dissipate this delusion he wrote a comedy, 'The Funeral, or Grief—à-la-mode,' in which, as he says, "tho' full of incidents that move laughter, virtue and vice appear as they ought to do." In writing this comedy, perhaps, he was merely influenced by the state of his mind; but it is just possible he was also for once thinking of

the state of his fortune. At any rate, he introduced into it some flattering references to King William III., which so pleased the monarch that, as Steele tells us, his Majesty entered in his "last table-book" Steele's name as that of one "to be provided for." Unfortunately, the King died before provision had been made for Steele.

Steele wrote some more successful plays and became known as a literary man of merit. As the practice then was, the Government thought it its duty to give him a place. He was appointed a Commissioner of Stamps. Later, Harley, possibly with the hope of securing his pen for the Tories, appointed him Gazetteer, raising, as Swift tells us, "the salary from sixty to three hundred pounds." If Harley thought he could so secure Steele's pen he knew little of his man. When the popular tide turned, and the Tory section of the Coalition began to oust the Whigs, Steele, who was ardently attached to Whig principles and the Whig party, acted once more on his principle, and in the 'Tatler,' which he was then conducting, made a fierce attack on Harley himself, which, as Swift says, "was devilish ungrateful." It was also very disastrous to the state of his fortune, for it resulted in Harley's dismissing him from the office of Gazetteer. It would also have resulted in his being dismissed from the Commissionership of Stamps; but Swift, who at that time respected him as a writer and liked him as a man, came to

his rescue. On his intervention it was agreed to continue Steele in the Commissionership on the implied understanding that he should write no more against the Tories. Accordingly the 'Tatler' was ended and the 'Spectator' was begun, founded on the principle of "an exact neutrality between Whigs and Tories."

Macaulay's account of this business in his essay on 'The Life and Writings of Addison' shows how party and personal predilections can lead an honest man to misstate grossly plain facts. He says that Steele was appointed Gazetteer by Sunderland on the recommendation of Addison, and that he was maintained in the Commissionership by the influence of Addison, who was personally very popular with the Tories. Now Swift, who should know the truth and who had no motive to misrepresent it, says expressly in the 'Journal to Stella' that Harley appointed Steele to the Gazette, and that he himself maintained him in his Commissionership: the latter statement he repeats in the letter to Addison which led to the breach between him and Steele. Furthermore, most of his references to Addison in connection with the business are far from flattering. In the entry dated 22nd October 1710, after telling how he had spent two hours with Mr Lewis, the under-secretary of Lord Dartmouth, pleading for Steele, he continues: "I had a hint given me that I might

save him in the other employment" (that is, the Commissionership), "and leave was given me to clear matters with Steele. . . . In the evening I went to sit with Mr Addison and offer the matter at a distance to him as the disreeter person; but found party had so possessed him, that he talked as if he suspected me and would not fall in with anything I said. So I stopped short in my overture and we parted very dryly. I will say nothing to Steele and let them do as they will: but if things stand as they are, he will certainly lose it, unless I save him: and therefore I will not speak to him, that I may not report to his disadvantage." Swift was not without hopes, indeed, of restoring Steele to Harley's favour, and with this view he arranged an interview between him and Harley which Steele failed to keep. What caused that failure in Swift's opinion appears from the entry, dated 15th December 1710: "I believe Addison hindered him out of mere spite, being grated to the soul to think he should ever want any help to save his friend." As for Addison's popularity with the Tories, the only evidence Macaulay cites is Swift's comment on Addison's unopposed return in the election of 1710: "I believe if he had a mind to be king he would hardly be refused." But that was when Swift had had little intercourse with the Tories. In the entry of 4th February 1711 he tells a different tale: "I have repre-

sented Mr Addison himself so to the ministry, that they think and talk in his favour, though they hated him before. Well, he is now in my debt and there is an end; and I never had the least obligation to him, and there is another end."

As has been stated, there was an implied understanding when the Tories continued Steele in the Commissionership that he would not attack them. But nothing could restrain him from following his principle of preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune. So he ceased publishing the neutral 'Spectator' and began publishing the partisan 'Guardian' and then the still more partisan 'Englishman' and innumerable pamphlets. One of the Tories he attacked was his old friend Swift. He imputed to him the authorship of a libellous article that had appeared in the 'Examiner,' which Swift had at one time edited. Swift wrote an angry letter of complaint to Addison. Following his strange practice of never acknowledging or denying in so many words the authorship of anything, he merely pointed out that he had long ceased to write for the 'Examiner.' No doubt he addressed the letter to Addison as "the disreeter person," in the hope that he would induce Steele to make some amends and so prevent a rupture. But Addison was too discreet: that prudent and cold-blooded gentleman did not see how it would benefit



him to mix himself up in his friends' quarrels, and all he did was to pass on the letter to Steele. Steele was the reverse of discreet: he noted in his answer that Swift had not definitely denied that he wrote the article, and he practically reasserted that he did. Swift was furious, and from that moment entertained a hatred of Steele which continued even after Steele was in the grave. After this Steele made himself impossible as a place-holder under a Tory Government, so he resigned the Commissionership, and became such a reckless assailant of the Tories that when he was elected M.P. for Stockport they expelled him from the House. Meanwhile the state of his fortune naturally was not improving.

The state of the fortune of his political opponents was not either: it depended on the life of Queen Anne, and as Wharton gracefully observed, "if their hopes depend on this life they are of all men the most miserable." In 1714 Queen Anne died and the Whigs came back to office and to offices. Steele got one or two of the latter; but he soon got rid of them by acting on his principle of preferring the state of his mind to that of his estate. The Whig Government introduced the bill for limiting the royal prerogative of creating peers. Steele, rightly, as everybody now agrees, objected strongly to the principle of the measure; and, as was his wont, expressed his objection in several violent pamphlets, to which the Gov-

ernment replied by ejecting him from his offices. So any improvement in his fortune derived from his offices came to a sudden end.

One pitiful result followed Steele's attacks on the Whig Government and its bill. Addison, like the steady party man and party pensioner he was, supported the Government, and was put up by it to support the bill and answer Steele. He did so with an acrimony which showed how little he valued the many past services and the long devotion of Steele. Steele replied acrimoniously: a breach ensued between the two old friends, and shortly afterwards Addison died without seeing any need of a reconciliation.

The bill was defeated, and some of its opponents were taken into the Government. Then the Government made a worse blunder: it supported the South Sea Bubble, which again Steele denounced. When the Bubble burst so did the Government. Walpole, who, like Steele, had opposed both projects, came into power, and he restored Steele to his offices. But the state of Steele's fortune was now too desperate to be thus repaired, and shortly afterwards he had to come to an arrangement with his creditors, retire from public life, and retreat to a little property he still possessed in Carmarthen-shire, where he died. Swift's hatred of him, I have said, continued after he was in the grave. In a couplet he records with much satisfaction his

enemy's sad end. Steele, it runs—

"From perils of a hundred jails  
Withdrew to starve and die in  
Wales."

The statement is as incorrect as it is unkindly. Steele's creditors were more generous than his alienated friend: they left him enough to live on in comfort for the remainder of his days.

This, then, is the tale of Steele's public life, and there is nothing in it discreditable to his heart or head. His conduct was always honest, and his views, especially when he differed from his party, were always right. All that can be charged against him is want of prudence, which in public life is scarcely a virtue, since it means merely self-consideration. But in private life it is a great virtue, since there it means self-restraint; and in private life Steele was as devoid of prudence as in public life. He was a kindly acquaintance, a generous friend, and an over-affectionate husband and father, and a less cold-blooded rake and not a more heavy drinker than most of the public men of his day; but in his expenditure he unfortunately "preferred the state of his mind to that of his fortune." When he wanted a fine house for his beloved Prue, or when he wanted to entertain some of his fine friends, he did not hesitate to incur expenses which he could not pay; and when he was pressed to pay these expenses he did not hesitate to borrow money

from his fine friends which he could not repay. Byron did much the same in his youth, but once he reached the insolvent state he felt so bitterly the humiliations of his position that he became something of a miser to prevent its recurrence. Insolvency brought no humiliations to Steele, and he went on spending and borrowing until he came to utter bankruptcy, which is regarded in a commercial country like England as the last stage in moral and social degradation. And in truth there was little excuse for Steele. Most of his life he had a considerable income from his places and his works, and he had married two heiresses; and if he could only have in his private life preferred the state of his fortune to that of his mind, he might have lived in comfort, and even luxury, and without any acquaintance with debts, or duns, or sheriff's officers, or sponging-houses.

It is worth noting that his bankruptcy did not affect the fortunes of his children. Only two of these survived him—an illegitimate and a legitimate daughter. The illegitimate daughter married into comfortable circumstances, the legitimate into the aristocracy; the latter's husband, a Welsh judge, succeeded to a peerage as fourth Lord Trevor. It is interesting to compare this posthumous success with that of another Irishman of greater genius and greater improvidence—Richard Brinsley Sheridan—whose descendants are now by dint of marriage among

the wealthiest and noblest of the land. It is also interesting to compare it with the posthumous failure of the ever-prudent and prosperous Addison. He left one daughter, who was weak-minded from her birth, never married, and died an imbecile.

So much for the real character of the writer who, because he revealed all his frailties in his writings, is generally regarded as a drunken fool. Now let us consider the real character of the writer who, because he revealed none of his, is generally regarded as the just man made perfect.

"Addison," said Mandeville, after spending an evening with that admirable man, "Addison is a parson in a tye-wig." Twice it would seem he was very nearly being a parson in a full-bottomed one. He certainly intended to become a priest at the beginning of his career, and it is said he intended to become a bishop towards the end of it. He was diverted from his purpose in the first case by getting a pension which he had done nothing to deserve, and in the second by getting delirium tremens which he had done everything to deserve. Horace Walpole tells us that in the end he died of brandy, and it is certain that he lived most of his life chiefly on wine. Although, however, he began as a poor man he ended as a rich one; for in his course he had held many fat offices for which he was unfitted, and sinecures which fitted him, as people say, down to the

ground. In that he was very unlike Steele, who preferred the state of his mind to that of his estate: whatever happened to Addison's mind, he always saw that his estate did not suffer. When he lost a mistress whom he kept he at once sought out a wife who kept him; and when his impecunious friend Steele, who had opened the gate to fame for him, failed to pay him a debt, he sold up his home. "If the world owes anything to Addison," said the same old friend, "the world owes Addison to me." If the world owed anything to Addison, we may be sure he had it back again with compound interest and costs. This, then, is a brief but accurate outline of the life of a writer whom the world has learned from his writings, and been taught by the writings of others, to regard as the just man made perfect.

As we have seen, Steele met Addison at the Charterhouse, and like Steele, Addison went from the Charterhouse to Oxford, where he became deeply learned as learning was then understood at that University. He was well read, that is, in Latin verse, and he could write verse in Latin as well as he could in English, which perhaps is not saying as much as it seems. He obtained a Fellowship at Magdalen, and was preparing to enter the Church when he thought of something better: he wrote some Latin verses on the Peace of Ryswick and sent them to the learned Montague. The

learned Montague was delighted with them, and munificently rewarded the learned poet—at the expense of other people. In other words, he obtained for him a State pension. Addison was then twenty-five or -six. When, after their quarrel, Pope told him to his face that he had been a pensioner all his life, he was not far wrong.

The pension was ostensibly given so that he might travel abroad, and learn foreign languages so as to fit him for the public service. He went abroad, and, while there, did more than learn foreign languages. He wrote a poor account of his travels, a poor treatise on medals, and the first four acts of a poor play. He also wrote when in Italy a poetical letter to his patron Montague, which is probably the best of his poor poems. And he enjoyed himself immensely, giving apparently full play to his amiable weakness for wine. After his return home we find him, in acknowledging a gift of wine from Hamburg, announcing that his journey through Westphalia was the pleasantest part of his travels owing to the abundant supply of "hoo." In the same letter he apologises for delay in returning thanks for the new supply on the ground that, after sampling it, he had to wait some time till he had recovered sufficient steadiness of hand to write.

When he returned home his political friends were out of office; his father was dead;

and, so far as is known, he had for a year or two no income save that coming from his Magdalen fellowship; but just as a poem on the old peace had obtained him his first pension, another poem on the new war brought him his first office. He, at Lord Godolphin's request, wrote a poetical celebration of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim, and was rewarded for it by promotion at once to a Commissionership of Appeals, and subsequently to an Under-Secretaryship of State. Surely never before or since has so mean a performance received so munificent a recompense—at other people's expense. Nobody now ever reads 'The Campaign' except out of curiosity, and not a line of it is remembered by the average educated man save one—"Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm."

But these promotions proved only the beginning of his reward. Among the Whig leaders was the famous and infamous Earl of Wharton before mentioned, and he for some reason—no doubt it was "Addison's popularity, his stainless probity, and his literary fame," which Macaulay asserts were the causes of his elevation—developed a friendship for the new placeman and became his political patron. All the same, it is well to remember Wharton's character. Swift has described it succinctly. Wharton, he says, was so occupied by "vice and politics that bawdy, prophaness, and business fill

up his whole conversation—the most universal villain I ever knew.” Thackeray shudders at the wild talk that Swift must have heard over Bolingbroke’s burgundy and Pope’s port. I wonder what sort of conversation Addison listened to over Wharton’s wine, of which, true no doubt to his tastes, he must have partaken freely and frequently.

Wharton nominated his protégé for a rotten borough, but Addison’s timidity and shyness made him unfitted for the House of Commons. Then Wharton was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and he found a new and better post for him—that of his Chief Secretary. The salary attached to this office was £2000 a year with perquisites, which, as money was then worth three or four times its present value, was no mean remuneration for a gentleman whose sole qualification for the office was having written a prize poem. But it did not satisfy Addison. Macaulay notes with admirable vagueness that he also “obtained a patent appointing him Keeper of the Irish Records for life, with a salary of three or four hundred a year.” Swift is more explicit. In the fourth of his ‘*Drapier Letters*’ he tells how Addison bought the Keepership of Records in Bermingham’s Tower of £10 a year, and got a salary of £400 annexed to it, “though all the records there are not worth half-a-crown for curiosity or use.” Some time ago

Addison’s official letters, written while in Dublin, were published for the first time by Mr Erlington Ball. They might have come from the horse-leech’s daughter, for their constant cry is “Give, give!” Addison’s appetite for cash seems to have been insatiable. He told Swift—very truly, no doubt—that when in office he never remitted his regular fees in civility to friends: no one who has studied his career would ever imagine he did.

Macaulay, in discussing Addison’s connection with Wharton’s rule in Ireland, says that Addison afterwards “asserted, what all the evidence we have ever seen tends to prove, that his diligence and integrity gained the friendship of all the most considerable persons in Ireland.” That, although he does not see it, is what people call a left-handed compliment. All the most considerable persons in Ireland connected with the Government of that unhappy island were then bent on two objects, and two objects only. The first was the further degradation of the already degraded Catholic Irish; the other the pillaging of the whole people, Irish or English. In the pursuit of the first, they contrived during Wharton’s administration to pass one of the most infamous Acts which have ever appeared on a statute-book—an Act which enabled a Catholic child by abandoning his own faith to rob his own father. I wonder was it his diligence in promoting this which gained for Addi-

son the friendship of all the most considerable people? In pursuit of the second, most of the public revenue was being diverted from the service of the country for the purpose of providing pensions and sinecures for the most considerable persons in Ireland and hungry adventurers and place-hunters from England. Was his integrity in promoting this object the second ground on which he gained their friendship? I can only suppose it was, since he himself eagerly shared in the plunder.

In this particular it is interesting to compare the conduct of Swift, that hater of men, with that of this lover of them. Ireland was, when Addison came to it, as badly governed a country as well could be: its rulers were mere jobbers, robbers, and debauchees, and its people in the bulk were in absolute wretchedness. Addison dwelt on the happiest terms with the rulers, and never bothered his virtuous head about the people. A few years later Swift took up his permanent residence in Dublin. There was no change in the character of the rulers or in the condition of the people. So soon as he fully realised the true state of things he began a crusade for the reform of the Government which imperilled his position, liberty, and even life, and stinted himself in his living that he might have means to alleviate the miseries of the people.

The general election of 1710

resulted in a rout of the Whigs, and both Wharton and his protégé had to return to England. Addison was greatly depressed. Writing to Wortley Montague on 21st July 1711, he says that within the last twelve months he had lost a place of £2000 a year, an estate in the Indies of £14,000, and his mistress. The place was of course the Chief Secretaryship, and the estate in the Indies was that left to him by his brother (who had some time before died in India), of which he had failed to obtain possession; but who his mistress was nobody knows, and, but for this letter, nobody would ever have known that he had a mistress. However, he was not so badly off after all. He had contrived to save so much during his residence in Ireland that he was able to invest £10,000 in the purchase of an estate in England; and, with his usual resource, he no sooner lost a mistress, [who presumably cost him some money, than he set about securing a wife who would bring him much more. He had been, it seems, called in by the Countess of Warwick and Holland to advise as to the education of her son, then a lad of thirteen; and at once he resolved to be not merely the son's tutor, but also his stepfather—a position which he did not attain till five or six years later. Meanwhile, however—owing probably to Swift's good offices—he continued at £400 a year, guarding in London the records which were not worth half-

a-crown for curiosity or use in Dublin.<sup>1</sup>

When on Anne's death the Whigs returned to power, Sunderland, under whom Addison had served as Under-Secretary of State, became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and with him Addison returned to his old office and the £2000 a year, with perquisites. He did not remain in Dublin long this time, but came back to occupy a seat at the Board of Trade. In 1716 he married the Countess of Warwick; and in 1717 Sunderland, who was now head of the Whig Government, appointed him Secretary of State. His acceptance of the office was, said Pope, "the worst step he ever took. He did it to oblige the Countess of Warwick and to qualify himself to be owned for her husband." The Countess felt she had married beneath her and was dissatisfied. There were, however, other reasons than that for her dissatisfaction. Only two traditions have, so far as I know, come down to us as to Addison's way of life at Holland House. One is

that, when he was writing, his custom was to place his desk in the middle of the long narrow library and a bottle of wine at each end of it; then he composed his sentences while walking up and down the long room, and wrote them down each time he passed the desk, and took a bumper of wine each time he came to a bottle. The other is that, on nights when her ladyship was not watching him, he used to steal out of the house, cross to the tavern in Kensington Square, which Thackeray has immortalised in 'Esmond,' and remain there toying until her ladyship discovered his absence and sent her chairmen to carry him home.

Addison's unsuitness for the office and the failure of his health soon compelled him to resign the Secretaryship. However, his short tenure of it was not without its compensations: he was, on his retirement, granted a pension of £1500 a year for life. He did not enjoy it long. Though only in his forty-seventh year, his constitution was undermined, pro-

<sup>1</sup> Macaulay has treated of these matters in a very remarkable way. He says that we do not know what the property in India was which is referred to in the letter to Wortley Montague, and later he notes that he had inherited a fortune from a brother in India, who died a year or so before this Indian property was lost. Then he suggests that the mistress referred to in the same letter was the Countess of Warwick. That the property in India was the brother's estate seems certain; that the mistress was not the Countess of Warwick seems also certain. His acquaintance with the Countess began, according to all accounts, with his being consulted as to the young Earl's education. In 1710 the Earl was thirteen years of age. Before that Addison had been two years and more in Ireland, and three more years an Under-Secretary of State in England. He could not when in Ireland, and it is very likely indeed he would not when Under-Secretary, act as tutor to even a young Earl. If, then, he acted as tutor to the Earl before that, it must have been when the lad was under eight years of age. It thus seems certain that his acquaintance with the Countess began only after he came back from Ireland, and probably it was the straitness of his means then that induced him to become the boy Earl's tutor.

bably by his habits, which, as he grew elder, seem to have grown worse. At any rate in 1719 he died, and Horace Walpole tells us it was of brandy.

A deathbed scene is always dreadful, but it may be dreadfully affecting or it may be dreadfully revolting. If in fact Addison died of brandy, then when he sent for his young stepson, and asked him to witness how a Christian can die, his deathbed scene became dreadfully revolting. Personally it would be to me less revolting to see poor tipsy Steele hiccoughing out piety than to contemplate the smug self-righteousness of Addison dying of drink.

Even if he died like a decent man, such self-righteousness would be disgusting. All his biographical admirers have an uneasy feeling this way; and, to calm it, represent his conduct as intended to bring back to the paths of virtue a very ill-living young man. For this purpose they do not hesitate to blacken the Earl of Warwick's character; and each does it after his own fashion. Johnson contented himself with saying he was "a young man of very irregular life, and perhaps of loose opinions." Macaulay, just as he makes a statement of purely imaginary facts to justify Addison's act in selling up his old friend Steele's home in order to recover a debt, gives a purely imaginary account of young Warwick's way of life in order to prepare the reader for this deathbed speech. He represents the youth as addicted to

"beating watchmen, breaking windows, and rolling women in hogsheads down Holborn Hill," and "growing up a rake," notwithstanding Addison's efforts "to teach him to study letters and the practice of virtue." Now this dreadful character was at Addison's death just twenty years of age, and he died when he was twenty-four. His statue in Kensington Church represents him as a delicate, rather effeminate person; and the epitaph, which of course we cannot take as absolutely true, is in such terms as would make it ridiculous if he was such a youth as Macaulay paints him. Moreover Malone, who looked into the matter with his usual scrupulous care, declared that there was not an atom of evidence of his having led a vicious life. All that Pope says about him is that he was "but a weak man," which is exactly what his statue in Kensington Church would suggest he was.

There was another scene at that strange deathbed which should be remembered. When Addison knew he was dying he sent the same Earl of Warwick to Gay, who pressed Gay "in a very particular manner" to go and see him. When Gay saw him Addison confessed that unknown to Gay "he had injured him greatly." Macaulay, just as he thinks Addison's words to Lord Warwick evidence of his humble piety, regards this confession as proof of his delicacy of conscience. Well, everybody is entitled to his



own opinion. The important point is, what was Addison's motive for thus stabbing in the back a "distressed man of letters," as Macaulay describes Gay, "who was as harmless and as helpless as a child," and who moreover was a personal friend? Macaulay suggests it was party passion. But then Gay had no party, and Addison had no passion: all that Gay ever did in the Tory way was to dedicate a poem to Bolingbroke, while he was very much liked by the Hanover family. I think it is necessary to look for another motive.

Strange as it may appear to us now, the one thing above all others which Addison prided himself upon, and was jealous of, was his reputation as a poet. He actually thought himself the first poet of his time, and he was envious of any one who threatened to contest his supremacy. He had been a friend of Dryden's, and yet Tonson tells us he was constantly "running down Dryden's character as far as

he could." Phillips was his friend, and yet we know through Dr Leigh that, when Phillips' poem in blank verse called 'Blenheim' was read in his company, "he made it his whole business to run down blank verse." Now, Gay was a poet too, and in fact a much better one than Addison. Is it possible that it was jealousy which induced Addison to do him an injury behind his back? If it was, we can have little doubt that the wicked Earl of Warwick was speaking the truth when he told Pope that Addison was secretly bribing Gildon to publish scandals about him in the gutter press, and that Dr Lockier was also speaking the truth when he declared that "Pope's character of Addison is one of the truest as well as one of the best things he ever wrote." But it was not the whole truth.

This, then, is the real character of the man whose virtuous pen has convinced the world that he was the just man made perfect.

## VIGNETTES.

BY ELLA MACMAHON.

## X ELLEN.

ELLEN was a travelled person. In her youth she went to America, but, unlike the general run of emigrants, she did not make her home there permanently, but came and went—"back and forth"—to use her own expression, several times between Ireland and the United States. She went out in the first instance to a married sister, and I fancy that, as is so often the case, the trip was more or less a matrimonial speculation. Marriage, however, never materialised for her; and by the time I came to know her she had long parted with any illusions on that score. Most of her years in America were spent in domestic service, and, according to her, the States, notably Massachusetts, including the town of Boston, formed a perfect Elysium for household workers of every kind. She herself was a cook, and, by her own account, earned fabulous wages. She always babbled in dollars, regarding them as a much superior currency to ours, and one, two, and three hundred dollars a week seemed to be the remuneration she was accustomed to receive. I can only say that the upper circles of Boston (Ellen never lived with lesser people, for whom she had the feudal disdain of her class and country)

must have been less exacting in their standard of culinary art than might be supposed from the magnificence in which she declared that they lived.

Her love and admiration for America and the American people was countered by her hatred and suspicion of England and the English.

Nevertheless, I am bound to say that she disliked and distrusted the Germans even more. Her feelings about them arose from the time (long before the war) when in the service of a United States family she lived in the house with a German lady's-maid, who was "a glutton and denied God." As cook in this establishment Ellen had to cook for the servants as well as for her employers, and I imagine that the trencher capacities of the Teuton were strongly antagonistic to one of a race which seldom or never over-eats itself, and who personally ate scarcely more than a bird. Moreover, if she was to be believed, the Germans were serious competitors to the Irish in all branches of employment, although, as she was always careful to add, "'twas the Irish every one wanted, for all the world knew that the Irish are better workers than Germans or any one else."

I asked her once if there

were many English servants to be found in the States. She replied loftily—

"Oh, nobody'd have *them* in America. They're only trash out there, and if there's ere a one to be found 'twouldn't be in grand houses where first-rate 'help' are kept, but only in inferior down-East places."

"Down-East," I fear, conveyed little to my ignorant understanding, but it seemed to be a term of contempt.

The genesis of Ellen's opinion of England lay, by her own declaration, in the study of history.

"An' let me tell ye," she would say, peering at me through round gold-rimmed spectacles, which greatly magnified the coal-black eyes behind them, "that 'twas not in Irish history nor in English history that I learned all I know, but in good American books, and *they're* never afraid nor ashamed to tell the truth."

These historical authorities, however, seemed to have left her — chronologically — much confused. Indeed, at the risk of sounding profane, it might be said with little exaggeration that to Ellen a thousand years were as one day and one day as a thousand years. Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, Oliver Cromwell, and Queen Victoria seemed inextricably mixed up in her mind, and it was evident that she conceived them to have all flourished contemporaneously and convived together against the liberties of Ireland. To her the Massacre of Drogheda and

the potato famine of 1847 were not separated by nearly two centuries. The latter, indeed, formed the basis of an indictment against Queen Victoria, which Ellen as usual claimed to have discovered in American history-books.

"For God Almighty and the world knows that *she* was the murderer of the poor Irish people. Doesn't every one with a heart in their breast compassionate them that she sent to their cruel death! An' my dear, let me tell ye, they rose up in Heaven to meet her!"

I was tempted to point out that murderers do not enter Heaven, but this new and staggering view of a monarch hitherto, so far as I knew, held universally in high esteem, kept me silent in order to hear more.

"An' why did she do it?—because th' Irish people had all the money she wanted to grab, an' when they wouldn't give it to her she did her best to starve them, the unfortunate orators——"

"But," I interposed involuntarily, "the Queen didn't cause the famine!"

"Oh, an' didn't she! May the Lord leve yer innocence! and doesn't every one know 'twas the English in secret put the blight on the pitaties and destroyed the poor people's only food. An' them that was left an' that she couldn't slay that way, didn't she hire ships fer to take them away and maybe drown them in the depths of the wide ocean; but the Lord Almighty was too much fer her, and *He* brought

them safe to America, and the good charitable people there took care of them, and they're grander there now and more thought of than ever she was in her life, if she was fifty queens."

On the other hand, Ellen greatly respected President Wilson. She had been in the States during his first Presidential election and was a keen partisan of his.

"The poor man's friend," she called him. "President Wilson is slow but sure," was her invariable remark when, during the first years of the war, conjecture was rife as to the action of the United States. "President Wilson is a righteous man, ay sure."

Ellen's vocabulary was a delicious blend of English as spoken in Ireland and as spoken in America.

The result was interesting, but a little difficult till you understood it. The "deepo" and "yeur grips" mystified me till I discovered that the first was the railway station and the second your hand-luggage. "Real cute," "dry-goods," "soft-goods," "stores," and "candy-stores" were frequent phrases, and she was fond of prefixing her remarks with "I guess," and ending instead of beginning her sentences with "sure." Withal, in mementos of excitement she returned instinctively to the idiom of her native land, while her accent and intonation remained wholly that of the Southern Irish peasant.

England and history apart, Ellen was kindly natured and

peaceable. She deplored and deprecated violence or ill-will. I once ventured to point out that violence and ill-will had been too often sadly identified with our country.

"Why, certainly," was the composed rejoinder; "why, certainly, an' that's because th' Irish, God help them, have no *policy* in them. I have no policy meself. If I was one o' them that had policy I'd be very different to-day, rich and grand maybe. But Irish people have no policy; they're poor simple folk, an' that's why God loves them, and it's what leaves them where they are."

Ellen's employment of the word "*policy*" meant, as far as I could gather, the possession of a quality or qualities combining tact and self-interest, with a touch of dissimulation, and an even and not easily-provoked temper. Her temper was not very good. It was quickly roused and extremely passionate. I knew it was a source of grief to her, and that it had stood in her light more than once. And all the more because her standard of conduct and feeling was high. I never knew Ellen to tell a lie, and she was the soul of honesty and sobriety. Moreover, she never forgot a kindness, and her affection for those she served burned brightly after many years of separation and was often touching. Tears would spring to her eyes in speaking of one especially beloved mistress in whose household she had lived in her youth in Ireland, and she was never weary of extolling her.

"I see her before me this day as plain as I see you, an' she in the garden mindin' the flowers. My dear, 'twas herself loved the flowers, an' she'd be that sad if they'd fade or die on her. Well, the flowers of heaven are round her feet now, and *they'll* never fade nor die on her!"

The women and girls who throng the public-houses in London shocked Ellen very much, though there was a touch of malice as well as irony in her comments.

"Ay, there's th' English for ye now! I thought 'twas only the poor ignorant Irish ever got drunk. Well, I'll tell ye this now. I never seen the sights in Ireland, ne nor in America, I've seen here. Young girls and women in and out of the public-house all day long. An' they dressed up be the way they were real ladies. Feathers in their hats and pneumonia blouses, and shoes with heels that'd twist yer ankle to look at them, an' they standin' out in the public road with pints o' porter in their hands. Why, in Ireland 'tis only the tinkers' women that'd go fer to do the like o' that."

The great sights of London left Ellen cold. Evidently the American history-books did not, as I gathered from her, include any mention of the historical treasures of England's metropolis. After she had seen the regalia at the Tower she gave me a homily on the vanity of earthly pomp.

"An' the like o' them," she concluded, meaning the kings

and queens, "will all die just like me and you, and they won't wear *them* in heaven, but maybe you and me'll wear better."

As I have never felt the most rudimentary desire to wear a crown in this world, I fear the prospect of doing so in the next left me quite unelated, but it seemed to afford Ellen peculiar gratification to reflect upon such a reversal of our respective rôles in the future. She was, indeed, an odd mixture of purely feudal predilections and the modern democratic opinions of the new world. But I think the democracy was only a veneer, and not a very thick one, upon the fundamental feudalism; also the fact of the regalia being that of the English sovereigns did not tend to lessen the lefty moral superiority of the attitude towards it. Yet, on the other hand, in spite of her cherished enmity against England, she was proud to relate how a constant visitor at a house where she lived was one of our Ambassadors to Washington; a "lovely" man, she pronounced him, lovely in her vocabulary signifying ethical rather than physical beauty.

"An' I guess I could hear, my dear, that he said I was the best cook he ever knew. An' I'll tell ye why—ye see he was struck on fish diet, and it's meself can cook fish with any one."

This was not more than the truth. Fish was Ellen's culinary *pièce-de-résistance*.

Like most of her class, Ellen was profoundly suspicious of

the Law, and though she possessed the highly litigious disposition of her race, she had a complete disbelief in the existence of Equity either in Judicature or Legislature. The occurrence of the census threw her into a frenzy of suspicion.

"An' may God fergive them for their iniquity; an' why do they want to know *my* name and age and religion for, if it isn't for some wicked purpose. I'm only a poor humble Irish working-girl [Ellen was over sixty], and mark my words, there's murder in their hearts agin me this day."

I ventured to point out that the Government wanted to know every one's name and age and religion, my own included. This slightly mollified her, but she instantly became suspicious on my account, and adjured me to be careful and cautious in my dealings with a conspiracy so nefarious as that which called itself the British Government. I inquired if the census was ever taken in the United States.

"Certainly not. That's the home of liberty and the protector of the poor, an' there's no one *there* that's officious and wantin' to pry into yer affairs agin yer will. No, sure."

Nevertheless, for all its shining virtues, civic and individual, Ellen would not remain there permanently. When she painted the glories and beneficence of the great families with which she had lived while in the States, I endeavoured to extract from her her reasons for leaving

them, but I was not at all successful. But I suspect that that unfortunate temper of hers, and her equally unfortunate racial pneness to take offence at nothing, joined to a certain smug pharisaism in her dealings with others, had something to do with it. She would say mysteriously—

"There's things I seen, and things was done which if I chose to tell I could; but my way is silent contempt, my dear, 'silent contempt.'"

I cannot say that Ellen's contempt was invariably silent, but no doubt she believed it was.

I have never met any one with less physical fear than Ellen. She happened to be living in London during the greater part of the German air-raids, and her indifference to them was as astonishing as it was genuine. I feel sure she would have walked out composedly into the midst of them had she been called upon to do so. She would stand at the window gazing out with unaffected interest when most persons were miserable and even terrified. She invariably made tea during their progress for any one who might be with her, although never for herself alone. She was not, as she expressed it, "struck on tea-drinking."

During one of the heaviest and most alarming of Zeppelin raids she sat stitching, and the only remark she made was to observe mildly that—

"Indeed, if it would please the Lord to put an end to this awful war 'twould be a mercy for the poor creatures that was

bein' sent to their end without warning."

In like manner she appeared to be quite indifferent, so far as she personally was concerned, to the submarine danger, and paid more than one visit to Ireland while it was at its height. I confess I regarded these expeditions (which she regarded as a pious duty) to see her sister as foolhardy, not to say foolish, but she either could not or would not see them in that light. One day in an outburst of that rare confidence which occasionally overtakes the Irish peasant—otherwise the most inscrutably reserved of Western peoples—she said to me—

"I'll tell ye this now, an' it's a sure word,"—the heavy black eyes behind the big gold-rimmed spectacles shone larger and more mystical than ever,—" 'tis no matter *what* was to come upon this world, 'twill never touch me, nor harm me so long as I am now. I'll never be drowned, nor shot, nor burnt, nor kilt at all at all." She paused dramatically.

There was something gnome-like about Ellen always; she was very little and almost misshapen from rheumatism, but she looked more gnome-like than ever as she stood peering up at me and uttering this truly remarkable pronouncement with emphatic solemnity.

I was careful not to smile, but involuntarily I exclaimed—

"It's well to be you, Ellen!"

She made me a sort of little bew, and the smugness which was characteristic of her in certain moods slid, so to speak, over the solemnity of her mien, and she said with no little complacency—

"Faith ye're right there, I guess. But 'tis not every wan that has what *I* have—no, sure. Ye see the way it was, when I was a poor young girl a holy priest gave me a blessed token, and there's few in the whole wide world has that medal, only meself; but as long as that holy blessed token hangs round my neck I'll never come to an on-natural end, but I'll just have a nice, long, slow death in me bed."

## XI. JOBBER BRANNIGAN.

We call him Jobber Brannigan because there is scarcely any odd job to which he cannot turn his hand. A bit of carpentering, glazing, slating, bricklaying, resetting broken tiles, repairing fencing, papering and painting, and even simple plumbing, are not beyond his compass, while, unlike many others of his mixed craft in Ireland, he can do them

passably well—although, like most amateurs, he is more enthusiastic over his work than the professional craftsman. He is now a very old man, being "turned eighty," as he says, but he is extraordinarily hale. This is partly due to an active life joined to a naturally temperate disposition, and partly, no doubt, to his having been endowed

with an immensely robust frame and constitution. Of late he has dwindled somewhat in body, but otherwise Time has left little mark upon him.

I do not know his origin; it is indeed "wropt in mystery," though possibly the Poor Law records might be able to throw some light on it. But whatever it may be, I fancy that it was a particularly humble one, for I have gathered from himself that his early life did not include education other than the most elementary instruction, and hardly even that. This he has never ceased to deplore, but he has been assiduous, so far as opportunity served, in trying to repair the omission. He is very poor—for jobbing at best is not a lucrative career—but he carries his poverty gallantly. There are times, however, when, in spite of the vast endowment of the old age pension, he finds it absolutely necessary to have recourse to the ordered beneficence of the large and imposing mansion which, once the "seat" of an ancient and important family, now serves the county as a workhouse, or as they call it in Ireland with less false shame and more precision, the poorhouse.

Brannigan has no aversion to that establishment as such, and accepts its hospitality with *débonnaire* resignation. Further, he frankly confesses that "in th' bleak o' the winter" it is warm and comfortable, while possessing obvious advantages at or about the Christmas season.

At the same time he is by no means blind to its defects.

"'Tis not the place itself I'd fault in a hundred years," he has remarked more than once, "but the *society* in it isn't up to the mark at all at all. Too much of it would contaminate ye if ye let it. I could never be intimate with e'er a wan in it. Ye couldn't now. Why, them paupers have ne breedin' in them, and that's the fact. Ye'll hardly believe me when I tell ye, but I give ye me word, they'll stare over the wall and pass remarks on the pedesteeerians goin' along outside. Very veolgur! Very voolgur!"

During the war Brannigan was heart and soul with what he calls th' Alleys. He fervently invoked his particular saint, and spent pennies, hard to come by, on candles in the Allied cause. He discussed the progress of the war with great fervour.

"An' I'll tell ye what I'd like to see—an' with the help o' Gad I'll live to see it—an' that is the British flag flying frem end to end of Galley-po-li."

His sporting instincts are keen, as might be expected; but age precludes an active part in many forms of sport. He is still, however, able to enjoy that species of angling which consists in sea-fishing with a rod from the end of the pier. Here he will sit fer hours patiently awaiting results, which are seldom rich and always tardy. One bitterly cold day, with an icy north-easter blowing which



was at once boisterous and outting, I met him bound for his favourite pastime. I observed that he would find it freezingly cold. He reared himself up and slapped his chest magnificently—

“Is it eeld, ye mane? Ah, then, look at me!”

Thus adjured, I could see that he seemed to be wrapped in a multiplieity of coats which, if not warm, were certainly weighty.

He caught my eye, laughed, and slapped his chest again.

“Cold, how are ye? Sure I’m *jacketed* to the heart like an onion!”

Although an industrious worker, Brannigan is not altogether free from the defect of dilatory methods, ner is he guiltless of making promises and not fulfilling them, or of not finishing a job to the scheduled time—transgressions which, however irritating to his employers, are hardly peculiar to Irish workmen alone. But he will frequently begin a piece of work, and either work very slowly or suddenly disappear, leaving it half done, perhaps for several days. As he is impeccably sober—to all intents and purposes a teetotaller—drink cannot be held to account for these disappearances. My private opinion is that, whenever he has a rush of work, he tries to satisfy several clients at the same time, and ends, naturally, by incurring the wrath of all. Once

when a pressing job of painting and papering had to be finished hurriedly, his disappearance just on the verge of its completion was highly exasperating. After two days had passed he turned up again, apparently quite unconscious of any culpability. Accosted wrathfully, and asked curtly what he meant by his desertion at such a moment, his explanation was forthcoming without a shade of hesitation, and with engaging candour—

“Sure I couldn’t come at all, and that’s the truth; wasn’t I walkin’ out with th’ Unemployed, God help them!”

To still further reproach and remonstrance hurled at him with all the force of irritation and hope delayed, he seemed to be wholly indifferent, at least so far as expressing any sense of shame; but he listened docilely, and when the onslaught abated he struck an attitude in the middle of his paint pots and brushes.

“Look a here!” His right hand (with a lump of putty in it) lifted itself as if in invocation to the ceiling, which was still awaiting its second coat of whitening—“I give ye me solemn word of honour this day, that I’ll not forsake this room now if I was to be here for a thousand years till,” his hand dropped with a sounding smack, thereby releasing the lump of putty, which fell plump on his boot and stuck there—“till I put the *qui-aytus* on it.”

## FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

## THE LAST PLACE IN INDIA.

## I.

WHEN my orders came to stop a temporary gap at Victoria Point, I had only been in Rangoon for a month, and was just beginning to grow familiar with its novelties. I had admired the exquisite daintiness of the Burmese women, contrasting with the solid simplicity of the men, and was growing more able to distinguish and to generalise roughly upon the other main ingredients which filled its cosmopolitan streets and bazaars; the swarming Chinese, a lack of pigtailed in the younger men compensated for by the merciful rarity of foot-binding in the younger women; the crowds of Coringhi coolies, like bronze statues, who provide the manual labour, just as China provides the business ability, which the undisciplined, happy-go-lucky Burman cannot be relied upon to supply himself; the coolie women, walking like goddesses, in the reds and oranges of India; the sprinkling of outlandish Shans and Chins and Kaohins; and the usual assortment of other races from the Indian Empire. Lastly, the babies: totally naked, fat, yellow Chinese babies; nearly black Coringhi babies, simply dressed in a piece of string and a rupee, or a heart-shaped silver charm, worn

round the waist; and, best of all, adorable Burmese babies, exact miniatures of their elders in their little white shirts and bright-coloured silk lungyis, with their heads completely bisected by the horizontal parting which separates the straight perpendicular fringe below from the tight little top-knot finished off with a flower above. A perfect menagerie of races, in fact, awaited further exploration, a cheerful teeming mass, shepherded by the big policemen from the Punjab. Then I had watched the carved, intricately rigged paddy-boats and the eye-painted sampans on the rushing river, and elephants juggling with teak logs in the Bombay-Burmah Corporation's yards at Dalla; I had penetrated the rustic lanes of Kemmendine, where scores of brightly-painted varnished parasols lie drying in the sun like immense flower-beds. I had lost balls and found snakes and red ants in the Sensitive Plant on the golf course at Mingaladon, and I had lain in a punt under Scandal Point on the Royal Lakes, thinking of Magdalen Tower beneath the shadow of the most dominating object in Rangoon, the vast golden spike of the Shwe Dagôn.

A few hours later I was steaming down the river in the *Sir Harvey Adamson*. Behind us the Shwe Dagōn glowed through the dust and haze; on our right stretched the dismal alluvial plains of Lower Burma, intersected by a network of creeks, through which the Irrawaddy Flotilla steamer makes its way from Rangoon to Henzada and Bassein; on our left, the old pagoda of Syriam, which had seen the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the French come and go, and the British come and remain, looked down on the enormous tanks and refineries of the Burma Oil Company, whose pipe-line ends here. Later on I was to see from the Irrawaddy steamer, on my way up to Sagaing and Mandalay, the close-packed forest of derricks on the oil-field of Yenangyaung, suggesting a new philosophy of life to the desolate remains of all that time and Kubla Khan have left standing of the thirteen thousand pagodas of Pagān, a few miles away up the river.

Once past Elephant Point and the lightship, we headed due south, pursued for hours by the silt of lower Asia brought down by the Irrawaddy, the Sittang, and the Salween: Lower Burma, too, is the gift of a river. Faint on the east ran the long ridges of Tenasserim, that thin coastal strip of Burma which finally ends at my destination, Victoria Point.

Next morning found us discharging into lighters in the sweltering estuary where the

river runs down from the wolfram mines of Tavoy. Rocky wooded islands shimmered behind us, jungle-clad hills lay in a semicircle in front, and the shore was fringed with mud-flats and dense mangrove swamps. When the unwieldy lighters hoisted sail and lumbered away up the tide, and we turned to depart, a dense hot silence fell over the steamy landscape. I knew now what the anchorage of Treasure Island looked like, and waited half-expectant for the appalling cry of "Darby M'Graw," to come quavering down over the green tops of the trees.

The day after we crept up the tortuous channel to Mergui, aided by the white sailing-mark on the roof of the Deputy Commissioner's bungalow, and landed in bobbing sampans. The town is hot and shut-in: its most notable products are rubber, pearls, pearl-blisters, and edible birds'-nests. These last are produced, one is told, from the salivary gland of a sea-swallow: one robbery in a season is made good; but if a third nest is extorted, it is said to be tragically tinged with blood. The nests, which look like opaque white gelatine, are used to make a Chinese soup: a single nest weighs, and is worth, a rupee.

It was happily arranged that I need not wait three weeks for the next Chinese steamer, but might proceed by the D.C.'s launch *Mercury*, in company with a wireless expert, bent on mysterious

affairs of his own. While his stores were being shipped, I had time to explore Mergui pretty thoroughly. I climbed the hill above the pier, and sacrificed the whiteness of my cotton clothes in ascending the tall and tarry tower, which carries a fixed vane and a wind-gauge for the Telegraph Department. I was rewarded by a wide view, and by the discovery that the Government contractor had fixed his north to point south, and his east to point west. Doubtless when, fifty years hence, the next tourist-minded traveller has the energy to climb the tower, he will, if he is observant, make the same discovery.

At the Club I fell in with a fellow-Oxonian, wounded and discharged from the Army, and was invited to come out and see the rubber plantation, in whose rural shades he was seeking a cure for shell-shock. A smiling Burmese clerk rushed me a dozen miles in a side-car to the "road-head": and my friend transported me over the three extra miles of "kaoha" road in a light buggy. After tiffin he showed me the simple process of clearing, tapping, and latex-collecting: later in the day I saw at the head factory the final production of the *crêpe* rubber of commerce. When work was over, a dozen or so of the Madras coolies, with yellow and scarlet flowers in their long black hair and bells round their ankles, came and danced before the bungalow,

very much in the Morris manner: "Morris On" and "Beansetting" were the two closest parallels that I recognised: I had seen very similar dances performed by oriminal tribes at Sholapur, near Poona. Finally, a hideous boy, with a slow bashful smile, did imitations of a cock, a cat-fight, a coolie being beaten, and a donkey—the last, both for tone and volume, a perfect masterpiece. At the close of the performance a few rupees sent the troupe happily off to get drunk on toddy.

When I got back to Mergui I wandered about the little lanes, and watched some infantile Burmese cricket, and a party of youths, thickly tattooed, in the old-fashioned way, from waist to knee, playing *chín-lôn*, the Burmese football, a skilful but purely static form of amusement. Finally, I went and sat on the *Mercury* and looked through glasses at the amphibious life of the sea front, a shore of mud fringed with rickety huts on piles. The evening was cool and clear, and the phosphorus magnificent: the breaking ripples edged the shore with a brilliant border of smoky green light. At nightfall arrived some more passengers—Maung Saw She Shi, B.A., his wife, and her ayah. The anchorage was perfectly calm, but within ten minutes one of the ladies had proved the superiority of mind over matter by being violently and loudly sea-sick. However, I forgave her next day when we marooned the disconsolate

little party at the minute and inaccessible village of Bökpyin, to which the Burman had been "relegated" as Township Officer. Behind it rise high ridges of pathless and impenetrable jungle, which send down a small river through dense green walls of forest to the muddy sea. Unless the *Mercury* happens to put in, there is no communication with the outside world.

I was roused at 4.30 by the anchor chain being wound round the drum of my ear, and at five we started in a marvellous dawn. The *Mercury* is a glorified steam-launch of 80 feet or so, with a 6-foot draught. She is a good sea-beat, despite the seventeen patches alleged to adorn her boiler; her new one was diverted to Basra for the Inland Water Transport. Our way lay at first through an unending lake, bordered with yellow-green mangrove swamps seamed with noisome little channels wriggling away into the solid forest wall behind. Above them rose considerable red-soiled hills, covered with jungle. We passed a few tiny hamlets, each with its long fish-stockade in the water off shore, consisting of two converging lines of vertical bamboos, whose oscillations suffice to frighten the fish from escaping between the poles, and pass them gently on from one to another till they are imprisoned at the apex in a funnel-shaped net, surmounted by a tiny hut perched precariously above.

By nine we had emerged from the narrows into the heart of the Mergui Archipelago, a vast collection of abrupt, inscrutable islands, of every shape and size—from mere rocks to peaks of 2000 feet. They stretched away all round us under the blinding sun into the blue distance, stifled with jungle, distorted by mirage, and with an overpowering effect, not so much of Sleeping Beauty as of Death. For this was primeval Nature: they had never been alive, never been called into full being by human association and human history. Save for the scores of jelly-fish, looking like parachutes attached to cauliflowers, for a few diving sea-birds, and for the incessant little boilings of the water that ejected a flying-fish and told of the relentless and unceasing struggle below the surface, we detected no trace of life all day. As I saw the Archipelago two years ago, so it was a thousand years before, and is to-day,—a scene of ethereal beauty, but, to the civilised eye, inhuman.

One human association, however, I did discover, when I had made friends with the big competent Chittagonian "serang," and joined him on his little bridge. He knew every channel in his head, so I was free to pore over his entrancing old chart, and to find that all these islands have most Stevensonian names: the Sugarleaf, the Canister, the Five Sisters. Better still were the notes: "Foul ground," "Black Rock visible 8 miles," "Several rocks

here unecovered at low water," "Good anchorage reported on this coast"—delightfully vague those last; while, for irony, I found at one spot in this wilderness the legend "Thinly populated"; and for sheer romance, just behind it, "High Land on the Main."

Towards evening we passed Boat Island, steered on the White Rock, bumped on the bar, and anchored in the creek of Bökpyin. I took a stieky walk of half a mile to the end of all things, where the jungle stands ready to be "let in," watched a tree-trunk being chipped and prized open to form a dug-out, bought some

coeoanuts, and enjoyed one of the sunsets for which the Arohipelago is famous. At Bökpyin there was nothing mere to see.

Next day we had another long steam of ten hours. The scenery in this southern section of the Arohipelago is more open, and the oppression was relieved by a few deep-red sails. At four we anchored off the jetty at Victoria Point. The officer in whose relief I had come did the honours of the dak-bungalow, and when the *Mercury* took him away next day I was left, except for an officer of police and his wife, as the sole European resident of the station.

## II.

Victoria Point lies on the last southerly tip of Burma, a high narrow promontory pointing due south. West and south are islands and tide-races; north, a road leads up towards Mäliwün, 25 miles away, but after the tenth mile is derelict; east is the estuary of the Pākohān river, and beyond it, four or five miles off, is Siam. Immediately opposite Victoria Point is the mouth of the Renong river, on which lies Renong, a small ramshackle town composed of Siamese officials and soldiers under a half-Chinese governor, an English tin-dredging company, and an ambiguous conglomerate of Burmese and Malays and non-descripts who carry on all the business there is. There are no Siamese shops: the chief

store is kept by Boon Teek, a delightful Chinaman, once a journalist in the Federated Malay States, and for seven years co-lodger in London with a small girl now world-famous through her connection with British tooth-powder and its artistic ally, the Musical Comedy Stage: to Boon Teek her career is a source of intense gratification. North of Renong is the Isthmus of Kra, destined some day to be world-famous too, through a ship canal; south, the high bare coast runs down past other gravel-tin dredgers at Ngow and Ratrüt, to Pukét, Penang, Singapore, and the Equator.

Life at Victoria Point was simple. My abode was a three-roomed dak-bungalow, raised a dozen feet off the ground on wooden legs. My staff con-

sisted of four persons: my priceless bearer, Mohamed Said, from Sialkot; Joséf, a black youth from near the Jagannath temple at Puri, who hewed wood and drew water; Sadhu, a melancholy pallid sweeper boy from the Punjab, who "swept" the whole station, including the little hospital; and Sāmami, the Madras "cook." But Sāmami "could only bake bride-cake," boil eggs, that is, and stew things into a slush: the first fish he tried to cook was, as was truly said by my bearer, who instantly took over his duties, "unripe." However, Sāmami was revenged later when a recalcitrant cook, during his execution, dug his spur into Mohamed's wrist; the bird, he told me with ill-concealed glee, "hit him." Supplies were mainly non-existent, but what there were never cost me a rupee a day; and with fish and eggs and bread and an occasional hen and an insufficiently occasional goat (miscalled "muting"), and plantains at the war rate of twelve a penny, I did well enough. A more serious problem was that of occupation; after a spell of service on two fronts, and a year of duty in India, I was very happy to sit down for a change, but my month passed none too quickly.

Twice a day I had to go to my duties at the Wireless Station half a mile off; but one soon tires of the rending crack of its discharge, and the high thin note in the receiver, like a telephone trying to talk to itself without words. The rest

of the day was my own, to read or sleep or explore. Bathing, of course, was impossible, as I was soon informed by a young shark who came nosing along the rock on which I was sitting. A mile away was the jungle, wherein was an extensive assortment of both small and great beasts: crocodiles and black panthers by the coast; and in the high ridges north of the station, bear, elephant, and tiger, besides snakes and monkeys innumerable. An elephant had recently eaten a native's banana-trees; and just before I arrived, a tiger, driven down by the drought, had killed a cow on the road half a mile away, and snuffed (so the Eurasian operator asserted) round the door of the Wireless Station. But shooting meant a longer expedition than I had time for, and killing things has never amused me. At first I tried to walk in the jungle; but a jungle looks best from the outside. Once you are in, you can see nothing whatever; and the noise you make on the parched leaves frightens every bird for a mile. The uncanny silence produces a sinister feeling of being watched by unseen eyes: you find that, complementary to your dislike of killing animals, is an even stronger dislike of animals killing you; and after I had been warned that my perambulations were rather foolishly risky, and unlikely to show me any of the wild things I had come out for to see, I desisted.

So my walks were limited to a square mile or so; but in that space were inexhaustible

delights. The scenery, of course, was superb; the combinations of sea and hills rivalled, for sheer beauty, the Western Highlands or the Saronio Gulf. The distant peaks of St Matthew's and Loughborough Islands recalled Mull and Aegina; and the greater richness of vegetation made up, in part, for the lack of "humanity." The hills behind the station were thickly wooded, and echoed with the distant wailings of gibbons; there were many flowering shrubs; and some of the forest trees were enormous. In the competition of the jungle, it is neck or nothing, and the winners run prodigiously to neck.

During the week after I arrived I was continually mystified by loud noises, as of an invisible motor-beat, or of a steamer creakily blowing off regular jets of steam where no steamer was. At last I discovered the sound's source, unexpectedly and in the third dimension. Just opposite the jetty was a small precipitous island, where I used to watch, through my glasses, troops of small monkeys burst out on to the shore, plunge into most entertaining free fights, tumble into the sea with piercing screams, and then amicably betake themselves to hunting for shell-fish on the mud-banks just awash. The island was colonised by hornbills; and it was their wings, as they passed home overhead in the evening, that made these surprisingly loud and mechanical noises. Later on I saw one sitting on a dead bough—a big dull-

coloured bird with a complicated face; it bent backwards and forwards on its branch, like a gigantic and rhetorical cockatoo, uttering loud vulgar yells at my intrusion. Burma, like India, is rich in birds with maddening voices. One used to utter two even notes all day, unendingly, like an inverted cuckoo. Another would first imitate the whirr of a high-speed wheel; then came eight or ten high, hinge-like creaks, slower and slower; then off again with the whirr. And it was not only the birds that troubled. As I read in the bungalow at night, I would be startled by a loud noise at my very ear, like an old grouse practising ascending scales for the first time, followed by half a dozen clear, two-note calls, with a little descending grumble dying away into silence at the end. This was the contribution of the Tuktoo (named from its call), the big lizard that haunts Burmese houses,—an unwholesome, decayed-looking brute of a dirty yellow-green with dirtier purplish spots and a staring yellow eye. Later still at night, when the moon had nearly cleared the sky of stars, would come droves of pi-dogs sweeping in rather eerie play through the compound, perfectly silent. Three of them, with some communal puppies who yapped valiantly at my heels, but fled my face, attached themselves to my staff. Twice I was woken by the shrieks of the lady dog seeking to repel from the refuge of my bedroom a too attentive swain from elsewhere. The second time I was



forearmed. By a divine chance my first stone from the window hit the swain as from heaven. He "went at once," totally bewildered: and I then had to stone the rescued lady into silence, and a more befitting distance from my person. Victoria Point, in short, was a silent place; but its silence was "dotted" (in the Irish R.M.'s expressive phrase) with a whole series of arresting and unfamiliar sounds.

One of my chief haunts was, of course, the shore. Unhappily, the coral strand was invisible under alluvial mud; but I never visited it without discovering some new thing. There was a small spring where I could sit (till the mosquitoes became intolerable), and surprise kingfishers and a peculiar pigeon with dark-green wings. The sea contained odd little fish: one was semi-transparent, with a projection on its nose as long as itself, like a five-inch narwhal. On the mud were myriads of little creatures with blunt froggy faces and goggling eyes; they skipped about on fins and tail, and liked to embrace a mangrove shoot, wriggle up, and cling to it, looking for all the world like Bill the Lizard emerging from the chimney. One day, too, I met several columns of little crabs, the biggest a hundred strong, and marching in curiously regular pairs. As I approached over the mud, they vanished in a breath, dug in: they appeared to have a single enormous claw, as big as themselves, which they brandished in front as they walked; when

they were in a hurry, the claw was folded up with the precise effect of a collapsible fire-escape.

Finally, there was always something to look at in the tiny hamlet: ehinlön, or a man with a casting-net, or the Gurkha guard of the Treasury, opium-store, and wireless, playing barefooted football on a hill, or small urchins engaged in an elaborate game like miniature skittles, which they played with the skill and enthusiasm of demons. And by the jetty was a little colony of Salones, living like lake-dwellers on tumble-down platforms over the mud. They are sea-gipsies, primitive and nearly naked, who live an amphibious life of their own, and search the sea-caves of the outer islands for edible nests.

Once or twice existence was more exciting. There were little trips up the Mäliwün road to a rubber estate, or across the channel to the hospitality of Bilborough Island, where, on the seaward face, was a shore free of mud, with coral and wonderful sand, but disappointingly few shells. Once, too, I crossed over to Reneng to see the tin-dredgers and buy excellent whisky at pre-war prices. Nobody worried about passports, though I believe that, officially, my excursion was equivalent to desertion from the British Empire and His Majesty's Forces. But Simla was far away, and the whisky a great acquisition. My conveyance was to have been a substantial boat with a rush awning amid-

ships, but it was said to be too heavy for the wind, so we transferred to a tiny native craft, first cousin to a dug-out, and with only a few inches of freeboard. A boy in the bows and a man in the stern each worked an oar tied with a straw loop to an upright. They rowed standing, like gondoliers; but once past the heronbills' island, we caught a stiff westerly breeze. In two minutes the boy had stepped a bamboo mast, with a transverse spar and a boom, of which he held one end, and away we went. The flimsy boat was beautifully light, and we shipped very little water, which was lucky, as there was nothing else to sit on but the bottom of the boat. Coming home, the sea was still rough, and the wind dead ahead; so the crew had two very solid hours of rowing.

But excursions like these were only incidental, and the staple diet of Victoria Point was not imported whisky, but small beer. The place is well worth going to, if only for the voyage. I was delighted to see it, and perfectly content to come away after a month. In the dreary and superficially trivial round of office duties at Rangoon it was a welcome interlude, just as the war itself blew at least a radical change of existence into the lives of some once too academic soldiers. Some day Victoria Point may be developed, and rival Amherst as the watering-place of Burma. But I am glad that I saw it as it is still—simple, yet civilised, a little spot of Western heaven in the great indifferent lump of Eastern landscape, the last place in the Indian Empire—*ad fines Indiæ*.

R. H. D.

## LORD KITCHENER AND THE ENGINEERING WORK OF THE WAR.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF, K.C.B.,  
K.C.M.G., C.I.E.

IN the 'Life of Lord Kitchener,' which gives us such an admirable picture of the great leader, his work, and his character, it is pointed out that he owed much of his success to the fact that he had been an Engineer officer. This fact is not unduly laboured; to do so would have tended to obscure the broader and greater issues involved, and might have interfered with the due perspective with which we are called to contemplate his work as a whole, dealing as it did with many complex personal and national matters, in which technical knowledge had little part. Yet the early training which taught him to balance the end in view with the least means available—a training which constitutes the very essence of engineering science and practice—permeated the whole of his life's work, and produced a result which might not have been achieved had his early experience been different. It was by his own choice that he entered that branch of the army where this training was possible, and it was not until he had spent long years in carrying out useful technical work that he was called upon to a larger and wider sphere of public service.

It might have been expected that in the record of his work in the Great War some allusion would be made to the share which he took in the development of military engineering in a war where, as never before, that science came into play. That this is not the case is no cause of complaint. The work he did was so vast, the difficulties he had to overcome in other respects so stupendous, that they were in themselves quite sufficient to absorb the author's energies, and to demand our attention in the biography. It is well that these achievements should be presented for consideration rather than the comparatively minor part which belonged to the special branch of the profession in which he received his early training, and in which, in the war, he left his mark just as really as he did in the greater problems which devolved on him. It may, however, be permitted to one who was honoured in being at the head of that branch of the service under him during that period, and who enjoyed his confidence in such a position, to supplement what has been given to the world, and to tell something of that great mind which, while occupied with far wider issues, was ever cognisant of

the part that engineering had to play in the great conflict.

As in every other branch of the military profession, the war demanded military engineering on a scale far in excess of anything ever contemplated, and infinitely beyond anything ever actually carried out. The coast defence programme in these islands alone was greater even than the great scheme brought into play by Lord Palmerston's energy in the years following the Crimean War—a scheme which, fortifying the English Channel alone and a few other places near the Continent, was not complete when the Franco-German War broke out in 1870. The provision of hutting, which after the Boer War was confined to some few thousands of troops, was during the raising of the New Armies on a scale providing for hundreds of thousands. The materials required for the engineering works of the troops actually in the field, provided in England and sent all over the world, ran into tens and sometimes hundreds of thousands of tons every month. The personnel required for the execution of these works, in all their variety of specialised knowledge, went up by leaps and bounds from a small nucleus of some 6000 to what was in itself a vast army of 300,000. Moreover, all these varied needs had to be adapted to the circumstances and exigencies of the situations, and not merely a constant varying with the numbers of the troops and the weight

of opposition expected. The problems were varied, the means were limited, but the end in view was the same—namely, the ultimate victory. He did not live to see the victory, but he provided the means.

His work in this respect began in the Coronation year, when he was called upon to be chairman of a Committee at the War Office dealing with engineering organisation. There had been in 1903 a change brought about by the Esher Committee, which affected the Engineers perhaps more than any other branch of the army. Up to that date the Inspector-General of Fortifications, one of the principal heads of the War Office organisation, and in close touch with the Secretary of State and his chief military advisers, was responsible for all engineering matters, and was the authorised inspector of all Engineer troops. The Esher Committee abolished this post, dividing up the duties among other members of the newly-formed Army Council. It is understood that this was done on the analogy of the navy: if so, it seems to have been forgotten that the conditions of land warfare differ from those at sea. Whatever may have been the intention, it soon became evident that the change produced unsatisfactory results. It involved a separation between the administrative control of works in peace and the combatant duties of the Royal Engineers in war, and the application of the science of

engineering to warlike purposes. It also produced friction in administration, and many complaints of a varied character. Consequently, the Secretary of State, in answer to questions in the House in 1911, stated that the whole subject was being referred to a Committee under the chairmanship of the most distinguished Engineer officer of the day.

Lord Kitchener assembled this committee early in May, and it sat twice a week, except during the actual Coronation time, until late in August. The terms of reference were very wide, comprising not only the numbers of Engineer units for varied work in the army, but the composition in detail of those units, the duties and training of both officers and men, the relations of military engineers to civil experience and civil engineers, the employment and organisation of works carried out in peace for the army, the system of signalling, and of the units composing the signal service, railways, coast defence, electric lights, and the technical troops required for all the above special branches, with the financial considerations involved in all of the above matters. There was an immense amount of detailed work involved, as well as broad questions of military policy: such as the organisation in war corresponding to the policy, then accepted, of an Expeditionary Force of six divisions.

To be member of such a

committee under Lord Kitchener was no sinecure. He divided up the work into sections, allotting to each member certain portions which he had to work out in detail, and present to the chairman for careful discussion and deliberation. Nothing was allowed to be dealt with in a perfunctory manner, and, in addition to the evidence of many witnesses, previous reports of committees had to be searched and examined.

The members of the committee were all, with one exception, officers either on the headquarter staff or quartered in London. The one exception was the Chief Engineer of the Aldershot command, an appointment which I then held. At Aldershot, at that time, with the full concurrence and support of the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, we were endeavouring to train our R.E. field units, as far as our limited means admitted, in the application to military purposes of materials which hitherto had been considered entirely outside the sphere of field operations. We constructed field casemates (afterwards known in the war as "dug-outs") of concrete and steel. We built field bridges of steel girders and plates, and then blew them up. We improvised trench mortars—very crude affairs, but useful enough in their way. The underlying principle in all this was that we expected that in the next war we should have such forces brought against our works as could not be met

by the old-fashioned combinations of timber and brushwood. Moreover, we expected that we might have the resources of modern building and engineering materials of all sorts available, from which we could draw our supplies. Our aim, generally, was to bring into modern war the science and practice of civil engineering.

This, however, was not the view held by the General Staff, a distinguished member of which was one of the other members of the Kitchener Committee. He held—and this was (broadly speaking) the view of the General Staff up to 1914—that the increased range of modern weapons, and the increased facilities for moving troops, would involve operations at far greater distances than in former wars, and render engineering works so rarely necessary as to be hardly worth constructing. The experiences of South Africa and Manchuria, he held, had shown that field defences, although very valuable tactically, were principally those which could be hastily constructed, and hence skilled artisans would be rarely required—a few carpenters, perhaps, and possibly bricklayers, might be useful; but as for other trades, such as plumbers, draughtsmen, painters, &c., there could be no war employment for them, and to retain them in our field units was sheer waste of money. It is only fair to say that the distinguished officer in question, and also another equally

eminent general, both of whom commanded armies in the war, afterwards expressed to me their complete change of views, as a result of the bitter experience of the war. One went so far as to say that he always told his corps commanders that the most important man in their corps was the Chief Engineer. Although this frank avowal of a past mistake was characteristic of the charming and chivalrous nature of the men who expressed it, the fact remains that we started the war with a heavy handicap owing to the mistake.

The controversy between these opposing schools of thought often waged hot. Lord Kitchener listened, as a rule, with a grim smile, not interfering with either. But he wanted more men and more units, and his sound economical mind realised at once that some compromise was needed, whereby the financial effect would be the same, though the ideal of perfection might not be attained. He therefore advocated a larger number of unskilled men, with a nucleus of tradesmen, and to pay for the increase he recommended certain drastic reductions in other matters.

Writing of the summer of 1911 brings to mind memories of many things—the splendid pageants of the Coronation, the beauties of the country near Aldershot, with hot field-days at Woolmer Forest and Chobham, the thoughts that we had of possibilities of fiercer and hotter conflicts overseas,

for the Agadir incident brought us very near to war; but to those of us who were associated with Lord Kitchener either on the Committee or in command of Ceronation troops (and I was concerned in both), the recollection of his personality is perhaps the most important. I had served under him in India, but my duties were confined to one part of the N.-W. Frontier, and though there we realised that he, more than any of his predecessors, had taken pains to acquaint himself at first hand with the problems involved, yet naturally one saw little of him. He had, like Julius Cæsar (as quoted by Lord Haldane in his book, from the words of Mommsen), the quality "of discriminating between the possible and the impossible. . . . What was possible he performed, and never left the possible good undone for the sake of the impossible better." In his work, therefore, of the Committee in 1911, he recognised that a compromise between the extreme views of his colleagues was the practicable course to recommend, and this he did.

At the conclusion of our labours, one day, walking away with me, he said that it had been a long task, but he hoped it would result in good. When I expressed the fear that it might not be approved by higher authority at the War Office, he said that surely they would not have called on a man of his position to advise unless they meant to follow his advice. The argument was

unanswerable, but I feared it might be otherwise.

And so it turned out. I was, very much to my regret, transferred from Aldershot to the War Office shortly afterwards, and there, naturally, watched the result with interest. The reductions which Lord Kitchener had recommended were at once carried out with avidity. The increases, for which these reductions were to pay, were shelved. Except for some improvements in the signal service, the branch of the army concerned was really in a worse state in 1914 than it was in 1911. A little had been done in the intervening years to train R.E. units in siege-works, and some increase was allowed in the quantity of explosives carried by field units, and the method of supplying them, matters which bore fruit in the early days of the war. In the main and essential features of the problem, no improvement was effected.

I was in Caire in the early part of 1914, and briefly discussed the matter with him. As in all other, and more important, national questions, his loyalty to orders from above was always supreme, and he spoke about it without bitterness. He said, however, that he thought a grave mistake had been made, and that we should find it out when we went to war. I do not think that he ever imagined that it would fall to him to effect the change.

Then came the war. The Expeditionary Force mobilised and slipped over to France

with swiftness and secrecy. In some respects the employment of the best mechanical means for saving labour and money and time had been considered, but not even the greatest panegyrist of the General Staff would think of asserting that this consideration had gone beyond certain very limited, though important, applications of engineering to transportation, and certainly no one can say that the subject had been considered at all by the Staff in connection with the operations of battle. That the units of the Royal Engineers in the various divisions of the force were thoroughly efficient and well officered is admitted by the universal consent of the Army. But there was no higher organisation, no Engineer-in-Chief of the Force, and no Chief Engineers of Corps. There was at G.H.Q. a senior officer as "engineering adviser" attached to the Staff, and there were similar officers with each Army Corps. But the entire establishments of these functionaries consisted in each case of one soldier clerk, and the officers in question were advisers only, with no executive powers to purchase materials, hire labour, or carry out any work whatever. The contrast between their position and that which, at a later period of the war, was held by the Engineer-in-Chief at G.H.Q. with his large organisation of experts, and elaborate sections for defences, mining, water supply, &c., is very remarkable. At the beginning of the war all this was non-existent, and for all the

good it had accomplished the Kitchener Committee of 1911 need never have assembled.

However, Lord Kitchener himself was now at the helm, and this was the best augury for the future. Not that in respect of improvement in the fighting line he could then effect anything. He had a far wider and bigger task in hand, and as the initiative in all matters concerning the fighting force had necessarily to come from the Commander-in-Chief in the field according as the necessities of war demanded, it was some months before the bitter experience of the trench warfare of the winter showed how lamentably deficient we were in the engineering branch of the army, and in our organisation for utilising the science of engineering to military needs.

Meantime there was engineering on a vast scale to be done at home. The first 100,000 of the new army sprung at once to arms at the call of the great leader. It had to be housed as well as clothed, fed, and armed. The housing of troops and selection of sites, &c., was then in the hands of what was, somewhat inappropriately, termed the Peace Distribution Committee, composed of representatives of nearly every branch of the War Office. A small sub-committee (one of whom, Colonel Pell, was killed a few months later when gallantly commanding a battalion of his regiment, the Queen's, against tremendous odds, but who then was on the training branch, of



the General Staff) was scouring the country for suitable sites for hutted camps, and had just received a patriotic offer from Earl Brownlow, placing his beautiful park at Belton, in Lincolnshire, at their disposal. A contractor of world-wide experience offered his services in an executive capacity to Lord Kitchener. The technical staff of the War Office was busy, day and night, designing the details of the typical huts required. By the 14th of August the plans were ready and approved. But it was not an unqualified approval that Lord Kitchener gave. True to his invariable habit of weighing the end with the means, and careful to observe public economy, he at once asked for an estimate of the typical cost for a battalion of 1000 men with all the necessary accessories of water supply, drainage, roads, and lighting. On being told it would be £15,000, he at once said that it was too much, and that although the first lot might go on, care must be taken hereafter to reduce the cost. He only sanctioned such shelters as were a substitute for tents, and could be rapidly provided to serve for the emergency of the war only. It was pointed out to him that the coming winter would demand something better than the rough shelters he indicated, and that some of the amenities of life, such as recreation-rooms, would be required in addition to what was needed for health, and these arguments he admitted. But anything like

permanent barracks or huts were rigidly barred.

On the 23rd August, the first encampment for a division—the 11th, which afterwards was so terribly tried in Gallipoli—was begun at Belton Park. The work was completed in less than three months.

Lord Kitchener's biographer has related how on that memorable 23rd August it was discovered that the Germans' great outflanking movement was taking place, and how in the early hours of the 24th this serious menace was made known to Sir John French.

At 9 A.M., on the 24th, Lord Kitchener was in his place at the War Office and sent for me. I went along the passage expecting some further development of the hutting orders, but when I entered his room the first word he said was "Havre." Then he asked whether I had worked out any scheme for the defence of the base ports overseas. I replied that I had not, both because any operations in the field were outside the limits of my duty, and also because the initiative in such matters emanated from the General Staff. Then he asked me to name two of the best engineer officers I could lay my hands on, in order that they might be ordered without a minute's delay to proceed to France and work out schemes for defence of the base ports. I named two officers, one from Dover, another from Chatham, both of whom earned high distinction

afterwards in the war. I pointed out, however, to Lord Kitchener that the orders for them and for the whole scheme should emanate from the Chief of the Staff, and that the artillery for the defence would have to be settled by the Master-General of the Ordnance, whom indeed he had "short-circuited" by sending for me at all, as I was under the orders of that Member of Council. "I know that," he said, "but they (the C.I.G.S. and the M.G.O.) are not here yet, and we cannot lose a moment. Off you go and summon those officers, and tell the C.I.G.S. the orders I have given you." I went off accordingly, gave my message, got hold of plans of the base ports, and before noon had the two officers in question from Dover and Chatham and some others (subsequently ordered by the C.I.G.S.) despatched with full instructions what to do. They were away for about a week, and if, as Lord Kitchener evidently expected, the Germans had advanced on our base ports, the defences would have had to be pushed on night and day, in consultation, no doubt, with the French local authorities. But, strange to say, the Germans missed a chance such as they never had again of seizing the Channel ports. We now know that von Kluck imagined he had entirely cut off our communications—whereas, by utilising our naval power, we transferred our base to the Loire, a splendid feat of organisation to which sufficient credit

has never (I venture to think) been given to the Inspector-General of Communications, Sir F. Robb. Anyhow, Lord Kitchener at once saw the danger, and took steps to minimise it at once.

The Peace Distribution Committee was not allowed to continue its labours in selecting sites for huddled camps. It was abolished, and the question of sites was placed under the Quartermaster-General. The rapid development of the new armies necessitated more, and yet more, huddled camps, and endeavour was made to meet Lord Kitchener's wishes as to cheapening them. He saw some of these first built, and said they were too good, and that they took too long to build. So every possible means was taken to cut down cost and labour; but the position of many of the sites, either far from railways or else in the vicinity of camps already occupied by troops, and therefore congested with men, stores, &c., made the introduction of economies very difficult.

One day in September, when things in France were looking a little better, but still full of anxiety, he sent for me and gave me the surprise of my life. He said, "I want to consult you about some work I am doing at my place in Kent. My architect has sent me drawings of a door leading on to the rose-garden," and so on, calmly discussing the details of an improvement in a country house, with great evidence of taste and culture,

but hardly the sort of thing to be expected from the War Minister of our country in the throes of a life-and-death struggle. I think he forced himself to do this, just to relieve his mind of the strain of the war.

About that time we were bombarded at the War Office by ingenious inventors and their friends, who apparently thought we had not enough work to do. Lord Kitchener must have had an enormous number of these, but he passed on very few of them. It was difficult sometimes not to take notice of them, when such a letter as the following came in: "I send you a memo. from Sir —, the great specialist in —. He thinks that his invention will solve a most difficult problem in military operations, and he will be delighted to discuss (or he proposes to come at 3 on Tuesday next to discuss) the matter with you. I am sure you will receive him with the courtesy his eminent services and scientific attainments deserve." Later on, the Munitions Inventions Department gave one most welcome relief from this sort of thing, but at one time it was a terrible burden, especially as about 95 per cent of the proposals were hopeless. But if Lord Kitchener kept his subordinates from being pestered by these busybodies, it does not mean that he was indifferent to the utilisation of inventions. Sometimes he would ask, "What are you doing about wireless (or search-lights, or bridging)?" and he

satisfied himself thus that we were alive to outside influences and ready to use them. So it was with regard to Tanks in the early developments. The Navy was certainly ahead of us in this matter, and therefore he quite agreed to their being left to work out the problem; but I do not think, otherwise, he would have been satisfied with the answer that it was insoluble.

About the end of November 1914 the Q.M.G. had come to the end of his proposals as regards sites for camps, and still more were wanted. Lord Kitchener sent for me and for some of the Q.M.G.'s staff, and said he wanted to build for six more divisions, 120,000 men. I suggested the Heythrop country in Oxfordshire, where we had been on autumn manoeuvres in 1909, or the Bedale country in Yorkshire. "Oxfordshire, Yorkshire," he said, rather pathetically; "I have been so long abroad that I don't know England at all. You go off (to me) to Yorkshire at once, and you (to one of the Q.M.G.'s staff) to Oxfordshire, and let me have schemes early next week. You know Aldershot, of course (to me), well; it had to be turned into permanent barracks from huts at great expense some 40 years after it was built. See if you can't build a camp in Yorkshire so that, if need be, after the war, we may have an Aldershot in the north. We need something of the kind there badly." I do not know whether the Q.M.G. consulted the Master of the Heythrop,

but the idea of a hutment in that district never came off. As, however, I hold that nobody can know a district so well as a master of hounds, I wired to the M.F.H. of the Bedale to meet me and some representatives of the General and Medical Staffs at Ripon, and we spent a few days examining the country between that little cathedral town and Richmond. I had the plans ready for Lord Kitchener in a few days, and he agreed to our trying "an Aldershot in the north," near Richmond, at the camp now called Catterick, where the huts are all built of concrete, and the whole town of 40,000 men (2 divisions) is self-contained, i.e., with its own water supply, sewage scheme, electric light, hospital, railway, roads, and two churches (subscribed for by the Yorkshire people). At Ripon, a little town normally of some 8000, the presence of a military camp of 40,000 must have been rather startling; but the problem there was not so complex as at Richmond, for many of the accessories, e.g., roads and water supply, already existed. The cost of the latter was little more than the former.

Meantime in France our troops were badly in need of engineer stores and of labour. We sent over during the winter 1914-15 about 40,000 pumps of sorts to help to keep the trenches reasonably dry, and the vast quantity of loopholed plates, barbed wire, timber, steel joists, corrugated-iron sheets, and a host of other things, is beyond the power

of my pen to describe. There was no executive control, however, and soon this want had to be remedied. Lord Kitchener's proposals of 1911, which were modest beginnings of the solution, were carried into effect, and a proper system of superintendence was inaugurated. Pioneer battalions, on the system adopted in India, were authorised for each division, and proved most valuable. Field engineers and assistant field engineers, also an Indian arrangement, were appointed. These were officers of practical experience, either civil or military engineers, who were not attached to units, but had the task of executing works—roads, water supplies, defences, &c.—by civil labour. Most valuable work was done by these officers in all parts of the theatre of war. A proper system of supply of stores was also worked out, and was working admirably when I was in France in the autumn of 1915. In the summer of 1915, labour battalions were recruited in England from navvies employed on our large public works. These were men too old to be enlisted in the fighting units. They were not supposed to be taken over fifty-five (I quote from memory and may be wrong), but there were certainly many over sixty. All the officers were civil engineers, architects, surveyors, or in some cognate profession. These also did admirable work. More dan-

gerous work, however, was done by the miners, or Tunneling Companies, as they were called, raised first by the energy of Colonel Sir John Norton Griffiths, M.P. These were all officered by mining engineers, and the men were miners, from our coal districts chiefly. Then there were quarrying companies for working the French quarries, land drainage companies from the Fen districts, who, in the second winter of the war, took in hand the drainage all round Armentières and Givenchy, and forestry companies, who tackled the difficult problem of supplying timber. These, and many other specialists, gradually came into being as the war progressed, during Lord Kitchener's rule.

The Dardanelles work presented very special difficulty, both because it could not be foreseen what the nature of the operations would be, and also because few if any of the engineers employed — some coming from India, some from other colonies, and some from England — had any experience of modern warfare as it had developed in France. Lord Kitchener at once put his finger on this weak spot, and before he left for his memorable visit to Gallipoli, he sent for me to discuss the matter. I had just returned from some weeks in France, where I had gone, at the time of the battle of Loos, to consider the whole question of engineering in the field, and where I found that our people were making most thorough and excellent use

both of local resources and these which were sent out from home. Lord Kitchener asked me to name some special officer of energy, and experience in fighting, who could go to the Dardanelles and advise as to their field defences there. I named one who was then in France, but who at the outbreak of the war was in the Sudan, and had special experience among Eastern peoples — an experience which at once appealed to Kitchener. He told me to see that orders were sent to this officer, and he also directed that I should arrange for a depot for all engineer stores at Alexandria, so that any demands from forces operating in the Eastern Mediterranean, or even in East Africa, might be supplied from there. This was a very useful move, and it bore fruit for the rest of the war.

The officer sent to the Dardanelles never landed there, for by the time he was due Lord Kitchener had decided to withdraw, and to have a defensive line made about six miles to the east of the Suez Canal, so this officer's services were retained for that task. Meantime a telegram was sent to us at home to send out engineer stores for a complete line of redoubts, &c., in the desert, covering the Canal, a demand which we were able to work out and comply with at once, except in two important particulars — viz., light railways and water-supply pipes. As regards the former, the material was already in Egypt by a curious combina-

tion of circumstances. Early in the war a Siege Committee sat at the War Office (as related in Lord Kitchener's Life, when dealing with the question of siege artillery). This committee recommended the immediate purchase of many engineering stores and plant—among other things, 100 miles of light railway, many petrol-driven locomotives, and other rolling stock—and these were purchased at once. However, for some reason best known to himself, the Q.M.G. would not use this light railway in France, and so we sent it out with all its rolling stock to Egypt, where we felt sure that, sooner or later, it would come in useful. And undoubtedly it saved the situation there. The supply of water-pipes and pumps was not so easy. We needed over 100 miles of pipes 4 inches in diameter, and they had to be of steel with special joints, for the ordinary cast-iron pipes which we use in England would be too brittle and take far too long to put down. Now at that time all the available steel pipes in England were being sent to France (where in the Somme battlefield alone 120 miles were put down), and the supply for Egypt was a serious problem. We got some from Karachi and Bombay, some from Rotterdam; but the bulk of the order had to be placed in America, and two shiploads of pipes left Baltimore early in December. The Germans got wind of this, and tried to torpedo the ships, and did sink the P. & O.

*Persia* about that time, possibly by mistake. The consignment arrived all right; and the whole line of defences was rapidly complete early in 1916, the first step towards the great defeat of the enemy on that front.

Sir George Arthur tells us that the large water-main which was subsequently laid across the desert to the borders of Palestine was Lord Kitchener's scheme also. It may be so, and is quite in accordance with the far-reaching nature of his great mind. But it was not until after his death—I think about August 1916—that the matter was first referred to me, in a private letter from the G.O.C., Egypt, asking if I thought we could possibly get the pipes—12 inches in diameter, and some ninety miles of them—and the pumps. We were able to get them from America, and the whole colossal scheme was successfully carried out, so that in February 1917 the Nile water flowed into Palestine. This, however, belongs to that part of the war history which came later.

I saw very little of Lord Kitchener after his return from the East, for I was much away from the War Office in the early months of 1916—partly in France, looking into questions of bridges for the hoped-for advance, and also into matters connected with the huge water-supply problems which were expected in the Somme fighting. I was also at Paris, discussing with some of my colleagues and with the French authorities ques-

tions about quarries and forests, at the French War Office. On return home, the progress of the East Coast defences was such that I was necessarily often at the Humber and the Forth, though by that time the chances of hostile naval attack were becoming less and less.

It was, therefore, not in London that the terrible, the incredible, news came to me that he, the great leader, had fallen. We were fain to comfort ourselves with the thought that he had done his work, and that it could now be safely left to others.

But looking back, one sees that the calamity was far worse than we then imagined.

The New Armies that he had created came brilliantly into action at the Somme, as indeed some of them had done before at Loos. News from Egypt counterbalanced the serious reverses at Gallipoli and in Mesopotamia. And so the autumn passed, and then with October came the wettest season and coldest winter—the dark and sorrowful winter of 1916-17.

Then we began to realise our loss.

He had come like a wind from the east, keen, sharp, and penetrating, but wholesome and invigorating, among fogs and miasma. And in that winter the fog began to creep over us again.

Readers of Queen Victoria's letters will remember how she insisted on the plans and schemes of large important works being submitted to her,

how she chafed at Lord Palmerston for his delay about Netley Hospital, and how she urged Lord Herbert to bring her plans of the cavalry barracks at Aldershot. I have seen plans of even minor forts bearing Her Majesty's signature.

Such centralisation is of course to be deprecated, and no one would now think of adding this task to the huge burden already borne by the sovereign. But it seems as if we have now gone to the other extreme. Except to Lord Kitchener, I have never had to shew or explain to any Secretary of State any of the large works or plans carried out under my orders, nor have I been ordered to attend for this purpose any meeting of the Army Council.

Some seventy years ago Professor Tyndall seriously recommended that every candidate for Parliament should pass a qualifying examination in natural science. As we all know, our legislators, our budding Cabinet Ministers, our future Secretaries of State and guardians of the public purse, pass no such examination—their sole qualification being their ability to talk, *vox et præterea nihil*. Why this should be a preliminary requisite to administrative power is one of the anomalies of our constitution, and is a tribute to our national power of "muddling through." But when we do get a man of deeds and science, not of words, his worth is incalculable.

Of the six Secretaries of

State for War under whom I served, one was Lord Kitchener, one was the genial nobleman afterwards in charge of British interests in Paris, and the remaining four were lawyers, very distinguished statesmen no doubt, but imbued with the legal frame of mind which, in administrative affairs, is so apt to regard each question not on its intrinsic merits, but in the light of its effect upon the judge and jury; in other words,

its value in votes in the House, and its effect on the fortunes of Great Diana of the Ephesians—the political party in power.

When one has to serve under a man like Lord Kitchener, after experience of the others, it is all the difference between light and darkness, between clear strong guidance from above, and wild extravagant ventures like those which came to light at Loch Doon and Chippenham.



## THE HERITAGE OF THE SUN.

[The Rajputs (literally Sons of Kings) are an immigrant race into India from the plains of Central Asia, and are considered to be of Scythic origin. They adopted the Hindu religion, became the rulers of most of Northern India, and continued so until the Muhammadan invasion. According to their traditions their three main clans are descended from the Sun, the Moon, and the Sacred Pit of Fire. The Solar race are considered to be the eldest line, and the Sesodias are the eldest branch of that line. Of the Sesodias the head is the Maharana of Udaipur. His ancestors put up a stout fight against the Muhammadans, and their former capital, Chitor, was sacked "2½ times" as they reckon. On each occasion the heir to the throne was sent away with a small party. The women were burnt on funeral pyres, and the men, putting on their saffron robes in token of their devotion to death, marched out of the city into the midst of their foes and were all slain.

One of the customs of the Princes of Udaipur and other Rajput states is the evening feeding of the wild animals in the jungles adjoining their Palaces.]

WHERE enchantment's marble isles,  
 With airy domes on pillars light,  
 Seek deep within the limpid lake  
 The image of their radiance white:  
 Where, like rain-fretted pinnacles  
 Of bergs that drift to tropic seas,  
 The fairy palace cupolas  
 Sway gently in the scented breeze:  
 Where, green beneath the autumn rains,  
 The shaggy hills stretch out their arms  
 To clasp the closer to their breast  
 The Naiad of a thousand charms:  
 Where sambhur, boar, and shy gazelle,  
 At bugle-call steal slowly down  
 To feast upon the rich largesse  
 Of monarchs of the solar crown:  
 High on a jutting battlement,  
 The eldest of the Sun's own breed  
 Watches, like his great ancestor,  
 The lowest of his subjects feed:  
 The inbred fineness of his blood  
 Imprinted on his musing face,  
 He sits and dreams of all the past,  
 Of all the future of his race:  
 How they reach through the mist of years  
 To the great God, who lights the world:  
 How from high Asia's wind-scoured steppes  
 Smoke of their camps to heaven upcurled:

How, through the passes of the North,  
With sword and spear they thrust their way,  
And over India's fabled plains  
Stretched far and wide their royal sway:  
How they built up a commonwealth,  
Each caste in its due order placed,  
Each man content to tread the path  
His father had before him traced:  
How, when the bigot Moslem hordes  
Closed on their hill-set capital,  
They donned their saffron robes, and fell,  
With solemn joy, as heroes fall,  
To save from sacrilegious hands  
Of alien foes, with fury blind,  
The secrets of their ancient faith,  
The honour of their womenkind:  
How warriors from strange Western isles  
Imposed on all their iron will,  
And quelled a seething continent  
With their imperious "Peace, be still":  
How India's first great Empress-Queen,  
In mother-love made solemn pact  
To cherish and protect her sons  
And guard her Princes' rights intact:  
Yet, how the wisdom of the West,  
Transplanting an exotic shoot,  
Bewildered, saw the sapling bend  
Beneath sedition's baleful fruit:  
How, though war's fiery test assayed  
Ind's soldier sons as tempered steel,  
Now, they must 'bate their pride and crouch  
Beneath a slippered clerkly heel,  
And immemorial Kings must bow  
To subtle scribes of days gone by:  
"Never!" outflamed the Sun-god's sword,  
"My children still know how to die."

RAJPUT.

## MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF EGYPT—SHIRKING OUR RESPONSIBILITIES  
—WHAT NAPOLEON AND THE GERMANS THOUGHT—THE OPINION  
OF MR ALFRED MILNER AND LORD CROMER—THE LORD MAYOR OF  
CORK—THE HUMOUR OF MR AND MRS WEBB—A NEW CONSTITUTION  
—THE KING AND TWO HOUSES OF COMMONS—THE FAILURE OF  
PEDANTRY—WHAT BRITONS WILL NOT ENDURE.

It is not easy to detect a harmonious plan in the confused policy of our present governors. At the very moment at which they are assuming fresh responsibilities in Palestine and Mesopotamia, against the will of the Arabs, they are discarding elsewhere the burdens which it is their imperative duty to carry. They have stripped from Ireland the last semblance of government. Light-heartedly and at the command of Mr Gandhi, the proclaimed friend of Mr E. S. Montagu, they have inaugurated what is ominously called "a new era" in India. And now after India comes Egypt. Egypt also is on the verge of a "new era." She is to be given complete independence, and without tradition and without training she will come forth a full-blown democracy; and Germany may be once more congratulated on having won in defeat what she hardly dared to hope might be the fruit of victory.

The value of Egypt, especially to the British Empire, cannot be over-rated. "Egypt," said Napoleon, "is the most important country in the world." It was his constant ambition to make through

Egypt an attack upon India. Not even Nelson's triumph in Aboukir Bay distracted his glance wholly from the Orient. In his love of romance he delighted to picture himself as the Emperor of the East, as a modern Alexander the Great. He mourned bitterly, in the seclusion of St Helena, over his lost opportunity. He regretted again and again that he ever left Egypt, and he was sure that had he made himself Emperor of the East he would have still been upon the throne. His imagination worked easily when in memory he contemplated the Orient. "Arabia awaits a man," said he; "with the French in reserve and the Arabs as auxiliaries I should have seized Judea, I should have been master of the East." Above all, he knew full well whither the domination of Egypt would have led him. He saw clearly that if France were mistress of Egypt she would be mistress of India. "If once Egypt were in possession of the French," said he, "farewell India to the British. This was one of the great projects which I aimed at."

Napoleon, of course, was in the right of it. The power which masters Egypt masters

India also and much else besides. Nor were the Germans slow to learn the lessons which Napoleon taught them. For many years they have kept their eyes fixed upon the key of our Eastern Empire. Long before the war they were busy in Egypt. Their system of peaceful penetration was complete. They had established schools, where were taught and learned the true lessons of *Kultur*. Their spies covered the land with their accustomed industry, and would doubtless have been a far greater danger had they not been German spies. But their failure was not intentional, and when the war broke out the Germans hoped that they had broken down with what subtlety they might the moral defences of Egypt. They had been trained by Bismarck in the proper school of thought; for though "the maker of modern Germany" was ever a bad prophet in the East, though he believed in 1882 that Arabi could not be defeated, and hoped three years later that "Wolseley's head would soon arrive in Cairo, nicely pickled and packed," he did not under-rate the importance of Egypt. "Egypt," he once said, "is as necessary to England as her daily bread." And again: "Egypt is of the utmost importance to England on account of the Suez Canal, the shortest line of communication between the eastern and western halves of the Empire." Such were the lessons which Bismarck taught; and his unworthy successors, though, hap-

pily for us, they could not profit by them, at least learned them patiently by heart.

It is interesting to read, now that the war is over, the plans which the Germans cherished of annexation. The moment had come, they thought, when they would inherit the whole earth. Wherever the sun rose or set there should be the German flag fluttering in the breeze. The only question which divided these amateurs, was precisely how much of the world they should lay their hands upon. Some were satisfied with the French coast as far as the Somme. Others thought it prudent to include Bordeaux or even Toulon in the new map of Germany. But all were agreed that to deprive England of Egypt would be a fitting end to a victorious war. The loss of England should surely be Germany's gain. "The day on which England sees herself face to face with ruin in Egypt and in the world, will be the birthday of the new trans-oceanic Germany." Thus said Dr Rohrbach, and he had good reason for the faith which was in him. And Herr Jäckh posed the argument at another angle. "If you asked an English statesman," said he, "which would be more easily supportable—an anti-English Calais or a non-English Suez, he would renounce Calais without a moment's hesitation, and would insist upon keeping Suez. From Calais England might be pestered, wounded; at Suez she would be beaten,

killed. Calais does not affect the great world-wide British Empire. Suez cuts the only direct line of communication between European England and her African, Asiatic, and Australian Empire; it affects her vital nerve." What, then, asked Herr Jäckh, was to be done? He had no difficulty in answering the question himself. "The world war," said he, "has now for its object to win for us the regions which lie between the Dardanelles and Suez. We must organise thoroughly a Turkey rich and strong, thanks to German toil, and guard our ever increasing Germany against English hostility by ensuring a perpetual menace to the centre of the English world in front of, or even at, Suez itself."

It is well to recall what were the amiable intentions and the joyous hopes of the Germans, not only because we may shape our policy by them, but because, having dreamed the wildest dreams of universal dominion, they now protest bitterly against the smallest attempt to bring their headstrong folly to account. We can best judge our own clemency by comparing the world as it is to-day with what it would have been had the Germans won the war. And the opinions set forth by Dr Rohrbach and Herr Jäckh were not theirs alone. They were shared eagerly by Germans of all kinds and all classes. We remember, for instance, the famous manifesto of Professor Oncken and his colleagues—a document which for in-

solence and cynicism has never been, never will be, surpassed. After having expressed their amiable intention to keep Belgium, to "correct" their whole frontier from Belfort to the sea, to lay hands upon some of the Channel ports, they turned their thoughts to Egypt. "As to Egypt," wrote the professorial fire-eaters, "which unites English Africa with English Asia, and which with far-distant Australia makes an English sea of the Indian Ocean, Egypt, which forms a link between the Mother Country and all her eastern colonies, it is, as Bismarck said, "the nape of England's world empire, it is the *crampon* by which England subdues the Eastern and the Western world to its arbitrary power." The professors would no longer permit this subjugation, and they knew how to put an end to it. "It is there, in Egypt, that the vital nerve of England can be struck! If that succeeds the world route of the Suez Canal will be liberated from the dominion of one power, and the ancient rights of Turkey will be re-established as much as possible."

The last sentence is, of course, pure hypocrisy. The Germans did not care a fig for Turkey, and their sole purpose was to substitute the German for the English power. But the passages which we have quoted show us with what clearness our enemies envisaged the question of Egypt, and it will doubtless be a

matter of vast satisfaction to them that, even after defeat, they will have their way, at least partially. In accordance with its usual policy, the Government has confronted us with an accomplished fact. It has not taken the people into its confidence, it has not sought the opinion of the country. When the egregious Mr E. S. Montagu had made up his mind to hand over India to Mr Gandhi and his friends, he sprung his purpose suddenly upon the nation, and declared that, on account of a single answer to a casual question asked in the House of Commons, opposition to the scheme which he had fathered would be an act of bad faith. It is an ill method of government, and it has an awkward look, when it is followed by the avowed champions of democracy. And the same method has been followed in Egypt. Half a dozen wise-actors have framed, in fear, a brand new scheme, and those who dare to oppose it will presently be told that they are endangering the peace of the world. Its purpose, it will be said, is to strengthen the bonds of goodwill between England and Egypt. A new friendship, we shall be assured by our Ministers, will be formed between the two countries. And even the Ministers, when they repeat the formula, will know that it is baseless. No friendship ever was, or ever will be, built upon a weak foundation, and we are giving Egypt her independence at this moment, not because we believe it to

be the right thing to do, but because we shrink from holding fast to our firm time-honoured policy. Egypt will not love us the more; she will merely honour us the less for our conduct. We are breaking faith with the Arabs in Mesopotamia, we are pursuing a mad will-o'-the-wisp in Palestine, and we can no longer trouble our heads about the security of Egypt, of which, said Bismarck, already cited, England has a greater need than of her daily bread.

What, then, is to be done in the name of "self-determination," that dangerous formula, invented in Germany for the dismemberment of the British Empire, and thrust upon the father of all evil—President Wilson? Great Britain will recognise the independence of Egypt and will guarantee her integrity against foreign aggression. In exchange for these boons Great Britain will be permitted access to Egyptian territory in case of war, and will also maintain a garrison in the Canal zone. There the connection between England and Egypt will cease, and time will show whether "the spinal cord" of the British Empire is sufficiently defended against the breakage of our enemies. For the rest Egypt will go her own way at home and abroad. There will be no more British advisers, except one, who will watch over the Public Debt Commission, and another who will supervise such legislation as affects foreigners. The capitulations are to be abolished, as should

have been done long since, and Egypt will control her own foreign policy and send abroad her own diplomatic representatives. Only one concession seems to be made to Great Britain: the rights of present British officials will be safeguarded, and those of them who prefer not to serve under Egyptian heads of departments will be generously compensated.

Now, even the politicians who defend the secret and sudden action of the British Government do not pretend that the change will enhance the happiness or the prosperity of Egypt. The Egyptians are not trained in the wiles and tricks of democracy, and since, of course, they will enjoy all the blessings of popular government, since they will start at the point whereat we have arrived after centuries of experience, the result of the hazardous experiment can easily be foreseen. Nor can the debt which Egypt owes to England be easily estimated. We have brought the Egyptians out of the land of bankruptcy and set their feet upon the solid rock of health and wealth. We have built the dam at Assuan and given fertility to the Egyptian soil. And we take our dismissal without reason and without argument. The work which has been done by English wisdom and English courage goes for naught. It may well be in vain that Lord Cromer worked and Gordon died. Nor can the plea be advanced that the war has completely

changed the situation. If there has been any change, it has been, from England's point of view, a change for the worse. And the reckless Ministers who are responsible for the new policy can find neither comfort nor support in the settled and recorded opinions of Mr Alfred Milner and Lord Cromer.

Let us turn, for instance, to Mr Milner's well-known book, 'England in Egypt.' That distinguished statesman was resolute upon one point—that it was impossible to say when our work in Egypt would be finished. "The truth is," he wrote, "that the idea of a definite date for the conclusion of our work in Egypt is wholly misleading. The withdrawal of Great Britain, if it is not to end in disaster, can only be a gradual process." So far as we can understand the purpose of our present Government, there will be nothing gradual in the process. Our retirement is to be sudden and complete. Then, proceeds Mr Milner, "no doubt the presence of the troops is even now an important element in the maintenance of our influence. . . . Nor can retirement at any time be contemplated without uneasiness. But it does not follow that if, for whatever reasons, it should be thought desirable to withdraw the troops at some future date, our influence would necessarily suffer. No doubt it would, if they were withdrawn in deference to menaces—if any one could say that we had been pushed

out." That is precisely what every one can and will say. We have been pushed out by the menaces of Zaghul and his friends. We have not gone at our own time, but at theirs. And our departure is a triumph not of British policy but of Egyptian nationalism.

Even if we had withdrawn our troops at our own free will, it would still be necessary, thought Mr Milner, "that the position of the British officers in the Egyptian Army should be maintained." That position is not likely to be maintained. And Mr Milner closed his argument by asserting that the case for perseverance held the field. "If it can be proved," he wrote, "and I maintain it is proved, that we have been true to the spirit of our declarations, and that the literal fulfilment of them would be fraught with ruin to the Egyptian people, and with mischief to Great Britain and to Europe, then we are undoubtedly justified in persevering in the course on which we are engaged." As we were justified then, so we should be to-day, if we had not renounced our responsibility under pressure. Our governors do not seem to care whether the Egyptian people be ruined or not. The word "self-determination" has been whispered in their ears by interested Germans, and they have forgotten that ever they assumed the burden of governing Egypt with wisdom and justice.

Whether Lord Milner is in agreement with Mr Alfred

Milner or not we do not know. There is not much doubt what Lord Cromer's opinion would be. "Is it," he asks, "possible to ensure the existence of a fairly good and stable government in Egypt if the British garrison were withdrawn? That is the main question that has to be answered. . . . I can only state my deliberate opinion, formed after many years of Egyptian experience and in the face of a decided predisposition to favour the policy of evacuation, that at present, and for a long time to come, the results of executing such a policy would be disastrous. Looking to the special intricacies of the Egyptian system of government, to the licence of the local press, to the ignorance and credulity of the mass of the Egyptian population, to the absence of Egyptian statesmen capable of controlling Egyptian society and of guiding the very complicated machine of government . . . it appears to me impossible to blind oneself to the fact that, if the British garrison were now withdrawn, a complete upset would probably ensue. . . . A transfer of power to the present race of Europeanised Egyptians would, to say the least, be an extremely hazardous experiment—so hazardous, indeed, that I am very decidedly of opinion that it would be wholly unjustifiable to attempt it." Lord Cromer wrote these words twelve years ago, and events have made what seemed unjustifiable then far less justifiable to-day. And



that there might be no uncertainty, Lord Cremer brought that part of his argument to an end with these memorable words: "It may be that at some future period the Egyptians may be rendered capable of governing themselves without the presence of a foreign army in their midst, and without foreign guidance in civil and military affairs; but that period is far distant. One or more generations must, in my opinion, pass away before the question can be even usefully discussed." Twelve years have passed away, and the question has not been discussed; it has been settled without discussion, and in a sense which Lord Cremer would justly and indubitably have deplored.

We can no longer hope for any sense of proportion in the treatment of public affairs. The essential and superfluous long since changed places, and nobody can be sure of universal applause save the convicted criminal. Some eighty brave and honest members of the Royal Irish Constabulary have been foully assassinated this year for no other reason than that they have done their duty. They have gone to their graves unhonoured and unsung. The rascals who are responsible for their deaths, and who intend, if they can, to set up an independent republic in Ireland, utter no word of protest. Fine governors they would make, whose hands are foully stained with the blood of innocent men! And then the Lord Mayor of Cork, caught red-

handed in treachery, is condemned to a modest term of two years, and makes up his mind to commit suicide. Food is provided for him and he refuses to eat it. Instantly a clamour strikes the sky in all quarters. We are told by hundreds who should know better that it is the Government's duty to enlarge the man at once, to implore him to return in freedom to his own home, that his health may be comfortably restored. Alas! the eighty murdered men are beyond recall, and as they died with no halo of crime about their heads, they are not worth considering. Besides, their deaths were involuntary. They had no thought of suicide. And here is a Lord Mayor of Cork, who is obviously worth far more than eighty or a hundred servants of the crown, condemning himself to death because he objects to being in prison. What mercy was shown to the gallant soldier who was massacred as he stood in his club? He was not given even the option of a hunger strike.

Now what happened to the Lord Mayor of Cork was not of national importance. If he chose to starve himself to death, and if he could square the sin of suicide with the tenets of his Church, there was not another word to say. And what happened? The press, which should have known better, wrote daily leaders, published daily bulletins, and set a criminal upon a throne of martyrdom. The Americans, after their in-

variable fashion, found in a trivial incident another chance of insulting Great Britain, and heaped upon us the flattery of their insults. In brief, all the world of fools and sentimentalists, whose sympathy is always with the murderer and never with the murderer's victim, made a public advertisement of their fatuity, and left us with the pleasant calculation that the deliberate suicide of a Lord Mayer is a far worse blot upon these who tried their best to thwart it than is the cruel murder of eighty honest men upon those who brutally and cunningly contrived it.

So we live in a world of topsy-turveydom. So, when honour is to be done to the narrow-minded fanatics now called the Pilgrim Fathers, it is the Earl of Reading, a nobleman of Jewish blood, who is despatched to Plymouth, that he may make an appropriate oration upon the rebellious Christians of three centuries ago. The Pilgrims were solemn gentlemen no doubt, but even they, if they could look upon the earth, would laugh at the pompous incongruity. Lord Reading and the Pilgrim Fathers! There has been no episode like it since Sir Alfred Moritz Mond described Stonehenge as the place in which "our ancestors" worshipped.

But for sheer lack of humour

we have seen nothing for many a day fit to be compared with a book entitled 'A Constitution for the Socialist Commonwealth,' by Sidney and Beatrice Webb (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.) Everything in this work is out and dried. The authors live and move in a vacuum. The book is close and stuffy from beginning to end, as though it had been written in a house where the windows were never opened, and where the sun had never a chance to penetrate. And the whole argument is based upon a misstatement. "The manual-working wage-earners, comprising two-thirds of the population, obtain for their maintenance much less than half the community's net product annually." So say Mr and Mrs Webb, and we prefer to accept the evidence gathered by Mr A. L. Bowley in his analysis of the national income before the war. In 1911, he tells us, that 42 per cent of the aggregate income was paid in wages, and 42 per cent cannot be described as "much less than half."<sup>1</sup> And this is not all. The amount of old-age pensions, free education, and free meals at school, must be included in the sum paid to the wage-earners. And if, as we should, we class with the wage-earners those who are in receipt of salaries less than £160 a year, we shall find, with

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<sup>1</sup> It is noteworthy that before Mr Bowley published his analysis, Mr and Mrs Webb roundly asserted that "two-thirds of the population, that is to say, the manual workers, obtain for all their needs only one-third of the produce of each year's work." They have modified their statement now, but not enough.

Mr Bowley, that more than 60 per cent of the whole income of the country is in the hands of the wage-earning class. Such were the figures before the war. Since the war the balance in favour of the wage-earners has appreciably increased. Moreover, from the 40 per cent remaining, in Mr Bowley's words, "a great part of national saving is made and a large part of national expenses is met; when these are subtracted, only £200 to £250 millions remain, which on the extreme reckoning can have been spent out of home-produced income by the rich or moderately well-off on anything of the nature of luxury." In brief, says Mr Bowley, "the spendable wealth of the nation derived from home industry has been grossly exaggerated by loose reasoning," and if we would be better off there is but one thing to do: employers and employed alike must increase production.

But Mr and Mrs Webb dislike those who are better off than their fellows as bitterly as they grudge them the reward of their own brains or of their parents' intelligence and thrift. "The continued existence of the functionless rich," they say, without explaining where they are to be found, "of persons who deliberately live by owning instead of by working, and whose futile occupations"—(why futile, Mrs Webb, why futile?)—"often licentious pleasures and inherently insolent manners, undermine the intellectual and moral standards of the community, adds insult to injury."

It adds insult only to those who are consumed by envy. And what do this couple mean by licentious pleasures and insolent manners? Where have they lived all these years, blind or blinkered? Do they really still believe in the wicked baronet? What people have they known, what books have they read? Perhaps they spurn literature as anti-democratic; if they do not, then we suppose that Mrs Webb has dedicated her leisure to penny novelettes, and Mr Webb counts among his favourites Tom Wildrake and Jack Harkaway. And if Mr and Mrs Webb consider it a crime in others to own anything, we have a right to ask them if they themselves are guiltless. Are they owners, or have they lived by the sweat of their brows? They cannot evade the question by saying that in a socialist state they would pool their wealth. We make our own crimes, and if Mr and Mrs Webb are the owners of a single sovereign which they have not earned, they must be criminals in their own eyes as they are hypocrites in ours.

However, the State, directed and advised by Mr and Mrs Webb, has not the spending of the £200 to £250 millions which "on the extreme reckoning can have been spent on anything of the nature of luxury," and to lay hands upon that sum they are prepared to plunge the country into a sea of blood. For it is quite clear that the revolution sketched by these two "humourists" will not be a peaceful revolution. There are still men and

women left in England whose ideal of life is not the caboose, who hate uniformity as they hate slavery, who are determined to guard their personal liberty, and who will resist spoliation as they will resist the drab uniformity of the jail. Whether Mr Webb or Mrs Webb possesses the cold fanaticism which has enabled their great exemplar, Lenin, to ruin Russia for the sake of pedantry and his own glorification, we do not know. There is no doubt that, if they attempted to put their plans into practice here, a long, bitter, and bloody war would be the result.

They are kind enough to say that they will not instantly strip their victims. "Much as the moralists may condemn 'living by owning,'" they say, "it is not only humane but also expedient, and moreover, in the long-run, less costly to the community, to treat fairly, and even liberally, not merely every employee whose livelihood is disturbed, but each particular owner as he is dispossessed." Jonathan Wild has not often used words more sweetly honeyed. The honey, of course, is very thinly coated. The fair and liberal treatment of which they speak will depend entirely upon the property owners themselves. "They will, in short, be allowed gradually to extinguish each other's private ownership over a term of years." There's kindness for you! There's generosity! And we will make a bet that whichever one of the gifted beings wrote that astounding sentence, not

a flicker of a smile crossed his (or her) solemn face.

But the plan of inviting the wicked owners to extinguish each other's private ownership is not enough, and on the next page our amiable prophets promise us that "beyond this the Death Duties would rise very steeply to nearly 100 per cent." No doubt they would, and in the second generation, for all the kind words uttered presently by the couple about "this continuous increase of private property in individual ownership," there would be nothing to leave and no death duties to collect. However, Mr and Mrs Webb, being wholly devoid of humour, as we have said, being blind and deaf to the amenities of life, finding dissipation in a municipal council and hilarious excitement in a board of guardians, go blithely on in their absurd dogmatic way. On one page they ask with an exquisite pomposity what will become of the country houses of England. "Some of the largest of them," we are told gravely, "will doubtless be maintained as convalescent homes in connection with the Local Health Authorities." "Doubtless" is an admirable stroke, and it is evident that these two fanatics admit no abatement of their pride. "But," thus they go on, "for the most part we look to see these pleasant residences becoming, under various forms of voluntary associations, the holiday homes and recreation grounds of the urban toilers by hand or brain." Oh dear!

oh dear! Doesn't it ever occur to our two pedants that "residences" are pleasant only because they have been converted into homes by those who loved them and cared for them? When the 22,000 country houses have been converted into 22,000 jails by dull unimaginative socialists, they will have utterly lost their value and their meaning. They have in the past, in spite of Mr and Mrs Webb's ignorance of life, been a centre of English happiness and prosperity, and they who have lived in them have done far better voluntary service to the people about them than ever could be done by the brutal cast-iron system dreamed of as progress by fanatics. And if the 22,000 country houses are to be annexed by fusty boards and stuffy associations, why not the costly villas and the large houses in town? We gather from their preface that Sidney and Beatrice Webb "reside, as they would say, at 41 Grosvenor Road. If country houses are given up, why should Grosvenor Road escape? It would serve excellently to shelter such "rural toilers by hand or brain" as wished to spend a week in the theatres and picture palaces of London. Are they ready for the sacrifice which they would impose upon others, or is the proposed new system of plunder to be used only against those who do not accept the untried, untested dogmas of Socialism?

The argument of Mr and Mrs Webb is based upon a series of the craziest assumptions. They assume, of course,

that democracy is the only possible form of government. They assume it in the face of all recorded history, and in opposition to the soundest political philosophy. The only certain truths that can be set down about democracy are that they are transient and corrupt. Nor do we believe that under Socialism the democracy would be so pure even as it is to-day, when there are still some few checks of decency to control its passions. These checks Socialism will remove, and under its vile despotism we shall arrive at the state described by Aristotle, "when the people, who is now a monarch, and no longer under the control of law, is to exercise monarchic power, and grows into despotism; the flatterer is the monarch; this sort of democracy being relatively better than other democracies, but worse than other forms of monarchy." That is whither Mr and Mrs Webb would carry us if they could. Happily they must travel a very long way before they extinguish our liberty, and it is reassuring to remember that in the end pedantry always fails in a conflict with courage and righteousness.

Another vain assumption, of which Mr and Mrs Webb are guilty, is that the nationalisation of industry is a worthy and profitable scheme. Here also the experience of the world is against them, and they heed it not. In their vanity they make no attempt to prove their point. They are content to take it for granted. And yet it should be evident

to them that, wherever the State has taken charge of an industry, industry has instantly withered. Without the very proper impetus of personal success and private property men will not work with all their zest. Will men of business bring their brains to the State, will inventors devote their lives to their work as cheerfully if they are prisoners or bureaucrats, who are permitted on good conduct to "enjoy" an associated holiday in somebody else's stolen country house, as they would if they were free men, free to come and go as they pleased and to make what profit they could out of hand or brain? Will only good temper and the good sense of the Webbs (Mr and Mrs Webb) be the dogma, and the dogma being robbed if we have no property and thrifty. We do not want the security. And when the pedants paint us a Utopia, they must have a keener intelligence, a wider understanding of men and women than have fallen to the lot of the sad couple which now aspires to reform the world.

Their greatest strokes of humour may be found in the chapters devoted to sketching a new form of national government. By a noble act of condescension Mr and Mrs Webb have consented to keep the King upon the throne. Aren't they forbearing? King Sidney or Queen Beatrice would sound well enough, wouldn't it? And they refrain. But the King will keep his place only upon certain conditions. "Unless 'the

Court' can acquire better manners"—such is the ultimatum—"and a new sense of social values, it may be expected that the institution of monarchy, whatever its political advantages, will become unpopular, and in that case it might very quickly disappear." The Court, however, need not despair. No doubt Mr and Mrs Webb would consent to mend its manners for it in a few easy lessons, and surely none is so competent to impart a new sense of social values as these two eminent moralists. The King, then, by the kind permission of our two rulers, may for the present remain upon the throne, and the British Commonwealth of Nations will not yet be dissolved. There the conservatism of the despots ends. The Second Chamber is given short shrift. "There is, of course," these are the winged words, "in the Socialist Commonwealth no place for the House of Lords, which will simply cease to exist as a part of the Legislature." There is a quiet confidence in the word "will," which shows that Mr and Mrs Webb mean business. Perhaps if their active lives had permitted them to ponder more deeply on the past, they might have discovered that there is little chance for the Throne to survive in a government consisting only of itself and a House of Commons. But the word has been spoken: the House of Lords is a misfit. To its shame be it said, it controls its own environment. Worse still, it educates its children as it chooses, and this, as any

good Socialist will tell you, is a direct attack upon the Socialists' liberty to make other men slaves. So it must go, and make way for two Houses of Commons, as though one were not enough, designed especially by Mr and Mrs Webb to keep the Socialist Commonwealth alive and alert. One is to be called the Political Parliament, and the other is to be called the Social Parliament. And since there is no possible chance of their coming into being, it is hardly worth while to consider their functions. Meanwhile, we can only pay a tribute to Mr and Mrs Webb's momentary moderation. Had they planned a dozen parliaments we should not have been surprised, for they have no interest in anything save in public bodies. The rest, no doubt, will come in time, and it is fortunate that there are two Webbs, for as it is essential that one or other of them should dominate all our deliberations, they will be able to divide the long hours of duty between them.

The book of Mr and Mrs Webb tells us a vast deal about the Webbs, and nothing that is worth reading about the British Constitution. These two sad personages seem to be confident that they can pit themselves successfully against the traditions of a thousand years. Of course they cannot. England is an old country, which has grown slowly to its present stature. And slow growth ensures conservatism.

Indeed, our great salvation lies to-day, as it has always lain, in our power of reaction. We have reached the very depth of folly, and we shall now begin, in good heart, the ripened journey. The past, however, means nothing to those who, like Mr and Mrs Webb, are condemned to live and to think in a vacuum. They fondly believe that, detached from all that has been, they can sit down and concoct a constitution as a child would put together a jig-saw puzzle. It would be a pathetic situation if Mr and Mrs Webb ever once showed the smallest sympathy with those who do not agree with them. It is merely comedy, when we find two municipal councillors discussing men and women as though they were made of stone. Nevertheless, despite their lamentable lack of humour, we have found a certain pleasure in reading Mr and Mrs Webb's dreary book, which is a confession of failure. We know that their over-confident prophecy will never come true, that the paradise of functionaries, of which they dream, will never be a reality. Englishmen love freedom, they love humour, they love amenity, they love justice, and they will never submit to live in a country from which these virtues are excluded; they will never endure the cruellest of all tyrannies, the tyranny of the pedant who applies the thumb-screw in the sacred name of the People.

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W. OF B. CH.  
NOVEMBER 1920.

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MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

No. 1261



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**STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF**

**BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE**

Published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1920.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Barr Ferree, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of

**BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE**

and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Publisher Barr Ferree,  
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Editor—George William Blackwood,  
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Managing Editor—None.  
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2. That the owner is:

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# BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

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No. MCCLXI.

NOVEMBER 1920.

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VOL. CCVIII.

MAHSUDLAND, 1919-1920.

BY GANPAT.

## CHAPTER V.—THE WAY OF AN EAGLE.

IN the old swanky days before the Great War, the mounted arm, with its jingle of spur and glint of shoulder-chain, was sometimes referred to as "the eyes and ears of the Army." Since, however, in this labyrinth of hills mounted men are but cumberers of the earth, *bouches inutiles*, our armies of past days moved into the tribal country from India blind and deaf in the face of an enemy who could move three times as fast and see six times as far.

Moreover, since the tribesmen's lashkars could assemble and disperse in little knots and groups of men in stained, grimy, earth-coloured garments, inconspicuous concentration at any point was easy to them; whereas the dense

columns of a civilised army, hampered with masses of animal transport, are impossible to hide.

Therefore is it that in taking up your book of frontier expeditions you will read time after time disastrous episodes of rushed camps and convoys, due entirely to the fact that in tribal territory an invading army was, to all intents and purposes, blind.

What time the sternly practical and, be it added, somewhat hide-bound soldiery of the past groped about the hills and valleys and periodically get scuppered, certain much-jeered-at "unpractical dreamers" played about with bits of linen and wire and light wood, studying the ways of the bird in the air, suffering infinite ridicule from the prac-

tically-minded, and periodically meeting with broken necks.

But the dreamers, after the eternal manner of dreamers, persevered until in the fulness of time, in the cool clearness of a northern Indian morning, some ancient Henry Farmans swept over Peshawur high above the watching crowds, out into nothingness over the frontier hills, to return later, the rickety old Salmsen engines purring contentment at new country seen.

Thereafter, in spite of the protests of the tribesmen deploring their lost advantages, and of the moans of a passing generation of soldiers who, *pace* the shade of Jacob, wept at the sight of science intruding into their "practical" domain of war, the aeroplane came to step.

Some enthusiastic military writer, probably a sapper, once conferred the title of "The Queen of all Arms" upon what you and I, who belong to it, call the "P.B.I.," the people who do the dirty work, who have to take the hill-tops, and be killed in the process. But the high-sounding title has this underlying basis of reason—viz., that infantry alone can *win* battles—for until the survivors of that cheap form of cannon fodder, the P.B.I., have established themselves on the ground disputed by the enemy, victory is not. Consequently in a well-organised army it must be realised that all the rest—horse, gun, 'plane, and most of all gilded staff—must be the servants of the infantry, and each

new arm gains its value in war solely in proportion to the extent to which it can assimilate this lesson.

Naturally the youngsters in the dreamers' service, like youngsters in all walks of life, talked tosh sometimes, but on the whole the Air Force learnt its lesson well, and they did us infantry nobly; and now in this campaign, for the first time in frontier history, we have had better eyes and ears than the enemy, and no story of rushed camp mars our little record.

Wherever the enemy has collected, so invariably by wireless or by streamered message-bag has come the quick instant warning; and never, except as regards small isolated bodies of troops, has the enemy made a surprise.

Some day if the hide-bound listen to the dreamers' plans of wireless telephony, each battalion, yes, even each company, will have its wireless telephone-receiver, and be able to pick up the warning observer's voice from the sky: "195th Infantry, look out! There's about 200 dirty trousered beggars in that nullah 500 yards north of you. Put it across 'em. I'm going to—bomb 'em—so to speak."

Then indeed will the dreamers' triumph over the jeerers be complete and renting, and the price of their toil and labour and sacrificed life be paid a thousandfold in their knowledge of endless numbers of common infantry returning unscathed, who under the older style of warfare would have

been stark mutilated corpses on the hillsides.

Surely a recompense worthy even of a dreamer of dreams.

So it came about that we of the P.B.I., lying out on the glare-swept hillsides, came in time to look upon the Bristol fighters wheeling above as in some sense our guardian angels, whose watchful gaze protected us from surprise rushes of greasy-haired men with knives, and whose stammering Lewis guns and coughing bombs prevented the enemy harrying us too hotly when, at the close of each long weary day, we had to scuttle home to camp once more.

Then the "practical-minded" tried to dream dreams and failed ignominiously, writing inane letters to the papers about the new arm replacing the older ones entirely and destroying towns afar, leaving only devastated wastes of tumbled bricks and mud. Some of the super-optimistic airmen endeavoured to live up to these dreams, "blotting" Kaniguram and Makin with bombs, an attempt doomed to failure from the outset, since it would have required daily flights of scores of heavy bombers over a period of weeks, not merely occasional visits from the dozen or so available light aircraft which happened to be in flying trim.

Even had countless swarms of bombing aircraft, D.H. 10's and Handley-Pages and the like, been available, the result achieved would never have been worth the trouble, since

it would only have meant the material destruction of houses, which is no particularly victory-compelling factor in this land, where the bulk of the inhabitants live in caves, and nearly every house falls down when it rains, being mostly made of sun-dried mud.

The only way to win a war is to kill off a sufficiency of the other side with as little loss as possible to your own people. Compliance with this law is, if possible, even more essential in campaigns against the tribesmen than in those against civilised communities.

When the 'planes appear the Mahsud either goes to ground in caves, or takes to the hill-tops around and shoots at the machines above, which sometimes, rather rarely, he hits. When it's all over he returns to his villages, plasters a little mud over any odd bomb-holes in roof or walls, puts out any fodder-heaps or thatching that may have been ignited, and all is as it was, save that the tribesman has been provided free with an excellent Brock's Benefit, and a lot of scrap metal with which to make knives and bullets, and sometimes presented with a few dud bombs, which last reminds me of a tribal feud story.

A certain Shaman Khel Mahsud, whom we will call Abdulla Jan, had on hand a blood-feud. One day the Air Force bombed his village . . . or thereabouts. After the disturbing noise had ceased, poking his nose out of his cave-retreat, Abdulla Jan dis-

covered a large dud bomb. Being of an ingenious turn of mind and skilful with his fingers, he contrived to screw off the head, and removed the detonator, which presumably he did not know how to use.

Remained, therefore, a beautiful, pear-shaped, khaki-painted metal shell, weighing a matter of 50 lbs. or so, filled with explosive of sorts which the finder from his knowledge of country gunpowder imagined would explode on the application of a light.

So calling unto him his Aziz, or darling, the inheritor of his flocks and herds, he said in the vernacular—

“Oh Light of mine eyes, Allah is indeed gracious! The hell-doomed *feringi*” (here he spat) “has cast this bomb about our tower. As you see, however, the charm of the worthy Pir Sahib has retained the building to us intact. This surely is only just, since the sheep we fed him was fat of loin and tail. But lo! the bomb is with us also.

“Now, oh life of my heart, it seems we can settle the case of Mir Ayub” (here he spat twice with vehemence), “that son of a noseless mother of ill-repute, whose shameless sisters’ bestial amours are even now corrupting the devils of the pit. When he and his misbegotten children find themselves hurled from their beds into the abode of shame where they belong, maybe he will remember Abdulla Jan and the matter of that girl of Aka Khel.”

The Aziz, a crooked-eyed,

greasy-looking youth, murmured piously—

“Inshallah, he will.”

Wherefore next night, having covered eighteen miles of hill track, they deposited the bomb with infinite silence and precaution at the base of Mir Ayub’s tower, and having lit the rough fuse Abdulla Jan had constructed, removed themselves to a safe distance and waited for justice to be done.

Alas, H.E. does not explode from mere application of flame, it merely burns with an intense vicious glare. Thus, instead of seeing the tower rock on its foundations, and collapse a tumbled heap of mud and stones, burying their enemy’s twisted frame under the jagged debris, the two watchers were merely rewarded with a beautiful imitation of a Crystal Palace fire-fountain. In time this died away in silence and black darkness, as, with their high hopes turned to ashes, the erstwhile rejoicing pair withdrew into the frowning hills lest dawn should discover them to their foes, doubtless cursing the *feringi* more bitterly than ever before.

This story is only remotely connected with the air, but the childlike faith of the two Mahsuds in the misused and little-understood bomb recalls the blathering of certain ignorant people, who tell us that H.E. bombs dropped from aircraft will settle the frontier for ever.

H.E. requires more than mere flame to detonate it.

H.E. also does not kill after it has once burst; and since no sane Mahsud waits in his village to be caught by bombs, the aeroplane H.E. bombs do little killing except in actual battle.

What, to my mind, is required for punitive purposes and town and village strafing, if it can be managed, is large-sized gas-bombs of a clinging lasting type of gas, so that when the tribesman, clapping his hands and laughing over the dud-sounding bombs which have done even less damage than usual to his houses, swarms back in crowds to gather souvenirs, he will die in crowds—he and his ox and his ass, and the stranger (from Kabul) within his gates—slain by a force against which he has no defence, and without the pleasure of outting up even one single wounded man of the P.B.I.

With the alternatives before him of, on the one hand, leading a peaceful life, tilling his fields, or working honestly on roads or other labour, and on the other of extermination by an irresistible weapon wielded from above, it should not be long before he comes in to hand up his rifle.

Then will the Derajat villager be able to sleep quiet o' nights instead of wondering whether the dawn will see him and his sons lying out with their throats out, what time his wife and daughters are being hurried into the hills, urged along at the knife-point by a band of leering, lousy out-throats, their bare feet out to

ribbons on the sharp stones of the foot-hills.

And lastly, the P.B.I. will pay a considerably lower rate of insurance premiums, and the Government of India will save the money which it now has to wring yearly from its scanty budget for expeditions, hospitals, and pensions for the relatives of the said P.B.I.

These articles seem to be continually digressing from the point. I fear I must be suffering from what the Pelmanites call "mind-wandering," and must take firmer hold on this rebellious pen of mine, which I bade a little while back write a few lines on the way of the air in this land of strife.

To revert, therefore, to our Guardian Angels: Derajat Column is nursed from the back of the base, from Mianwali and Bannu and Tank, by certain squadrons of the Air Force, for the most part Bristol Fighters, rather stumpy, two-seater tractors fitted with 250-horse-power Rolls-Royce Falcons.

Since we have established ourselves at Sorarogha, however, about the biggest bit of flat ground in the country, where there is room not only for a large camp all on one level, but also for an aerodrome, the 'planes work from there.

They sail in from Bannu or Tank in the early morning, black silhouettes against the dawn sky, and circling down between the hills, drop gracefully to earth on the dusty aerodrome. Taxying up to the

wire in a trailing cloud of dust, they are greeted by mechanics and gangs of labour-corps men humping bombs and petrol, fill up, get their orders from "Wings," the R.A.F. liaison bloke, and so away to where, 5 or 10 or 15 miles farther along the river, Derajat column is strafing a village, or building a picquet, or trailing its coat for Musa Khan's Abdullai to tread on.

They off-load their bombs, and back to Serarogha, ten minutes' flight, fill up, and off again on their guardian angel stunts, or on long lone bombing raids, sometimes one, sometimes two, sometimes half a dozen at once.

At other times when trade is slack, they sit on their dumpy tails in the aerodrome what time their owners sleep on the bhoosa bale settees in the La Touche Arms, or play poker while waiting for a job, or for permission to go home.

They are a joyous crowd, these owners of the dumpy Bristols, young for the greater part, speaking a strange tongue bristling with an argot all their own. Sometimes I sit and listen and learn, and what I realised long years ago when first I listened to French people talking in France is borne in on me again, that a new language is not really a different method of saying the same things. It is a different method of saying different things, a medium of expression for minds whose outlook is other than the one in which we've grown up, and which could not

express themselves fully in the speech we others use.

"Apprendre une nouvelle langue, c'est gagner une âme nouvelle."

It was Charles V. of Sweden who said that a few hundred years ago, I think, but it seems truer to me each day.

It is a good and chastening experience for one to sit and listen to strangers talking a new language—wherefore I sometimes frequent the meeting-places of the R.A.F., and, being only a common foot-soldier, they treat me kindly, even to the extent of taking me for flips and joy-rides in buses whose owners have nothing important on hand.

So it happened one day that Deracol, having broken up a lot of desirable residences in Makin since the Abdullai refused to make peace, offensively swearing war to the knife, were returning to Dwa Tei. Consequently Serarogha was extra full of 'planes and pilots and one-winged observers, and one pilot said he would take me to Makin provided—which was doubtful, since both her magnetos were dud—his bus could get there.

Having wrestled for an hour with the mags., they were eventually induced to give forth reluctant sparks, and the engine, having been coaxed into pushing the rev. counter needle a hair's-breadth on the right side of the danger mark, we filled her up with bombs and petrol and pushed off.

Such flying as I had previously indulged in had been in slow-crawling B.E.'s with, in

a manner of speaking, microscopic engines. Consequently the roar of the Rolls-Royce deafened me, and the slip stream pushed me under the seat. Eventually recovering, I climbed up again, tightened my goggles two holes, and, leaning out, saw the Barari Tangi below me, flanked by the little dots of men moving inside the faint shadows that marked the wire. We climbed away as steadily as our consumptive engine would let us, and I hung over the side studying the country below—masses of sunlit, bush-dotted hill and shadowy valleys on either side of the white river-bed, scattered with queer-shaped fields of yellow and green.

We swept low over the Barrier picquets—two little tent-roofed pens on a long knife-edge—up above Table Mountain, and Umbrella, and Egg, and so came to Piazza Raghza Camp, a mass of white canvas and dark clumps of animals and men, on a khaki flat set above the river in a circle of wooded hills.

A mile or more beyond Piazza, the Tank Zam, swinging left-handed to westward, breaks into two arms, the Dara Algad leading north-west to the wide Makin Valley, resort of the very recalcitrant Abdullai clan, and the Baddar Toi, running west to Kaniguram, the junction of the streams marked by a conical hill, topped now by a picquet rejoicing in the name of Oxford Circus.

As we circled twice above the junction I got out my

camera and took some photos. Derajat Column had repassed Oxford Circus, and showed as a confused mass setting up camp half a mile along the Baddar Toi, a threat to Kaniguram.

Then we turned northward again, another Bristol winging its homeward way below us, and passed over Marobi, Fazl Din's home, now merely a bare expanse of house plinths, the tall mosque alone standing. Fazl Din's father, the Mullah Pewindah, was buried there. I say advisedly *was*, because Fazl Din, judging our manners out of the depths of his own filthy heart, dug up the old sinner's bones from the ziarat, where they reposed in the odour of sanctity (he must have been a first-class villain to have achieved such a reputation for sanctity among the Mahsuds), and carted them off out of our reach.

Of course, since we have to flatten the graves of our dead in Mahsudland, and burn refuse over them to put the tribesmen off the trail lest they disinter and mutilate and heap indignity upon the corpse, I suppose the Mahsud fears our retaliating in kind.

We went one better at Makin, by the way, and buried a British officer killed in the fighting there in a showy grave with white-painted name-board and rails. In the dead of night came a sapper working-party who worked awhile and then departed again with clink of shovel and pick. Then we left Makin, and the Mahsuds,



swarming back, yelped with delight at finding such treasure trove as a perfectly good British officer's grave.

Only the spies saw the rest, but one can imagine the ghouliah delight of the crowd around as the toiling wielders of pick and shovel flung out the yet loose earth. You can hear the high-pitched exclamations of anticipatory pleasure from the women as the blanket swathings just showed through the earth; the thumbs running tentatively over the knife-blades, the children crowding to the merry sight.

Then the breathless moment when the last earth was cleared away and the brawny-armed workers hauled the body into the light of day, and perhaps—who knows?—there was not much time—wondered at its exceeding stiffness ere the 160 slabs of gun-cotton composing the "corpse" went up.

The spies are probably not over-estimating when they say it laid out sixteen men. Methinks the Mahsud will be a little shy of digging up our graves to "be-izzat" our dead in future—and anyway, that officer will lie quiet enough in his unmarked grave a few yards away from the jagged hole with its splinters of wood and railing half buried in the earth pulverised by the high explosive.

The wind sang through the taut flying wires as, climbing anew, we headed north up the Dara Algad and saw broadening in front of us the Makin Valley, a wide vista of comparatively open country, of

low rolling hills and sweeps of fields plentifully dotted with houses and towers despite the many destroyed. It was a revelation after the tortuous defiles and saw-bladed crests that make up the first part of Mahsudland.

We headed still more north towards the opening in the hills which runs to the Afghan border, and then—those magnetos did us down. The life went out of the engine, the rev. counter quivered back, and turning, we shot for home.

Marobi passed below us, and as the pilot fought with his toggles to clear the bomb-racks, I watched the long yellow bombs go spinning down to vanish in clouds of thick grey smoke about the ruined houses, and looked in vain for running figures. The earlier birds had evidently scared the worms into cover.

Two hundred odd pounds spelt many feet of lift, and the lightened 'plane climbed up a bit; but there was no thrust in the engine's half-hearted drone, and once again we dropped our nose and on a long slant made for the Barari Tangi.

Scraping over the top of the Bluff picquet, we dived for camp, and, thanks to all the gods who guard the little birds in the air, made the landing-ground in safety.

Makin and back in thirty minutes! It made one think a little of those dreamers and the godlike powers they've put into our hands. Some day when they've dreamed a little more they'll find the true way

of the eagle—of the eagles and hawks and vultures that I watch daily from my tent door as they wheel and circle and pass in long straight flights across the sky, with never a movement of feather or wing save for the occasional flexing to change their course.

No mags. to go wrong there, —true heavier-than-air flight, driven by some as yet undiscovered power which forces the heavy bird through the air at speeds of 40 and 50 miles an hour with no visible expenditure of energy.

Then indeed will the frontier lie in the hollow of our hand at no cost of crashed 'plane and lost life, and we shall at last have finished paying in full the cost of wings and the price of peace in all our borders.

Looking back over this sketch, it seems to me that I have made it appear as though the Bristols were the only 'planes we see. Actually it is otherwise, for from time to time in the earlier days passed strange-shaped, long-nosed craft high overhead, far above the little Bristols. You could hear these ugly giants long before they came within sight, winging their, as it seemed to us below, slow way to Wana or Kaniguram. D.H. 10's they were, De Havillands, strangely lacking in the beauty that one associates with the designs hall-marked by that name, great lanky beasts with double interplane engines, heavy bombers of freak aspect.

D.H. 9's showed sometimes, the metallic roar of the 400-

horse Liberty engines distinguishable miles away.

But these larger fowl had no such intimate relations with us as had the Bristols, who were up day in and day out, stunting over our camps, Lewis gunning round about the piequets, hovering handy with bombs where our covering parties lay out ahead of the half-built piequets, lay and listened hour after long-drawn hour to the whispering bullets of the snipers, and longed in vain for something to do to keep them from thinking too much.

The bigger machines merely passed above us, their presence sensed more often by ear than eye, by the far-off droning vibrant hum of the tremendous engines, and the distant deadened crumping of the big bombs far away to westward. Our dwarf stone-scattered bumpy landing-grounds were no use to leviathans like the D.H. 10's, but the dumpy Bristols flopped down on them cheerfully and very rarely crashed.

True, we did have one bad week when four of them lay within a mile circle, scattered in ungraceful attitudes, with buried noses or drunken-looking wings. Even then their luck held, and no one broke his neck, though two sportsmen had to run the gauntlet of the Mahauds along the river bank, and tumbled into the nearest piequet with a couple of cushy ones apiece in fleshy parts, having considerably lowered the record for the quarter-mile.

This side-show has had many

features out of the ordinary run of frontier campaigns. It has, with the solitary exception of the gun teams of No. 6 Mountain Battery and the Air Force, been a purely Indian Army show from start to finish, with only four frontier force regiments out of the twenty or more engaged.

The battle casualties have been the biggest ever recorded on the frontier, while the sick-rate has been the lowest; and of late, now that frost-bite and pneumonia have vanished from our menu, our sick-list is less than that of many an Indian peace station.

And lastly, it has proved for all time the absolute necessity of plentiful aircraft on the frontier, most of all perhaps in their rôle of guardian angels to the P.B.I. No more shall the sweating columns of infantry stumble blindfold in the maze of frontier hills, but, casting our gaze afar by the eyes of our errant 'planes, we shall move orderly and with method, and our marchings and campings shall be free from that haunting dread of the past on the frontier—the sudden swirl of well-hidden lashkars on unready convoy or camp.

#### CHAPTER VI.—THE AHNAI FIGHT.

Recently there have been coming up the line daily parties of globe-trotters, chiefly officers of British units newly arrived in India, hidden for the most part under masses of the brilliant-coloured ribbons of every British and foreign Order known to the tailors.

They are sent up in batches by A.H.Q. to see the frontier, presumably so that they may realise that there are certain slight differences between waging war with large masses in the mud of Flanders against dense crowds of semi-trained Huns, and fighting with small bodies of men against mountaineers in their own mountains—mountaineers, moreover, who have each to be a first-class sniper and stalker to keep their lives in their own country even in peace-time.

Having a fictitious reputa-

tion for lecturing ability, or, as my friends say, an infinite capacity for diffusing hot air of the worst type, it has been my fate to be detailed to conduct these parties over our sector, and in particular to show them over the ground of the Ahnai fighting.

After a few days of this dragoman's work it occurred to me that this series of sketches would be incomplete without some account of what, in Sir Nigel's words, we might describe as "a certain small bickering" which took place in the long rock narrows of the Tank Zam known as the Ahnai Tangi.

So, climbing one day to Flathead, I sat down a while and, looking round over Duke's Nose and Ahnai, Ass Khan and Dazzle Hill, Marble Arch and Plateau, sorted out my

crowded jigsaw memories, jotting them down as coherently and consecutively as possible from the overture of concentrated camel at Seven Dials to the finale at blood-stained, crowded Asa Khan.

The mess was comparatively speaking gloomy—not surprising, considering the weeness and smallness of the hour, the clinging cold, and the fact that the battalion had spent the night in an isolated camp known, presumably from its general slumminess, as “Seven Dials,” guarding the bulk of the camel transport of Derajat Column.

All night nigh upon 2000 close-packed camels had exuded perfume of the choicest in the midst of where we, the “nth P.B.I.” (Nobody’s Own) were spread over an exiguous perimeter, poorly camouflaged with a strand and a half of wire, dominated on one side by the steepest of hills, at whose cup-like foot nestled the camp, and up whose bald stony slopes ran the said exiguous perimeter.

The little camp was one crammed mass of camels and camel refuse, covering a minuscule kaoh, in one corner whereof the last occupants had thoughtfully left us a charming series of deep-dug graves, into which we retired gratefully later, for Seven Dials had an undesirable reputation for sniping most nights.

Deracol’s Camp lay one and a half to two miles ahead, and at 6 A.M. we were to push off all the transport from our

camp with two companies (that was my job) as baggage-guard to join the column as it debouched from what was euphemistically known as Ahnai Camp. Thereafter the column was to force its way farther up-stream in the narrow passage that succeeds the mouth of the Ahnai Tangi, the actual entrance to which a really brilliantly conceived and executed night advance had given us for next to no casualties three days earlier.

The C.O., with the other two companies, was to do rearguard up as far as the entrance to the tangi, where he would join the main body of the column, rearguard being taken over by the 57th Rifles, who with the 2/9th Gurkhas were picqueting either side of the stream up to the tangi mouth.

The sequel lay on the knees of the gods. The general plan of operations to be carried out by the bulk of the column was that the advance-guard, consisting of the 1/55th Coke’s Rifles, more usually known as “Cookie’s,” should enter the tangi under cover of the already established picquets of Ahnai Left and Right, and then push on, dropping picquets on the right bank (left as we advanced) in the usual frontier way.

The left bank is far higher than the right, and most precipitous, being in parts utterly unclimbable, and any height from 400 to 800 feet up from the water-level. To deal with this side, therefore, H.Q. and two companies 2/5th Gurkhas were detailed as special right-

flank guard to advance from Ahnai Right picquet. Up to that point they would be under cover of the permanent picquets and of the picquets put out by the 57th Wilde's Rifles as far as the tangi. From there they were to advance along this high ground, their head level with the advance-guard, dropping picquets as they went.

The rest of the column—to wit, two sections No. 27 Mountain Battery, a section of No. 6 Howitzer Battery, and the 2/76th Punjabis, together with the 3/34th Sikh Pioneers and the miscellaneous collection of sappers and miners, signal units, and so forth, which made up “column troops”—formed the main body, while close up behind them was to march the transport.

The column commander had announced in orders that he hoped to inflict severe punishment on the enemy, who, Mahsud and Wana Wazir alike, were collected in large numbers to oppose our advance, and by the end of a day that was a stand-up infantry fight from early morning till dark, he did so, the most excellent hammering that the Mahsud has ever had.

But we, the cane in the General's hand, felt a trifle squeamish before dawn, for the thought of possible horsehair is always present, even if only subconsciously, in a cane's mind ere the punishing process begins.

As I have said, the mess was, comparatively speaking, gloomy. Shortleigh was reiterating the fact that it was

Wednesday, and that his mem-sahib would be especially and frightfully annoyed if he was killed on a Wednesday—Wednesday the 14th in particular. He always tells us this before a show; last time I remember he quoted Friday the 9th as a date when if he should stop one his better-half would be doubly and trebly peeved.

There was a subdued air of depression and camel over the whole of breakfast; even the C.O. seemed obsessed by it, while the Quartermonger wrestling with baggage tables was distinctly fractious, having mislaid half a camel or a mule and a quarter, I forget precisely which.

Probably it was the stuffy atmosphere of the deep graves in camel-soiled ground wherein we had slept that preyed upon us, but undoubtedly breakfast was not the social success it usually is in Nobody's Own, even before the luridest of shows. People made uncharitable livery remarks about the quality of the food, while the signalling officer was positively rude concerning the cocoa—so rude as to make even our mild-mannered doctor and mess president almost take offence.

Eventually we dispersed into the gloom of dawn to sort out camels and mules, and generally get a move on things. Life was further brightened at the last moment by the discovery that the wily sappers had dumped a hundred loads of R.E. stores the previous day and left us to pack them. However, it was an excuse for us to lose further our already

lost tempers, and by the time that lot was loaded up and the camels on the move, it was broad daylight, and we peeled off an outer layer of thick clothing and began to feel better.

A and B companies, the Rajputanas and the Dekhani Mahrattas, were my children for the day, the C.O. having annexed the Konkani Mahrattas and the Punjabi Mussalmans.

Having given some incoherent orders of the "carry on in column of lumps" type to Jacob and Shortleigh, my respective company commanders—about the only thing to do when you're baggage-guard for a few miles of camel—and seen them started off, I climbed on to Lady Nan's back and rode forth into the river, where various transport officers were busy assembling camels of which the river-bed was full, a great dense mass. Presently I let them go and they headed up-stream four and five rows abreast, being reinforced on the left after we had gone a mile or so, by the long strings and columns of dark mules and tawny camels spat out unceasingly by Dera Col Camp from the nullahs about Gana Kach as an ant-heap vomits forth ants.

Where the two flows coalesced, the pace slowed a trifle as each string made for the shallower bits of the streams, and sulphurous-mouthed transport personnel struggled to keep their flocks together, each his own. The ammunition column fouled the R.E. park, and the supply crewd out a

diagonal line across both, while into the resultant whirlpool swirled Cookie's second-line camels under a joyously Bolshevik baggage-guard, caring naught for any man, so that their sahibs' kit headed the procession.

The brigade transport officer, on a tall bead-bedecked riding camel, swept into the mêlée with a stock-whip, restoring order, and the whirlpool flattened out again to a smooth-flowing stream, until the hills closed in on the river, and lo! above us, Ahnai Left and Right picquets, and between them the tangi mouth.

Picture to yourself three hundred-foot walls of stratified limestone heaved up on end and slit across the centre by a fifty-foot gap, through which boils the pent-up volume of the Tank Zam, crystal-clear save where it breaks into spatter of foam, glinting in the sunlight under the heavy shadows of the rocks, for the sun is not yet high.

Through this gap is filing a column of 2800 camels and over 2000 mules—a column suddenly compelled to close from a fifty-yard front to a thirty-foot one. Fill up the interstices between the splashing camels' legs with splashing men, sarwans, mule drabis, baggage-guard sepoy, followers of all sorts, and dot the edges of the moving mass with vociferous transport officers and N.C.O.'s, British and Indian, strenuously endeavouring to keep control of the traffic.

Throw in a few wounded

men, being slid—there is no other word—down the steep path from Ahnai Right: the special right-flank guard were hard at it by now, and for incidental music imagine the chattering of the Lewis guns in Ahnai Left overhead, mingled with the deadened crash of guns and aeroplane bombs somewhere round the corner in front.

You will then have something like the Ahnai Tangi as we struck it about 8.30 A.M. on 14th January.

Lady Nan squeezed her way through between the outside camels and the rough rock walls, and we pushed along the widening river-bed for half a mile to where, the head of the transport having halted, the river was filling with camels, as a stream fills its banks when you dam it.

On the right, high precipitous cliffs towering above us—easily the highest we'd yet seen—rose Flathead Left, the culminating point of the long unbroken rock wall which encloses the river from Ahnai Right to the gap at Marble Arch: 800 feet above the river we found it to be when the survey section mapped that stretch later.

A little in front of the halted camels the guns were in action at point-blank range in the river-bed, while on the nearer heights of Flathead Left clusters of figures worked along the skyline or below the crest; and in front of them, half-right above us, showed from time to time other figures, whose bullets sang on the gun-

shields, and splashed on the rocks, and whined and plunked round about the camels. To left, on the far lower right bank, little picquets of Cookie's were sangaring themselves in and fighting duels with hidden snipers.

The shells burst incessantly in front, 600, 700, 800 yards from the gun muzzles—open sights in the open—while overhead, circling low above the packed amphitheatre where Deracol, cooped up, was fighting its way up the slopes for literal life, two droning planes added to the din with crash of long yellow bomb and cackle of Lewis gun. Unless we could make good those frowning hill-tops we were in for disaster.

My friend the brigade transport officer pushed his great bead-bedecked riding camel up to me through the crush and shouted—one had to shout in that noisy corner—"The blighters are killing my camels!" I can see his surprised indignant face still. *His* camels, mark you,—a silladar corps whose beasts were as the apples of their owner's eyes—none of your mere Government cattle—and here were the dirty Mahsuds killing them—d—— their necks!

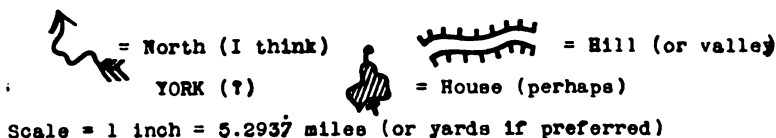
Then he departed again, and later I caught sight of him parking his beloved beasts under a sheer wall of rock 500 feet high called Duke's Nose, where they could only get shot into from one and a half sides instead of three, and thereafter he seemed happier.

Jacob I located presently at the head of the jam, quiet as ever, and bade him get his men across the Sarwek nullah on the left to strengthen Cookie's picquets in case of trouble that side, for although there was so far no movement, there was much noise, and the little picquets on the bank fired incessantly in reply to a dispersed cloud of snipers who shot methodically at everything appearing above the bank.

Then I pushed forward in search of news to where the guns spat cheerfully in the open river-bed, 300 yards behind the advance-guard. Beyond Flathead Left, and hidden by it until you reach its very

foot, stands another higher hill, christened Flathead Right, and between the two is a steep drop into a nullah, of whose existence you have no clue until you tumble down its convex sides.

We had no maps of Mahsudland other than the rough small-scale sketches made presumably on the previous expeditions of the 'sixties and 'nineties—the sort of maps General d'Audet in his classic work on the art of war advises every pushful young officer to keep by him to impress inspecting Generals—a general-service class of map which, with the alteration of a few names, will do equally well for Waziristan or the Sahara.



Nowadays we have excellent maps, for a keen survey party came with us and produced at lightning speed quite accurate contoured sketch-maps, followed by more detailed surveys. The trade-mark of the Survey of India is a large white plane table surmounted by a still larger white brolly rampant. I speak but sober truth when I say that with mine own astonished eyes have I seen this amazing target proceeding into the very firing line of the covering troops during a rather messy picquet show, in order to sketch the enemy's side of the ridge. They had, however, the sense

to furl the umbrella while at work.

This, however, is a digression. To revert to Flathead, of which we had no maps, when the advance-guard of Cookie's reached the foot of the far end of Flathead Left, they came upon the deep nullah opening to their right between the two hills, and further found it full of Mahsuds. So Cookie's (with their attachés, the South Waziristan Militia) and the Mahsud and Wana Wazir smote each other good and proper, killing at point-blank range round the rocks and boulders that cluster the precipitous foot of Flathead.



From Marble Arch, 800 yards farther on, an enormous limestone half-moon-shaped cliff with a base of hollowed caves, Mahsud dwellings, the enemy showered them with lead, and the red-and-white rocks of Cookscomb, nearer still, seethed with angry snipers. So there the advance-guard stuck, across the river from the feet of Flathead up on to the right bank, for on their right the special flank guard, found as you may remember by the 2/5th Gurkhas, was held and forced back.

These latter had made their way over the brow of Flathead Left and started down the dip into the nullah between the Flatheads. Then the Mahsud fell upon them in force, and they fought hand to hand, bayonet and kukri and knife, ay, and jagged stone as well, as happens when men get down to really primeval killing.

But the odds were too heavy, even apart from the fact that the 2/5th had been dropping piquets all the way along from Ahnai Right; so the two shattered companies of the special flank guard had to rally and cling to the crest of Flathead Left, whence they had started down, with their C.O., Crowdy, and their leading company commander dead. I think this was the one who was picked up later with seven knife-thrusts in his body, evidence of the bitterness of the fighting.

It was at this stage of the proceedings, when the remnants of the 2/5th were fighting about the knell of Flathead

Left,—for the Mahsud, as ever, emboldened by success, had leapt into the counter-attack, while the guns clameured away in the vicinity of the tower and villagelet of Asa Khan, which stood on a tiny kaesh in a nullah running out at right angles opposite to Flathead,—that I came upon Shortleigh talking to a Q. staff officer.

A staff officer's duty is to keep up the *moral* of the troops when things go wrong, and some achieve it by an optimistic cheerfulness that becomes the cheerier the worse things really are. But this Q. officer, being gifted by nature with a visage of preternatural gloominess, had devised another plan of raising people's spirits, one of distinct originality. It is noteworthy that if you appear as reasonably downcast as the situation demands, you immediately depress all those with whom you come into contact; whereas, if you can only muster a fictitious look of exaggerated depression, you at once raise their spirits by making them feel that bad as things may be they *can't* possibly be as bad as you *look*.

Seven Dials was, as I have already mentioned, a bad camp, snipeable and sniped, rushable though—*Dieu merci!*—never rushed, badly lacking in wire, and commanded from most points of the compass. When we first entered it and sat on our kit waiting for the mess mules, we looked at the camp, and smelt it, and tasted it, for the air was solid camel, and thereafter felt depressed

beyond words. Then there happened on the scene this Q. bird with his detached air of Stygian gloom, and conversed in despondent funereal tones, his muted manner implying that if by any extraordinary chance we were not soupppered before nightfall, we certainly would be by midnight. I'm not sure if he offered to take charge of our wills and post farewell letters for us from Ahnai Camp, but he probably did. Any way, when he left us we were positively hilariously cheerful instead of being somewhat dismal, as he had found us.

On this occasion he was directing Shortleigh, and any other British officers he could find, to collect every single man with a rifle that they could lay hands on, form them into groups, and cram them into the mouths of the two big nullahs on the right bank southward of Asa Khan, where, as I have said, sniping was assiduous. It was a sound tactical move, for an attack on our rear was quite likely, since the Mahsud had us bottled up in a distinctly sticky place. Somehow or other, he handled this rather ticklish business so skilfully in his dry despondent way that no one took alarm, and there was not the least suspicion of panic—which is no mean feat, as any one can realise who has endeavoured to collect debris to deal with trouble behind what time the main body is catching it hot in front.

Column H.Q. had by now  
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realised that further advance was impossible until the peak of Flathead Left was made good beyond danger of loss, and so sent up the second in command of the 2/76th Punjabis with a company to take charge of the remains of the 2/5th Gurkhas and command the Flathead battle.

Up the hill he shinned with his following, 800 feet of slithery rock, and arrived at the knoll where now stands Flathead picquet. It took him about half a minute to size up the situation, and, paraphrasing Cæsar, he signalled down "Veni, Vidi, N.B.G.," or words to that effect, planted his company round about him under what cover he could find, and, squatting under a rock in the midst of a hail of sniping, sucked his pipe philosophically, waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up.

It turned up eventually in the shape of H.Q. and the remaining three companies of his regiment under the C.O., Lient.-Col. Chamberlayne, all that column H.Q. had now got left unemployed in the main body. They arrived shortly after midday, and deployed themselves into attacking formation to go down into the dip which the Gurkhas had failed to clear. They had to do it entirely on their own, for Flathead Left, rising sheer above the guns in the river, precluded any covering artillery fire being brought to bear on Flathead Right, and there were no machine-guns or trench-mortars on this show.

2 Q

It was a project conceived in high soldierly spirit, standing about a 1 per cent chance of being successful. They made 150 yards out of the 1200 they had to go for a matter of sixty casualties. This was the first easy 150 yards prior to the descent down the convex slope into the nullah, where the serious work began. The nullah swarmed with Mahsuds waiting for them to come down and be cut up, and the opposite hill was crammed with marksmen slating them where they lay.

So they wisely decided to give up the advance, and settled down on the edge of the dip to hold Flathead, and there they lay all day into the dark, until the Gurkhas behind them, reinforced later by a company of the 2/9th Gurkhas, clinging to the knoll and sniped without respite, fashioned themselves the ghost of a picquet.

It is a little epic, that day of the 2/76th Punjabis on Flathead. They were a very very young second-line battalion, and they bumped into a fight such as the oldest of veteran frontier-force battalions had never even dreamt of.

Nevertheless, they attacked with go, when bidden, and when told to hang on, hung on to what they had got, exposed hour after hour to incessant torment of snipers' bullets; while from time to time the prone line of men huddled behind rocks and stones would swirl into sudden movement, as a rush of Mahsuds came up one or other of the nullahs

and folds leading unseen to the very crest-line.

But they stuck grimly to their ground the whole of that weary hard-fought day, doing all that men could do—just sticking it, and dying in the process.

That intrepid fighter their C.O., who made them the fine battalion they are, lay dead under the little thorn-bush below the crest; Riddell, mortally wounded, lay dying on the kaach below; and minute after minute added to the growing roll of dead and wounded Sikh, Jat, and Punjabi Mussalman on the sunlit hill-top. The second in command was slid away down the hillside, a keyholed bullet through his thigh; and O'Leary, hit three times in France, was wounded yet again ere later in the day a final bullet killed him.

The little rock-strewn hollow between the forward crest and the knoll where the Gurkhas were trying to make their picquet was choked with dead and dying, and all the while the pitiless bullets from Flathead Right spat down on wounded and unwounded alike, and the air was heavy with reek of blood and acrid bomb-fumes. Five separate times did the Mahsud counter-attack, and five separate times with bullet and butt, bayonet and bomb, did the 2/76th, and later the Gurkha reinforcements for the picquet, hurl him back down the slopes.

As the column commander wired that day, "the safety of

the column depends on the staunchness of the troops," of the P.B.I. on Flathead and elsewhere. Staunch indeed they proved, but none more so than those children of the 2/76th. Evidently they have a tradition of "sticking it" in the 76th, for their first battalion was part of the immortal garrison of Kut.

My two baggage-guard companies sat, one across the Asa Khan nullah, and one over the ridge by the Sarwek nullahs. Presently came a young staff-captain seeking the C.O. With some difficulty he was extricated from the seething mass of restless camels, where he and his two companies had just come in after handing over rearguard to the 57th.

General Skeen himself, standing by Asa Khan tower, pointed out the objective, "Dazzle Hill," what seemed from the river but a low hillock a few hundred yards off, from which incessant bullets swept down the banks of the Asa Khan nullah, where the perimeter would have to be that night, rendering serious work impossible.

"Two companies?" queried the C.O. as he got his orders. Two companies it was, and so away they went diagonally up the bank, Hodkin's Konkani Mahrattas leading with the Babe in the front line, pink of cheek under his high-tied pagri, among his dark-faced men.

Hardly had the rest of the battalion started off for the attack on Dazzle Hill than I was sent for and told to take a

company up to Flathead and establish two picquets. Shortleigh's Dekhanis having been seized by Column Headquarters to hold the Asa Khan nullah, I went in search of Jacob and his Rajputanas, and loading up with bombs and tools and picquet stores we scaled our laborious way to the rock pinnacle at the top of Duke's Nose. There the two of us argued mightily as to whether the picquet should be on the top of the rock pinnacle or round its base, and finally, compromising, put a bit in each place. Then leaving the resourceful Jacob with two platoons to establish himself, the rest of us departed in search of another picquet site somewhere between Duke's Nose and the knoll on the far crest of Flathead.

It is one of those bad-stepped hills so common on the frontier, where each bump is overlooked by the next, and you go climbing on and on in a vain search for a spot that isn't commanded at short range. Eventually I selected a poorish enough spot where a Gurkha picquet was lying, and called up Birmingham, Jacob's company officer. This double appearance evidently annoyed a party of enemy concealed in the bushes fringing a nullah 600 yards away, for they commenced to snipe exceedingly viciously, and we understood why the Gurkhas lay so flat.

Birmingham spent a hectic afternoon there, trying to build that picquet, his men pushing up stones in front of them

whenever the sniping permitted; but it was not till dark that he made any real progress, situated as he was on a bare skyline sniped at short range from good cover.

As already mentioned, the hill was a stepped one, and for Birmingham's picquet to be holdable it was essential that the high ground forward should be held. Judge, then, of our dismay at seeing a party of sappers—come up to assist in wiring the Gurkhas' and our picquets—sending down their mules, which with such labour had been dragged up part of the way. They said that the Gurkhas were going to withdraw and not put a picquet on the knoll.

So I went forward up on to the peak, 150 yards in front of which the 2/76th were lying, and had speech with the officer in charge of the Gurkhas. No; he had no intention of withdrawing, but as for *building* a picquet, doubtless such a thing *might* be possible after dark, but at present it was hard enough work merely to *live* on the ridge. And as though to emphasise his words, renewed gusts of lead beat and slashed about the knoll whereon we crouched.

Apparently the sappers had merely been sent off out of the way, since no man could stand up beyond the knoll, and therefore wiring was out of the question.

Feeling more reassured, I struggled back towards the centre of the ridge, where Birmingham's picquet was growing, a stone at a time,

the appearance of picquet-building activity having galvanised the enemy into greater expenditure of lead, and their bullets whickered past continually like angry bees.

"Struggle" is a good word to describe our progress about Flathead that day, for in places it was exceeding steep, and how the laden men got over it, cumbered as they were with boxes of bombs and S.A.A., coils of wire and picks and shovels, high Heaven only knows.

The Pioneers' paths run true and smooth from end to end nowadays, hewn out of the rock, but even so I have seen the globe-trotters cling tremulously in places to the rocks, turning their gaze inward lest they grew giddy and fall.

Yet on the 14th, in most cases, we kept our foothold somehow or other, and crept along the shaly rocks, though later in the afternoon we chanced it more frequently, and scurried along the flatter crest to the accompaniment of hissing bullets. One felt that one would risk anything, any number of snipers, rather than face again those heart-breaking clamberings along the rocks under the skyline.

On my way back I stepped to see if I could make out where C and D had got to, but could spot nothing save that a 'plane was bombing and Lewis-gunning heavily into the nullahs at the foot of Dazzle Hill, from which I argued ill for C and D Companies' progress. As I watched, my orderly pointed towards

Marble Arch, northward of Asa Khan, and said a 'plane had just fallen into the river-bed. I couldn't see it, but so it was, a Bristol fighter shot down with a bullet through the petrol pipe. Luckily she crashed only a quarter of a mile in front of the advance-guard, and pilot and observer got in alive, thanks to the assistance of a stout-hearted South Waziri militiaman, who was hit three times while helping them in.

Later I visited the knoll again to ensure that it was held, and found things still the same: the same groups of men flattened in the rocks about the edge holding off the enemy on the right, the same spatter of lead, and down a long green shale-slide, just below us, wounded men of the 2/76th being got away.

Duke's Nose picquet was finished first—not much to look at, but a real wall of stone, and, wondrous to relate, a thin belt of wire, quite the finest thing in picquets at Asa Khan that day. Jacob was putting half his men at the base of the topmost pinnacle, while the rest lay on the flat top of the pinnacle itself, whence you could drop a stone 500 feet sheer into the river-bed. A giddy place indeed, the giddier for the bullets which smacked now and again upon the rocks, though not in large numbers, for Duke's Nose was a comparatively quiet corner that noisy day.

I descended the steep hill-side to the river, and making my way through the streams

to column headquarters, asked permission to send more men to strengthen Birmingham's picquet, since it was clear that his defences, when night fell, would be of the scantiest, and the only cure seemed to be to increase his numbers in case of hand-to-hand scuffles during the night.

They told me not to draw on Shortleigh's company, still lying across the Asa Khan nullah, evidently for a last line of defence, but to get men from Battalion H.Q., who would be found on the plateau above between the Sarwek and Asa Khan nullahs.

Thither I went through a mixed mass of mules and men and guns in action, and rows of wounded, up the bank whence I had seen C and D Companies start off four hours earlier. At the top was a little dip where, sheltering from the incessant bullets that, whimpering past like flights of insects, enfiladed the line from Dazzle Hill flank, Battalion H.Q. was resting.

In a few disjointed phrases they told me the bald outlines of their adventures. It had been again a forlorn hope, the objective too far off, the force too small. But it was all there was to spare at the moment, and something had had to be done to render it possible for the pioneers to get the right-bank perimeter into some scratchy form of defensibility ere nightfall.

Alas! the lack of accurate maps helped again to weight the scales. Between Asa Khan and the towering sugar-leaf

mass of Dazzle Hill, 1800 yards, lie two nullahs, the second a great wide cliff-banked ravine, deep as the main river channel.

Men dropped continually as the Konkanis pushed on, the Punjabi company in second line. They cleared the first nullah, down into the second and up to the foot of Dazzle Hill, where a crescent-shaped outcrop of chocolate-hued rock breaks the swelling roundness of the slope.

Then, just as the leading men, pushing up the steep hillside, reached the chocolate rocks, the concealed enemy swarmed out upon them and with bullet and knife forced them down the slope, scattering the hillside with dead and wounded, who, needless to say, died later. The Babe took it first through the arm, and then mercifully through the chest, dropping stone-dead as two of his men tried to haul him away, dropping themselves an instant later.

As the broken remnants of his leading platoons recoiled down the slope, Hodkin evidently tried to break off the fight and get the rest of his people back up the near bank of the nullah to where the supporting Punjabi company lay. But the enemy had massed also in the nullah to his right, unseen of gun and supporting infantry, and as their friends swept out of the chocolate rocks at the foot of the hill, they came in with a rush on the right and mopped up what was left in the nullah.

D Company's leading platoon

came into it a little later, and from the high nullah bank shot and bombed down into the Mahsuds, now cutting up the wounded and stripping the dead, and sent them hurrying back to their position among the rocks on the far side; but the damage was done.

Seeing his best subadar drop, Hodkin turned to try and help him out, and so died, after the eternal manner of the P.B.I., quietly, unostentatiously, trying to help some one else out of a hole.

And with him died that day, in similar fashion, a goodly gathering, the pick of C Company, and the rest fell back to the near bank under cover of D Company's fire.

Then further offensive action being hopeless (the intelligence reports put the enemy round the Dazzle Hill flank as somewhere near 1000 strong), C and D Companies of "Nobody's Own" settled down to hold what they had made, while behind them the Pioneers and some of the 55th, and later the 57th, scratched up a rough perimeter. And always from the lower slopes of Dazzle Hill the enemy harassed them with lead, until finally they were withdrawn at nightfall to the comparative quiet of the riverbed.

So, like the 2/76th on the right, only on a smaller scale, "Nobody's Own" cheerfully stuck it out on the left, for "the safety of the column depended entirely on the staunchness of the troops."

After I had explained my errand and given the C.O. a

brief idea of the situation on Flathead, the Jemadar adjutant was sent along to D Company to collect a party to reinforce Birmingham's picquet. Meanwhile, cadging a drink of chlorinated Zam water impregnated with much camel, and a cigarette, from the adjutant, I settled down for five minutes' easy.

The 57th had come in and were taking over the perimeter this side, and things seemed to have steadied somewhat. Just below us, however, in the bed of the stream at the entrance to the Asa Khan nullah, was the finest mix-up imaginable.

The nucleus of it was Asa Khan kach, a medley of field-ambulance tents and wounded, round which revolved a stream of baggage parties hunting kit, and working-parties seeking stores. From the field ambulance to the rock-strewn foot of Flathead, across the stony bed of the river, choking all the streams, was a jammed mass of camels, some laden, some unladen, and a swarm of mules. About Asa Khan itself three sections of guns, more or less back to back, fired steadily—their cocked-up muzzles barely clearing the crowd of men and animals which surged about them.

The small terrace round the tower was column H.Q., and there we could see the anxious little red-tabbed group of the staff. There was not much for them to do just then, with evening coming on apace and every man employed, though Q. side were of course busy trying to evolve some kind of

ordered camp out of the chaotic mess around.

High up on Flathead, outlined against the purpling evening sky, could be seen the groups of the picquets from Duke's Nose to the Flathead knoll, but the ground beyond where lay the 2/76th was invisible from the river.

Along the edge of the right bank the 55th and 57th were digging themselves in, and an energetic sapper-and-miner section were trying to wire a bit of ground to our right, doubtless much to the snipers' joy. They got the officer with the section and a couple of his men before nightfall, but little things like that are not allowed to interfere with work carried on by that corps of enthusiasts, the R.E., and the wiring continued into the night.

Time was getting on, so I got to my feet to look for those men I had demanded, and the adjutant got up too, saying, "I'll go and hurry 'em up."

Then another flight of buzzing insects hummed all about us, and two or three men dropped, a pawn or two more in the game gone. But one bullet mortally wounded the adjutant, and so "Nobody's Own" were the poorer by the irreplaceable loss of a first-class, much-loved officer, when half an hour later the soul of yet another brave and courteous gentleman followed the Babe and Hodkin and a hundred more into the purple haze that grew about the distant western hills.



A little later came night, and the fighting died away, though the earlier hours of darkness were lurid with hot spatter of musketry, and jewelled with the topaz and ruby of bursting bombs in the silver setting of Very lights, on the banks of the stream and on the heights of Flathead, whence the 2/76th were withdrawn to camp long after darkness fell, wrapping their dead in blankets and rolling them down the cliff, since there was no road for stretchers, and the single goat-path was mostly blocked with wounded.

The column commander's hope of inflicting severe punishment had been fulfilled, for the tribesmen owned to 400 dead at the end of a stand-up infantry fight, where such advantage of numbers as there was lay on their side, in addition to every advantage of terrain; and by next day they had dispersed and scattered, a beaten foe.

The road into Mahsudland lay open now, after the heaviest

fight in all the annals of the frontier, swept clear with, mark you, just common or garden Indian foot of the type of "Nobody's Own."

But sometimes I wonder if, in the lone sleepless hours of that first night at Asa Khan, after the bulk of the firing round the picquets had died away, and the uncanny silence settled down, thinking over the day's work the column commander recalled the proud words of Gaston de Castignac to Eleanor of Guienne as he lay dying, sword in hand, on the road to Palestine—

"The Duchess' road is clear—but the broom? The broom is broken."

And so died.

I should like to think that he did, for to my mind no leader could carry in his heart a finer epitome of the self-sacrificing spirit of the men who died that day to clear the road, and no sane human General lives but must know that at the last he owes *all* to his uncomplaining indomitable infantry.

(To be continued.)

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

BY ETHEL SMYTH, MUS.DOC.

## III.

SOMETIMES, but not often, the Empress would talk about the Prince Imperial, and no one who ever heard it can forget the piteous fall of the phrase by which she always referred to him, "mon petit garçon." The last time I remember her speaking of him was when I came back from Paris last summer, and told her that at that moment every one in France was saying the country was ripe for a Dictator. Rather to my surprise, I noticed she had been meditating this point with reference to her dead son. "If he had lived," she said, pausing between the phrases, . . . "he had every quality they needed . . . now might have been his chance . . . but I often say to myself I would rather he is dead than think of him as Emperor. . . ."

Then she began speaking of her past experiences, telling me among other things, that when, after the fall of the Empire, Gambetta came to the front, he informed the Government that he had known nothing whatever about Metz being in danger, whereas the Empress herself had gone into every detail of the investment with him, day by day! But of course the blame was to be hers, and while dragging her in the mud he knew her well

enough to count on her silence! It has always made me ache to reflect that many of those who betrayed her must have known her true fibre; but in the moment of danger the legend of the *femme à chiffons* lay conveniently to hand, and was used to destroy her. "Not for one second have I ever regretted losing my throne," she went on, "to think of his perhaps going through it all—*de passer par là où j'ai du passer . . . ah!*" and her face contracted with an indescribable pain and horror it pierced one to witness. "Je remercie Dieu que cela, au moins, lui a été épargné."

I do not know whether the story of how they found the exact spot where the Prince Imperial was killed in Zululand is well known. I had heard it many years ago, both from Sir Evelyn Wood and Dr Soett, who accompanied the Empress on her sad tour to South Africa; but quite recently I questioned her about it, and all was just as they had related.

The search-party that had been sent out after the disaster to recover the slain Prince's body had marked the spot with a cairn of stones; but by the time the Empress was able to go to Zululand, the jungle

had encroached. Some of the guides hired to lead her to the scene of the disaster had been of the attacking party on that day, and they said her son would never have been killed had they realised who he was, which Sir Evelyn thought probably true. But even these were at a loss to find the cairn.

It appears that the Prince had a passion for violet scent; it was the only toilet accessory of the kind he used—and to think of “*mon petit garçon*” was to think of that perfume. Suddenly the Empress became aware of a strong smell of violets. “This is the way,” she cried, and went off on a line of her own. Sir Evelyn said she tore along like a hound on a trail, stumbling over dead wood and tussocks, her face beaten by the high grass that parted and closed behind her, until, with a loud cry, she fell upon her knees, crying “*C’est ici!*” . . . And there, hidden in almost impenetrable brushwood, they found the cairn!

The Empress told me that the first whiff of perfume had been so unexpected, so overwhelming, that she thought she was going to faint. But it seemed to drag her along with it; she felt no fatigue, and could have fought her way through that jungle for hours. As I have said, hers was the least imaginative, and apparently the least “psychic” of temperaments, for which reason the story is doubly impressive.

She seems always to have

taken interest in Spiritualism, however, though possibly not more than in any other new departure in unexplored regions, for one remembers the *séances* of the spiritualist Home that took place at the Tuileries, and, I think, caused some scandal at the time. She once made me laugh by saying, that in her opinion the spirits invoked by mediums were probably embryonic, undeveloped spirits, since they did such childish things—rapping tables, making chairs walk about, and so forth. I suggested that perhaps the limitations of terrestrial conditions had something to do with it, and that the spirits were obliged to use such means as were to hand in order to attract attention and stimulate investigation—which, I added, they have succeeded in doing, *vide* the Society for Psychical Research. This view—not an original one of course—was evidently new to her, and arrested her attention for the moment, though I expect she speedily relapsed into her own view of the matter, as happens with the old—and not with the old only.

When Home was invited to the palace, she herself decided at the last moment that the *séance* should not take place in her own sitting-room, as originally intended, but in a room at the other end of the building, in which no one ever sat. Ranged against the walls were arm-chairs so heavy that it took two men to move them, and the first thing that

happened was that one of these chairs, raising first its front, then its back legs, came lumbering across the room at a good pace towards Home. Then the chair upon which he himself was sitting rose slowly in the air, the Empress and his neighbour on the other side passing their hands under all the four legs. She also mentioned his having floated out of the window, but I forgot to put down what she said.

While she was holding a *séance* with some other medium a strange incident happened. Bazaine was shut up in Metz at the time, and she asked what exactly was the situation there? A message came through, spelt out by the alphabet: "Ne répondez pas trop tôt au Général B. *sizani* entre les généraux" (*sizani* meaning squabbles and disputes). As it was impossible for any communication from Metz to reach the outside world, she could not make head or tail of the message; but next morning she read in 'The Times' that General Boyer had stolen out of Metz and had passed through Brussels, bearing a letter from Bazaine to herself.

Another spiritualistic story she told me concerned her sister, the Duchess of Alba, to whom, as I have said, she was passionately attached. On her way to Algiers, where she had a series of important functions to perform, she stopped in Madrid to see the Duchess, who was ill, and who begged

her to tell her straight out whether she was dying—that being her own conviction. The Empress replied that no one seemed to consider the illness serious, even, let alone likely to end fatally. "She then asked me to promise," said the Empress, "that if ever I should consider her to be dying I would tell her so. . . . I thought a moment, . . . gave her the promise, and left for Algiers, fearing nothing." But while the Empress was in the midst of that ceremonial progress through Algeria, the blow fell. A telegram was put into her hand—the Duchess was dead!

Not long afterwards she was at a *séance* where the medium's efforts resulted in a series of extraordinarily stupid communications; and at last one came through, of which the medium remarked: "This is gibberish; I can't make head or tail of it." The Empress examined the message and found it was in Spanish (a language of which no one present but herself had any knowledge), though all the words ran into each other. Gradually she spelt out the equivalent of the words: "Pourquoi ne m'as-tu pas prévenue?"

Another incident she mentioned concerned an equerry of hers called Rainbeaux, of whom one vaguely knew that long ago his sister had died of the plague. At some *séance* or other the words were rapped out: "I was quite conscious when you stood at the door." No one knew for whom this message was intended, and,

when interrogated, the spirit gave some queer name—soon after which Rainbeaux left the *séance*. He subsequently told the Empress that when his sister had fallen ill he had hastened to Paris, but found her practically at the last gasp. And as the nurses told him she was unconscious, and that it was useless his going into the room and spreading the infection, he merely glanced in at the door and went away. The name given by the spirit was a pet name of hers occasionally used in the family.

I had never been able to decide in my mind what part religion played in the Empress's life, and on the whole fancied it was a question of principle with her rather than an inward need and a source of consolation and strength. This, too, was the opinion of my late dearly-loved friend Count Clary, who saw deeply into character, was one of the "*enfants de la maison*," and who simultaneously adored and defied her. He had always been an unbeliever; but during the course of the long illness that terminated his life two years ago, faith came back to him, and he told me that the joy and thankfulness expressed by the Empress in her letters made it evident that religion had played the same merciful part in her life that it came to play in his.

She was unexpansive on such subjects, and the last person one would feel tempted

to discuss religious experiences with; but as for her supposed "bigotry," never was any one more emphatically at the opposite pole.

My first intimation of the fact was in early days during the Adriatic yachting tour, when, in my then High Church zeal, I reminded her that tomorrow was a fast day. "*Vous êtes insupportable!*" she said; "*je l'avais totalement oublié!* . . . maintenant il faut s'y conformer!" And, like many Catholics, she detested fish, especially Adriatic fish, which are not in high repute. She had a horror of the conversion of Anglicans to Roman Catholicism, and I used to maintain that, given the claims of her Church to infallibility, this was a most illogical attitude! But, in her, the instinct of loyalty to kith and kin snapped its fingers at religious consistency, and she considered that in nine cases out of ten people can get all that is necessary to salvation out of the religion they were born into.

In those early days I used to sing a good deal at the Abbey Church, which is attached to the monastery she founded in connection with the mausoleum at Farnborough; and if Gregorian music were not now compulsory in R.C. churches, I would pass on to friends of that persuasion the discovery that "*O Salutaris Hostia*" can be made to fit the tune of "*O rest in the Lord*" admirably. The organ is in a side chapel, whence the organist—Brother Wilfred

—and I commanded a fine view of the acolytes engaged in fencing-bouts behind the high altar, with the long hooded sticks used for extinguishing the lights; after which they would pass round to their duties in front of the altar with arms folded reverently across the chest. I was surprised that Brother Wilfred uttered no remonstrances; but the Empress said it would be indeed strange if “*ces gamins*” did not take any available opportunity of relieving the tedium of office. She used to accuse me of religious aggressiveness. Wine always brings out people’s main traits, and she declared that after the champagne had gone round twice, the Roman Church invariably managed to get into the conversation somehow! It was her way to throw an occasional English colloquialism into her French, with variants of her own, and on such occasions the remark would be: “Now, don’t pick up a quarrel!”

In spite of the crimes of D.O.R.A., her love of England and the English was deep and intelligent. She would even insist that our improvidence is the trait of a strong race, confident in its power to face the future—an aspect of that optimism she so greatly admired, but used to joke about sometimes. “If a man were falling from the top of the Monument,” she once said, “you would hear him exclaiming, as he turned in mid-air: ‘It’ll all come right in the end!’”

But she was not prepared to state that optimism was always justified by the event. “Is your husband jealous?” she once asked one of my sisters. “Not at all,” said my sister, “English husbands never are!” “No!” replied the Empress, “they always think it’s all right, . . . but it generally isn’t.”

She was fond of pointing out that no nation is less given to prolonged sojourn beside the domestic hearth than the English. “You are always somewhere else,” she said, “*et voilà le peuple qui ne se lasse pas de chanter à tout propos ‘ome sweet ‘ome!’*” I said: “*Nous nous rattrapons dans la théorie!*”; and to that she made a reply which I thought very shrewd—that here you have an instance of what foreigners wrongly call English hypocrisy. “It is not hypocrisy,” she said, “it is, as you say, that the English don’t mix up theory and practice; as do the French, for instance, with their ideas about equality. Equality is evidently contrary to nature, and they try to make of it a basis of material existence!” *In theory*, as I think I said before, she was more or less of a democrat. But reflecting on her golden sincerity, and on her inconsistencies, I remember a certain phrase—part of a prayer that may be found in the preface of H. Brewster’s ‘*L’âme Païenne*’: “*Faites que je me contredise souvent . . . afin d’être simple et vrai!*”

If the Empress loved Eng-

land, England loved her with an intensity of sympathetic understanding which, I think, would astonish many old French friends of hers who had seen her in the possibly fierce, but above all artificial, light that beat about that particular throne, and met her but seldom in the later decades of her life. I used to notice that all who had known the Emperor spoke of him with that particular inflection of voice that conveys the idea of personal affection more unmistakably than many an asseveration; but no such inflection would accompany their reference to his consort, who seems, in those days, to have lacked the quality of inspiring personal devotion. I have heard her say that, in her position, anything in the nature of favouritism would have been inadmissible; and I have no doubt that the same exaggerated conception of the correct official attitude that was to trouble her relations with her son later on, hampered her unnecessarily during her reign.

Certainly the one exception she made was unfortunate. One can well understand that the brilliant Princess Pauline Metternich—*grande dame*, and exponent of that ancient Austrian Court which had so much prestige for the Empress—would be paramount in the favour of the newly-promoted sovereign; when the crash came, however, among those who dropped her without hesitation—who, even in later years, studiously avoided any

marked shew of attachment and sympathy—was her former great friend. But neither on this point nor on any other did the Empress show bitterness: "*Étant donné les circonstances o'était tout à fait naturel,*" she would say. . . . And all the time one knew that she herself would have suffered torture and death rather than even seem to fail the fallen.

The human adorable side of her seems but scantily appreciated out of England, and yet I must own that in early days, when she had a Household, more or less, she was not at her happiest in her relations with her Ladies. Here there was nothing human. I do not think that she and Madame Le Breton really liked each other—rather the reverse, though one's impressions were of course indirect. When the latter died, and in her will made absolutely no mention of her Sovereign Lady, the Empress was deeply wounded—and for years there was no mention of Madame Le Breton. But I, who was devoted to both, said to myself, that though to omit that name was a strong measure, the testatrix probably had her reasons. And certainly, had I been the Empress, it would not have surprised me, for if it came to violence of temperament one was a match for the other.

As for the younger ladies, whose brief careers as *démoiselles d'honneur* I had an opportunity of watching, I think that the Empress would

have disliked them, however excellent the qualities they possessed; and I also came to the conclusion that their presence in the house, which decidedly got on her nerves, was a concession to what she imagined would be the views of the English court as to a fitting *entourage* for an ex-Empress. Inasmuch as M. Pietri met all her secretarial requirements, she had no use for a *demoiselle d'honneur* unless to pour out tea, and later on, before Madame d'Attainville practically came to live with her, one or other of a neighbour's daughters used to be telephoned for to do the honours of the tea-table—a far better arrangement, for the Empress always loved young people about her.

If, in the days of the Empire, her choice of a friend seems to have been unfortunate, in later years one could not help marvelling at some of the specimens of humanity she delighted to honour. Of course there are exceptions to all rules, but she, the greatest of great ladies herself, seemed often unable to distinguish between the gentleman and the cad—and their feminine equivalents. In the same way, among her own relations it was not invariably the most delightful that she seemed to prefer, nor the cleverest of whose intelligence she had the highest estimate—and though herself compact of integrity, she was fairly easy to take in. A very little trait or action she disapproved of in any one whose fate she con-

sidered linked up with hers, whether by relationship or association, would make her blind, or at least indifferent, to that person's other qualities—and, strange to say, the intensest, most disinterested devotion on their part weighed with her but little. I once told her that a whimsical friend of mine had said he was quite aware that his nephews were civil to him with an eye to his testamentary dispositions, and that this trait, far from annoying him, appeared to him natural and not unseemly; and her comment was: "Il y a du vrai là-dedans!"

Nevertheless, in one case of passionate and disinterested devotion, she was neither unperceptive nor lacking in sense of its value—the case of M. Pietri. She accepted his chaff in the spirit in which it was intended, as a proof of affection, and was marvellously patient when, as would sometimes happen under the stress of gout, his rather violent temper overstepped limits. I shall never forget one such occasion, on which she said to him, quite quietly and rather sadly: "Pietri, vous n'auriez pas parlé de cette façon si j'étais encore aux Tuileries!" In a second he was on his knees at her feet, kissing her hand and begging her pardon, his protestations of remorse and devotion choked by tears. To give an idea of the quality of that devotion, shortly before his last illness he begged that he might be buried under the pathway that leads to the



Crypt; "Thus," he said, "when you go in there to pray beside your dead, your feet will pass over my body."

One of the bitterest experiences of her life, I truly believe, was a sad little tragedy connected with his death. He was away in Paris when his health suddenly failed, . . . and with it his mind. Possessed by the delusion that the people at his hotel were bent on poisoning him, he was brought back by his doctor to Farnborough Hill; "There," he said, "near the Empress, I shall get well in a week." But he did not get well, and, terrible irony of fate, he now became possessed of the idea that she herself was compassing his death.

One day I went over to see him; he appeared to be perfectly sensible and spoke of her as usual, regretting the trouble his illness was giving, and when I went downstairs I found her waiting to hear how I had found him. Then, weeping, she told me that he had suddenly pointed a trembling finger at her and said: "Regardez cette femme vêtue de noir—cette femme à laquelle j'ai voué tout mon respect, toute ma dévotion, toute ma vie . . . pour laquelle, à cette heure-ci, je répandrais volontiers mon sang. . . . Et voilà que maintenant, quand je suis vieux, elle voudrait ma mort . . . qu'elle donne à son chef l'ordre de m'empoisonner!" She said she had taken his hand and cried "Pietri, Pietri! C'est donc que vous ne me connaissez plus. . . . Vous ne savez

plus qui parle avec vous en ce moment!" whereupon he lifted his velvet cap from his head, bowed from his arm-chair till the cap touched the ground, and said solemnly: "Je vous connais bien! Vous êtes Sa Majesté l'Impératrice Eugénie!"

The anguish of the Empress at this terrible delusion was painful to witness: "Vous voyez donc," she said, "aucune épreuve ne m'est épargnée!" After his death, which was rather sudden, it touched me even more deeply when she said, like a child, "Tout à la fin il était bon avec moi . . . il m'a baisé la main, me disant de ne pas le quitter. Mais je lui ai dit qu'il fallait qu'il dorme . . . et une heure après c'était fini." But in her heart she knew, that if any one on earth was sure of her faithful affection—as was she of his—it was Pietri.

They buried him in the spot he had chosen, . . . and the Empress said: "Now the last is gone to whom I could speak of the past without having to explain."

Thinking over her mental equipment, the balance, the depth, the brilliancy of her intellect, the immense amount of common-sense that made her the most invaluable of counsellors, I have often wondered at one trait that would be surprising in a person endowed with less than half her gifts—namely, her liability to *fuss*. I fancy this trait must have been innate, for one re-

members that when Queen Victoria attended the Opera in Paris during the Second Empire, it was noticed that she walked straight up to the front of the box and sat down, without looking round to see what her ladies were, or were not, doing—whereas the Empress could not refrain from indicating to both sets of ladies the special chairs they were to sit upon. In later years this undue preoccupation with detail, this conviction that things had, on the whole, a tendency to go wrong, probably grew on her. Courageous to a fault herself, she was full of terrors for others. If any of her party were metering, no theory of an ordinary break-down, of a voluntarily extended programme, could prevent her asking every quarter of an hour if they had not yet come back? And though her luncheon visitors from London were invariably taken down to the station in her own car, nothing would persuade her that either they or her chauffeur were capable of calculating time and distance. Half an hour before it was needful she would begin to speed the parting guests, urging that they must not, out of politeness, miss their train; and finally, she would bundle them down to the station, where they were forced to tramp and tramp on the platform—for during war-time waiting-rooms were suppressed—till the train came in. One of the greatest joys of the last year of her life was the visit

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paid to her by her great hero, Field-Marshal Lord Haig—she herself having superintended the decoration of the front door with evergreens. But I am sure she will not have credited her illustrious visitor with sufficient tactical and strategical skill to catch the 3.42 train at Farnborough.

It is perhaps more reasonable that she did not trust English trains to start without giving warning—though this dignified style of departure is practised at the great London termini rather than in the country. I remember once her accompanying me down to Farnborough station, whither I was going to catch a passing glimpse of Lady Ponsonby on her way to Osborne, and how the Empress endeavoured to embrace the traveller from the platform, standing, for safety, so far away from the carriage that my sister and I were privately considering how best to catch Lady Ponsonby in our arms when the inevitable disaster should take place. It was a most absurd and touching spectacle, one of them so overwhelmed, both of them so affectionate, and all four of us so frightened, . . . but the scene ended happily.

Of course the Empress was an ardent suffragist. During the fight for the Vote I saw little of her; I think she took two of her long voyages in successive years. Being ostentatiously law-abiding in her sentiments, she disapproved, theoretically, of militant methods. All the same, I can-

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not but suspect that certain chords in her nature must have responded sympathetically to Militancy. People have said that women's services during the war would have won them the vote without violent methods: the answer to that is, that one could not base one's tactics on an event which none of our most sapient statesmen foresaw. This the Empress allowed, but none the less continued to say: "Moi, je suis contre la violence, vous savez." And meanwhile she expressed a strong desire to make the acquaintance of the Militant Leader!

Never have I seen the Empress more utterly bowled over, if I may use the expression, than by Mrs Pankhurst. The gentle manner, the quiet authority, the immense radical good sense that veils the violence of that fiery spirit, . . . and, I must add, the daintiness and good taste of her clothes, captivated the Empress at first sight, and I was entreated to bring her to luncheon as often as possible. On labour questions she was the Empress's last Court of Appeal, and a dozen times she has said how fantastic it was that under our constitution no use could be made of so statesmanlike a brain. I said that Ministers would doubtless shrink in horror from the idea of anti-compromise incarnate seated at the council board; whereupon she shrugged her shoulders and remarked that responsibility begets moderation only too rapidly, . . . "Eux-mêmes mettent assez

d'eau dans leur vin, il me semble!" she said.

I must add that her feelings of respect and admiration were fully reciprocated, and once or twice, when she emitted some view that I knew her visitor disagreed with, I was surprised that Mrs Pankhurst held her hand from ever so gentle a slaughter. "I couldn't dispute with her," she explained afterwards. "She is large-minded and generous enough in argument as it is." And, indeed, I never saw the Empress more utterly adorable with any one than she was with Mrs Pankhurst.

One of the most interesting conversations I ever had with her was last year, about the son of the great Napoleon, the Duc de Reichstadt. Antonia had been showing his death-mask, which is in the museum in the park, to some Spanish visitors, calling their attention to its resemblance with the present King of Spain; and I asked the Empress casually if she really thought the Duc de Reichstadt had been poisoned? This is one of the statements that Count d'Hérison puts into her mouth in his abominable book 'Napoleon IV.,' and given her cult for the Hapsburgs, I thought it unlikely that she had ever said anything of the kind.

The question elicited an extraordinarily interesting reply, which I will epitomise.

Long ago, in the days of the Empire, the Empress had made the acquaintance of a certain Count Prokesch, then

a very old man, who had been in the Duc de Reichstadt's regiment. He was one of his closest personal friends, and gave her many details respecting the Duc's life at the Court of the Emperor Francis. Marie Louise was then living in Italy with Count Neipperg, and her son was never allowed to visit her, but occasionally she came to Vienna and saw him there. His name, of course, was Napoleon, but that word was never uttered, and he was supposed not to know that he was the great Emperor's son.

At this point I asked the Empress if she believed the concealment of such a fact was possible, recalling that a certain illegitimate child at a boarding-school I was at was supposed by our schoolmistress to be ignorant of what was delicately called her "misfortune," but, as a matter of fact, knew all about it. The Empress said she imagined it must have been thus with the Duc de Reichstadt, but Prokesch had told her that not a soul about that Court dared to mention the dreadful name of Napoleon even in a dream, so terrific was the ban placed upon it by Metternich. Strange to say, the young Duke was far more beloved and petted by his grandfather than all the rest of the Imperial children, and, as a concession to his passionate love of soldiering, the Emperor gave him one of his most famous mounted regiments of the Guard, and had it rechristened "The Duc de Reichstadt's Own" (or whatever is

the Austrian equivalent of such a title).

Then came a crisis in the life of the unfortunate *Aiglon*; he persuaded the Emperor to come and see the regiment manoeuvre, after which he rode up to receive his congratulations, and for a while moved along with the Imperial Staff in a line parallel to that which the troops were taking. Turning his horse to resume his post at the head of the regiment, he found that a wide ditch lay between them. He was a very fine horseman. . . . "Comme l'a été mon petit garçon," said the Empress, with the sad, lingering inflection her voice took whenever she mentioned the Prince Imperial, . . . and, setting his horse at the obstacle, he cleared it with such dash and grace that, moved to sudden admiration, the regiment shouted as one man—

"Vive Napoléon!"

This was almost a penal offence; the regiment was taken from him and bidden to resume its old name. . . . This by order of the all-powerful Minister, Metternich.

From that moment, Prokesch said, the falseness of the young Duke's position, the hopelessness of his fate, seemed suddenly to dawn upon him; it was as if some vital chord had snapped. He languished, became a prey to settled melancholy, and the seeds of tuberculosis, which had always been latent, developed so rapidly, that the world believed he had been poisoned.

Later on in that conversa-

tion the Empress told me that, when at the Tuileries, she had seen a diary of Marie Louise that was evidently genuine, and from which one gathered that her nature was romantic and sentimental to the last degree. Moreover, she had been brought up to abjure any characteristics or preferences of her own, even more than are other princesses—fashioned, in short, to fit in anywhere; and once she had seen Neipperg, she desired never to hear Napoleon's name mentioned. As for her supposed longing to join him at St Helena—a touching legend which was put about in defence of that least sympathetic of royal ladies, and, as we know, encouraged by the Prisoner of St Helena himself—never was anything farther from the truth!

Speaking of other legends such as posterity is apt to weave around certain crowned heads, the Empress once made me laugh about her own mother-in-law, *La Reine Hortense*. We outsiders have always imagined that the life of this deeply-tried Queen was a record of unbroken melancholy; but, according to the Empress, a gayer, more pleasure-loving nature never existed. The harps and willow-trees were embellishments added by sentimental commentators: "C'était de son époque," she remarked, "il fallait à ce temps-là que toutes les femmes fondissent en larmes"; and I must add that the Empress had nothing but sympathy for people who, in spite of slings and arrows,

make the best of things, and get as much distraction out of life as possible.

She herself was one of the most fundamentally serious natures I have ever known, and I cannot imagine that she would ever have found relief from sorrow in what are called "les distractions." Fate drove her back, with blow after blow, upon her ultimate reserves, and fortunately these were many and reliable. Without wishing to appear unduly cynical, foremost among these I must place the possession of a very large private fortune. But what must have helped her as much as anything was her inexhaustible interest in life itself, whether abstract questions, history, politics, or the lives of others. She never seemed to me to think of herself at all, not to pity herself, not to consider herself in any way. She endured, . . . and went on. I have seen her in all sorts of situations and in various moods; in what I cannot describe as other than the highest spirits, . . . and in what, with equal sincerity, must be called a bad temper. But never once have I heard her utter a mean or ungenerous thought.

Be her weaknesses what they may—and I have never seen any of the slightest consequence—the extreme nobility of her nature, together with her flawless kindness, remain the master impressions. Her manners were perfect, because she was never thinking of herself, and was quick beyond belief to guess the feelings of

others. If she thought she had given, whether inadvertently or in the heat of argument, the very slightest pain, or even a passing wound to vanity, no trouble was too great for her to take in order to soothe that person's ruffled feelings. And if one had no other friend in the world to whom to turn in trouble, to her one could turn with confidence. All she did was done on grand lines—no hanging back, no half measures, not the faintest desire for commendation or applause, and very little expectation of gratitude. Her generosity in money matters was unbounded, her charities unlimited,<sup>1</sup> . . . but the world heard nothing of these things. Only the other day I was staggered to learn what immense sums she had given to hospitals in France, both French and Spanish, during the war; but the beneficiaries were sternly forbidden to publish the facts, . . . which both my informant and I thought was a pity.

When the Germans invaded Belgium, the head of the Bonaparte family and his wife were bidden to consider Farnborough Hill their home, and there they, their children and their servants, lived till peace was signed. It was only natural; no one could desire that it should be otherwise. Yet I often wondered how many ladies of ninety would accommodate themselves so simply, naturally, and generously to a situation that

changed their habits, root and branch. The Empress spoke freely before those in whose discretion she had complete confidence; but in all those five years the only comment I heard escape her lips was a perpetual fear that her guests were bored to death, and a regret that it was out of her power, given war-time conditions, to do anything to alleviate that boredom.

And all this time a shadow worse than death hung over her, . . . for she was called upon to face the probability of total blindness. She had been one of the most assiduous readers I have known—not of novels, for which she had a contempt as unreasonable as it was adamantine, but of stiff books which most people would have thought twice about tackling. True, she was immensely fond of conversation and of company; but the relations and intimates she was accustomed to receive as guests, year after year, were now out of her reach. For one thing, Governments discouraged private travelling; for another, there was now no room for guests at Farnborough Hill. Even from such distraction as casual English visitors might have afforded her she found herself debarred, . . . for who had time or petrol for visiting in those days? It may be imagined, therefore, what it meant to her to be deprived of books, and unfortunately she could not bear to be read

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<sup>1</sup> The Empress left one million francs to charities in her Will.

to, . . . yet no one ever heard her grumble.

Once, when a cold confined her upstairs, I found her and her old maid, Aline, who had been with her at the Tuileries, busy pasting ancient cuttings from newspapers into huge scrap-books. The maid, far more shaky than the mistress, but at least in possession of her eyesight, was on all-fours on the floor; the Empress, seated in her chair, was pointing with a stick to the cuttings she wished pasted into a particular place — occasionally, under the influence of an attack of mistrust, insisting on having the whole monstrous book lifted on to the table, and seizing the paste-brush herself. But gently, firmly, with Tuileries courtesy, Aline would intervene: “Non, Majesté, . . . pas comme cela, . . . c’est tout à fait de travers”; and with the same gentle firmness the book would be removed, the brush extricated from the Empress’s obstinately clutching fingers, and the former operator would resume operations. Whereupon the Empress would shrug her shoulders. “Aline croit toujours qu’il n’y a qu’elle pour bien faire les choses!” she would say, and resign herself to the inevitable. The relation between those two always touched and amused me deeply.

Only once do I remember the Empress seeming to pity herself. She had always detested needlework, but now took to knitting comforters and cholera-belts for her wounded officers. I cannot say these efforts progressed very

quickly, and the aid of Aline and her other maid was invoked at the finishing-off parts and other crises. One day when I went into her sitting-room she was busily rolling into a ball a skein of wool that was stretched across two chair-backs: “Vous voyez à quoi je suis réduite,” she said. It stabbed one’s heart to hear her. She knew that, . . . and that is why she never complained.

Of her amazing physical vigour at ninety-three the following adventure will give an idea. She had been going upstairs to dress for dinner, and, arrived at the top, thought there was still a step. Finding none, in order to avoid falling on her face, she hurled herself backwards with such violence that she fell down the whole flight, her head bumping on each of its twelve steps. Her rheumatic wrists were slightly sprained and she could not get up, but luckily Antonia and Aline heard her cries for help and picked her up. She hated a fuss being made over her, and was not feeling in the least inclined to faint. When, therefore, Aline reappeared with a glass of cognac, she was so provoked, and rejected the stimulant with such emphasis, that it flew over the banisters, glass and all.

Up to a few years ago time had left but little mark on her, and there was no diminution of her beauty—the touching majestic beauty of a once supremely beautiful woman who, if I may again quote Lord Rosebery’s dedication, had

"lived on the summits of splendour, sorrow, and catastrophe with supreme dignity and courage." The face was of the paller of ivory, the figure full and gracious, and in spite of her rheumatism she was erect and active. But within the last five or six years she became smaller and thinner, also rather deaf, and with the oncoming of blindness she began to stoop; but one always felt it was because she chose to, rather than because it was inevitable. And, strange to relate, in spite of her blindness, if some small catastrophe happened, a tiny crack in a huge plate-glass window, for instance, which it was hoped would escape her notice, the event proved the vainness of that hope. To the last, in moments of fire—and at least one such occurred whenever one saw her—forty years would fall from her like a garment. Forty? That is to understate the case. . . . Let us rather say sixty! Personally, I never got accustomed to this transfiguration, and was always amazed afresh when it happened.

The very last time I saw her, in November 1919, it was a bright sunny day and she had just come in from the garden. She had on a new hat, and looked so magnificent that I stood astonished on the threshold. Whereupon she cried out, "Qu' avez-vous donc? Entrez—entrez!" It would have been impossible to give the real reason of that pause, for, to her, the association of old age and beauty was ludicrous, but an allusion to

the loveliness of the hat was well received. That vision was so striking that I recorded the impression in my diary, little thinking it was to be the last. And when in June news came of the success of the operation, I had been counting, as never before, on seeing her again in a week or two . . . younger and more radiant than ever in the triumph of her recovered sight!

Going for the last time through what I have written, and considering the lines in the portrait here attempted, I see that I have spoken more than once of the brilliancy of the Empress's intellect, yet seem to have dwelt chiefly on its lapses! . . .

This is inevitable. She wrote no books, and during the years I knew her took no public action. I am aware that M. Marconi was thunderstruck at her grasp of the problems of wireless telegraphy; that M. Santos Dumont, and later on the officers of the Royal Aeroplane Factory, were amazed at her knowledge of their particular subject. But to say so here does not carry us much farther.

All you can go by is the class of books she read habitually, and how she discussed them afterwards; above all, by her conversation, in which it was impossible not to feel the easy power of her brain, and the complete independence and *originality* of her points of view.

As for lapses . . . the spots on the sun are far more interesting symptoms of that



monstrous fever-patient's temperature, than statistics as to what amount of heat he emits per millionth part of a second.

I have no doubt that readers will be struck, too, by the contradictions in the Empress's personality as described by the present writer.

I cannot help it. They were there. And this, I think is the reason why she has been so imperfectly appreciated,—for the world resents being puzzled. On the other hand, the latter part of her life is one strong, clear line, that more than redeems the uncertainty of other lines—and this, I believe, is the impress she will be found to have left on the pages of history. Can anything transcend the dignity of that long, iron silence? Can the world ever forget that supreme spectacle of one who knew how to fall?

To those who have known her in all the matchless nobility of her spirit, in all the miracle of her undimmed mental power, this death is not like the passing of a human being. It is as if the Temple at Pæstum had been suddenly overthrown by an earthquake.

Probably she never realised the depths of reverence and affection, the passionate admiration she inspired. She had long since lost the habit of expecting or asking anything for herself, and, as I have said, hers was not an imaginative tender nature—not one of those in the house of whose spirit

every hearth that blazed in youth holds a flame, even in extreme old age. She stood, and was capable of standing alone, and it was difficult to do anything for her, except, now and again, bring interest and stimulus into her intellectual life. I think she took delight in the devotion of those few she may be said to have been fond of, and among these Madame d'Attainville and Count Joseph Primoli, both of them relations, were prominent. I am certain, too, that she was glad in the knowledge that those whom she had befriended—whether old members of her group, like the present writer, or the very last batch of young officers who passed through her hospital—were not ungrateful, and, above all, counted on her as the one friend who would never fail.

Otherwise she had won for herself an independence of sympathy that, if in a certain sense rather inhuman, was counterbalanced by her most human, phenomenal, and tireless pre-occupation with the sorrows and the joys of others. In a word, she had outlived the power of receiving consolation, but had become herself the great Consoler.

Possibly that which was, and is, in the hearts of those that loved her may reach her yet, and be of some use to her in the place she has gone to. If one did not venture to believe this, the sorrow of her death would be almost unbearable.

## VIGNETTES.

BY ELLA MACMAHON.

## XII. THE CRUSADERS.

THE MALE CRUSADER was the first to make his appearance in our midst. He was English, of course, and had come from England in order to awaken us (the Irish) to our great heritage. The manner in which he opened his crusade was scarcely propitious. To begin with, he bought Timothy Feehan's deserted and tumble-down cabin at a fancy price. Timothy had some time before been put in possession by the Government of a brand-new cottage, built of mountain granite after a hideous architectural design, but trim, compact, and weather-proof to a degree never before dreamed of by its occupants. Hence it came about that Timothy should have in his possession a derelict mound of stone and rotten thatch within a hundred yards or so of his new dwelling, which, till the Crusader appeared, it had never entered into his wildest imagination to suppose that any person would even take a present of, far less buy from him. It followed, therefore, that when the Crusader offered to purchase it, Timothy began to be suspicious of him, or—for we are at all times suspicious of the stranger within our gates in Ireland—that his suspicion should be increased by the fact of any presumably sane

person offering unasked a ridiculously high price for an obviously bad bargain. The Crusader did this—as later on he confided to me—in order to treat the vendor generously; and added that in his belief all that the Irish people needed was generous treatment on the part of England, and he was trying to lead the way. When I tried to explain this to Timothy, he exclaimed—

"Generous how are ye? 'Faith ye'd be a queer omadhaun if ye believed the like o' that. An' I'll tell ye this, 'tis up to ne good he is, if it isn't that he's not all in it! Anny way, ye'd be moidered in yer ears listening to the talk he has out of him."

It was unfortunate for the Crusader that he happened to be the possessor of what is sometimes described in Ireland as a "tall English accent," a possession of which he was naturally unconscious. It was also, perhaps, a drawback that he should have come straight to Ireland after four years spent in the mental atmosphere of Balliol College, Oxford. Any person fortunate enough to be acquainted with Ireland and Balliol will easily apprehend the disadvantage under which he laboured in this respect. Still, he might possibly have escaped arousing

the worst suspicions had he not further chosen to array himself in a kilt. This garment (which no one in the village had ever seen before) he believed to be the traditional attire of the male inhabitant of Ireland in the days when our Ireland was peopled with those mixed tribes which certain ardent patriots persist in regarding as having formed a nation. The kilt was of thick frieze and the colour of saffron. It was not unbecoming when worn, as the Crusader wore it, with a certain grace, and with the addition on high days and full state of a saffron shawl draped over one shoulder in Highland fashion. In itself this peculiar garb, worn by an English gentleman who could not boast of an infinitesimal drop of Irish blood in his veins, might have been accepted as the academic robes of an English college, or even the national dress of some Anglo-Saxon tribe, even though feminine sensibility among us was scandalised by its brevity (the fashion of the short skirt not having yet penetrated to our village), and the sight of manly legs unclothed about the knee—but that the Crusader chose to attend the funeral of a local Patriot of many imprisonments, and therefore high esteem, thus garbed. The village to a man leaped to the conclusion that another insult to Ireland was thereby intended, no less than an unpardonable indignity to the dead.

A few pleas in extenuation were indeed put forth. I my-

self tried to explain the supposedly Hibernian origin of the saffron kilt by the fact that certain Irish gentlemen of high position and "popular" proclivities have been known to go so far as to wear it even in Piccadilly; but I met with little success. Piccadilly and its standards carry no weight among us, whereas local feeling carries a great deal. True, Timothy Feehan, whose palm was still tingling from the unaccustomed impact of a considerable sum of money, asserted—not for the first time—that "Sure the creature, God help him! wasn't all in it," and even hazarded the surmise that in a country "so quare an' English as England, may be 'twas the fashion to go to funerals in all the colours of the rainbow." But these well-meaning efforts were decisively discounted for what they were worth by his neighbours.

On the other hand, the Crusader remained blandly unconscious of all this; indeed—so much for our Irish powers of dissimulation or perfection of manners, which you will—he assured me not long after that he was "winning them"—"them" being the inhabitants of the village and various stray farmhouses within a radius of ten miles. To this end, moreover, and with that intimate knowledge of Irish character which strangers in Ireland so often believe themselves to possess in large measure, he was in the habit of attending Mass on Sundays at the Roman Catholic chapel,

which, in defiance of traditional custom on the part of its worshippers, he persisted in calling the parish church—thereby causing continual confusion in local converse. He did this regularly Sunday by Sunday, having been first careful to explain to Timothy Feehan and other friends of that sort that every form of denominational religion was equally meaningless to him, and that dogmatic belief of any kind was powerless to subjugate his reason or his heart. I do not suppose for a moment that Timothy had the faintest idea of what dogma or denomination meant, but even if he indulged in any conjectures as to their meaning, they would doubtless have led him to the conclusion at which, with or without conjecture, he had had no difficulty in arriving—namely, that the Crusader, whatever he might choose to say, was a Protestant. The sight of a Protestant—from England, too—bending the knee before the Most Sacred Mystery of his Faith, was far from pleasing to Timothy, or to a people whose Faith is at once the passion and pride of their souls and the fiercely contested possession of centuries. The very sincerity of the Crusader's intentions only served for his undoing. He burned to show "sympathy" with what he regarded as these deluded but downtrodden folk, ridden rough-shod, as he fervently declaimed, by a Government alien in religion, race, and outlook. How could he know that such sympathy coming from him stank in

their nostrils as the very fumes of treachery!

"What call has the like o' him to be coming to the chapel at all?" was the comment with which his good intent was assailed; "would he put a foot in it if he wasn't up to no good? Let him go to his own church that there's ready for him."

As a matter of fact, the Crusader disliked the Church of Ireland service because it was too Protestant. I ventured to say this to Timothy.

"Too Protestant!" he repeated sceptically; "'faith, that's quare talk for any wan that's a Protestant theirselves."

And there is no doubt that this was the prevailing view. Even old Mrs Doherty, whose whole simple life was a personification of the charity which is kind, was severely pooh-poohed when with her gentle piety she tried to put the best construction upon it.

"Yees may be talkin', but who knows but may be the Lord and His Blessed Mother has put it in his heart to come to the Truth."

"'Arrah, go on out o' that with ye"—Timothy's robustly practical suspiciousness rose above his remembrance of that bargain for the moment,—"the Lord has ne'er a hand's-turn in it. Divil a bit. 'Tis going round he is looking for what he can see, and that's the whole of it all."

"Meself," interposed Mrs Timothy Feehan, "lived with Protestants in service for sixteen years, and very good people and nice people they

were; ye couldn't fault 'em; but if they'd have took to coming to Mass I'd have left them, for I'd know there was something in it that wasn't right. But the like of them real ould gentry'd never do a thing like that, to be making a mock of us. They would not. An' what I like"—the speaker made a vehement and sweeping gesture—"is the people that live up to their religion and leave others to live up to theirs. *Them's* the good people and the nice people, and them goes on with no nonsense and no fantigues; an' didn't th' ould mather give the grand site for the new chapel? ay, 'faith, an' he the blackest Protestant in three counties: that's the right sort, I say. But I wouldn't think much of this fella with the bare knees of him. 'Twould give ye a turn to see them in the hely Church; an' mark my words, ye'll find him out yet."

"Augh, woman dear, whisht with yer chat; sure ye know no more o' the worl'd than a spancelled goat." Timothy was by no means unimpressed by his wife's opinion, but he felt bound to dissent from it, as being hers; for in Ireland, however deep our devotion to Peter, we are whole-heartedly Pauline in our acceptance of that Apostle's pronouncements upon the feminist question in general, and with regard to wives in particular. "What would you know of the like o' him? Hasn't he the right to do what he fancies, no matter what he is! Bedad, his money's good, annyway.

Didn't Clancy tell me he puts half-a-crown on the plate every time he sets foot inside the chapel door, and another as often as not for the poor, let alone a shillin' as well for the holy souls; and he give five shillin's for the dues; where would ye get the like o' that in this place? Sure, ould Billy Keane, that's the biggest publican between this and Dublin, wouldn't de better nor *that*—no, nor half as good, maybe, if the truth was known, fer he's a real naygur [Timothy meant miser, but that is our local phrase for it], and the same could be said for many a wan that's nearer to us, too."

The significance with which this was said reduced Mrs Timothy to silence, if not acquiescence, it being well known that her family were "that mane, sure they'd skin a flea for the bones and fat"; while, according to Timothy, he had been done out of ten pounds of the dowry agreed to by his prespective father-in-law after he had "*pre*-ferred marriage to herself." His view may and no doubt was also influenced by the fact that the Crusader, having purchased his tumble-down cabin, had set about restoring and enlarging it in a manner that not only rendered it possible for a civilised being to live in, but gave a good deal of employment as well. Timothy, who owned a cart and a spavined mare, discovered a little gold-mine in drawing stones for the new building. He had therefore no

object in driving the source of such wealth to another neighbourhood.

In course of time there arose upon the ruin a fair-sized cottage, which, after further embellishment by a Dublin firm of decorators and furnishers, proved a comfortable if modest bachelor abode, and herein the Crusader dwelt. His retinue consisted of Mrs Timothy Feehan, who, with traditions of sixteen years' service with "the highest in the land," proved equal to providing three solid meals a day for his sustenance, together with a boy for the garden, who slept in, cleaned boots and knives — indifferently — performed other menial duties unnecessary to specify, and was ordered about by Mrs Timothy with a sultan's arrogance of which perhaps only those who also serve are capable towards their subordinates.

It was about this time when, his energies no longer absorbed by house-building, and being somewhat at a loose end, the Crusader fell in with the Irish language. It may be recalled that some years ago a band of enthusiasts, instigated thereto and headed by a German professor, had discovered a great literature somewhere in existence and written in the so-called Irish language. Fired by the German professor, who went about declaiming with all the weight of his Teutonic culture and authority (then very great amongst us) that this treasure of ancient Irish literature far surpassed the

works of comparative barbarians, such as Homer for example; and that modern degenerates like Shakespeare and Milton were not worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with the authors of 'Cuhuelain' and 'Deirdre,' and the 'Dun Cow'—a band of worthy, intelligent, and even well-educated persons (mostly ladies) set themselves in all haste to learn the Irish language, in order to taste the sweetness of this fabulous treasure. Some among these amiable enthusiasts were indeed not a little inflamed by the statement, reiterated with much force by their Teutonic guide, that the base and soulless English Government had—for some reason difficult to discover—crushed, suppressed, and hid for centuries—somewhere—the unsurpassable and glorious literature of ancient Ireland. Herein was the German professor justified of his guile, for any one who has even the slightest acquaintance of Ireland will readily understand what a fillip such a charge would give to a supposedly national study, even though it was unsupported by any evidence other than the word of a German. From various causes, however,—one of which was the difficulty which its votaries found in mastering it, and another the interruption and cessation (for reasons hardly necessary to recapitulate) of the professor's visits to Ireland,—the movement had somewhat waned before the day when the Crusader leaped into the

Celtic Twilight, or, to be plain, returned from Dublin with a trunk-load, carted from the station by Timothy's spavined mare, of grammars, dictionaries, and various other (modern) works wherewith to begin his acquisition of the Irish. It may be placed to the credit of the Irish language that its pursuit kept him quiet for several months. But by the time he was able to read slowly some of the easier text, the crusading spirit awoke in him again with a violence doubtless due to its recent suppression. Its first expression was to accost every one in Irish and to refuse to utter a word of English. He began on the nearest object, otherwise "the boy." The boy, transfixed, reported that "the mashter was talkin' French and the divil a word ye could understand," while being Irish and at the sensitive age of fifteen, he was very huffy at being addressed in a tongue which he could neither speak nor understand, and thereby of course made to look ridiculous. The Crusader next treated Mrs Timothy Feehan to his new accomplishment. She returned home and expressed fears for his sanity.

"Believe you me," she remarked impressively to her lord, "I wouldn't care a ha'porth if it was only to the boy he'd be talkin' like that; but when he went and let out a sthream of gibberish at me-self, I give ye me word the heart lep' out o' me with the dread; an' d'ye know, I'd be sorry if it was to happen to

him, for, God help him! he has no wit no more than a new-born child, but he's the heart's blood of a gentleman in the latter end."

Ours is not, and has not been for more than a century, an Irish-speaking district; it is one in which the "League," not the Gaelic League, reigned supreme, and the arbiters of the policy of the Land League had not espoused the language question with any special ardour. That, however, was a matter of which either the Crusader was ignorant or incapable of grasping. Moreover, it was ever his way to run ahead of the Irish themselves in patriotic fervency. The language, he declared, must live again amongst us. Nothing could alter his fixed opinion on that point. That the language would be of no practical use in a world where it had ceased to exist as a living speech influenced him not an iota; he was equally impervious to the unconcealed indifference with which his crusade was met. On the contrary, so pertinacious was his spirit and so buoyant his hopes, that he insisted upon his correspondents addressing his letters in Gaelic characters, and spelling his name in accordance with a Gaelic counterpart of it, which he had himself invented; which led to no result more important than unpleasantness at the local post-office, the latter naturally resenting an innovation which entailed confusion and consequent irritation. Indeed, his unbalanced zeal

in this evoked a fresh spurt of suspicion in the breast of the village, especially when, with his characteristic perspicacity, and stung by the opposition which at last even he could hardly fail to see, he threw out hints to Timothy of his intention to approach the Government inspector of schools on the question of compulsory Irish. That roused even Timothy Feehan.

"Let him go on now," he said warningly, "and be puttin' Government on us an' it'll be the worse for him. The Lord knows we've no objection to him as long as he's quiet and easy, but to be talkin' of drawin' down trouble on us that way is no work for a gentleman to be doin' on poor people."

"We want no Irish put on us," was actually yelled at him by the children as they came out of school; "go on out o' that, you and yer ould Irish, and leave us alone"; while the boy refused to hear if spoken to in the ancient tongue of his country, and Mrs Timothy Feehan, getting no sympathy from her husband, confided her apprehensions to old Mrs Doherty, "that she was in dread maybe the fella's would 'do' something on him if he'd be going on talkin' like that much longer."

This was the pass to which the matter had come when there entered into our circle

THE FEMALE CRUSADER.

The female Crusader was English also. She, too, arrived hot-foot from England; but unlike the male Crusader, her object in seeking Ireland was

not that of Ireland's development, but her own. She was in fact one of those young women, of whom there are many in these days, who cannot get on with their mothers. Unlike their less fortunate predecessors, these young women no sooner discover that lamentable condition than they make haste to leave their mothers, and find no difficulty in doing so. There are now, thanks to the expansion of woman's opportunities, so obligingly granted to her by man, many ways by which young women so desiring can escape from their mothers and achieve "careers." Twenty years or more ago the female Crusader would have developed herself or "lived her own life" in the only way open to persons like her—namely, between the four walls of some well-known hospital; to-day the avenues are vastly multiplied. One such avenue opened just outside our village. A lady, left with a place about three sizes too big for her income, conceived the happy thought of setting up a college of gardening for gentlewomen. To this college the Crusader came. Her choice of Ireland for the "avenue" was partly her own, but—though they were wise enough to conceal it from her—in greater measure by her parents, who, advised by Irish friends, came to the conclusion, and rightly, that in certain respects she would be safer there than in other countries, and in this, if in nothing else, succeeded in carrying their point.



The female Crusader was a tall girl of three-and-twenty, with a pale complexion, good grey eyes, and an abundance of fine dark hair, which was glossy and well cared for, but seldom tidy. She had a figure more active than graceful, and large feet. She was violently self-opinionated, had been at school at Cheltenham and Dresden, where she was stuffed with knowledge of which she had little real apprehension, and believed herself to be educated because she denied the existence of God, and could read Nietzsche in the original. She arrived in our midst with a good deal of very up-to-date and expensive luggage, a circumstance which was in her favour, for we expect visitors from England to be rich, and rather resent it if they are not. It is part of our tradition that they ought to be so, and we do not part with our traditions lightly. Like her luggage, her clothes were expensive and up to date (in one particular too much so, since she had to be gently but firmly restrained from wearing the beautiful cord breeches which formed part of the gardening kit). The female Crusader was indeed as proud of her breeches as the male Crusader of his kilt; but it was made clear to her, not without great difficulty, that an Irish community might at a pinch swallow the kilt, when the breeches would be totally beyond its assimilation. As it was, she did not quite satisfy our requirements as to real Quality. In spite of her expensive clothes, she had

not the art of looking well-dressed, and Nature had not bestowed upon her that build and air which in Ireland we regard as aristocratic. Indeed, Timothy Feehan has been heard to make a remark about "ladies be the way whe were beef to the heels like the Mullingar heifers."

This, however, was after she had addressed him with that mingled jocosity and gush which is so often, alas! the first, and last, mistake the visitor can make in converse with the Irish peasant.

"I love your Paddyland," she cried to him archly.

Timothy gazed at her with an expression so stupid and uncomprehending that, had it truthfully indicated his mental capacity, would have landed him in a public institution.

"What's that?" he inquired slowly.

She laughed, believing that she had called forth a gem of native humour.

"You dear quaint person," she returned with another gush of archness, "how I long to give you all your freedom straight away."

Timothy's face hardened into a sort of inscrutable dulness. He said—

"Wh-hieh?" in a slow hissing drawl. Even the female Crusader could scarcely read humour into that word. She gazed at him, however, with the amiable curiosity and interest of the visitor at the Zoo, and, undaunted by the lack of response, put her head on one side and tried again.

"You know," she said

blandly, "that we English think far more kindly of you Irish than you do about us."

"Bedad, miss, I wouldn't wendther."

Timothy went home subsequently and regaled his wife with a full-blooded mimicry of the interview, which threw that good lady into such paroxysms of mirth that at last she threw her apron over her head and screamed in muffled jerks—

"Oh man, dear, stop or I'll be sick. Ye have the life let out of me heart with the way yer makin' me laff!"

Nor, it must be confessed, was the female Crusader more happy in other circles. Politely bidden to the Rectory, where, finding the rector's wife surrounded by the cream of the parishioners, she seized the first opportunity to observe to her estimable hostess—

"You, I suppose, believe in God. I don't."

This shattering remark flung into the midst of a small clerical drawing-room slightly missed its mark.

"Yes, indeed. Let me give you some more tea," was no doubt not the rejoinder which its author expected. But, again, nothing daunted, she remarked, with the second cup of tea—

"Irish Protestantism, of all forms of Protestantism, has no *raison d'être*."

"No, of course not. We hear you sing beautifully, and mean to ask you to give us a little help in church. Country choirs *are*——"

For the second time the

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female Crusader had to give it up.

A neighbourhood like ours could not have contained the male and female Crusaders for very long without their meeting each other. And having become acquainted they were, in the nature of things, foredoomed to one another.

Mrs Timothy Feehan was the first to see how rapidly the male Crusader was (in her opinion) advancing towards his undoing. "An' the instant minit I set eyes upon that wan"—even thus did Mrs Timothy ever speak of the female Crusader—"in this house, but, glory be to God! sez I to myself, he's goin' to meet his fate."

To be quite accurate, I think the speaker meant that the Crusader's "fate" was coming to meet him much oftener than, in her eyes, was desirable. The fact was that the Crusader had taken upon himself, amongst other activities in the cause of Ireland, to instruct his new acquaintance in the Irish language. She had entered upon her studies with even greater zeal than that with which she championed the restoration of complete amity with the Germans. On that point her opinions, always loudly expressed, had met with a reception among all members of our community which had considerably astonished her, believing as she did that Ireland was wholly pro-German. Timothy Feehan condensed our views of her opinions into two words—

"ugly talk,"—a phrase which hid behind it in his belief a suspicion that by talking to them in such a way she meant to get them into trouble; while among higher circles the rumour spread that she had been in love with a German officer before the war. The Irish language, however, headed her off Germany. If there had ever been a German officer, it was probable that he was dead, and it was quite certain that alive or dead he was worlds away from her. The Crusader, on the other hand, was pleasantly alive and close beside her; moreover, her fervid imagination pictured her to herself as the Saviour of Ireland, a new Joan of Arc, but one whose weapon—so she said—was the pen, not the sword. I said—

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

She agreed with me, with a gravity which only the utterly humourless can achieve.

With this great object before her, she made a point of "getting to know the peasantry." Her idea of doing so was to accost them on every occasion possible. She took long walks in order to "come across them." This surprised the neighbourhood very much. Ours is an old-fashioned county; in its experience Quality never walked the roads. They rode or drove in carriages or "traps," or outside cars, or motor-cars, or even travelled on bicycles, but never on foot.

"To be streeeling the cuntry

roads, and she be the way of a lady, was a quare notion and no mistake," as Mrs Timothy Feehan remarked acidly; and before very long most of us were seriously exercised in our minds as to whether our visitor was "right" or not!

"An' if ye ask me," observed Mrs Timothy, "I'd say she was a beuld wan."

This, I think, arose from the fact that the female Crusader, who, of course, did not go to church, was often seen on Sunday morning by the congregation returning from "last Mass" seated on the stile leading into the Protestant church, smoking a cigarette, reading a newspaper, and "danglin' her legs in top-boots" (waders to be accurate), in a flagrant disregard of the day and the place, abhorrent to the eyes of a country where Catholic and Protestant alike cherish a rigid respect for the Sabbath.

Further, it became clear before very long that Mrs Timothy's apprehensions with regard to the Crusader were well founded. So rapid was the progress in the alphabet of love, if not in that of Irish, that we were not in the least surprised, although distinctly shocked, when the Crusader announced his impending marriage at the nearest Registry Office.

The house of Feehan was indeed rent with the objurgations and lamentations of its mistress.

"An' it's what I say is this," she remarked, "that no wan ever heard of a minit's luck or

grace to anny one that'd go for to get married in an ould Registry Office. Surely the like o' that isn't marriage at all. Didn't *I* tell ye that was a bowld one. An' ye'll see when she comes home we may whistle down the wind and that'll be the end of us."

The Crusader, however, at the height of the infatuated stage, paid no heed to public opinion, albeit Irish and leyal, but at the behest of his betrothed hied him to the adjacent town of Dunsealy to procure a licence of whatever form of authorisation might be necessary for marriage before a Registrar.

"She has him bewitched," said Mrs Feehan to her lord, despairingly, "and it's Ged's truth the misfortunate crature doesn't know whether he's on his head or his heels this day."

Be that as it may, the Crusader was sufficiently sensible to take the necessary steps to arrange matters at the Registry Office. Nor did he find much difficulty in doing so; on the contrary, it seemed to be an expeditious and cheap way of getting married. All went well until it came to the point where the Crusader's signature was required to certain formal documents. The Crusader boldly signed his name in Gaelic characters, and spelt it in accordance with the Irish form into which he had Hibernicised it.

The official in charge protested quickly, but jocosely, as befitted the circumstances, against this.

"That won't do at all, at all," he remarked; "there's no Irish recognised be the Law, ye know; oh, ye can't take risks here," he added with a genial wink.

The Crusader became portentously solemn.

"My good man," he replied loftily, "I sign my name in any way I choose."

"Ye'll not do it here, that's certain," returned the other shortly, "and I'm neither yer good man nor yer bad man."

His wounded official dignity lent a certain stuffiness to his pronounciation.

"Ye must sign as I tell ye, yer full name—surname and Christian—in English, legibly."

"Never," exclaimed the Crusader; "English in Ireland is the language of slavery."

"Oh, as to that," interrupted the Registrar, "I've no time to be listening to nonsense of that sort. Go and talk to the corner boys at Hegarty's if ye want to talk like that, and maybe they'll give ye a drink for yer pains."

The Crusader drew himself up.

"You are trying to intimidate me," he said haughtily.

"I am, am I!" The Registrar banged his fist on the table. "Well, maybe the law'll intimidate ye yet. Sign or don't sign, whatever ye like, it's no affair of mine, but ye'll do it the way I tell ye, or ye'll ge out of this, and stop wasting my time."

"I shall take Counsel's opinion as to this," rejoined the Crusader.

"Take as many opinions as ye like, me dear sir," retorted the other genially, "ye'll get them all for a guinea apiece."

"This is tyranny," cried the Crusader, losing his temper hotly.

"It's the law of the land," returned the Registrar grimly.

"Never."

"If ye *want* to be married, do as I tell ye," continued the Registrar with an air of laboured patience; "an' if ye *don't* want to be married ye needn't come here. An' if it's thinking of wringing the gerrl ye are, let me tell ye ye've come to the wrong box. Go back and do it in England, if that's what yer after. They're better at those sort of depredations over there than we are here. Now that's the last word I have to say to ye."

Obdurate to the end, the Crusader finally departed, breathing out threatenings and (legal) slaughterings against the Registrar and his office.

On this wise, therefore, was the marriage delayed, for the female Crusader declared that no power on earth would compel *her* to sign her name in the English language.

Mrs Timothy Feehan openly gave thanks in that, as she believed, the Lord Almighty Himself, and ne'er a one less, had intervened to save the Crusader from his fate.

"An' ye may say what ye like, but sure 'twould melt the heart of a stone wall to see the like o' him going to be destroyed by that one. 'Twas she set him on to go to

the Registry instead of the church. Isn't it the scandal of the world to see a woman disbelieving in her Maker! Glory be to God! 'tis enough to bring a judgment on the place to have her in it at all, so it is. And wasn't he as happy as the day's long before she came into it, and let her go now and get a haythen in England for a husband and marry him any way she likes. 'Tis good enough for her."

The Crusader has persisted in taking counsel's opinion. Meantime Timothy Feehan, for no reason apparent to the dispassionate observer, has become a Sinn Feiner. Mrs Timothy eloquently deploras this step. But she goes further, for she appears to be obsessed with secret fears, and from time to time throws out hints of potential dangers of which she "does be in dread"—perils unseen but lurking in our midst, ready to spring upon us at any moment.

The Crusader, though harassed by his matrimonial complexities, has come out on Timothy's side and persists in arguing lengthily with Mrs Timothy as to the absurdity of her terrors. She, however, sticks to it that they (the Sinn Feiners) are "terrible wicked and terrible set agin the English." Indeed she gives it as her private and unbiassed belief, based upon sources of information so secret that if she were to divulge their whereabouts "the heart'd be wrung out of her body, and she'd be buried at the cross-

roads with a stake through her breast; that our neighbourhood is no place for any stranger, an' that them that doesn't belong to it had better leave it *while they can*."

It may or may not have been by accident that these remarks and others like them reached the ears of the female Crusader's parents, who about the time of Timothy Feehan's change of politics paid a visit to their daughter, and, for the first time in their lives, to Ireland. Revelations of this description, though probably quite in accord with their private conception of Ireland, are, to say the least of it, disquieting to ears attuned to the safe and simple happenings of Wimbledon Common. So much so that, greatly against her will, the female Crusader has been conveyed

*pro tem.* (*she says*) by her father to the peaceful heights of Putney Hill, bribed by her mother into acquiescence by the promise of a trousseau far exceeding feminine hope or thought.

Left behind in the danger zone, the Crusader is still working steadily through the members of the Irish Bar. There are a great many of them, and none averse from a fee. So far their opinions are six of one and half a dozen of the other.

A small Sinn Fein flag droops neglectedly from a tree in front of Timothy Feehan's Government-endowed dwelling, while a large and imposing one floats defiantly from a pole over the Crusader's hall door. Mrs Timothy Feehan is burning a candle once a month regularly to Saint Anthony.

## A CANADIAN RIVER.

BY THE MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G.

I FIRST heard of the Grand Cascapedia when, many long years ago, I was fishing on the river Tay in company with my old friend Edward Russell, afterwards Lord de Clifford, and Mr William Oakley, the well-known Master of the Atherstone Hounds. We were, I am sorry to say, "harling," a term of fishing now generally discarded on that splendid river. One morning whilst we were being rowed to and fro across the pool, Edward Russell pulled out of his pocket a letter from the Hon. Charles Ellis, who may, I suppose, be regarded as the pioneer of the Cascapedia, giving an account of the sport which he had been having. I have since seen the full figures of which these were only a portion, but even these were tremendous and took my breath away. These were days when Ellis, to his own rod, accounted for 15, 16, or 17 fish. I was told long afterwards by his principal boatman that those were days in which "the canoes ran blood." Ellis's description made a great impression on my mind, but the whole affair seemed very far off, and my fishing horizon at the time did not extend beyond our own Tay, my first and last love in the fishing line. An Eastern proverb has it that "the crew of one's own country is better than the Phoenix of a foreign

land," and I have probably had more satisfaction in my time out of a red fish killed where Tay and Isla join their streams, than even out of the silvery monsters of the Canadian river.

But events subsequently brought me much closer to the Cascapedia. In 1883 I was offered, and accepted, the Governor-Generalship of Canada. During the weeks which preceded my departure, I received a number of invaluable letters from my predecessor, Lord Lorne, who was good enough to give me many useful hints about men and things in the Dominion. The picture which he drew was a most attractive one, and in the foreground a prominent place was occupied by the glorious river which had been placed at the disposal of his Royal Consort, H.R.H. Princess Louise—a river which was, Lord Lorne evidently thought, likely to remain in the hands of the new Governor-General. But just as we were leaving England our high hopes were rudely dashed. In the last letter which Lord Lorne wrote to me he imparted the sad intelligence that the Grand Cascapedia was to be leased by the Quebec Government to a syndicate, and that he was therefore interesting himself in securing for me another river—probably one of those

which flow into the Baie des Chaleurs towards the eastern end of the Gaspé Peninsula.

Our disappointment was great. I found, however, on my arrival in Canada, that the transaction with the syndicate had not been consummated, and I set to work at once to retrieve the situation. I was greatly assisted by Sir Hector Langevin, a prominent Quebecker and an influential member of Sir John Macdonald's ministry. Through Sir Hector I put forward the suggestion that if the river, which had been a free gift to my predecessor, was to be let, I should like to be considered as a possible tenant for it. The negotiations proceeded favourably, and as the result I obtained a lease of the river, all but the lower and least interesting pools, at a very moderate rent.

A few words as to the geography of the country through which the grand Cascapedia flows. It enters the Baie des Chaleurs about half-way between the head and the mouth of the bay, and is called the "Grand" Cascapedia, to distinguish it from a smaller and much inferior river—the "little" Cascapedia—which immediately adjoins it. As it nears the sea at New Richmond it traverses a sparsely inhabited region occupied by farmers who have settled on the alluvial land. Many of these have succeeded in acquiring, with their farms, the right to erect stake nets. There seemed to be any number of them, and one wondered

how any fish could run the gauntlet; but the nets were fortunately very ramshackle affairs, and judging from the number of net-marked fish claimed by the rod in the upper waters, many of them must have smashed their way successfully through the obstructions. These nets have, I believe, been got rid of, and the rod-fishing must benefit greatly thereby.

Lord Lerne used to make his headquarters at a farm known as "Woodmans," in close proximity to some good fishing water, notably a pool known as "the Princess's," so called after the royal lady as a compliment, to whom the Quebec Government had ceded the fishing rights to her husband.

Above this point the river runs through densely wooded and almost untrodden solitudes. About forty miles from the mouth it divides into two branches known as the "Indian" and "Salmon" branches. These lose themselves in the low mountains marked on the map as the St Anne's Range, and forming the watershed between the Baie des Chaleurs and the St Lawrence.

Here and there the stream finds itself suddenly checked: sometimes a huge shingle bed deposited by the spring floods, sometimes a rocky reef on which the current can make no impression, sometimes a so-called "timber jam"—the name which graphically describes an accumulation of drift-wood and rubbish of



all kinds — heads back the stream and compels it to flow like a mill race through a comparatively narrow exit. It is these contractions which have created the pools—deep troughs in which the fish love to rest on their upward journey to the spawning beds.

The pools, or groups of pools, are usually wide apart. Their anatomy varies greatly, but, as a rule, there is at the head of each of them a rapid, flowing like a small cascade down a precipitous descent. In some cases the water of this rapid may be comparatively smooth, in others it is broken by jagged reefs of rock or boulders of terrifying aspect. The dexterity with which the men pole their craft up-stream through these obstacles, fighting their way inch by inch, or again guide the canoes on the not less dangerous journey down-stream, is past all belief: they are artists, and to their skill, much more than to the fisherman's, are due the big catches which have made the Cascadia famous.

The river banks are clothed by a dense forest of spruce and pine, with here and there a sprinkling of birch (yellow and white) and maple, while near the water's edge there is a considerable growth of poplar, mostly the balsam poplar, appropriately so called on account of the fragrance of its leaves when the buds first expand. On a warm evening the air is heavy with the scent of these trees. So

dense is the growth that there are very few spots at which it is possible to take a cast off the shore; but at one or two points, generally where a shingle bed adjoins the pool, it is possible for the fisherman to leave his boat and fish the stream in his own way standing on *terra firma*. There were two or three places where I used to do this with much success, and greatly to my own satisfaction, but as a rule the *modus operandi* was as follows. The canoe was poled to the head of the stream, a stone anchor attached to a rope of stout manilla hemp was let go, and the rope was paid out gradually, foot by foot, after each cast. When the boat came to the end of its tether the anchor was hauled in and let go again a few yards lower down. In this way the holding parts of the pool could be systematically and thoroughly searched. Much judgment had to be exercised in deciding what water to fish and what to leave alone. The bed of the river was constantly changing. The spring floods undermined the banks, which collapsed, carrying with them the trees which stood nearest to the water's edge, and so old pools were silted up and new pools excavated. A pool might be excellent one season and useless the next. It used to be my delight and that of my two men, who were as keen as I was, to prospect for new fishing ground, and we were triumphant when we succeeded, as we often did, in

extracting a fish from some hitherto untried and uncharted pool.

My observations up to this point have been mainly descriptive and general. It may be convenient that I should pass to narrative and give some account of our own personal experiences.

In the early months of 1884, when the Ottawa Session was drawing towards its close, when the "robins" were beginning to arrive, and the little blue hepaticas to peep out from under the thawing snow, our thoughts began to turn to fishing. The campaign required careful organisation. We had decided that we would not be content with a camp at "Woodmans," but that we must have a home of our own in the wilderness higher up the river and remote from the haunts of men. H. A., best of A.D.C.'s and most persevering of fishermen, was deputed to spy the land. With him we sent Reid, head carpenter at Government House, a delightful Scotchman, with infinite skill in all matters concerning his trade, and possessing all the shrewdness and resourcefulness of his race. The reports received by letter from our mission were encouraging, and H. A. was given *carte blanche* to select a site on which Reid was to construct the new house. There were only a few weeks to spare, but Reid undertook to have some kind of shelter ready for us in time for the opening of the season. The house was to be of the simplest kind, built entirely of wood,

of which an abundant supply could be obtained locally, and we were unhampered by by-laws as to the design of the structure.

The long-awaited day came at last, and on the 12th of June I started with H. A. from Quebec, travelling by the Inter-Colonial Railway to Dalhousie, and passing on our way the Metapedia, where George Stephen (now Lord Mount Stephen) had his fishing quarters, and the famous Restigouche, much frequented by wealthy Americans. At Dalhousie we took steamer as far as New Richmond, where we landed; then came a rough drive, which grew rougher and rougher, through a woodland country with here and there the homestead of a small farm. The ground seemed literally covered with wild flowers, and the scenery throughout was bright and attractive. Our first inspection showed how well H. A. and Reid had acquitted themselves of their task. They had chosen a kind of terrace, a good many feet above the level of the river, with a naturally dry soil. The house stood on a bend, so that our view enfiladed the stream, of which we had pleasant glimpses upwards and downwards through the intervening trees. On another terrace, a little way above that on which our house stood, the staff used to pitch their camp, and the trim, bright-coloured tents contrasted delightfully with the dark green of the adjoining forest. Just above our camp were two famous pools, "the

Rock" and "the Ledge," of which we took heavy toll in the years which followed. Exactly opposite New Derreen—this was the name which we gave to our little residence, in honour of another dearly beloved Derreen on the west coast of Ireland—a small stream, little more than a big brook (the Escuminae), added its waters to those of the main river. The Escuminae was much frequented by large sea-trout, but I do not think the salmon ever used it. Below the meeting of the waters was a deep pool, a good deal disturbed by our canoes, but scarcely ever without a fish. Between the house and the pool lay a shingly beach, at the edge of which the boatmen's camp had been established, as well as an ice-house for storing salmon.

New Derreen was constructed with marvellous rapidity. It was a low one-storied building, entirely of wood, with a shingle roof. It contained a mess-room, a sitting-room, two or three small bedrooms, little more than cubicles, with a kitchen and servants' quarters at the back. On two sides fronting the river it was provided with a broad verandah, in which we used to spend a great deal of our time.

When we first arrived we depended for our water-supply on water brought up in buckets from the river, but we were able to improve upon this by capturing a small rill on the hillside, a hundred yards or so from the house, and bringing

it down in a kind of rough wooden aqueduct carried from tree to tree. This provided us with an unfailing supply of perfectly pure and ice-cold water.

A word on the scenery of the adjoining country. It was densely wooded—there were trees everywhere—but it must be confessed that there was a complete absence of anything which could be described as fine timber. The reason is not far to seek. The mere accessibility of these so-called "timber limits" are leased to the great mill-owners, and have for many years past been worked over by the lumberers. Every winter lumbering parties push their way farther and farther into the mountains, singling out and felling the sound sticks; thus it happens that all the more robust and stately trees fall victims to the axe and are converted into "saw logs." If a tree is sound and clean, down it comes, with the result that only the unsound and immature trees survive.

The marketable trees are thrown while the snow is on the ground, and the stems are rolled down the hillside to the nearest stream. When the snow melts and the spring floods come, they are carried automatically down the rivers until they reach the depots, where they are collected behind a floating boom, like sheep in a pen, and remain until such time as they can be dragged on an endless chain to the sawmill, where they are rapidly converted into "deals."

But while the bulk of the logs are thus hurried rapidly to their destination, many stick fast on the sandbanks or in the eddies, where they sail round and round hopelessly, and eventually take anchor. Quite a number of logs are thus intercepted. These are too valuable to be neglected, and accordingly, after the first raging floods have spent their strength, but before the water has touched its low summer level, parties of "drivers" are sent up the rivers to extricate these lost sheep and expedite their journey to the mills. The driving party is conveyed in several canoes, with a crew of two or three men to each. These men, often half-breed Indians, are equally at home on shore or in the water, and are unrivalled in the dexterous use of pole, paddle, or axe.

The driving gangs work their way down from the head waters in the heart of the mountains, and make it their business to search every nook and corner for lost logs. Each of these is, when found, dislodged from its resting-place and carefully shepherded until it is once again fairly launched upon the current. The work is extremely rough and difficult, and is performed with wondrous skill; but to the salmon fisherman this log-driving campaign, coming as it does when the salmon fishing is at its best, is an unmitigated nuisance. The "drivers" are, not without reason, suspected of taking toll of the pools as they pass

by them. They would be more than human if they did not; nor are they likely to be particular as to their methods, and there is no poacher's art of which they are not past-masters. A light net can easily be stowed away in the canoe, and when the fish are huddled together in the upper pools teroh and spear can be used with deadly effect.

I can well remember my first introduction to a timber drive. I was fishing the famous Limestone Pool—one of the best in the lower section of the river—the water was in excellent order, and fish were showing in numbers. I had killed one large salmon, and was fast in another, which was putting up a good fight. I suddenly became aware of something which looked like a huge crocodile sailing down the pool in my direction, and in a few moments I found the floating stem of a large spruce between me and my fish. I dipped the point of my rod and allowed the line to sink as far as it would go, but I soon felt it rasping along the rough surface of the log and a break seemed inevitable. More by chance than skill, the line was successfully manipulated until the great tree-trunk had passed by us, and I was able to resume offensive tactics. The fish was landed, and I was congratulating myself on my good fortune, and intending to recommence operations, when I caught sight in the offing of a second log, followed by a third and yet others in an apparently

endless procession. I had never encountered a timber drive before, and now realised too fully what it meant. For the rest of that morning I was completely defeated.

After this digression I ought perhaps to explain that our river was divided into three sections—the Home Beat, of which I have already said something; the Middle Camp, about seven miles farther up the river, where there was a substantially built log-hut used by the lumberers in the winter and by fishermen in the summer season; and the Upper or Lazybogan section, also equipped with a log-hut, which must have been some twenty miles farther. The Middle Camp section contained some magnificent pools, which always yielded fine sport early in the season. After that they became less productive—I cannot help thinking, owing to the interest taken in them by the timber-drivers. The Upper section was wonderful; there were good holding pools above and below the camp; but in order to reach this you had not only to face a long journey up-stream, but to surmount the Indian Rapid, much the most formidable obstacle of the kind on the whole river, owing to its length and the extreme roughness of the water. The ascent of this rapid involved a most arduous, not to say dangerous, piece of poling. I used generally to leave the canoe and follow the trail on the river bank until the top of the rapid was reached. The men were

only too glad to be relieved of the necessity of carrying an extra ten stene up the rapid. The latter consideration did not apply to the downward journey, and I more than once remained in the canoe for this, greatly enjoying the excitement of a descent quite as trying to the nerves as any toboggan slide with which I was ever concerned. There was a good salmon pool just above the rapid, and there was always the chance that a fish hooked in this pool would take the bit between his teeth and insist upon going down; I do not think, however, that any of our party ever had this stirring experience. I remember that on one occasion, as we were dropping carefully down the rapid, each man using the whole of his strength to steady the canoe, we caught sight of a fine new pole which had got fixed between two rocks and been left there by some previous travellers. The temptation was irresistible; our course was checked for a moment, and the coveted weapon snatched as we shot past it, and carried off in triumph.

We used to take it in turns to visit these upper waters, sending up a separate canoe to carry our blankets and stores. This commissariat canoe had for its passenger our emergency cook, George Bacon, a caretaker at the Quebec Citadel, whom we used to borrow every year for this purpose. George was a most resourceful person,

quite imperturbable and impervious to bad weather. Under the shelter of an extemporised screen, roofed with great slabs of bark, he was able with a fire of wood embers and a Dutch oven to produce out of the scantiest materials savoury messes with a *cachet* all their own. A plump sea-trout broiled on the ashes with a piece of fat pork inside it was one of his and our favourite dishes. "Victor," our cheery little French *chef*, remained in charge of culinary arrangements at New Derreen.

The journey from New Derreen to Lazybogan was a severe grind for the men, and indeed seemed long enough even for the passenger, as he sat without much elbow-room on the floor of the canoe. But for me these lovely reaches, with their infinite variety of woodland and river scenery, had an inexpressible charm.

We generally broke the journey half-way at a well-known landing, where, by a smooth sandy beach under the shade of an overhanging tree, an old shack afforded a certain amount of ready-made shelter. Here we camped out for the night. Our sleeping accommodation on these occasions was of the simplest: our blankets were laid on the top of a layer of freshly gathered spruce twigs, carefully laid so as to afford a smooth surface, supple and sweet-scented. On such a couch we slept, as one sleeps in the woods, and dreamt of forty-pounders.

One word as to our mode

of fishing. Only the fly was permitted—prawn, minnow, and ether baits being absolutely barred. During the early days of the season the fish would take almost any fly, and a good large one was preferable; later, as the river shrunk, they became more fastidious, and we had to wait until the evening and use what we should in Ireland describe as sea-trout flies. All the old standard patterns answered well. One could never go wrong with "Jock Scott," "Thunder and Lightning," or "Silver Doctor"; but I found some of the sober old Tay Turkey Wings quite as effectual as their more gaudy rivals.

We generally had three or four canoes out. Two men were told off to each, and William Dimmock, "*gardien*" of the river—an excellent fellow, and most skilful and trustworthy in a boat—was in supreme command of the whole flotilla. Of the prowess of these men as navigators I have already spoken. Their skill in the use of the gaff was almost inconceivable; but I am bound to say that the gaff which they used was a most barbarous weapon. It was a pole almost as long as a punt pole, armed with a huge curved iron head shaped something like a shepherd's crook. With these gaffs they would, if allowed, take the most extraordinary liberties; and I have over and over again seen them snatch an only half-played fish in the middle of the roughest water

long before he was really ready for the creek. Their dexterity at this game more than once suggested to my mind that they had graduated in a fish-spearing school. I am glad to say that after a time I persuaded my own men to use a more civilised weapon, and to possess their souls in patience until I gave them a proper chance of securing the fish. It must be remembered that, owing to the dense growth which clothed the river banks, our fish had in nine cases out of ten to be lifted out of the water and into the boat instead of dragged ashore.

The men were as skilful in the use of the axe as in that of pole and paddle. New Derreen was surrounded by a dense growth of forest, and we used to spend a good deal of our spare time in clearing away the jungle. In those days I was very fond of cutting down trees, and though I never emulated Mr Gladstone's skill, I was fairly handy with the axe, and rather fancied myself in the rôle of a woodman. But these men fairly knocked the conceit out of me. I used sometimes to "take on" a tree in company with one of them, and I always chose the easy side of the tree, if there was one, for myself; but I was hopelessly left behind, and invariably found my partner well through his share of the work while I was still only half-way through mine. They were, it is true, extravagant of the timber, and used to make a huge gash which would have

horrified a Scotch or English forester.

The picture would be incomplete without some account of the natural history of the river. In addition to salmon, it held any quantity of sea-trout. These ran later than the salmon, but by the month of July the river was full of them. They frequented as a rule the thinner water, but they were generally to be found in the salmon pools also. Here they were a great nuisance. They stuck at nothing in the way of a fly. They had tremendous teeth, and after playing one or two of them your fly was ruined. Moreover, the larger fish played very strong, and in spite of attempts to give them short shrift, splashed about all over the place and effectually disturbed the pool. We caught them up to 5 lb. weight, and a friend of mine who was on Lord Derby's staff has the outline of a seven-pounder which he captured. I have a photograph of a basket of ten caught by Lord Alexander Russell, and weighing 40 lb. When there was nothing better to do, we used frequently to go out with light rods and small flies and fill our baskets with these fish. I remember one occasion on which one of my sons and I found that a school of them had run up into a "bogan" (a back-water or creek), in the absolutely still and pellucid water of which we could see them quite plainly as they cruised around. We drove them out unceremoniously into an adjoining run where C. and I

caught sixty of them, weighing exactly 30 lb., in two or three hours.

Of wild animals there were not many. We rarely saw deer, although their tracks were now and then to be found. Now and again we encountered a bear, particularly on the higher and less frequented reaches. Once when dropping quietly down-stream I suddenly encountered one swimming across the river. My boatmen immediately started in hot pursuit, but the bear won by a short head, gained the shore, and shambling up the mountain-side before we could overtake him. Upon the whole it was perhaps fortunate that we failed. An entry in H. A.'s journal, "His Excellency rose a bear," probably refers to this incident. We often caught sight of a mink sneaking quietly along the bank. There were occasional musk-rats, and high up the river, a large beaver dam, the occupants of which I never had the good fortune to set eyes on. Amongst the smaller mammalia was the little ground-hog, a kind of marmot, nearly the size of a rabbit, whose burrows were quite common.

I must not, however, omit from the list of wild animals one which constantly made its presence felt during our wanderings. The beautiful and, alas! evil-smelling skunk was not uncommon, but I never got to close quarters with him save on one occasion. I had gone up the river to the Lazybogan Camp and taken possession of the log-hut which

one of us generally occupied on these occasions. It was not long before I found out that the premises were already tenanted. A family of skunks had established themselves under the floor of the hut. I could hear them scratching and scuffling underneath the boards, and I could most unmistakably smell them. It was unpleasant but tolerable, except when something happened to upset the equanimity of the household. They greatly resented, for example, my morning ablutions, which were noisy and involved the splashing of a good deal of cold water, some of which no doubt percolated to the family quarters. They showed their resentment by a liberal use of poison gas, which fairly drove me out of the house; but we got used to one another after a time, and ended by making *bon ménage*. H. A., who relieved me when I went down, was less fortunate. On his first evening he caught sight of the mother skunk as she left her home through a bolt-hole, which was evidently the ordinary means of ingress and egress. H. A. saw his opportunity, and proceeded to "stop her out." No earth was ever more carefully closed, but the result was deplorable. The young family were disconsolate for the absence of their dam; the lady on her side was inconsolable, and hung about the place all night, making herself extremely objectionable. H. A. had a bad time of it, and took out the stopping next morning. Those who have



sat in a stuffy church near a lady wearing a skunk stole or muff will be able to form some idea of his discomfort.

The birds were few, but interesting. As you travelled along the river you constantly came upon a beautiful night heron flapping lazily along the stream. Not infrequently one met with a so-called "fish-hawk"—an osprey of some kind, I think—much interested in the capture of trout in the shoal water. Then there were partridges, really wood grouse, very tame, and unmolested by us, as we were there during the breeding season. Large kingfishers had their homes in the steep sand-banks, and gave a note not unlike that of their Australian relative, the "laughing jackass." Woodpeckers were common, and their heels were noticeable on the trunks of many of the decayed or partly dead trees. After dark the night-jars made themselves heard; the hurtling sound of their flight as they swooped unseen across some forest clearing was indescribably weird and ghostlike.

In my brief enumeration of the animals which frequented the Cascapedia I see that I have forgotten to mention the insects. These are by no means a negligible quantity. Mosquitoes, black flies, and sand-flies are a formidable triple alliance. I suffered less than most of us, and sand-flies, although maddening, are, I think, not more maddening than Scotch or Irish midges; but to most of our visitors the flies were a real terror. There

were many remedies, some of them worse almost than the disease, notably a horrible brown unguent with which we were expected to smear our faces. Pieces of rag dipped in malodorous essences were not quite so bad. Veils which interfered with one's breathing and clung to one's skin when one was perspiring were, I thought, intolerable. When driven to desperation, I found that the best plan was to light a "smudge" in the canoe. A smudge is a little fire of touch-wood which can be kindled in a glue-pot, and when fairly set going, supplemented by a little damp moss, so as to produce a dense column of pungent smoke. This the mosquitoes at any rate will not face; and by keeping close to the smudge, and yet not within its fumes, it is possible to elude the enemy; but, as I have said before, I was fortunate, which was more than I could say for all our visitors. One of them, a rather full-blown, well-nourished Britisher, was a sight for gods and men after a fortnight's experience of Cascapedia insects. I feel pretty sure that newcomers suffer more than those who have already undergone the experience, and it has always seemed to me probable that the human blood, if once it has been inoculated with the mosquito virus, may become comparatively immune afterwards.

Butterflies were plentiful, notably the beautiful swallow-tail. My sons, who like most boys were keen ento-

mologists, once caught a black variety of this species, which they were told by the experts was rare and valuable, but they never got a second.

Of trees I have said something elsewhere. Amongst the shrubs none were more beautiful than the so-called high bush cranberries, a *Cornus* of some kind, bearing great clusters of scarlet fruit not unlike its Irish relative to be found on most of the Kerry streams. Of small wild flowers there were any number, including a tiny and very beautiful orchid—I believe the most northerly species of its kind. On the beaches and sand-banks an *Oenothera* was common and very attractive.

I must not forget the berry-bearing plants, which were numerous, particularly on the slopes where the high forest had been burnt,—cranberries, bear-berries, crow-berries, partridge berries, and so forth. Some of these were most interesting and attractive; the last-named was, I think, a dwarf *Gaultheria*, creeping along the ground almost like thyme, with its festoons ornamented at intervals by pure white, pearl-like fruits. But I must not omit the edible berries. There were thickets of raspberries in every direction, and nothing could have been more delicious than their fruit. It yielded, when pressed, an admirable syrup, wholly unconnected with raspberry vinegar, for which, even in my school-days, I had no great taste. A wine-glass of this syrup, added to a tumbler of

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iced water, was a glorious beverage for a thirsty soul. In the open spaces wild strawberries were plentiful, particularly at the edge of the sandy beaches, and I used often to tramp across these and take advantage of my opportunities while the men poled the canoe up-stream.

The trudge across these beaches was interesting in other ways. It was generally possible to find among the pebbles good specimens of agate and jasper brought down from the volcanic formations of the St Anne's range. Some of these I had polished and still preserve. As a rule my specimens were of small size, but now and again I encountered, and could not resist carrying off, a large lump, perhaps of ordinary rock with a likely nodule of agate bedded within it. My men, who at first regarded my proceedings as a kind of harmless lunacy, began after a time to look ruefully at me when I returned to the canoe bearing with me such weighty treasures. They finally represented to me respectfully that we were already heavily laden with the spoils of the chase, that our Plimsoll-line was all too low, and that several pounds' weight of precious stones was a wholly uncalled-for handicap. I had to be content with smaller specimens, surreptitiously smuggled on board in my jacket pockets.

How much or how little ought I to say in these notes as to our own performances in the fishing line? A mere reprint of our journals would be

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monotonous and unintelligible to an outsider. I may as well, however, give here the summary of our catch during the four seasons. We caught amongst us 1245 salmon, weighing 29,188 lb., an average of  $23\frac{1}{2}$  lb. 210 of these fish weighed 30 lb. and over, and the largest weighed 45 lb. The fishing season was very short, lasting from the second week in June to the end of July, after which time there were other calls to meet, while the river became too low for fishing. It should, perhaps, be explained that our party consisted of the writer and his little staff, assisted now and again by the ladies. Besides these there were occasional visitors, amongst them Sir Lionel Sackville-West, then Minister at Washington, Lord Alexander Russell, in command at Halifax, Admiral Commerell, and two or three others.

We always did our greatest execution during the first three weeks, when the river was still full of water. After that it fell rapidly to a low summer level, with only occasional freshets anxiously watched for by all of us. Towards the end of the time it became difficult to inveigle a fish into rising. We had to depend mainly upon the evening fishing, and to use quite small flies.

The high average weight of our fish compels attention. We caught scarcely any grilse. I never understood why this was so. Was there an autumn run of grilse? The men had apparently never heard of it. I think we could have col-

lected heavier bags if we had fished all day, but as a general rule we were content with an hour or two in the early morning and another spell when the sun got low. During the intervening hours there was plenty of time for reading and writing, and perhaps for a siesta in the verandah.

The summary gives an idea of the number and size of the fish caught. It may, however, be interesting to single out a few specimen days when exceptional good fortune attended our efforts. H. A. was a born statistician, and kept a journal in which is entered the weight of every fish and the place and date of its capture. From this interesting record I select the items which follow.

During the season of 1884 I find that on the 29th July I caught in the Upper or Lazy-bogan pools ten fish, weighing 33, 24, 11, 9, 20, 24, 9, 22, 22, and 21 lb. On the following day and on the same water, but higher up, Lord Alexander Russell killed eight fish, weighing 18, 18, 18, 10, 10, 3, 24, and 23 lb. This 3-pounder was much the smallest specimen which we collected.

In the season of 1885, on the 23rd June, I am credited with nine fish, weighing 26, 23, 25, 10,  $27\frac{1}{2}$ , 29, 30, 38, and  $23\frac{1}{2}$  lb. This catch was made when I was on my way down from the Middle Camp. I caught one fish before starting. Seven were caught in a pool known as "Little Pioot," which we had not intended to fish, but it looked well, and there was a nice beach from

which it could be commanded. Casting from this beach, I caught the fish, and then made the best of my way home. I went out for a few minutes in the evening and tried the pool opposite the house, which yielded the ninth fish.

On the following day I had eight in the home pools, weighing 24, 31, 25, 22, 25, 27, 33½, and 22 lb.

I see that I pleaded guilty to having lost six fish on each of these two days.

On the 24th Mr Herbert Smith had five, weighing 40, 25, 28, 25, and 30 lb., and on the 27th the same fisherman caught two, weighing 25 and 45 lb.

On the 3rd July H. A. landed eight fish, weighing 19½, 28½, 26, 11, 20½, 29, 22, and 21½ lb., and lost five.

On the 20th July Lord Alexander Russell fished the Lazybogan pools and caught ten fish weighing 209 lb. On the following day he had four weighing 119 lb. On the 22nd he had twelve weighing 245 lb., on the 23rd five weighing 93 lb., and on the 24th nine weighing 197 lb.

From the records of 1886 I extract the following:—

June 16th. The Hon. John Baring, now Lord Revelstoke, five fish, weighing 38½, 31½, 32½, 30½, and 22 lb., a goodly average. On the following day Mr Baring caught seven, weighing 32½, 25, 25½, 20, 18½, 19, and 25 lb.

On the 22nd June I had rather an exceptional piece of good fortune. I had caught a nice 25-pounder before break-

fast close to the Home Camp. In the afternoon I travelled up to the Middle Camp, reaching my destination about 5 o'clock. After tea, between 6 P.M. and 8 P.M., I caught four fish, the only ones that I moved; they weighed 39, 33, 31, and 33 lb. I have an idea that for an evening's fishing this would be difficult to beat.

On the 5th July, fishing the Home pools, I caught seven, weighing 28, 28, 22, 28, 8, 33, and 25 lb., and lost three. On the 10th July I caught in the same pools four fish, weighing 35, 28, 25, and 38 lb., and next day two, weighing 29½ and 30 lb.

On the 15th July Lord Alexander Russell caught nine fish, weighing 32, 30, 30, 25, 20½, 23, 28, 29½, and 9½ lb.

Passing to the season of 1887, when we did not reach the river until nearly the end of June, I note that on my first day, the 27th, I had eight fish, weighing 22, 22, 28, 33, 24, 27, 25, and 23 lb., on the Home pools; and next day, on the same pools, eight, weighing 18, 25, 22, 23, 28, 38, 37, and 18 lb.

The staff also did well, H. S. securing on the 27th, on Limestone, nine fish, weighing 32½, 28, 21, 23, 11, 33, 23, 26, and 21 lb.; while on June 28th H. A., on Jam Rapids, had ten, weighing 27½, 24, 13½, 26, 8, 27, 20, 28, 27½, and 24½ lb.

On July 1st, fishing the Middle Camp pools, I had eight fish: weights, 30, 24, 22, 24, 30, 24½, 34½, and 29 lb.

On the 13th and 14th July, on the Lazybogan pools, I had

good sport, catching on each of those days ten fish; the twenty averaged  $24\frac{1}{2}$  lb. H. S., who was with me, on the same two days caught nine and eleven, which he followed up by eight on the 16th, and the same number on the 18th of the month.

Of fish weighing 40 lb. and more we caught one in 1884, three in 1885, two in 1886, and one in 1887; but we had a large number of fish which approached, but did not reach, the 40-lb. standard. The season of 1884 yielded 36 fish, that of 1885, 54 fish, that of 1886, 65 fish, and that of 1887, 55 fish over 30 lb.

If there were good days and brilliant successes, there were also disappointments and tragedies. The memory of some of these is indelibly impressed on my mind. I can still visualise the huge fish which I hooked in "Jack the Sailor," at the very beginning of my Cascapedia days, which, after running out the greater part of my line, leaped into the air and then parted company. If ever I saw a 50-pounder it was that fish. I remember another which played me for an interminable time in the thin water below the Ledge Pool. I could do nothing with him; he lay like a log in mid-stream and refused obstinately to come near us. At last we poled our way out to him and got quite close, but the hold parted at the last moment. The fish was so tired that Noel very nearly had him with the gaff after I had lost him.

But there is one tragedy in particular of which the details are unforgettable. One day in 1884 I was fishing at Lazybogan just below the camp. Towards dusk I got fast in what was evidently a very strong fish. I had noticed that fish hooked late in the evening always showed an uncontrollable desire to run violently down-stream. This fish was no exception to the rule. I hung hard on to him, but he took us down and ever down until we found ourselves at a point where the stream, which here flowed at a great pace, divided into several channels, separated by narrow spits of shingle. Across one of these channels a dead birch, brought down by the flood, had become fixed. My fish elected to rush down the birch-tree channel just as the men had committed the canoe to the next. Things looked bad, but this obstacle was overcome: canoe and fish both navigated their channels without mishap—the boughs of the birch-tree sloped down stream, and the line passed over them without getting caught. We met our fish again below the narrow island of shingle which had parted us, after which he renewed his headlong course. Finally, having found a resting-place to his liking, he went to ground in a deep hole from which I tried in vain to dislodge him: in spite of pressure applied from above and below his place of refuge, he was immovable. I tried to hand-line him up from the bottom, but it became clear that he had

literally taken root in the mass of brushwood and debris which lay half-buried at the bottom in the silt. We came to the conclusion that I was now fast, not in the fish but in the rubbish, and we set to work to get loose, and if possible, to save the line and cast. After probing the depths with his gaff, Barter (who was then my attendant) at last got hold of the right bough, and the line suddenly became slack. I proceeded to reel up with a sad heart, when suddenly to my amazement I felt a quiver of life, and realised that my fish was still there. The rough usage to which he had been subjected had taken all the vice out of him. He came in like a lamb, and I felt that I could tow him wherever I liked. There was a little back-water a few yards off, with a beautiful gravelly slope on one side—an ideal landing-place.—I think I could have beached my fish unaided. I got out of the canoe and drew him gently and steadily into the shoal water. He was virtually mine. But at this moment Barter was seized by an access of dementia: it was the call of the wild, the instinct of the old salmon-spearer. Before I could stop him he made a frantic lunge at the fish with his ten-foot gaff. That was the end; he missed the fish, and cut my line in two. Our long journey upstream, past the narrows which we had so successfully negotiated, was a melancholy affair. I never got a sight of the fish, and do not know how big he

was. I comforted myself with the reflection that he may have been foul-hooked and not so very large after all.

Here is the story of what might have been a tragedy, although the adventure had its comical side. H. A. was fishing the Limestone Pool; he hooked a good fish, and his bow man proceeded as usual to haul in the stone anchor. The rope broke, the anchor went to the bottom, and the man fell out of the canoe on the other side. The canoe upset, and H. A. and his two men found themselves struggling in the water. They could none of them swim, but were fortunately close to the bank, and succeeded in scrambling out. They were a long way from home, with a trackless jungle on either bank, and without the means of conveyance by water. They set out down-stream in search of the missing craft. Two or three hundred yards below there was a shingly bar running more than half-way across the river. The swamped canoe had stranded upon this, and was soon righted and afloat again. One of the paddles was still on board, the other was found not far off. As the search proceeded, they came upon H. A.'s rod, which had also grounded on the shingle. H. A. proceeded to get in the line, and found to his joy that the fish was still attached to it. It was landed without difficulty, and the party paddled down to camp drenched to the skin, but triumphant. I must not omit the sequel of this story. H. A. had a few days

before received a large and expensive consignment of salmon-flies from a well-known tackle-shop in London. He had most unfortunately taken out with him a large round tin box, the magazine in which the whole of this valuable tackle was enshrined. The tin box went overboard with ether odds and ends, and was written off as lost. About a week afterwards a lad came up to our camp from a farm on one of the lower pools with a fine, though not quite complete, collection of salmon-flies, which had been found in the meshes of one of the stake-nets.

One more adventure. I have seen it said that "all fishermen are liars," and on the strength of the story that I am going to tell I shall perhaps qualify for enrolment in the fraternity. It all happened in "Jack the Sailor," which was, I think, upon the whole, my favourite pool. It was not too far from home; it always held fish, generally large fish; and it was extremely dangerous, which perhaps added to its attractions. At this point the river flows between low cliffs surmounted by a thick growth of trees. Ribs of jagged rock run out into its depths, and could be plainly seen at low water, twenty or thirty feet below the surface. Here and there great water-legged snags had become firmly lodged among them. The whole arrangement was a standing invitation to a hooked fish to out himself free. The wonder was, not that one lost fish, but that fish were ever landed

amid such a maze of entanglements. One fish out of "Jack the Sailor" was to my mind worth three caught in any other pool. I used often, when going down the river late in the evening, to stop for a couple of casts in "Jack," although I knew that another canoe must have been there not long before, and I more than once succeeded in stealing a fish out of it just as it was becoming dark.

Bitter experience had taught me that there was one way, and one way only, to avoid disaster. If you allowed your fish to explore the fastnesses of "Jack the Sailor" you would most certainly lose him, and probably your tackle also. The only chance was to prevent such exploration at any cost, to get him tight by the head, and to hang hard on to him, even at the risk of a break. With a stiff rod and sound tackle you can put a terrific strain on a firmly hooked salmon. I am, by the way, convinced that more fish are lost by over-tender handling than by more vigorous methods.

One day in 1885 I was applying my principles to a very stout fish, keeping him near the canoe in the clear water, and checking him whenever he tried to take soundings. After he had made one or two strong drives and been met with an equally strong application of the butt, he suddenly yielded to the pressure, shot up to the surface within two or three feet of us, threw himself high out of the water, and landed

almost in Noel's arms between the thwarts of the canoe. He would certainly have jumped overboard again had not Noel driven the gaff firmly into his side.

All this happened on a Saturday. On Sundays there used to be a great gathering of the boatmen at Woodman's Farm. On the following Monday I asked Noel whether he had said anything to his friends about our fish. He replied that he had told Mr Woodman all about it. "What," I asked, "did Mr Woodman say?" "He said," replied Noel, "for me to come in and have a glass of whisky," and with this oracular utterance my story must end.

Many years after I had said good-bye to the Cascapedia, I

happened on a warm June evening to be passing through the back garden of a London house, in which half a dozen grimy trees were struggling into leaf amid a dingy and depressing environment. Suddenly something took me away from London and back to Canada and to the river. What was it? There was a reason. One of the trees was a poplar, a balsam poplar; there were the sticky buds and the aromatic and intoxicating scent. For a moment I seemed to see the old sights, to smell the old smells, to hear the old sounds—the rush of the rapids, the perfume of the forest, the clinking of the iron-shod poles, as the canoe forged its way upwards to the Middle Camp or to Lazybogan.



## ESCAPE.

## A TALE.

BY EDWARD LIVEING.

## I.

I WAS a subaltern in the Sappers at the time. I had not been in Palestine long before finding myself at a place called Es Salt during a raid into Turkish territory beyond the Jordan in the spring of 1918.

Es Salt was one of those "whited sepulchre" towns which you so often come across in Palestine—all glittering in the sun and spotlessly bright from a distance, and nothing but dirty streets covered with dung-heaps and inhabited by cunning-looking Bedouins and sprawling curs, and houses infested with insects, when you get into them.

Still, to give Es Salt its due, it was a little cleaner than the average run of "whited sepulchres," and it was remarkably picturesque—a kind of natural amphitheatre, in which the tiers of seats were houses built into and crannied out of a rocky hollow in the hills of Moab.

I had reached Es Salt three days before, and now towards evening on 1st April I found myself in the peculiar position of shepherding Armenian refugees, or the few stragglers of them remaining, out of the town. You see, the raid or

its objectives had been attained, the whole British force was withdrawing to the Jordan Valley, taking these refugees with it, and the Turks were steadily closing in on Es Salt.

My job wasn't a pleasant one; I can tell you that much. These affairs in which one is left behind are never enjoyable. But a scanty knowledge of Arabic and a decent one of French had let me in for the task. So with the attitude of fatalism which helped one to face many a trouble in those days, but which I have since decided is an entirely false one, I set about my work.

All day the refugees had streamed out of the town along the zigzag mountain road that led into the gorge of the Shaib. A babel of weird shouting had arisen from relations and friends searching for each other before setting out together. Later in the day babel became more angry with echoing thunder of guns in the hills around the town and the ever-nearing rattle of machine-guns. Towards afternoon a sandstorm descended on the town, blotting out the surrounding hills and leaving so

much sand in the air, even after it had passed, as to spread an uncanny darkness over everything.

The exodus of refugees seemed as if it would never cease. There were camels weighted with huge packages of carpets and sometimes even furniture; there were donkeys, one I remember with an enormous brass cauldron on its back, others carrying women and children, the husband or some male relative walking beside them with a stick, and the groups reminding one of pictures of the flight of the Holy Family out of Egypt.

I had spent the whole day in walking round from house to house and hut to hut explaining to the inhabitants as well as I could that, if they wished to be freed from the detested Turk, this would be their last chance for some time to come. I had some amusing experiences, especially in a harem into which I trespassed accidentally, and in which I narrowly escaped getting knifed; but that is another story. . . .

After a time I had become so engrossed in seeing Arabs and Armenians depart, and giving them advice as to where to go, also in the removal of sick refugees, that I had almost forgotten about time and the fact that I was in a town about to pass into enemy hands.

Suddenly darkness began to descend quickly, as it always does out East, and menacingly, as though it wished to en-

velop the evacuation with confusion. Nearer and nearer down the Amman road came the soft stealthy tramp of the withdrawing columns of infantry. These were the rear-guard of the whole force, so that, when they had gone, no defence remained between the town and the Turks. There was nothing left for me to do but to make my departure with them.

By the time I reached the main road the shadowy fours, weary and bent under their packs, but muttering jests in their relief at leaving the uncannily isolated positions that rearguard troops must take up, were flickering almost silently through the streets. I made my way through a gap in the column to the spot where my groom held our two horses on the farther side of the street.

As I came up, he remarked—

"There's a girl as wants to speak to yer, sir."

"Where?" I asked hurriedly, for there was little time left for conversations.

"Here, sir. She's standin' by you."

The stars and moon had not made their appearance. What was my astonishment, therefore, when a young musical voice started to talk to me out of the darkness in French, made rather rich by the slight drawl and over-accentuated "e" that Eastern people often impart to it. Gradually I found myself caught up in a most astounding tale of passion, intrigue, and hate, the climax of which had taken

place to-day, when the owner of the voice had freed herself from a harem by stabbing its master with "three strokes of a peignard, until he fell back, the villain, on to the floor,—dead, dead, dead!"

The voice became agitated, choked with sobs. The tramp of feet had almost subsided. We should have to get on. I told my groom to follow up the infantry, and that I would join him later. Hardly knowing what to do with the girl, I reached out my hand into the darkness and patted her on the back, trying to console her with a few words.

A series of surprises followed this act of mine. The girl's arms suddenly closed round my neck, and her voice sobbed to me to take her away "out of the horror of it all." She was obviously terrified, and had murdered the Arab fellow out of sheer desperation, and she did not want to fall into the hands of the Turks.

I was about to give her some vague answer, when the moon rose and I found myself gazing into eyes so dark as in the silver light to appear jet-black, set in a soft oval face, pale beneath a bronzed olive complexion. No wonder men had fought over this girl. She was like a soft breeze out of the Arabian desert whence she had travelled. And I, who had not seen a beautiful woman for months, had not even spoken to any woman in that land of exile, bent down impulsively to kiss that little red quivering mouth, more as one would kiss a child than anything else. I

stopped, because I saw a look of customary fear grow in her eyes. . . .

All of a sudden there was a big flash near us, more flashes, and a series of detonations. Men came running down the road. These were the Engineers left behind to blow up the remainder of the Turkish ammunition. They had done their work and were clearing off as quickly as possible. Spurts of flame licked out from different parts of the town, and a continuous crackling like musketry broke from the piles of burning rifle ammunition.

A limber with several men on board, and followed by two officers on horseback, dashed down the street. The officers must have seen me, for they called back, "You had better look out. . . . Johnny will be in the town in a minute."

Waiting no longer, I picked up the girl (she was so light), placed her in front of the saddle, and mounted behind her.

A minute later we were careering wildly down the zig-zag road. Turning a sudden corner that took us on to a strip of road beneath the town, I looked up to see several flashes overhead. A stone, kicked up I thought by the horse's fore-hoof, stung me cruelly in the calf. I experienced a violent momentary pain, cursed, and then urged on the horse as hard as she could go.

. . . . .  
Moments of excitement are apt afterwards to become blurred in one's memory.

Strawberry, my mare, kept up a kind of canter for at least ten minutes. We lurched round sudden curves beneath high overhanging rocks, went at the double down bits of road churned into a muddy morass by rain and traffic. How we never plunged off the road and fell down the precipice to the river-bed on our left I do not know, except that Strawberry was always a safe-goer even in the semi-darkness.

When I felt we had put enough distance between ourselves and a possible advanced Turkish cavalry patrol, I drew rein hard. Strawberry dropped into a jog-trot.

It was then that I began to feel that the whole affair was unreal. A sensation of drowsiness assailed me, and the Armenian girl, looking more wild and beautiful than ever, as her head rested on my shoulders with her eyes opening and shutting in a half-sleep, the occasional whinnying of the horse, and the weird echoing of the torrent beneath as it thundered through the shadowy gorge roofed over by a bluish sky full of stars and moonlight, seemed nothing more than a dream.

I tried hard to shake off this drowsiness, but was unable to do so. I had to face difficulties ahead, such as the immediate problem of crossing the river at El Howeij a few miles farther on. The bridge would probably have been blown up by now. We should have to cross the stream. Perhaps the stream was mined. . . . That

was unpleasant. But I could not bring myself to face or conquer the difficulty. I seemed to be swimming among the stars, and the blue sky, and a mass of ever-rolling hills. . . . The sounds of the horse's hoofs and the torrent beneath persisted in receding to a greater distance, in becoming fainter and fainter. I had, as it were, to keep bringing their noise nearer to me, louder, so as to retain consciousness.

Hammer! Hammer! Hammer! On and on we went. Suddenly we turned a bend in the road, and beneath us, just discernible in the darkness, I could see it zigzag down to the river—and over the river lay, yes, still intact, the bridge. Once more I urged Strawberry to a canter; we swung round the "S" curve half-way down the descent, and turned back towards the bridge. In another minute we would be across it and safe. Probably those engineers had told the fellows at the bridge to wait a minute or two for us. I had never expected this, otherwise I should not have ambled along so slowly as I had. Anyhow, here was our chance, and we must take it.

Perhaps the girl realised this, for she was bending over Strawberry's mane and looking ahead with a strained fixity. Neither of us spoke. It would not have helped.

"Keep it going, old thing," I whispered down to Strawberry's outstretched right ear. "Keep it going. Oop, oop, oop. That's the stuff. Good old horse."

We got down to the bridge in a canter. I reined in Strawberry twenty yards away. She broke into a trot. I pulled her up just in front of it.

I jumped down, intending to lift the girl off the horse and leave her to look after it while I went to look at the bridge. As I reached ground a sudden twinge of pain ran up my calf. I looked down and saw a jagged hole through the puttees on my left leg, out of which came a runlet of blood. Then the bridge, the stream, the mountains on either side of the gorge, and the blue roof of the sky swam round and round and round.

"Il ne faut pas traverser le pont," I managed to gasp out before entering into the land of darkness. . . .

When I came to, I was lying on my back on the road. How solitary the place was! Only the ceaseless chirping of the crickets. I cared not a straw how near the Turks might be. A sleepiness, a feeling of powerlessness had crept over me.

I felt some one tugging at the left side of my tunic, and looked down to see my protégée trying to unloose my water-bottle. The sort of nun's hood which she wore had fallen back from her head. A great mass of black hair descended over her cloak. Her face was in darkness.

In another minute a cool strong hand came under my neck and lifted my head.

"Drink, mon ami," she commanded me.

She placed the mouthpiece to my lips and tilted my head back till my eyes looked into the moving panorama of clouds and stars, and the cold water, like elixir descending from the heavens above, poured into me and suffused strength. My mind began to take stock of what had happened. I sat up, looking down to my left leg. The puttees had been taken off. A white bandage tied tightly gleamed round the calf.

"Wonderful woman," I thought, realising that she had had the presence of mind to look for my field dressing, and the knowledge of how to tie a bandage.

She must have seen the surprise in my face, for she said softly—

"I am used to that."

There was a little break in her voice. Her face was now turned towards the moon as she knelt by me, and I distinctly saw tears glittering in her eyes. Suddenly my mind was travelling through the Arabian desert to far-distant Armenia, and glimpses of this young lithe figure, bending over other men by the roadside—father, brothers, a lover, perhaps—flickered before my eyes. It seemed impossible.

I was almost dreaming from sheer exhaustion, I suppose, when a rhythmical beating sound rose out of the road beneath my head. Instinctively my heart started to thump and my brain to work.

I sat up again. Yes; there was no doubt about the matter.

Those were horses' hoofs coming along at a slow trot, but all the same, getting nearer, nearer, nearer. . . .

The girl was listening intently.

"They are Turkish cavalry," she remarked suddenly.

"How do you know that?" I asked foolishly.

"They are riding Arab horses," she replied.

"But, surely, you can't see them?"

"No, mon ami, I can hear them."

I tottered to my feet. I hardly know how I did it. "We must get the horse," I whispered hurriedly.

She had disappeared into the semi-darkness. In a moment she was back, fear in her eyes. "It has gone. I tied it to an ash-tree twenty yards down the road. It has smashed the branch I tied it to. It has gone." She wrung her hands.

"Why couldn't you have tied it to something firmer?" I gasped. I was exasperated.

"Strawberry," I shouted; "come here, old girl. Come along, come on, hey, hey, hey."

My voice echoed weirdly round the gorge till it died away, and no sounds remained but the creaking of the crickets all around us and the loudening horse-hoofs beating down the road.

Strawberry must have strayed back along the road. She could not have crossed the bridge, otherwise we should have seen her. My brain worked quickly. There was nothing for it but to descend into the river-bed, walk down

it as far as we could and conceal ourselves. After that? Well, after that everything was uncertain.

We stumbled into the stream beneath the bridge. The cold water buoyed me up, kept me going. The girl supported me on my left side. Her arm was round my waist. She was astoundingly strong.

We must have got nearly two hundred yards down stream when she pointed to the left side.

"Let us stay here," she suggested. "It is a good spot."

A minute later I was lying back exhausted, with unpleasant twinges in my left leg, on a soft strip of grassy ground just above the stream. The sound of horses' hoofs thundered over the bridge, died away, and came on again along the road at the top of the precipice at whose foot we lay. Then it disappeared altogether.

"Gone," I sighed in relief. "Thank God for that, anyhow."

We were now in enemy territory, but at least they hadn't scented us out so far.

I felt a hand nestle into mine. I grasped it close, saying—

"Merçi, mon camarade."

As I began to sink into sleep, the picture on which my eyes closed was that of a draped figure, surmounted by a wild yet innocent-looking, beautiful yet sad face, sitting intent.

We were alone, my comrade and I, shut off from our friends,

hidden from our enemies, but we were alone together. The hand in mine told me that, and the song of the crickets all round us that closed in our solitary comradeship.

I awoke to find myself gazing through the swaying branches of an ash-tree at a blue sky with fleecy clouds in it. For a moment I could not quite realise my circumstances. The roar of a mountain stream reached my ears, and I looked down to see my comrade standing in the waters of the Shaib and throwing them up over her face.

She came up the hill in her bare dripping feet, holding her sandals in her hand. With the water glistening the bronze of her face, and the sun picking out the red band round her hood, the ebony necklaces and little cross round her bare open neck, and the golden-coloured bracelets round her brown fore-arms, she looked more beautiful than ever.

We made a meal out of my emergency rations, in which bully-beef and biscuits played their usually large part. I felt very much better for my long sleep. I ate well, and I made jokes about the emergency rations. We laughed cautiously, and I sat back making myself produce more and more jokes in order to see her white teeth open in laughter, and close again without any difficulty on those brick-like biscuits. I kept on thinking to myself, "I've never seen a healthier example of girlhood. She's simply splen-

did. I could trust her as much as a man in a scrap."

It was only after our breakfast that I began to get despondent. I had a look at my wound. It was really a very slight affair, nothing much more than a scratch, but in some peculiar way the impact of the bullet had twisted and sprained my ankle. This, of course, was the reason of my sudden collapse on putting foot to ground last night. But I could never possibly effect an immediate escape by walking down into the Jordan Valley, and, if we waited more than a day or two in our present hiding-place, we should starve, since we only had enough food left for one more meal.

A sound of horse-hoofs intruded itself into my thoughts, and there, coming steadily down the zigzag road on the opposite side of the gorge, was at least a troop of Turkish cavalry. Shaded by our ash-tree, I looked carefully at the horsemen through my field-glasses. They were all mounted on little, black, wiry Arab horses, except the officer, who rode well out in front of them on a large-boned bay mount. My glasses made a little picture of the horse and the man. The sun was shining on them, and I could even distinguish the man's moustache beneath his fez cap of black fur.

Ten minutes later the party of horsemen had ridden down into the valley. Now we could not see the bridge from our position down the river, but when, after some time, I did not hear the sound of hoofs

on the road above us, and cries came down the gorge from the direction of the bridge, I began to wonder what was happening.

"I must go and find out what's up," I muttered more to myself than the girl beside me; but as I started to my feet she literally pushed me back, rose herself, and was soon creeping up through the deep grass on the other side of the ravine. After mounting in this way about forty feet, she stopped and gazed in the direction of the bridge. Then she climbed very carefully downwards.

"What are they doing?" I asked, as she reached our shelter.

"They put up their bivouacs on this side of the wadi," she answered. "They have tethered their horses down by the stream. There are twenty of them. Monsieur l'officier—a big fat man—is putting up a little tent above the road near the bridge, and his horse is tethered near it."

"Well done, little comrade. You would make a first-rate soldier."

Our plan of campaign for that night came to me in a flash.

"They'll have a sentry on guard over the bivouacs and horses by the bridge to-night," I explained to the girl, "but no one will guard the horse of monsieur l'officier; and if," I added with a laugh, "as you say, he is a big fat man, he will sleep soundly, and his snores will cover the noise of our footsteps. Yes; we will

creep up the hill to the road above us, cross it, and make a dash for that horse; and when we have it, we will ride as hard as we can down the road to Shunet Nimrin and the Jordan Valley. What do you say to that?"

I was sitting up quite flushed with this return of hope and the excitement before us. I felt the girl's hand on my shoulder, and found her looking into my face with an expression of mixed pity and admiration, like that of my mother when, ten years before, I once told her that I was going to smash the school bully next term.

"And what about your poor leg, mon ami?"

"Oh—that! Why, it's nothing! Nothing! Besides, we've got to get away to-night or we shall starve."

"As you wish, but——"

"Those are my orders," I interrupted, with an attempt at dignity.

She still looked anxious, however, and very tired, and I suddenly realised that all last night she must have kept awake on guard over me. I kissed her hand in an impulse of gratitude, saying, "You must sleep now, little one. You had no sleep all last night."

I made her lie down, put my bivouac-sheet under her head, and threw my blanket over her.

Soon her breathing came in long regular inhalations. I found myself watching her face, unable to take my eyes off it. How long I looked I



cannot say. Occasionally its repose was wakened into life by a smile that came and went, or—could I be sure?—a look of fear spreading across it and making the long black eyelashes quiver. Then the breathing came quickly and haltingly. Was she living through portions of her past life again, I questioned myself. I would begin to feel as if she was very far away from me, that the adventure which we were sharing was only one of the many incidents in her troubled life, that I had only been one of her many lovers. Rubbish! Of course I wasn't really in love with her. She was very beautiful, very brave, very remarkable in many ways, but it would be ridiculous, I repeated to myself, to say that I was really in love with her. And yet—well, I was thrilled with her presence so close beside me. I suddenly found myself bending over to kiss those small red lips. But as I was about to do so, I realised that I might only add terror to her dreams, and that I wanted her, when our adventure was over, to take away the memory of myself just as a comrade, perhaps the only man in her life beside her father and brother in whom she had been able to place implicit trust. . . .

The stream reared on beneath us, the sun was high in the heavens, the neighing of the restless Arab ponies and an occasional raucous shout from a Turkish soldier up-stream echoed down the wadi. Gradually my thoughts became

confused, and I sank back to sleep in the deep grass and poppies.

When I awoke the sun was setting behind the hills, but a good deal of light still lingered in the gorge. Andrea (I now remembered her Christian name that she had told me the night before) was sitting up and listening intently.

"Andrea," I called softly.

She held up her hand to command silence.

"Some one is coming down the stream," she whispered.

I listened carefully. At first I could only hear the roar of the stream and the cry of the crickets welcoming the approach of darkness. Then I made out a kind of ringing noise—a man's nailed boots stepping on rocks. Then a swishing sound as he walked through long grass. I looked towards the direction of the sound along our side of the ravine to see a figure strolling up to our hiding-place. Andrea sprang noiselessly behind the ash-tree. I remained where I was, trusting in his not seeing me if I sat perfectly still.

The soldier was now only a few yards off. I could see him plainly. He was quite a boy, not more than eighteen, I should say. His sunburnt features were soft and pleasant-looking. He wore no hat, and his hair was rather closely cropped. His grey uniform was a little smarter than that of the average Turkish private.

He came nearer and nearer, stooping to pick flowers every now and then. I could hardly

feel that he was an enemy, but when he suddenly looked up about three yards away from me, I knew he had seen me, and an instinct of self-preservation urged me to my feet. He looked scared, and turned round to shout to his friends. I got up to him as quick as I could to knock him down, but before I reached him Andrea had leapt past me just like a cat; there was the flash of a knife in the darkening air, an unfinished groan, and a dull thud on the ground.

It was all over suddenly, before one could realise it, just as I have described. A feeling of horror and disgust passed through me. I pushed Andrea aside ruthlessly. I bent down over the hollow in the deep grass where the boy had fallen, and found myself stared at from a pair of unseeing eyes set in a face whose pallor beneath the sunburn told me that life had left it. On the side of the tunic there showed a blood-stained gash just above the heart. "How horribly exact," I remember thinking to myself. "Not an inch out."

Then I noticed the left hand still grasping a bunch of poppies and other flowers. It was the sight of this that affected me more than anything else. Why should this young fellow have been killed so suddenly in the midst of such an innocent occupation? My love of beauty, my artistic temperament grew sick, revolted. I turned round to Andrea and muttered angrily, "You little brute!"

I did not trouble to see the  
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effect of my words, but knelt down and undid the boy's tunic around the neck. I found what I wanted—a little silver chain and an identification disc in the form of a crescent at the end of it. This was obviously not the usual kind of identification plate served out to the Turkish rank and file, and I concluded that his people must have been rich. As I went over the chain to find the clip that fastened it together, the back of my hand passed across the dead soldier's chest, and I can still feel, even to-night as I write about it, the warm glow of the flesh that had not yet turned cold. . . . I searched in the pockets and found nothing. Then I plucked handfuls of grass and covered the body with them.

A cloudy night had set in. I stumbled back to our ledge behind the ash-tree, hunted in my haversack, and found my electric torch.

"Andrea!" I whispered, when I had found it.

"Yes."

"Read this," I commanded, turning my torch on to the disc and shading it with my hands.

"Achmed Abdullah," she faltered, translating the Turkish into French haltingly, "Private . . . 11th Regiment . . . 2nd Caucasian . . . Cavalry . . . Brigade . . . Orderly to Bimbashi . . . Said . . . Evzi . . . effendi, who gave him . . . this tablet . . . in the month of Ramadan . . . 1917."

I put the torch and the disc in my haversack. Already I had decided that we must leave

our present position at once and climb up to the road above, so as to be ready to cross it and make our dash for the horse as soon as Bimbashi Said Evzi Effendi (I imagined it was he) was likely to be asleep, and so as to be out of the way in case an alarm was raised and the Turks started to search the gorge for their comrade. There was no time to lose.

"We must go," I announced coldly. I was still under the influence of the incident.

It was very dark, I could not see Andrea.

"We must go," I repeated.

The Shaib reared on beneath us, wildly and relentlessly. Death meant nothing to it, had no power to affect it. The crickets creaked exultantly in the long grass. I listened for an answer to my question. Gradually I distinguished a sound of weeping.

"Andrea!" I whispered more softly, "it's all right. I've forgiven you. Ce ne fait rien."

Suddenly she was whispering fiercely, sobbingly in my ear—

"Ah! you are an Englishman. That is all you are. Cold and cruel. If it had been another—another. . . . Can't you see that I killed that poor boy to save you? You . . . and you turn on me like this. . . . It is I to forgive you, not you to forgive me. . . ."

Her voice broke and she ceased whispering. I was so astounded for the moment that I could say nothing. I could not grip the reality of the whole affair. In the confused

noise of the stream I seemed to hear laughter directed against myself, as though it were mocking: "Poor simple English soldier. Little you thought of ever being embroiled in difficulties like this. Ha! ha! ha! Take a leaf from my book. I never step by the wayside for any quarrel, or any passion, or any incident. I sweep onwards, onwards. My only passion is to drive on to the end, and what end it will be I little care."

And I thought suddenly: "Your end! My God! Your end's only the Dead Sea. But mine, mine . . ."

Before I fully realised what had happened I was holding Andrea in my arms and kissing her madly and unrestrainedly. I believe that at first she resisted. She must still have been filled with anger against me. But I was so swept away by ecstatic emotion, call it love, or passion, or what you will, that I cared nothing even for her resistance. In her hair that blew round my neck with a gust of wind, in the soft beauty of her face, in the quiver of her slight body, I forgot everything—the rear of the Shaib, the black masses of surrounding hills, the cry of the crickets, the peril of our position.

Suddenly this dream broke. I felt Andrea's body stiffen; I heard her whispering in my ear—

"Look out. They are coming up the wadi."

I released her. I looked and saw a lantern swinging to

and fro, coming towards us. Another lantern appeared. Raucous voices shouted to each other.

I poked up my haversack and whispered to Andrea. "Up—this way," almost pulling her after me.

We stumbled upwards through the deep grass, hidden rocks giving me such twinges of pain that I gasped with the effort to stave my groans. Andrea must have realised this, for I felt her right hand take mine and pull me up after her, and I heard her whisper—

"Courage, comrade. Only a little way farther . . . courage . . . courage."

Somehow these little whispers of hers introduced a comic element into our escape, and my emotions as we frantically climbed that hill were a mixture of fear, pain, and amusement. The grass faded away as we reached a screeze. We tried to mount it and kept on slipping, sending showers of earth and rubble down into the gorge. I was terribly afraid that this would discover us to our enemies, but we could not spare time to look back. We tried to scramble up the screeze on our hands and knees, but this was no more effective, and we only added to the volume of our gorge-ward showers.

If only the moon would show just for a moment. . . . Horror seized me. If the Turks captured us now—and it seemed as if they must do so sooner or later—I should probably be treated well, but

what of Andrea? . . . I couldn't, I couldn't possibly let her be captured. I spurred myself on to further efforts. At last my hand came in contact with the branch of a small tree. The next moment I had swung myself upwards into its branches, and was lifting Andrea after me. We found ourselves in a little region of stunted bushes growing on the side of what was a precipice. We could never have got farther but for these growths, by which we hauled ourselves up and up, grabbing hold of first one and then another. It was dangerous going, but pleasanter to me than the first part of our climb, as it relieved my feet of too much work. As if to answer my prayers, the moon shone out of the clouds for a minute. I crawled over a round piece of rock and found myself on the edge of a white phosphorescent glimmer—the road.

But our troubles were not at an end. I looked down to see Andrea sitting safely but pantingly on the branch of a tree just beneath me. I was about to whisper to her to take hold of my hand when I heard a thunder of horses' hoofs on the bridge. This thunder did not abate. It grew into a continuous muffled roar. I looked down the phosphorescent road on whose edge I lay and saw a column of horsemen ride into its glimmering light. This column came nearer and nearer, trailing an ever-lengthening line behind it. For a moment I debated whether we had better cross

the road at once, or remain where we were. I decided on the latter course, as it offered us a safer hiding-place.

I could now distinctly see the officer commanding the column—a tall fine-looking man, with an enormous moustache, bending over and talking to a much smaller man, whom I took to be his adjutant. The head of the column was less than fifty yards away. I climbed down to a branch of a small tree opposite Andrea's and explained the situation to her. The moon fell back into the clouds, and we were once more wrapped in darkness. The banging of hoofs grew louder and louder. . . . At last the torrent of horses and men was above us, making a ceaseless metallic noise, like an electric instrument used in head massage, with which there mingled hoarse-shouted orders, guttural mutterings, the whinnying of nervous steeds. Dust and small stones splattered through the leaves around us.

How long we waited I cannot say. The luminous markings had faded from the face of my wrist-watch. At least a regiment, if not a whole brigade, went by. We spent the time by devouring the remains of our food—bully-beef and fragments of biscuits, and looking at the lights of the search-party in the wadi. They must have made a very thorough study of the ground, for more and more lanterns appeared on the farther side of the gorge as well as on our side. In fact, the search be-

neath had not ended when there came a lull in the roar above us. At first this lull was intermittent—various details, I supposed, in the rear of the column. Finally, a lull that was unbroken. We listened to the last horse hoofs clattering away into the darkness.

"Now," I said, "we must take our chance."

I did not tell Andrea that I thought it a very poor one. I hardly expected Said Evzi Effendi to be lying asleep, undisturbed at the disappearance of his orderly; and even if we collared his horse I was very uncertain as to our ever reaching the Jordan Valley with all those Turks in front of us.

Suddenly the moon appeared out of a big blue rift in the clouds, and a second afterwards a loud cry came out of the depths beneath us. I experienced that horrible sensation of an interrupted heart-beat. They had found the body, of course . . . and, if they had found the body, they would soon trace our tracks up the hill through the deep grass. . . . Driven into action, I climbed again over the smooth rock and pulled Andrea after me. We stood on the road in full moonlight.

"Now then for it!" I whispered, and we raced down that strip of phosphorescence as fast as my leg would let me, and that was pretty fast, for my ankle was much better. As we ran, the unreality of the whole affair struck me in a fantastically powerful way.

My mind went back to a performance of amateur theatricals in which I had had to run across the stage in the lime-light. In this case, however, it was over a hundred yards to the wings. We came out of light into darkness—the shadow of a high out-jutting rock on the right of the road. Andrea pointed into a dark stretch of grass lying dimly in the shadow a little further down the road.

“That’s the place,” she gasped,

I confess that I was fairly agitated by now. Bolting headlong into the grass, I fell over a soft yielding object. There was a rent of canvas and snapping of poles. In a second I realised that I had fallen over Said Evzi’s bivouac, and thanked God under my breath that Said Evzi was not there to receive me.

“The horse. Here is the horse,” Andrea whispered to me from a short distance.

I picked myself up and sprang towards the voice. In a moment I was feeling my way over the horse. No reins, no saddle, no harness at all!

“Good heavens!” I gasped under my breath, realising all at once the stupidity of my belief that the horse would be harnessed up.

To this hour I hardly knew how we harnessed that animal. I dimly remember groping about in the long grass with my torch, finding the harness in a heap by another bivouac, which I suppose belonged to the groom. (I noticed his boots sticking out of the end

of it.) I remember swaying back with this heap to the horse. I remember throwing reins and harness and saddle roughly on to it. I remember Andrea’s and my hands meeting in fastening the belly-band. I remember mounting after Andrea from the right side, as I was unable to manage it from the left. I remember digging my right leg furiously into the horse’s thigh, how it whinnied and stumbled slowly down on to the road, how as we reached the road a lantern was turned into my face and a man shouted. I remember firing my revolver at the light and missing it, and the next moment clutching the horse’s neck as it bounded forward into a gallop. I remember, too, how we dashed past the projecting rock into the moonlight, and how we rode through a quickly scattering party of men.

The horse, a powerful brute, sped onwards. I was too exhausted to check him, but luckily, before reaching a sudden bend in the road, we entered another shadow. He shied at this and dropped into a walk. I experienced one of those sudden inspirations that come to one in moments of danger. As a matter of fact the direct source of this inspiration was a gap out through the stunted bushes on the left side of the road. I remembered how a companion and myself had descended on to the road through this gap nearly two weeks before out of a track leading up from the Jordan Valley. It would be

difficult to negotiate; it would be a longer distance to cover; there was the slight risk of meeting Turk reinforcements coming from the direction of Amman and Ain Es Sir; but this would be nothing to the risk of bumping into Turks on the main road. Yes, the track was the safest alternative.

I turned our mount up the steep slope. We reached the track, little more than a sheep-path, and broke into a trot. For a short distance we rode parallel to the highway and about fifty feet above it. Then, after passing a cluster of tombs and ash-trees, we turned southwards. The moon went out, and left us in darkness once more. We stumbled onwards, the horse feeling his way along the gap through the mustard fields. The pungent scent of the mustard was blown up to us. An uncanny silence enveloped us, even the horse's hoofs making but a slight noise on the soft ground.

Again the moon shone out. We clattered on to some rocks. The track a few yards ahead disappeared in a sudden descent. I realised our position before the moon was eclipsed once more.

"We must dismount here, mon camarade," I muttered.

A minute later we stood together by the horse on the rock that shut in the northern end of a big deep wadi. Not a sound on the track behind us. Obviously we had given the slip to any possible pursuers. We looked down into what appeared just a long black shadow, darker even than

the night itself. A gust of wind blew a few drops of rain into our faces. The barking of dogs, distant but sharp, came from the blackened slopes of Arkub El Khaluf, a massive hill that shut in the western side of the wadi. Against whom was this barking directed, ourselves or Turks . . . ?

I began to lead the horse down the descent, and nearly fell over on the slippery surface. There was only one thing to do; so, Turks or no Turks, I handed the reins to Andrea, who kept strangely silent, and proceeded ahead, pointing my torch into the gloom, picking my way behind its light down the zigzag path, out and worn out of the face of the rocks, and turning it back every yard to illuminate the way for Andrea and the horse. It took us nearly ten minutes to get down that eighty feet of rock, and we both drew sighs of relief when we reached the bottom.

We mounted again and ambled along the ravine, crossing and recrossing the dried-up bed of a brook. Utter silence surrounded us, broken occasionally by a sudden sweep of wind through the valley. The faint glamour of the cloudy sky threw into enormity the outlines of Arkub El Khaluf shutting in the western side, and made the ridge on the eastern side just discernible. But here below all was darkness except for the dancing of the fire-flies in the air around us.

Soon we began to ascend, very slowly, the steep hill at

the southern end of the wadi. We were both too exhausted to creep forward and reconnoitre the shallow valley into which this hill rose. We should have to take the risk. . . . With an unpleasant suddenness we emerged over the brow of the hill into the harsh moonlight.

"Now we're for it," I thought. But we strained our eyes and saw no enemy. We listened hard. Not a sound of human beings.

I let the horse have a breather, and his head went down to nibble grass under a solitary oak-tree. I shall never forget those few moments. The scene and the sounds associated with them made an indelible impression on my mind, perhaps a more indelible one than any other that I received during those two extraordinary nights; and the peculiar thing is that there was no danger, no crisis, nothing of importance, at least outwardly, to have accounted for it.

And yet I don't know. Looking back, I suppose I do see the reason. It was as though in coming out into the moonlight we had temporarily left danger behind us, and the shadows, in which invisible perils lurked, and as though in gazing down at the misty valley and the range of hills on its far side, the high solitude of our position was brought home to us. And this solitude intensified for me the girl's presence—the fact that my arms holding the reins enclosed her, the fact that

her head lay back on my left shoulder, easily, trustfully. . . . She must have felt this moment as I did, for she said in a tired whisper—

"It is marvellous."

"What?" I asked foolishly, and yet wanting to make her explain.

"This solitude . . . our being here . . . together."

"Have you forgiven me?" I questioned, bending over her.

"I do not know. I cannot say. I am so tired—so tired. But this solitude——"

"Supposing it lasted for ever, what then?"

"No, mon ami, dreams never last."

My mind went back to Andrea's deed a few hours before. It seemed impossible. . . . I again experienced an unreasonable feeling of revulsion. . . .

The horse crunched away in the grass. The crickets called shrilly, unceasingly to each other. A jackal somewhere down in the valley howled suddenly at the moon. A cold wind swept upon us out of nowhere. It made a restless sound in the oak-tree and brought a harsh sense of reality into the place.

I pulled at the reins. We started down into the valley in a westward direction.

"You must try and go to sleep," I whispered to Andrea.

The moon continued to guide us, and after one rather difficult rocky descent the track, following the gradual downward slope of the valley, was easy to follow. I let the horse



go easily, knowing that we should have to ride for our lives once we reached Shunet Nimrin.

It was about three when we started down the valley. It took us about an hour and a half to amble through it. The farther we went the more unreal everything became. The wadi narrowed down till our pathway curled in and out between small knoll-shaped hillocks, whose sides were carpeted with clumps of flowers that showed their many colours—red, white, violet, and blue—even in the moonlight. The drowsy perfume of the poppies lay over the fairy-like dells through which we passed. Clefts in the hills gave fleeting glimpses of the blue misty mountains of Judæa, falling down on the far side of the Jordan Valley into another dim blue expanse, the Dead Sea. And the girl leaning back asleep on my shoulder, with her jet-black eyebrows and eyelashes, her slightly prominent nose, and the redness of her lips marking the moonlit pallor of her face, even the soft respirations of her body against mine, seemed as unreal as our adventure itself. I was so exhausted. I suppose that was the reason.

But as we turned a sudden bend I realised that we were nearing Shunet Nimrin, and that the crisis of our adventure was at hand. I began to wake up and to curse the moon that had been such a good guide to us up till now.

We came round the final bend

into an offshoot of the Shunet Nimrin basin. At the far end about a hundred and fifty yards distant I could just make out a figure or two on horseback, also a long row of horse-lines. I awoke Andrea.

"We are going to pass through the enemy's lines," I said. "You must bend low over the horse's head in case they fire."

I extracted my revolver from its holster, and put the horse into a trot. He seemed pretty fresh still and started off well. It was as if we were moving up to the starting-point of a race. In this case we had a short enough distance to the starting-point, but a race beyond it of five miles down to the banks of the Jordan. Could we possibly do it? If we penetrated the positions here, should we encounter outposts stationed beyond in the Plain of Moab? If we passed the outposts, should we find our troops on this side of the Jordan? Perhaps they had withdrawn across the river. . . .

Well, I decided to risk the road right across the plain and race the five miles ahead as hard as the horse would go. The nearer we got to the figures at the end of the wadi, the more excited I became. I cannot remember experiencing any trace of fear. I became exhilarated by the sporting chance of our escaping. We had quite a sporting chance—of that I was sure. The element of surprise was on our side.

Down the rocky path we went, gathering speed. I can

swear that I had communicated my excitement to the horse. In another moment we were passing between horse-lines and long rows of grey sleeping figures. In a flash I noticed that the horses were harnessed, the soldiers fully dressed. That meant only one thing. This was the regiment that had clanked above our heads a few hours before. They were taking a short rest, ready to go forward the next morning, ready to—*to attack!* That was it. And the sentries on horseback dotted all about the entrance to the valley, what did they mean? They were guarding the sleeping columns, so, of course, there was nothing between them and the British lines. Thank God! We couldn't have yet withdrawn across the river!

We were almost up to the first group of horseback sentries, or whatever they were. I urged the horse to a canter. We darted past them before they recognised my uniform. When they did, they set up a tremendous shouting. We headed for the wooden bridge over the Shaib. Crack—crack—crack. God! They were firing at us. The rough bouldered road leapt up in front, shortened slowly, slowly towards the bridge. We must get there—must get there. I prayed and perspired. At last we clattered on to it. Holes appeared in the boards beneath us. . . . Suddenly the moon disappeared. The firing ceased.

We dropped on to the main road and started down it at a reckless gallop. Our steed

was utterly mad now, and I could not have stopped him, even had I wished to. But the sentry-groups farther forward were waiting for us. They were shouting and swinging lanterns ahead on the road. They could not fire at us, however, for fear of shooting their own fellows. I held out my revolver as we charged down on them and aimed at one of the lanterns. Bang!—a smashing of glass—a cry. I was exultant. A pure fluke, of course, but it cleared the way. The other lanterns dropped back right and left. We went through into the valley, into No Man's Land. . . .

There was a tremendous explosion a few yards behind us, and a pinging of lumps of metal round our heads. The flash lit up everything for a second so clearly that I saw the ruts in the soft ashy road, and the stunted bushes astride it. A bomb. . . .

We must have gone another mile before the horse slowed down. Andrea remarked anxiously—

"Are you all right?"

"Absolutely. Are you?"

"Yes."

I breathed a sigh of relief. Our dangers were at last over. I reined in the horse. We ambled slowly along the slightly descending road. A whiteness crept into the sky. Objects began to take form in the half-light. With the coming of dawn I was growing exceedingly drowsy. In fact I should have gone to sleep, had not Andrea suddenly shouted in my ear—

"Look out! They're behind us."

I sat bolt upright in the saddle. I felt unable to tackle this new situation. Looking back, I saw a posse of men on horseback about a hundred yards away. They must have stolen up, taking advantage of the softness of the road. Their movements were uncanny. Instead of firing, their leader waved a white flag at me, whilst he sent men out on either side of the road. I was so sleepy that I could not at first realise the significance of these manoeuvres. It was only as the party spread out astride the road that I caught on to their object. They wanted to prevent me taking information of the impending attack to the British lines, but they also wanted to head me off and capture me alive for the information that I might give them.

I dug my heel into the horse's thigh. But he was tired, and refused even to trot.

"Coom on," I coaxed, "coom along."

Then I cursed the poor brute, "Come on, damn you. Come on then." I licked my tongue, I cursed, I coaxed, I dug my heel into his thigh, I pulled the reins, all to no account. That horse had no liking for British methods. He began whinnying to the horses circling round us on all sides.

Suddenly Andrea, with a little "Ah!" plucked her dagger out of her breast, leant far back, and plunged it half an inch into the horse's left thigh, just where the spurs go.

Away we went into a gallop. I saw the other horsemen trying to turn into the road and head us off, and I heard the sound of the rest of the party's horse-hoofs only just behind us.

Luckily for us a lot of dense scrub and bush bordered the road, and only one member of the heading-off parties got on to it. He was a brave enough fellow, for he stood waiting for us. As we came up I fired my revolver. His horse gave a squeal, plunged, and threw him. I remember his figure dangling in the air for a second, and his yell of pain as he descended into some prickly bushes.

Fifty yards farther on the poor old horse snorted and fell into a walk again. He must have felt a bit sore now as well as tired. I looked back to see if we were still being followed, and was amazed to see our pursuers trotting back to their lines. Turks are the most extraordinary people as enemies. Their actions are either extremely chivalrous or extremely cruel. I suppose they thought that we had put up a good fight for our escape, and, on seeing that they could not surround us, fell back without firing a shot, in recognition of the fact.

The sun, a flaming red ball, emerged out of the dark hills behind us and lit up the Judæan hills ahead. We could see their clefts and scars and the vast shadows passing across them. We could see

Jericho, looking deceitfully clean and white amid its verdant trees and cultivated ground. Far to the south lay a vast tranquil stretch of water, into which great buttresses of the Judæan range fell steeply—the Dead Sea.

Sand-hills came into view less than a mile ahead of us. We saw figures walking about on them.

"Hurrah!" I shouted; then added, in explanation to Andrea, "They haven't crossed the river."

As we neared our outpost positions I waved a white handkerchief that I luckily had. I heard somebody shout in a good English voice—

"Right-o! Come along. We won't fire."

A minute later several fellows were running out to meet us. We were soon surrounded by a group of Londoners. It all seemed too good to be true. A subaltern was speaking to me.

"You look pretty done in, old man," he remarked. "Here, have some of this, and let the girl have some. What is she—Armenian? Damned pretty, anyway."

I could not answer him. There come times when danger is over, and one is surrounded by friends, when one is overcome by an intense desire to weep. I made Andrea drink some brandy, and then had a good drink myself.

I recovered my voice, and thanked him tremendously. He began to lead the horse down the road into our lines. As we passed between the

rifle-pits we were surrounded by a whole lot of fellows.

"Gor bli' me," I heard one of them say. "Poor bloke, 'e looks done in."

"Wounded in the leg, ain't 'e?"

"Yes. But ain't 'e picked up a peach!"

"Not 'arf."

A few minutes later, after I had communicated to the battalion's commanding officer my information about what I believed to be an impending Turkish attack, I was lying on a stretcher having my wound dressed by the medical officer.

"My ankle's practically all right now," I said as he unrolled my bandage, "and the wound's nothing more than a scratch."

"Don't know about that," he grunted. "Rather septic, anyhow."

A man appeared at the tent door with Andrea.

"The girl you brought in wants to speak to you, sir, before I take her down to the lorry-lines."

"Au revoir, Andrea," I said, repressing emotion in front of the doctor. "Write to me when you reach Cairo. I shall be down there soon. Here's my regimental address."

I handed her a piece of paper with my address on it. She knelt down to take it, and kissed my hand simply.

"Au revoir, mon ami. N'oublie jamais," she said.

"Take care of yourself, little one. Au revoir."

Then she had gone.

Leave-takings are foolish

things. This one was a most unromantic finish to our adventure. I felt sad that I had not shown the girl any emotion at our parting. But I cheered

up enormously at the thought that we were certain to meet again in Egypt within a few weeks.

. . . . .

## II.

But it was a long time before I saw Andrea again. At least it seemed so to me, though it can hardly have been more than eight months. My wound healed quickly, and I never got farther down the line than El Arish. After leaving hospital I was put on to a variety of jobs, owing to my knowledge of French and Arabic, and finished up as a liaison officer in the final advance into Syria.

At first Andrea and I corresponded frequently. I still have her letters, written in a pretty, round, French hand, lying in a drawer in my desk. I carried them about with me wherever I went. Absence began to make me more infatuated than ever. A hundred times I lived again through those days and nights we had spent together in the hills of Moab. At evening when the orickets called I was thrilled by a sudden deep remembrance of our companionship. . . .

In late August, however, I came in for such a flood of work prior to the advance that even thoughts of Andrea were swept temporarily from my mind. But there was one letter that I had to answer. It was written from a sort of colony that had been set

up for the Armenian refugees near Cairo, and ran:—

"MY DEAR COMRADE,—I am beginning to feel very sad here, like a bird imprisoned. I want the hills again and the desert, all the wild exciting things that never come to me here. There are so many women and children around me, and all the time they talk of their illnesses and other petty affairs. Oh! how I hate them all! Mon Dieu, how I hate them!

"I want the open spaces again, and the orickets at night, and the little streams that never stop running.

"When will you get leave? Will you come and see your little comrade? Only for a few hours. It is all I ask.

"ANDREA."

This letter had a tremendous effect upon me. Up to the time of receiving it I had tried hard to deceive myself into a belief that I held no deep love for Andrea,—a passion that would pass, just a romantic interlude in our two lives, an interlude that must be left untouched. Marriage would make it prosaic. I had imagined the impossibility of our life in London, her unhappiness with my

friends, and, I must admit it, an ultimate mutual delusion in each other.

Suddenly, however, revelation had come to me. I was whirled up in a stream of emotions. This, I suppose, was love, or whatever one likes to call it. I sat down in my tent and wrote her a long letter swearing I would get leave as soon as I could, that I would come and release her, that we would go away into the desert, anywhere, if she wished it, and continue our comradeship for ever. I wrote on and on into the night. I have never written a letter like that before or since. I posted it next morning, drew a sigh of relief, and plunged again into my work.

The advance was over. The Armistice had been signed. I sat in the leave train as it sped towards Cairo through a land of sunshine, palm-trees, fantastic mud villages, and huge stretches of cotton and corn. But when the two high minarets of the citadel came into sight and the dome of the mosque of Mohamet Ali, a feeling of fear leapt up in my heart. I had not written to Andrea for two months. Her letters had stopped coming six weeks ago. Then a week ago I had written again, but had received no reply. I had put this down to a delay in the post, but now, as the train slowed down and brought me to the city whither she had gone so many months before, I experienced a peculiar excitement and dread.

Ten minutes later my companion—an Engineer subaltern—and myself were driving through the streets of the great city. The “gharri” was filled up with luggage. The subaltern was slapping me on the shoulder and kicking his legs on his valise, telling me that he was going to have the time of his life for the next seven days.

“There’s a ripping little V.A.D. I know down here, old chap. By Jove! it will be good to see a girl after all this time. Repair to the bar on arrival? What do you say? Must have a drink together to celebrate everything! What?”

He rattled on. I let him do so, answering a question every now and then, but as the “gharri” rumbled along with a ringing of bells and constant cries from the driver of “Owar riglak,” I kept my eyes on the multicoloured crowd, wondering foolishly if I might obtain a glance at the face which I so much wished to see. . . .

The subaltern and I ate a hurried tea in the lounge at Shepherd’s Hotel, where we had booked rooms. He wanted to go off and meet his V.A.D. I wanted to get to the hostel for Armenian refugees out at Heliopolis.

Of my subsequent wandering that evening I will say little. I took a tram to Luna Park and searched all over Heliopolis before I discovered the hostel. At last I found myself talking to the porter in a sort of lodge, my heart thumping with excitement.

“No, she has gone,” he was

replying to my question. "She has gone. She left here a month ago. She—what you call it?—ran away. We have not yet found her."

I cannot remember much of my journey back to Cairo. I got into a passing "gharri" and sat back in it, dazed and bewildered, utterly crestfallen. As to where Andrea had gone, as to what course to pursue in searching for her, I was quite unable to bring my mind to think.

My subaltern acquaintance saw me come into the lounge of the hotel.

"You look dicky, old chap," he remarked in a tone of surprise. "What you need is a drink, and a damned strong one too."

"I think I do," I replied, and I went with him to the bar.

Late the next evening I alighted from the train at Helouan. Helouan lies in the desert, nearly twenty miles south of Cairo, a pleasant, Italian-looking health resort, that smiles at the frown of the Mokattam Hills, under which it has grown up.

I had spent the whole of the day in fruitless searches for Andrea. At last I had realised that I should never find her in Cairo. It was like looking for a needle in a haystack. In a mood of desperation I had decided to spend the rest of my leave anywhere away from the bustle of Cairo, anywhere that might give me quiet and time to collect my thoughts.

After dinner that evening I went and sat in a little arbour in the rose-garden in front of the Tewfik Palace Hotel. It was a beautiful night, and the blue starlit sky filled in the tracery of the rose branches above me. I was sitting quietly, smoking a pipe, when that voice—the same musical voice that had spoken to me out of the darkness at Es Salt—began talking to me.

"Mon ami," it faltered on the long seat beside me.

"Andrea," I gasped, the pipe falling from my mouth in my astonishment.

"It is I."

She turned her face upwards. A pattern of light and shadows fell upon it. She wore a little hat and was now dressed in European fashion. But the deep brown eyes, the well-shaped nose, and the little red quivering mouth were just the same.

In another second I seized her in my arms, kissed her, and held her.

"I shall never let you go again," I muttered; and though she attempted to get away, I pressed her all the closer, mad as I was with this sudden relief, excitement of meeting, passion, the moonlight.

With an effort she pushed me away, sat bolt upright on the wooden seat, and said simply—

"I'm married."

"Yes, I'm married," she continued, seeing, I suppose, the blank surprise in my face. "I thought—I thought you had forgotten me. I had no letter

for three months. Then I grew desperate, mad," her voice became broken, "and this man," she went on fiercely, as though striving to overcome her tears, "this man offered me freedom, a chance of going to my country again—and—and I took it."

I sat like a rock. I felt as if I could not move my limbs. I simply looked at her, listening between her gasped-out sentences to that creaking of crickets around the arbour that had become so familiar to me. It echoed into my brain. I began to realise its ironical significance.

"Yes, he has plenty of money. He is very kind—in his way. He made his money out of selling brassware in the Mooski at Cairo. Now we are returning to Erzerum."

She had grown quite calm again, when suddenly she broke into a little hysterical laugh.

"Oh! he is a funny little man. He talks like a little yapping dog," and she imitated him in such a lively way that we both sat and laughed for a minute. Why is it that humour always creeps into the midst of tragedy . . . ?

"And now he is playing the—what you call it?—billiards with a friend. I came out here because I saw you go through the lounge. I knew I could never see you again. We go away in an hour to Cairo, then we sail to-morrow for Smyrna."

For a moment I couldn't speak. When I got my voice I found myself talking and doing things artificially, like

an actor in a play. I took Andrea's letter, to which I had written such an impassioned reply two months before, from my pocket.

"Do you remember this?" I said, handing it to her. "I always keep it in my pocket. It is the most wonderful letter I have ever had."

She looked at it. There were little crimpling sounds as the tears dropped down on it.

"You never replied to it," she said.

"Of course I replied to it," I answered. "I wrote you a long, long letter. I asked you to come away with me for ever, anywhere, to continue our comradeship for ever."

I suppose it was cruel to have said this, but it was necessary. I had to find out whether she had received it. "And I wrote you two letters about a week ago," I added, looking away from her.

"They never reached me," she sobbed. "They never reached me. Oh! it is all a mistake."

Her little arms were round my neck and her face was buried in my tunic. Her body quivered against mine. The sound of her sobbing mingled with the crying of the crickets and vague snatches of distant music played by the orchestra in the lounge of the hotel.

A little yapping voice called out, "Andrea," somewhere in the garden.

The girl's head looked up.

"It is he," she said.

I bent down and kissed her on the mouth, and it seemed to me that in that kiss I was



olinging desperately to a beautiful dream out of which I was about to pass into the cold world of reality.

"Andrea," the voice called again.

"You must go, little comrade," I said with a trembling voice. "Be brave for my sake."

I raised her to her feet and stood up beside her.

"You will be the queen of beauty in Erzerum. You will be happy. Time heals all wounds, little comrade."

My voice was choking and I was uttering foolish platitudes.

"You will think of me sometimes?" she whispered.

"Always."

I felt a sudden swift kiss on my lips.

"And I shall think of you always, always."

In the musical voice there was a note of impassioned, desperate finality. It was the end.

I dared not look at her again. I remember gazing down at the dim gravel floor of the harbour, listening to the sounds of her feet taking her away from me for ever. . . .

How long I remained in the harbour sitting on the seat I cannot remember. All around me was the crying of the crickets. Then the sudden whistle of the departing train, a puffing, a clanking of metal on metal that gradually faded to nothingness. Once more only the crying of the crickets that closed in my solitude.

## AVE ATQUE VALE.

BY J. A. STRAHAN.

THE late Lord Morris, being asked by some one why Ireland was constantly discontented, replied that it was due to the attempt of a slow-witted people to govern a quick-witted people. Of the slowness of English wits where Irish affairs are concerned there can be no question: witness the fact that the only thing Englishmen will not believe about Ireland is the truth. As to the quickness of Irish wits, however, some observers may have doubt. To take only one instance out of hundreds of late: the recent Jim Larkin strike in Dublin does not to the ordinary mind suggest lightning rapidity of thought.

Jim Larkin is supposed to be an Irishman: some people used to say he is the son of another Jim—Jim Carey, the base Invincible, and the baser betrayer of the Invincibles; but all that is certainly known of Jim is that he came to Ireland from England and engineered a strike of the transport workers in Dublin, the motto of which was, "Damn the trade of Dublin." After doing his best to carry out this patriotic object and create chaos in Ireland, he went to America. There he devoted his eloquence and energy to the benefit of America on the same lines. The Americans, being as slow-witted as the English, could

not grasp the advantages of his agitation and promptly sent him to jail; and thereupon the Dublin Transport Union—which is now the Bolshevik branch of the Sinn Féin League—called a strike in Dublin to compel his release in America. After the late Mr Justice Hawkins had passed severe sentences on a number of international Anarchists, some of their comrades in crime determined to wreak vengeance upon him by blowing up his house. By a blunder they blew up that of his neighbour, Mr Reginald Brett. The next morning after the explosion the learned Judge, in company with its owner, viewed the ruined mansion. As he left, the learned Judge observed with great firmness: "Well, Brett, if the Anarchists think they can frighten me from doing my duty by blowing up you, they'll find they are mistaken." Perhaps by this time it has occurred to the Irish Transport Unionists that they were mistaken when they thought they could frighten Washington by doing damage to Dublin. If Irish wits were as quick as they are supposed to be, it would hardly have been necessary to demonstrate the truth of this by experiment.

This action of the Irish Trades Unionists was scarcely more silly, however, than that of the English Trades Union-

ists — the Carpenters' and Joiners' Society. Some time ago, as the world has been very fully informed, the loyal workers in the shipbuilding yards and engineering shops of Belfast, being exasperated by the continuous murders of loyalists in the South, and especially of their fellow-Ulsterman, Colonel Smyth, whose brother, Major Smyth, D.S.O., has since been assassinated, resolved to work no longer side by side with men who sympathised with such crimes. Accordingly they insisted that every worker should either forswear sympathy with murder and treason or leave the yards and shops. About ten per cent of the workers refused to do this, and were expelled. The expelled workmen complained to the said Society that they were being driven from their work because, as they gently expressed it, of their political opinions. The Society was shocked at this enormity and determined to put an end to it. It called on the loyalist workers who were members of the Society to come out of the yards and shops until the disloyal workers were brought in again—in other words, it ordered the men who had expelled the Sinn Feiners to strike as a protest against their own act. As a modicum of intelligence might have taught it to anticipate, the loyal workmen did not come out of the works, but very probably they will shortly come out of the Society.

No doubt such an imbecility as this could never have been

perpetrated but for the fact that the officials of the Society, like true-born Englishmen, would believe anything about Ireland except the truth. If they read the newspapers they must have known that the action against the Sinn Feiners began in the works of Messrs Harland & Wolff; and every one knows that the head of that great firm is Lord Pirrie, and that his lordship is an ardent Nationalist—the one solitary Nationalist employer of any importance in Ulster. Nevertheless, when the Sinn Feiners told them that the employers were at the bottom of the trouble, they believed, and acting on the belief that a lie was the truth, they made themselves ridiculous.

In this they were no worse than the bulk of English politicians and pressmen. Who does not remember, when the third—or was it the fourth?—Home Rule Bill was before Parliament, how the declaration of Ulstermen that they would fight rather than submit to a Dublin Parliament was received? Who does not remember the jokes about Ulsteria, and the signing of the Convention in blood, and the drilling with wooden rifles? The notion that the Ulster Scots would risk their little finger to resist being put under the rule of people whom they regarded as traitors, struck these jokers as no less absurd than that they should resent being deprived of their birthright as full citizens of the United Kingdom—as full citizens as the men of Middle-

sex or Mid-Lothian. While the politicians and pressmen laughed the Ulstermen drilled, and before the Bill came up for final reading the jokers found themselves faced with a disciplined army tens of thousands strong with real rifles—an army which did not shoot solitary policemen and soldiers from behind hedges, but which was prepared to meet in the field any other army which attempted to drive them under a hated yoke. Then when coercion of Ulster had become impossible, the jokers declared it to be unthinkable. The Nationalists had told them that the Covenant was mere bluster; and this being a lie, they believed it and made themselves ridiculous.

Conversely, when the Ulstermen declared that the one force behind the Nationalist movement was hatred of, and the one object of the Nationalist movement was separation from, England, this being the truth, they did not believe it. They relied on the protestations of the clever Nationalists in Parliament, who, no doubt, sometimes were voicing their own feelings and aims. But the Ulsterman paid no attention to these protestations. He relied on what he heard on the farms, about the factories, and in the public-houses. There, whatever there might be in Parliament, there was no pretence: the Nationalist workers talked plainly to the Unionist workers, and left them in no doubt that their one object was to drive out of

Ireland not merely English domination but everything which savoured of that detested rule; and that the only difference among them was whether they should attempt to attain the whole object at one blow by open rebellion, or whether they should take the safer if slower way of attaining it bit by bit through Parliamentary action—by what they called instalments of justice. When the Liberals came into office the bulk of the Irish Nationalists were in favour of proceeding by the slower and constitutional way: under Unionist rule the quicker or seditious road had become most disagreeable. But with the advent of the Liberals the trend among them was steadily to sedition. Before the world-war broke out all the vital force behind the Nationalist party was for rebellion. After the world-war broke out the vital force became the only force behind the party. Every farm labourer and mill hand of the Catholic persuasion—and it must never be forgotten that these and their parish priests and Catholic curates are and have for years been the dictators of Nationalist policy in Ireland—were repeating that foolish saying of O'Connell's, that England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity. The only question among them was when should the armed rebellion take place? And this was the occasion which the sagacious and far-sighted Sir Edward (now Viscount) Grey seized for declaring that in the whole dark

prospect then before England the only bright spot was Ireland. When the Ulsterman read this amazing statement, he marvelled whether after all government by traitors could be much worse than government by fools. Before long, and while the Liberal papers in England were still enthusiastically announcing the loyalty of the Irish Nationalists and the wickedness of the Ulstermen, rebellion broke out in Dublin and the South; unarmed policemen and soldiers were shot like dogs in the streets and country lanes, and a republic in alliance with Germany was proclaimed. And Englishmen, having refused to believe the Ulstermen's declaration because it was true, had once more made themselves ridiculous.

But after all, Ulstermen are friends of England and the Empire, and so it might be argued that—at any rate among the new Englishmen, who dislike England and detest the Empire—they are reasonably "suspect." It is only natural, therefore, that any statements they may make should be disbelieved. But now the Nationalists themselves have come forward to confirm those statements. Throwing over all professions of loyalty to the King and all talk of Home Rule, they announce that their one and only object is complete separation. For the first time they are telling the truth, and for the first time they are not believed; the Englishman, in spite of all they can say, is

convinced that they are murdering policemen and soldiers, and destroying property right and left, not to get the separation they themselves declare they want, but in order that they may manage their local affairs with the same skill and honesty as have rendered Dublin, Sligo, and half the southern towns practically bankrupt. Once more the Englishman will believe anything about Ireland except the truth.

The Ulstermen would not care much what the Englishman believed about the Celtic Irishman if he let them alone: that is all *they* want, to be left to enjoy the position to which they were born, full and free citizenship of the United Kingdom. But in spite of the Liberal leaders' declaration, that the coercion of Ulster to drive it out of the United Kingdom is unthinkable, they see that both leaders and followers are once more thinking about it. Their only difficulty is as to how that coercion can be brought about. In the present state of things, with the army and police in Ireland in a state of furious hostility against the Nationalists, it would be madness to ask them to shoot down their friends unless these would submit to their enemies. So they are compelled to seek other forces for coercion. And they are finding them—slander and abandonment.

Slander is the preliminary stage. For nearly three years now the life of a soldier and policeman in southern Ireland

has been one of terror. Since the beginning of this year nearly two hundred of them have been murdered. Yet one looks over the Liberal and Labour newspapers, and the Labour and Liberal speeches, and finds that all they have to say of these assassinations is that the murderers must be given all that they desire. Then when these assassinations are carried into the very heart of Ulster, when a blameless police officer, coming home from church in Lisburn, the birthplace of the hero of the Indian Mutiny, John Nicholson, is shot down in the street, the Ulstermen lose their self-control and proceed to make reprisals on the sympathisers with the assassins, immediately the Liberal and Labour politicians and pressmen are horrified. A scream goes up which rends the firmament if it does not reach heaven. A pogrom, a pogrom against Catholics, that is the only name by which these gentlemen can adequately describe this foolish outburst of righteous fury.

No sensible person can, and no sensible Ulsterman has attempted to, justify that outburst. But lawyers, and Mr Asquith is one, know that there are two defences to a charge of crime. One is justification, that the defendant did only what he was entitled to do. The other is excuse, that the defendant was not entitled to do what he did, but that the circumstances were such as to render him guiltless for what he had done. If

ever there was a case where a defendant people could plead excuse for a crime, surely it is the case of the people of Lisburn. These people, unlike the bulk of the inhabitants of County Antrim, are not of Scottish, but of almost pure English descent. They have always been loyal to England, even in 1798, when most of their Scots neighbours were very much the reverse. The Irish among them are immigrants from the south, and as alien as the Irish colonies are in Lancashire or Lanark. These people, proud of their ancient lineage and allegiance, found those aliens murdering in their midst men whose only crime was loyalty. If the Irish of Glasgow or Liverpool began to assassinate the chiefs of the police because they were Scotsmen or Englishmen and loyal to the Empire, what do you think would happen to those colonies? What would happen in America we already know. It is not so many years since a gang of Italian assassins began to shoot police officers in New Orleans, and the result was a massacre of the Italian colony there, to which the outbreak in Lisburn was child's-play. Nobody justified that—except perhaps a few ultra-American newspaper men—and nobody justifies the fury of the Lisburn people; but as long as human nature is human nature such outbursts under unbearable provocation will occur, and will be by sane men never justified, but always excused.

But with the new Englishman murdering men loyal to England is war, while wrecking the houses of men who are disloyal is a pogrom.

But this slandering of the Ulsterman is merely, as I have said, a preliminary step to prepare the average Englishman for the abandonment of Ulster to his and her enemies. Viscount Grey, with the courage of ignorance, has already declared for abandonment. His ground for advocating such a course is that English government in Ireland has failed. There he is right. He is good enough to add that "even" the present Government is not solely responsible for this failure. There again he is right. The Government which was solely responsible for the failure was the Government of which he was a member. When the Conservatives were defeated and the Liberals came into office, Ireland and Europe were in a condition of profound peace. Sir Edward Grey was given charge of European affairs, and Mr Birrell was given charge of Irish affairs, and both gentlemen set out to improve the peace. Sir Edward's efforts landed Europe in the most terrific war the world has ever seen. Mr Birrell's efforts provoked two rebellions in Ireland—a rebellion of the loyalists against being extruded from the United Kingdom, and a rebellion of the disloyalists against being included in it—surely a record in mismanagement. Mr Birrell has withdrawn from any pre-

tence to statesmanship; but the bigger bungler is still regarded by some as a statesman.

This prescient person, who at the outbreak of the war saw in all England's black horizon only one star of hope, which, strange to say, was Ireland, then on the brink of rebellion, has now come forward to display further foresight on Irish affairs. He now prophesies that so long as English government is maintained in Ireland, North and South there will never agree. This wise prophecy might be extended: even after English government has been withdrawn they will not agree. What is to happen if they do not? His lordship says Ulster is strong enough to get her own terms. What does he mean by strong enough? If it is strong enough by noses—which is his party's way of counting strength—then Ulster is only one to four; so it is clear Ulster is not strong enough that way. If he means by fighting, Ulster is strong enough to get her own terms that way,—of that no Ulsterman has any doubt: her terms will be the independence of Ulster. Apparently, then, Lord Grey's efforts for the pacification of Ireland are like his efforts to improve the peace of Europe—to end in war.

But Lord Grey's abandonment of Ireland to the gunmen is not to be absolute. They may do what they like or what they can with Ulster; but he will not trust them so far as England is concerned.

They must have no army and no navy. How he is going to prevent them having either or both after the English soldiers are withdrawn and the Irish police disbanded he does not explain. Would it not be wise to dissolve and disarm the Republican forces which now possess every weapon from revolvers to machine-guns before the English soldiers leave and the Irish police are discharged? I wish him success in the job, for if it succeeds there will be no need to abandon Ireland.

For let there be no mistake about it, the abandonment of English government in Ireland is, in the very showing of those who advocate it, a capitulation to the gun men. They advocate the abandonment because, they say, English government has become impossible. But who has made it impossible? When the "black and tans," or the soldiers, exasperated beyond endurance by the murder of their comrades, indulge in reprisals, these advocates of abandonment are horrified by such "hellish" behaviour. The poor people ruined by the reprisals, they contend, have nothing to do with the murders. If so,

they have nothing to do with making English government impossible, and so England is being asked to capitulate to the assassins of her soldiers and policemen, and to nobody else.

Not only is she going to capitulate to them herself, but she is, according to statesmen like Lord Grey, to abandon all the rest of the people of Ireland to them. It is to that that Ulster will never consent. If England chooses to withdraw from Ireland, Ulster cannot prevent it. She is willing, nay, anxious to remain an integral part of not merely the British Empire but of the United Kingdom, to the full citizenship of which every son of hers was born. But if England finds her a burden and her allegiance an encumbrance, then all she asks is the right to go her own way and to determine her own destiny. The Bill now before Parliament she does not love; but, at any rate, with all its faults it will give her this. Therefore to avoid a worse fate she is willing to accept it. No longer wanted as a sister, she will make and rule her own home and always remain a friend. To England she says, *Ave atque vale!*

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## THE OLD SERAGLIO.

BY COMMANDER H. C. LUKE, R.N.V.R.

IN 1853, exactly four hundred years after the capture of Constantinople by Mohammed the Conqueror, Sultan 'Abdu'l Mejid Khan, a victim of the bad taste that was spreading from Mid-Victorian England and the France of the Second Empire over all Europe and the Near East, left the Old Seraglio, the home of his forefathers, and established the Imperial residence in his Palace of Dolma Baghehé, on the shore of the Bosphorus. For his abandonment of what was venerable and supremely beautiful in favour of what was new, banal, and vulgar, the Sultan must not be blamed too severely; he was merely following in the footsteps of the Occidentals of his time, who for a generation or two did their best to make and keep the world hideous.

'Abdu'l Mejid then went to Dolma Baghehé, 'Abdu'l Aziz, his successor, built Chiragan and Beylerbey; 'Abdu'l Hamid II, fearful lest the Bosphorus Palaces should prove too tempting a mark for the guns of mutinous ships, retired to Yildiz Kiosk, which has also housed his successors. That treasury of Ottoman art, the Old Seraglio, remains neglected of its masters save on the one day in the year when the Padishah proceeds thither to venerate the relics of the Prophet. The ceremony over, it relapses into its accustomed

seclusion, only disturbed at rare intervals by privileged visitors. Once sheltering a population of thousands, the Seraglio now houses a score or so of servants and a few Palace Secretaries (gentlemen of the *anderun*, or interior, they are called in the Persian phraseology affected at Court); occasionally a eunuch flits noiselessly about the empty Haremlik, dim echo of a past that now seems strangely remote.

The Seraglio occupies the easternmost of Constantinople's seven hills, a promontory washed by the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn; and on its incomparable site once rose the original Acropolis of ancient Byzantium. Now it is enclosed by battlemented walls, within which are scattered, without method, and according to the whim of successive Grand Signors, many buildings of divers sizes, purposes, and shapes—masterpieces, most of them, of eastern architecture and eastern decoration. These, collectively, form that mysterious and jealously-guarded retreat, that Turkish Kremlin, whence for precisely four centuries the Ottoman world was ruled.

It is not, perhaps, quite accurate to suggest that the Seraglio is nothing but a confused medley of inconsequent and disconnected kiosks. A

considerable part consists of courts or quadrangles as regular as those of an Oxford college; it is only as one approaches the *arcana* of the palace that symmetry begins to make way for a mere picturesque variety. The Seraglio, in its wider sense, begins with the Outer Court, which is entered from the precincts of St Sophia by the Bab-i-Humayan, "the Illustrious Gate." This court contains the well-preserved Byzantine church of St Irene, now the Turkish Military Museum, and, beyond it, the dilapidated buildings of the Mint. Below the Mint, on the western declivity of the hill, are housed the imperial collections of antiquities, partly in the Chinili Kiosk ("the tiled Pavilion"), which dates in its present form from the last years of the sixteenth century, partly in modern galleries. In the middle of the court the celebrated plane-tree of the janissaries, around which that turbulent corps was wont to demonstrate its sentiments of loyalty, or, more often, the reverse, still maintains its existence of extreme and enfeebled old age. From the outer court, which is open to the public, the Orta Kapu, or Middle Gate, leads into the Seraglio proper, only accessible to those provided with permits from Yildiz Kiosk.

The eastern side of the spacious quadrangle now entered is wholly occupied by the imperial kitchens, whose row of nine little domes, very conspicuous to ships rounding Seraglio Point, has led irreverent naval

officers to speak of the sultan's raising steam for a nine-course dinner. Facing the kitchens is a gallery, now somewhat decayed, under which the janissaries paraded on ceremonial occasions: in the north-west corner, at the foot of the main tower of the Seraglio, stands the Hall of the Divan, or Council Chamber. Here in former times the Grand Vizier presided on certain days of the week at a court of justice open to all suitors. On other days the Hall was used for the meetings of the Divan, or Council, conducted, no doubt, with a due sense of responsibility on the part of the counsellors; for high above their bench, and entered from the Haremlik, is an iron grille or cage, in which the Padishah could overhear unseen his Ministers' deliberations.

A gate with a mighty overhanging roof now leads into the more secluded part of the Seraglio. Though bearing the significant name of Bab-i-Sa'adet, the Gate of Felicity, it does not open immediately into the women's apartments. It gives access, however, to the group of buildings where the sultans lived their official lives, and it was guarded by the corps of white eunuchs. The court to which it is the entrance is less regular than the two through which we have passed; we approach the portion of the Seraglio where the individual fancy of the monarch rather than a regard for symmetry has dictated the style and the emplacement of its component parts. Immediately before us as we pass

through the gate is the throne-room, a detached building half filled by an immense square divan surmounted by a canopy. In a corner of this formidable affair, which resembles an overgrown four-poster bed, the Grand Signers reclined when receiving the ambassadors of foreign Powers. It was rather a humiliating performance for the ambassadors. Before being admitted to the Presence they proceeded to the Hall of the Divan, and, under the supervision of the Grand Vizier, were fed and decked with fur-lined robes. Thus prepared, they were led to the throne-room, where, standing at a respectful distance, and firmly held under each arm by a palace attendant, lest they should seek to harm the august potentate, they read their letters of credence, to which the Sultan replied with an inclination of the head. Then, still clad in their furs, they rejoined their suite without, and were conducted back to their embassies in solemn procession, meeting, indeed, with more respectful treatment outside the palace than inside it. It may here be recalled that until comparatively modern times it was the custom of the sultans to imprison in the dungeon of the Seven Towers the diplomatic representatives of powers at war with Turkey; and we read that during the reign of Mohammed IV. (1648-87) a French ambassador was called a Jew by the Grand Vizier and beaten with a stool, the dragoman of the Imperial internuncio frequently bastinadoed, and a Russian envoy

actually kicked out of the presence-chamber.

The French artist Van Meur, *Peintre ordinaire du Roi en Levant*, who between the end of the seventeenth and the middle of the eighteenth centuries was attached to the households of five successive French ambassadors to the Porte, has left us a faithful record of these ceremonies, which remained unchanged in form until the reign of Sultan Mahmud II., that ruthless iconoclast of Turkish traditions. We see, in the collection of Van Meur's pictures preserved in Amsterdam, the ambassador, who has dismounted at the Orta Capu, entering the second court, preceded by the palace officials with their staves of office, while under the gallery to the left the janissaries swarm like bees around the cauldrons of pilav to which they have been treated. We see the ambassador and his staff being banqueted by the Grand Vizier before the audience, each guest enveloped in his robe of fur. Lastly, at the audience itself, we see the ambassador inclining before the Sultan remote and aloof on his enormous throne.

One quaint conceit of the throne-room has still to be mentioned. It is a tap of water and small marble basin let into the wall beside the throne—its purpose, that the sound of the running water should prevent eavesdroppers from overhearing conversations within the audience-chamber.

In the middle of this third court, which we entered by the Gate of Felicity, stands

another detached building, the Sultan's Library. Its single chamber is lined with cases packed with oriental manuscripts; a handsome Saracenic glass-lamp hangs from the dome, and the walls are adorned with Qoranic texts, written in several cases by the sultans themselves. It must be remembered that in former days in Turkey, and in the Moslem East in general, calligraphy formed an essential accomplishment of every well-educated person. Even the Imperial princes were not exempted from the study of the art, and could probably turn out almost as good a *yafte* as a professional illuminator of texts. Another curiosity of the library is an old English musical clock, probably the gift of an English king to an eighteenth-century sultan. In the face of this clock is an ingenious arrangement of ships travelling up and down billowy waves whenever the clock plays its tunes; and one can imagine how this contrivance must have delighted the toy-loving Orientals of those days.

In a gallery, which forms the eastern boundary of the court, is housed the Imperial collection of china, well arranged in two long rooms. From the fourteenth century onwards, fine specimens of every variety of Chinese porcelain found their way from Peking to the Turkish court; and the collection, happily preserved through many vicissitudes, thus affords a remarkable synopsis of Chinese ceramic art. During the Dar-

danelles campaign the collection was removed to Konia for safe custody, but has now returned without mishap to its home in the Seraglio. The corresponding gallery on the western side is the Sultan's Treasury. It is now closed, and the treasure, if still intact, stored out of sight; but the writer well remembers, on his first visit to Constantinople in 1904, the amazement with which he beheld its splendours almost barbaric. Thrones encrusted with rubies and pearls, the State robes of a score of sultans stiff with gems and gold, diamond aigrettes, daggers, and scimitars jewelled with about emeralds of fantastic size, sceptres and maces, an enormous basin of porphyry heaped high with golden ducats,—these, and much more, told of centuries of victorious campaigns in lands of fabled riches.

A small double door of iron, heavily bolted, leads from behind the Treasury into the Haremlik itself. Though much has been written about this mysterious fastness, few strangers have penetrated behind its iron doors, and descriptions have generally been as misleading as they have been fanciful. Until about ten years ago, when the last of the old ladies of the Seraglio were transferred to the Bosphorus Palaces, no profane eye had seen the real Haremlik; and the number of persons who since then have been allowed to wander through its now deserted rooms is small. The conventional accounts of the Haremlik speak of stately

marble halls, of lofty and luxurious rooms filled with all the riches of the East, of kiosks and fountains of plashing water, of all the appurtenances of the Arabian Nights. The reality is very different from this, and very much more interesting. Far from being a succession of vast and symmetrical apartments, the Haremlik is a veritable rabbit-warren—a jumble of small courts, corridors, narrow staircases, and innumerable tiny rooms. The upper stories, overlooking the Seraglio gardens, are built of wood, and the walls of the rooms, too, are decorated with rococo woodwork panelling. The lower floors are of more solid construction. The stone walls are enormously thick, and the rooms lined with the most delightful of Persian and Kutahia tiles, the designs differing in every room. It is these tiles which are the most typical and pleasing feature of the Haremlik; they give to it an old-world Eastern atmosphere far truer than the pseudo-orientalism suggested by pictures of gauze-clad odalisques eating sweetmeats on cushioned divans. Of furniture there is little left, and what remains is for the most part Louis XV. A few good specimens of the old Scutari velvets and Brussa broads have been preserved, and cover sofas evidently made in France. The smallness of the rooms is a constant source of surprise. Even the sultan's famous Turkish bath, where Selim the Sot slipped and broke his skull when over-full of Cyprus wine, is no larger than the baths to be found in

many a Turkish private house. The only really spacious room is the audience-chamber of the Haremlik, where at Bairam and on other great festivals the sultans received the ladies of the palace. At one end of the hall is a throne for the sultan, and above the throne a musicians' gallery. The room is surmounted by a lofty dome, and the walls are beautifully tiled. Close by are the school-rooms of the little princes and princesses, also tiled, but otherwise now bare of furniture and decoration.

Here, too, is a semi-detached two-storied building, outwardly of great beauty but of sinister memories. It has a widely overhanging roof, no windows on the ground floor, and only a few, which are heavily barred, on the upper floor. The outside of this building is faced with mellow Kutahia tiles from the ground to the overhanging roof, and externally it is perhaps the leveliest, as it is probably the least-known part of the Haremlik. For this delight to the eye bears a forbidding name, the *Qafes*, which means "the cage," and even now the interior is inaccessible. Here, in this gilded cage, the heirs-apparent to the throne of Turkey were immured with the palace girls and pages set apart for their service, in all other respects rigidly secluded from contact with the world until released by the sultan's death. They then emerged, blinking, as it were, at the daylight and utterly ignorant of affairs; and from the seclusion of a narrow prison

were abruptly transferred to the supreme power over a vast Empire. This vicious system persisted even to the present century. From his birth in 1844 to the year 1909, when he succeeded his brother 'Abdu'l Hamid, the late Sultan Reshad had lived in the strict confinement of his palace, to all intents and purposes a prisoner till, at the age of sixty-four, he ascended the throne of 'Osman.

Vying in beauty and interest with the *Qafes* is the portion of the Haremlik which was formerly the official residence of the Chief of the Black Eunuchs. Until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Sultan Mahmud II., in the course of his reforms, swept away what was left of medieval Turkey, the *Qizlar Aghasi* (Master of the Girls) was one of the highest dignitaries of the Empire. He ranked next, in fact, to the Grand Vizier, was a pasha of three tails, and as his appanage administered the imperial mosques and the holy cities Mecca and Medina. His official dress, before Mahmud replaced turbans and flowing robes with fez and Stambuli frock-coat, was a white gown trimmed with sable, and a white cylindrical head-dress more than two feet high. His former quarters comprise a wing of the Haremlik near the Seraglio tower, consisting of four smallish rooms, two on the ground floor, and two up a short flight of steps. Here, again, tiles are the predominant feature, covering the walls and floors of rooms and passages; in the dining-room,

not only the walls but also the ceiling are a harmony of olive green and turquoise blue, masterpieces of the craftsmen of Kutahia and Nicosia.

We will now leave the Haremlik for the northernmost part of the palace, for that lofty plateau, dotted with sumptuous kiosks, which overlooks Seraglio Point. Here is the Khirqa-i-Sherif Odasi, a mosque-like pavilion faced with slabs of porphyry, where are preserved the relics of the Prophet, whose possession constitutes one of the Sultan's titles to the Khalifate. A terrace of gleaming marble, the setting for one of those delightful formal eastern ponds, connects the Khirqa-i-Sherif Odasi with the Baghdad Kiosk, which commemorates the capture of Baghdad by Sultan Murad IV. in 1638. It is probably no exaggeration to say that the Baghdad Kiosk represents the high-water mark of later Ottoman art. In Aqshahir, in Sivas, and, above all, in Konia are the architectural *chefs d'œuvre* of the Seljuq Turks, in Brussa those of the earlier Ottomans. This delicate little masterpiece on the heights of Stambul seems to have been the swan-song of Turkish builders and decorators before the decadence set in and infected East and West alike. The interior, with its perfect proportions and exquisite decoration, is a harmonious blend of tiles, rare fabrics, and woodwork inlaid with ivory and tortoise-shell. Lovely within and without, the Baghdad Kiosk is a fragment of that gorgeous East

which is more often talked about than seen.

Two pavilions below the Baghdad Kiosk afford interesting examples of a Turkish interior of the eighteenth century. The first is the wooden kiosk of Grand Vizier Kara Mustafa Pasha, a relative by marriage of the Kiöprülü, who for fifty years might almost have been called a dynasty of hereditary Grand Viziers. The other is the little house that served as official residence for the Sultan's Chief Physician. Here are preserved, as they were when last in use, the furniture and stock-in-trade of this important functionary. In one corner is spread his divan, surmounted by a fine old Persian rug; in another lie his *chibouqs*, of enormous length; in a cupboard are his medicine bottles and the seals with which they were closed to guard against the risk of poison. In a large case is the apparatus for the confection of the *ma'jun*—a sweetmeat which it was the Chief Physician's privilege to present to the Sultan and his Court at the festival of Nevruz, in return for substantial gifts of money. Owing to the almost universal use of wood as building material, and to the frequency of fires and earthquakes, few other specimens of old Turkish domestic architecture survive in Constantinople and its neighbourhood. Practically the only one of importance is the now decaying Kiosk of Hussein Pasha near Anateli Hissar,

on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus; and when that too disappears, the Seraglio will remain the sole repository in the capital of a charming and vanished tradition.

One last vestige of the old palace ceremonial survives in connection with the serving of coffee, which is offered in the Mejidieh Kiosk to those who visit the Seraglio. The coffee-pot, which is of enamelled silver gilt, is carried by a palace servant in a sort of censor of the same material. Another servant bears a tray with the cups and their holders (*sarfs*), the cups being of delicate egg-shell china, and the *sarfs* of gold, encrusted with rose diamonds. The tray is covered with a square of puce silk, gold embroidered, which, when the coffee is being poured out, is laid by a third servant on the tray-bearer's left shoulder. It is an interesting little ceremony in its way, albeit a pale shadow of what the Seraglio has known in its days of glory. Gone are the picturesque functionaries of the most lavish Court in history, gone the thousands of Palace guards and pages, of Bestanjis and Paltajis and Chaushes and Solaqs, and heaven knows what beside. No more do the Chief Turban-winder and the Aigrette-keeper adorn the Court, the Chief Nightingale-keeper and the Keeper of the Parrots attend to the welfare of their charges. The traditions of the pomp of centuries are in the hands of three servants in black frock-coats.

## FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

## UP JEBEL MURRA: A TRIP IN WESTERN DARFUR.

SOME 250 miles south-west of Khartoum as the crow flies, but over 420 miles by railway, lies El Obeid, the capital of the province of Kordofan and the southern terminus of the Sudan Government railway system.

A further 450 miles west of El Obeid, and nearly 1000 miles, by road and rail, from Khartoum, lies El Fasher, the capital of Darfur, the largest and most recently acquired province of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

El Obeid and El Fasher are connected by a road which runs through an almost waterless desert country,—an enormous waste of rocky jebels and broad sandy plains sparsely covered with small bushes and stunted trees. In Kordofan itself the gum trade supports numbers of people, but, past Nahud, the native villages, or hillas, are few and far between, and, with the exception of small flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, the only animals to be seen are gazelle, and here and there a solitary ostrich.

For most of this distance the few inhabitants are entirely dependent for water on that stored in the hollow trunks of groves of tebelidi trees.

These trees, which by a wise dispensation of Providence are generally found in waterless places, are of great girth, and in many cases hold over a

thousand gallons each. During the khareef, or rainy season, which here lasts about two months in the year, the natives dam up the water round the trees and fill them from the shallow pools thus formed, dipping up the water by means of goat-skin dilwers and pouring it in from the top. These natural tanks, besides providing water for the villagers themselves and their cattle, are also a great source of profit to them, in that, during the dry season, they sell the water to wayfarers at high rates.

The wayfarers along this road are mostly Fellata pilgrims tramping from Nigeria and the West Coast right across Africa to Mecca, and are themselves worthy of note. Men, women, and children start on this long journey, and taking their few goods and chattels on their heads march thousands of miles through unknown lands, braving all kinds of dangers in order to make their pilgrimage. They work their way, stopping here and there until they have accumulated sufficient funds to carry them on to the next place, often taking two or three years on the journey. Many of them settle and never reach their goal, others die; some, having reached Mecca, are seized by the Arabs and sold as slaves —though cases of this sort are



less frequent now; still more step and settle on the way back, and never see their homes again. Yet, year in and year out, they can be seen tramping through this hot desert belt with their families, often going two or more days without water, looked down upon by all with whom they come in contact, yet in their zeal, misplaced though it may be, shewing themselves better men than most of their co-religionists in this part of the world, and an example to people of other religions in other parts.

Accustomed as one is to regard the camel as a wonderful animal because it goes for a few days without water, it comes as a surprise to find that the herds and flocks in these dry wastes are only watered every two or three days, that a native donkey will plod along with his load for a similar time without water, and that the gazelle here do not drink from khareef to khareef, a period of very nearly ten months.

The only means of transport along this road from El Obeid to Fasher is by camel, and the three weeks' journey it entails, plodding along for four or five hours each night and morning, and lying up under tree or tent during the heat of the day, is a very tiring one, and one which is absolutely devoid of interest for long stretches.

Once arrived in Fasher, which is a large native town prettily situated among trees on both sides of a khor, the country shows signs of im-

provement, and some hundred miles or so south-west entirely changes its character. It is in this area that Jebel Murra, the highest range in this part of Africa, raises its treble peaks to about 7000 feet above sea-level; while, on the mountain, but some 2000 feet below its highest point, nestle the mysterious Deriba Lakes.

The country round, full of interest as it is, is by no means the Africa which the name of Rider Haggard would bring to mind.

It is a vast expanse of rolling bush-country, cut by great wadis which flow swiftly in the khareef, but are dry for the rest of the year. Their tree-covered banks are inhabited by chattering monkeys and vivid green parrots. For the rest, away from the wadis, the native tracks wind through stunted bush, leafless except in the rains, while in every direction rise bare rocky jebels. A certain amount of game is to be found—lion, elephant, and buffalo, herds of kartebeeste and tiang, the much-sought-after kudo, as well as many kinds of smaller game; but, compared with other parts of Africa, they are not numerous.

The dwarfs and naked savages of Rider Haggard fame are here replaced by a comparatively mild, meek, and well-mannered race—the Furs, who, one is surprised to find, are not only all fully clothed—the men in flowing garments of native-made damanour, and the women in a blue material,—but they also have a system of government among

themselves which approximates to our feudal system. Each hilla, or village, has its sheik, each group of hillas is under a melik, and these again are grouped into a dar under a shartai; while, in this particular district, these dars are grouped under a chief shartai, by name Boche Abdel Gabbar, who is responsible to the government. Each of these men is responsible for the well-being and general government of the people under him, and all disputes are brought to him; but, if dissatisfied with his decision, the people are free to appeal to higher authorities. Taxes are also collected by him, and he can also be called upon to provide so many men for labour or, in the old days, for fighting.

It was only in 1916 that El Fasher and Darfur, then under an absolute monarch, Sultan Ali Dinar, was taken by a small force of British and Egyptian troops operating across the desert country from the railhead. At the present moment there is still an independent, though friendly, monarch, Sultan Bahr el Din, or Andeka, of Dar Messalite, sandwiched in between the Wardai and the Sudan.

Zalingie, an outstation some 200 miles south-west of El Fasher, and about 70 miles west of the nearest point of Jebel Murra, is the centre of administration of this Western Darfur. Here a solitary British officer dispenses justice to all and sundry, rules a country of the approximate size of Scotland through the native

shartais, and keeps his small garrison of black troops in training.

His work includes everything from deciding the ownership of a donkey to dealing with murder cases, and from building the weird mud and grass houses used in this part to making roads and despatching many tons of grain along them to help feed Fasher. Generally speaking, he maintains law and order, and develops the country.

It is a lonely job, four days' journey from the next solitary white, and so remote from home and beauty that it takes nearly two and a half months to get there; but it has its compensations.

The country is good, mostly unexplored, and full of interest to a student of nature, while within a short distance of the post there are a dozen kinds of game to be shot.

It was from Zalingie that, following a relief there, two of us set off to trek into Fasher, and if possible to climb Jebel Murra to the lakes on the way. We had been making history—fer were not five Turcs (as the natives still persist in calling Britishers) at Zalingie at one time, though only for a few days!

Such a concentration of troops, due to a shortage of grain in other parts of the province and the difficulties of transporting it thereto, had never been seen there before. Consequently the two chief shartais, Boche Abdel Gabbar and Atim Ahmed, signalled

the event by giving us a "fantasia" as a send-off.

The native of these parts has very little idea of time. His only way of expressing it is by saying "shams kida" (the sun se), while pointing to that part of the sky which the sun should be in at the time he refers to. So, though we had expressed our intention of starting at four in the afternoon, we were by no means surprised to hear a loud beating of delukkas (the native drums) and squealing of pipes coming from the village about half-past one. This as it came nearer was supported by a few hundred voices chanting in unison and the clapping of many hands.

They apparently stepped some distance away, and so we proceeded with lunch.

Four o'clock came, and with it the greaning of camels, which sent us outside to superintend the shidding (loading).

This was the signal for the start of the fantasia.

Imagine a blazing sun and a burnt-up landscape, its shades of brown relieved away to the left by the green foliage of trees along the banks of a wadi, and the skyline cut to the right by a line of low jebels.

To the front is a cleared sandy space several hundred yards in extent, set in the middle of which is the post, a collection of mud- and grass-built huts, surrounded by a thick thorn zareba and flaunting a Union Jack and the white stars and crescents of Egypt on separate poles.

On the farther edge of this cleared space stands a great crowd of natives, mounted and on foot, the horsemen dressed in garments of all the colours of the rainbow, the men on foot in the seberer hues of native damanour. The delukkas throb and the pipes squeal. Suddenly two horsemen detach themselves and come tearing up at full gallop waving swords high in the air. Just a few yards away they pull their horses up on their haunches and with a friendly grin and more waving of swords make way for three others who, riding leg to leg as hard as their sturdy ponies can gallop, tear up to us with spear-points lowered and antediluvian rifles slung across their backs. They, too, rein their ponies back on their haunches just as they appear to be about to crash into us, and, with the ponies' mouths bleeding from the effects of the cruel native bit, draw aside to make room for others. And so they come, singly or in threes, fours, or sixes, every man armed with sword, spear, or old blunderbus—some with all three—and all in glaring colours. One may be clad in a yellow gallabiya with a red sash and white crossbelt, another in blue, green, and yellow, and so on, until the eye positively aches in the kaleidoscope of shifting colour.

At last a solitary horseman in a glaring red robe decorated with gold tassels comes full split, methodically aiming spear after spear at us. This is Atim Ahmed, the Neumatou,

or Chief Shartai of Dar Kerne, in the north; he is a veritable arsenal of old-time weapons, and wears a sort of crown of orochet work. He makes way for three rather more richly dressed sharati, the centre one of whom is Beche Abdel Gabbar, the Chief Shartai of Dar Abu Dirna, or, to give him his title, the Dum-angawi. They, too, rein in their horses when within an ace of dashing into us, and, turning, dash off to rejoin the rest, who have now formed a line about three hundred yards away. Boche and Atim take their places in the centre of the line, and with squeals of the pipes and redoubled whackings of the delukkas, the whole party comes forward at a slow march, each of the seventy or eighty mounted men with twenty or thirty unmounted retainers behind him. The musicians break into a sort of triumphant march, through which runs a weird rhythm, and as they come forward many of the penies prance in unison.

The scene is weird in the extreme, and one is convinced of the unreality of it all; it is a mediæval pageant at which one is assisting, not a native show in the heart of Africa.

Fifty yards away the line halts, and the musicians push their way to the front. They are about thirty in number, half vigorously blowing pipes made of reeds or horn, and the others thrumming delukkas, which in most cases are skin-covered gourds.

Every man dances to the rhythm as he plays, and the leader, a short, squat, and intensely ugly man thrumming a barrel-shaped delukka, goes into the most weird contortions and yet keeps perfect time to the "music."

'Puneh,' that most reliable of newspapers, had told us of the most recent innovation at home, connected with a dance called the Jazz. We looked at each other, and the same thought flashed into our minds. Here was a jazz band!

The horsemen halt, and with the band still in full cry our many-coloured friends dismount. The most important gentry, led by Beche and Atim, slip off their markubs (slippers) and form a half-circle round us. After many muttered "Tayebines," "She-deeds?" and other expressions indicating their deep concern in the matter of our healths, accompanied by repeated hand-shakes, they mount again and draw off a little distance, prepared to accompany us for a part of the way.

The camels are ready, the signal is given to start, and we ride towards the hilla, a motley crowd several hundred strong, with the baggage-camels marching sedately in the rear. Through the hilla the women turn out and add their shrill "Lu lu lus" to the efforts of the band, which is still going in full blast.

Down to and across the wadi we go, a pandemonium of sound and a glare of colour, and, a mile or so the other side, halt to take leave of our escort.

This entails many mere handshakes and expressions of concern for our health and future happiness, and for the health of our families. The band is not so easily got rid of, however, and, whether urged on by the largesse they have received or the merissa (native beer) they have taken, continue with us for another half-mile or so, still playing and dancing vigorously, as indeed they have played and danced since we first made their acquaintance some three and a half hours before.

A little farther on and the commandant bids us *au revoir* and turns back to his lonely duties.

Darkness falls soon after, but we continue along the winding native tracks under a brilliant moon, and, some four hours after leaving Zalingie, find ourselves sitting down to dinner in a wadi about ten miles on our journey, with our camp-beds waiting for us, and the men grouped round a couple of fires.

"Shi hadr effendim!" (Tea's ready, sir.) How many dawns with the brilliant stars shining down from a black void, and the red fire blazing, does that phrase bring back to the traveller in the Sudan! A final roll over, a grunt and a stretch, and one realises that it is after 3 A.M., and that one is due to commence another day's trek.

The loud protestations of the camels a little way off show that they are being

loaded, and with a weary sigh one gulps down the hot tea while one dresses. The latter operation does not take very long, as trekking kit generally consists of simply shirt, shorts, and a helmet, besides, of course, socks, boots, and gaiters, and one generally finds oneself astride the pony, with camp-bed and all other baggage loaded, within half an hour of waking. The mornings are apt to be cold, and often one is more than glad of a comforter and greatcoat as well.

3.30 A.M., the morning after leaving Zalingie, found us on the move from Showa, our halting-place overnight, and, riding on well ahead of the camels, we watched the light gradually growing behind Jebel Murra, which was standing clear-out in the dawn. Animals, disturbed at our approach, rustled away right and left, while somewhere ahead of us a brain-fever bird ran up his maddening scale.

As the sun began to show his rim above the Jebel a great herd of tetl—big animals the size of a mule—sprang up from almost underfoot and were away. A little later a long shot at a gazelle provided us with meat—and very good gazelle meat is—for that day.

The country passed through here, sunbaked as it was, had a charm of its own. The track wound among leafless trees and scrubby bushes, which effectually prevented our seeing far. Here and there, however, as the path wound up or descended a long slope, we had a view over a vast expanse of tree-covered

country, of a uniform brown for the most part, but with here and there streaks of vivid green showing the path of the wadis, while many small rocky jebels were dotted over the landscape.

Seen the path led us down to the edge of a wide wadi, and followed it for some two miles before crossing its dry bed to wind among the stunted trees and bushes again.

Here we rode beneath a profusion of cool green foliage, a welcome change from uninterrupted sun. Brilliant green parakeets and the little green and blue parrot, said to be the smallest true parrot in the world, which is found here, flew shrieking above us, while an occasional family of small brown monkeys hurriedly effaced themselves in bush or tree. Birds of many unknown kinds, some brilliant and some sober in plumage, perched on the trees, while now and again gazelle, hartebeeste or tetl trotted away after a wondering glance at us.

Soon after eight o'clock brought us to Hilla Are, outside which we unloaded the camels, and half an hour after stepping were sitting down, shaved and washed, to breakfast.

The heat of the day on these treks is passed in sleeping or reading in the tent, so that it was not until after four in the afternoon that the camels were again shadded, and eight o'clock that night found us camped near the Daggu wells, receiving the local sheik. He had come to bid us welcome,

followed by a long line of men bearing grain, chickens, eggs, milk, and, a curious find in a waterless country, two large fish.

These fish are one of the natural wonders of the country. Trekking along in a dry waste one is delighted to have fresh fish presented for breakfast or dinner, and the first time it happens, one can scarcely believe the evidence of one's own eyes. On asking the cook where the water is, and being told that there is no water, but that they are dug up from the ground, one is inclined to tax him with being a bigger liar than usual; but that is actually the case. These fish, supposed to be a species of cat-fish, burrow in the damp sand or mud under the wadis when the water ceases to flow, and hibernate there. The natives dig for them during the dry season. It is the more wonderful as the wadis only run for, at most, two months in the year, so that the fish spend ten months out of water, and yet live. A similar fish is also found in dry branches of the Upper Nile.

Two days later, after a trek in which the only traces of big game seen were the tracks of some lion and elephant, we were settling down below the village of Kalla Ketting, from where we proposed starting up the Jebel.

Our arrival soon became known, and the shartai, Ali Abdel Gelil, came down the steep slope from the hills, which was prettily situated

among the foothills of the Jebel, and above a wadi which was a veritable riot of green.

Ali was evidently dressed for the occasion, and was gorgeous in a red robe of honour, and carried the brass sword. He was followed by a long string of men bearing presents—rakkers of dura, wheat, and onions, burmas of honey, bowls of milk, and enough fireweed to last a week, as well as two or three live sheep. Hospitality of this sort is met with all through the district, and to refuse it is to dishonour the giver. Gifts of sugar, tea, soap, or cigarettes are always appreciated in return, though to give anything generally means fresh presents in embarrassing quantities.

Having been presented to all Ali's chief relatives and friends, we broke the news to him that we wanted to ascend the Jebel to the Deriba Lakes, and asked him to give us transport and guides. He jumped at the idea, and promised to send his two sons with us.

Early next morning the two sons, Sulieman Senussi and Mahemet Taur, appeared, together with eight donkeys. These were loaded with the few necessaries we required, and with the first glimmer of dawn we started the ascent.

At first the path led gently out of the wadi on to a wide plateau, but as we went on this became rockier and rockier, until we found ourselves on a rock ledge overlooking a ravine. Up and up we plod-

ded, slipping and scrambling over rocks, and wondering if the donkeys would ever get up certain places.

An hour and a half of stiff going brought us to the top of a rocky ridge, from where we had a view of great masses of rock upflung about us, while away below was Kalla Ketting perched on its hill, with the green wadi winding away through a brown scorched landscape. From here onwards the hillsides were all terraced for cultivation, and it was evident that a much larger population than is on the Jebel at present had been supported there.

A couple of hours later we were crossing the Wadi Gindi in which was running water. The sight of this wadi, with its green-clad banks, proved irresistible,—for in this part of the Sudan Jebel Murra is the only place where running water can be found, except in the khareef,—and we halted here for the heat of the day. Just above was a large slice of cultivated land on which a number of men and women were working, but, being unaccustomed to the sight of white men, they ran away as soon as they saw us, and we saw them no more.

Late that afternoon found us ascending by a species of chimney to another plateau, across which the path ran until it led us on to a narrow ledge two-thirds of the way up the side of a huge ravine in which, hundreds of feet below, we could faintly hear the plash of falling water.

Here we came across several large trees which leaned out at seemingly impossible angles from the almost perpendicular wall of the ravine, and appeared to draw all their nourishment from bare rock. A winding path up a huge buttress gave us a wonderful view of the wild masses of rock out by great ravines which lay at our feet, and a scramble over another ridge brought us in view of Hilla Tirbas, where we stopped the night.

This hilla, its tukls built of slabs of stone roofed with grass, was set on the top of a rounded hill whose slopes were a perfect maze of terracing. It is on these terraces that the wheat, for which Jebel Murra is renowned, is grown. Curiously enough the inhabitants do not use much of it themselves, though they give it to their animals, but exchange it for dura with the people of the plains below.

Early next morning found us descending the side of a great gorge with seven or eight porters carrying our kit, although three of the donkeys were still with us. The bottom of the gorge reached, we were confronted by a veritable wall of rock, up which it seemed almost impossible to climb. However, a rough path ran up the face, and ten minutes stiff climbing brought us to the top. From this point onward we seemed to keep along the top of a ridge which followed round a valley lying between us and the lower slopes of the main peaks, still far away. Wild figs grew in

abundance on stunted bushes, and great numbers of big dog-faced baboons chattered at us as we approached.

An hour's steady climbing brought us to Babrei, where we halted for a while.

This village, like the two or three others we passed on the Jebel, was evidently built to withstand attack and also to keep out wild animals. The whole hilla was surrounded by a wall composed of rough rock some two or three feet thick and perhaps seven feet high, surmounted by a palisade of stakes and brushwood leaning outwards at an acute angle. Inside this wall each tukl, or group of tukls, was surrounded by a wall on the same plan, entrance being obtained by a low archway in the wall barred by strong baulks of timber. The tukls themselves were strongly built of rough stone, with grass roofs.

From Babrei to Dimbitting, the next hilla, the path was more than rough, and entailed an hour's hard climbing.

At Dimbitting we found Mahomet Taur, who had gone ahead, waiting with a few of the notables to welcome us. To be frank, we did not appreciate the welcome as much as the eggs, chickens, tomatoes, and onions they brought—for, a short time previously, the cook had told us that he had none too many of these commodities, and Salieman had told us that this was the last village we should strike. That is one of the little peculiarities of the Sudanese servant—he never thinks of telling you that you



are out of anything until you are miles from anywhere, and without the faintest prospect of being able to get it. Then, and only then, he will come to you and say in his matter-of-fact way, "Mafish beid" or "Lahm," or whatever it is he has ran out of, and expect you to "amel tarteeb" (make an arrangement) just as if you possessed the property of being able to bring down manna from heaven. And even your language on such an occasion will never move him from his belief that he is the best servant in the world. Modesty is never a failing of the Sudanese.

Just before reaching Dimbitting we came across a good specimen of the leopard-trap used on the Jebel. This consists of a tunnel-like cage built of large stones, with a heavy piece of timber at each of the ends, so contrived as to form portcullis-like doors. These doors are held up by ropes running over the top and down through a hole in the centre of the tunnel. On this rope is fixed the bait—a piece of meat—so that, when the animal enters and seizes this, the doors are released, imprisoning it. The leopard is then killed by being speared through the shanks in the stones.

From Dimbitting the path lay through ravines and over ridges whose every inch was terraced. Here there was quite a lot of sparse vegetation, including the stunted fig-trees, among which great numbers of baboons were busy.

At last, on topping one ridge, we had a magnificent view of the main part of the Jebel. A wall of rock, rising to the main peaks on the left, confronted us; while to the right, and slightly below us, this was out by a gap through which, our guides told us, lay the path to the lakes.

Between us and the rocky wall lay a wide and deep ravine, perhaps two miles across and 900 feet deep, in the bottom of which lay a well-wooded wadi. This ravine was broken by several lower ridges, while to left and right its further course was hidden from view by huge rock buttresses.

The descent was almost precipitous, and seemed several degrees worse than the climb up to the mountain wall on the other side. The path, as a matter of fact, roughly followed the course of the wadi (our old friend Gindi), whose source we found just before passing through the gap. Here the path plunged into a water-worn passage through the soft rock whose sides, at most three or four feet apart, towered above us for ever a hundred feet.

The wadi itself was a riot of all shades of green, and the tinkle of its water as it fell over small waterfalls and flashed among the rocks was a most refreshing sound to ears which had not heard running water for many months.

Juniper, ferns of all sorts, and an abundance of bracken, not often seen in these latitudes,

abounded, while trees which, if not willows, were suspiciously like them, leaned over the stream. Not only the vegetation but the birds, whose songs mingled with the plash of the stream, were entirely different to those found in the country below.

A stiff climb up a last ridge brought us to the gap which we had seen from afar, and gave us our first view of the lower Deriba lake.

Looking from the ridge we were confronted with an immense amphitheatre of hills, of which the gap we were on formed the lowest part. This amphitheatre was perhaps four miles long by three across, and rose almost sheer from 1000 to 2000 feet above the plain which it enclosed.

Away to the right at the end of this plain was the lake, looking a mere pond in the distance. Its surface was a dirty greenish colour, and surrounding it was a white ring of salt. Two-thirds of the way across the plain rose a low hill which, we afterwards found, hid the second lake from view.

A scramble down some 400 feet of loose rock brought us to the level of the plain, where we camped under a large tree.

From the plain the circle of hills looked enormous, and seemed absolutely unbroken save by the gap over which we had come. Very little vegetation was apparent, a few large trees round the edges of the plain and the coarse grass everywhere being all that was visible.

The lake, on closer inspection, proved far larger than we had thought, and must be some 1800 yards long by 1400 broad, being about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles in circumference. It appears shallow, and its waters are very salt, while the banks are encrusted with a white salt deposit. This is rather curious, as, a hundred yards away, a stream of absolutely fresh water bubbles out of the ground and runs for two or three hundred yards from the lake before disappearing in a small marsh.

This lake is called by the natives the "female" lake. The "male" lake, which we visited next morning, lies about a mile to the southwest and somewhat above, hidden by the low ridge we had seen from the gap.

This second or upper lake, though a little smaller than the first, is much more imposing. It lies in a crater whose rocky walls rise sheer from the surface of the lake to a height of 500-800 feet, except on the side from which we approached, where, for a short distance, the ridge is only about 100 feet high, and slopes down to the lake, which appears to be of great depth. The water is green and clear, and not so salt as the lower lake.

Neither lake has any visible outlet. The lower one has five or six streams flowing into it during the khareef, and must drain a large area, so that the inflow during the rains must be very great. In view of this, it is curious that the high-water mark is only some 18

inches above its dry season level, so that it points to there being some subterranean outlet. Though not draining anything like so large an area, the upper lake has the same small rise and fall.

The whole plain, and the hills surrounding it, evidently formed the crater of a volcano at one time, and it would appear that the lakes lie in the last two vents. The volcanic formation is particularly noticeable with regard to the upper lake, and, in fact, there are outcrops of igneous rock all over the *jebel*.

The lakes, especially the upper one, are regarded with great awe by the *Fur*, and few venture near them. They have a widespread reputation as an oracle, and, when fleeing from *Fasher*, *Sultan Ali Dinar* is said to have sent a deputation to ask their advice. According to the deputation, the waters rose and forbade their approach—probably they were too timorous themselves to go near.

None of our porters, however, exhibited any uneasiness at stopping in the vicinity for the night, and we saw two or three flocks, tended by men or boys, grazing in the crater during the day.

We had ourselves to confess to a somewhat eerie feeling on looking down on the upper lake, even in broad daylight; while the view of the lakes and the whole crater by the light of a fitful moon, obscured by light clouds, was very uncanny. The silence of the place was unbroken, and if one excepted the flocks during the day, and a

few hawks, there appeared to be neither bird nor beast there. Certainly these lakes, lying as they do right up a *jebel*, embody many curious features, and their whole situation is such as to inspire awe in the native mind; while the five whites who have as yet visited them, besides ourselves, all noticed the same thing.

Coming up from the hot plains we found the climate at this altitude cool and invigorating, and were able to walk through the heat of the day without the least distress. So fresh were we after our fifty mile walk, or rather climb, that we were all for pushing on to the top of what appeared to be the main peak. However, considerations of time and shortage of food prevented us, and lunch-time on the day following our arrival found us over the gap and following the *Wadi Gindi* down from its source.

The climb back out of the big ravine proved very severe, but nightfall found us once more being received by the hospitable villagers of *Hilla Tirbas*, who brought out the customary burmas of water, rakkers of grain, and firewood. We turned in after dinner that night glad that we had three blankets and a greatcoat each, besides a fire at our feet.

Early next morning saw us on the way down, and, with a midday halt at the crossing over the wadi, we were back at *Kalla Ketting* by five o'clock that afternoon.

Perhaps one of the most noticeable things of the trip

was the way the jebel-bred denkeys got up and down. Sure-footed as goats, they carried their leads over the most atrocious of surfaces, getting up places where one had literally to climb with hands and feet, and descending places which were difficult for a man to get down.

At Kalla Ketting we found the ponies waiting for us, and on being joined by Ali Abdel Gelil and all his friends and relatives, rode out some three or four miles to the camp. This had been moved down the wadi to where there was good grazing for the camels, and less chance of their being injured by the leopards and lions which were said to be doing much damage to

the flocks in Kalla Ketting itself.

Next morning, after many farewells to genial old Ali and his relatives, an early shid took us into Dibbia, and the evening of the sixth day after leaving there saw us entering El Fasher, after a very uneventful trek, to the tune of "We're glad to see you're back," as played by the band of the 9th Sudanese.

Jebel Murra with its mysterious lakes, and the little-known West, into which the sun was sinking, was already a memory to us, withal a haunting and fascinating one; and our minds, directed by the music, were toying with times that had gone and others that were yet to come.

## MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

COBDENITIS—IRELAND AND THE DISTRESSED POLITICIANS—  
MR ASQUITH BOILS OVER—THE CURSE OF POLITICAL EXPEDIENCY  
—THE JEWISH CONSPIRACY.

If the whole of Europe were reduced to ashes and dust, if England were cut off from the Continent without any hope of communication by air or sea, if our mines were flooded and our corn-fields were laid waste, if not a penny-piece were left in the Treasury, a few devout Cobdenites would meet together in a corner and mumble about the blessings of free imports. So long as the war lasted even Mr Asquith and his friends were the gallant champions of protection. They passed and applauded the resolutions of Paris, as though they thought that the prosperity and independence of their own land were of some importance. To-day the war and its lessons are forgotten, and the Cobden Club, which was supported six years ago largely by interested Germans, has met once more to preach its familiar gospel and to bestow its blessing upon the late enemies of England.

It is unlikely that the Cobden Club thinks any more highly of free trade than it did before the war. It still keeps its eye fixed fanatically upon free imports, in complete forgetfulness of the truth that if Germany had not used Britain as its dumping-ground, if she had not been able to sustain, greatly at our expense, her factory of

aniline dyes, the peace of the world would not have been broken. And to be sure the Cobdenites had nothing new to say, no new plan to explain. Even if they forced Britain to accept their narrow dogma, they would be as far off from free trade as ever; they would still be encouraging hostile countries, strong in their own protection, to take advantage of our defencelessness. But threadbare as their thought, expressed in familiar speeches, appears to be, their meeting was not wholly ineffectual. For it disclosed the plain truth that what our sentimentalists hanker after is not so much the thing they falsely call free trade, as the renewed friendship of their former masters, the Germans.

If all had gone well in the conventicle, the meeting of the Cobden Club would have been the triumph of Germany. To the Boches were assigned the *beaux rôles*. The famous Herr Butzke had promised to attend and to speak. He did not. Dr Paul Arndt, the distinguished professor of Frankfurt University, might himself have deigned to cross the Channel, had he not objected to the Treaty of Versailles. Think what we have lost by winning the war! Had we succumbed, as doubtless many of our

Cobdenites hoped that we should, to the might of Germany, Dr Paul Arndt and many another hero might have been living comfortably and profitably in our midst. Alas! we do not always know what is good for us, and thus we are deprived of the presence and co-operation of the amiable Boche. In other words, Dr Arndt sulked and refused obstinately to smile upon the English brethren. He contented himself with inditing an Open Letter, copies of which were thrown broadcast over the conventicle. Dr Arndt did not mince matters; he used no soft words; he covered the pious Cobdenites with shame and spared them not. How could he, a virtuous Boche, whose countrymen had massacred Belgium and outraged France, confer with British Cobdenites who, in spite of their goodwill to Germany, had been unable to prevent "the enslavement of the German people ordained in the numerous clauses of the treaty," who were forced to look on in silent sorrow when their Club's "fine programme was trodden underfoot at Versailles"? These are the Boche's own words, who furthermore proved his tact by describing the treaty of Versailles in a conference which was supposed to be international, as "an instrument of martyrdom."

No Englishman uttered a word of protest. The British Cobdenite, in peace or in war, is ready to kiss the rod that strikes him. It was reserved for a Belgian, Dr Strauss of

Antwerp, to make a just and dignified protest against the large place given in the agenda to German speakers (who in the end did not venture to appear), and to the translation and free distribution of Dr Arndt's letter. "He declared," so says the newspaper report, "that so long as the Germans did not admit the wrong they had committed against Belgium, did not express remorse, and had not made reparation, he could not assist in a Conference that gave a place of honour to them. That would place him in a wrong position. It might be possible some day, without forgetting what had happened, to start afresh, but before that could be these who had done the wrong must express their regret. It was a great principle with his countrymen that the treaty of Versailles should be executed, as Germany had signed it, as a high premium against the invasion and destruction of her territories."

Thus Dr Strauss of Antwerp—and doubtless his plain speech fell upon the pacific Cobdenites, who worship cheapness more devoutly than justice or honour, like a bomb. The situation was not without its humour. The Conference might have been broken up, as the Society was broken up on the Stanislaus, by the exchange of blocks of old red sandstone, had such blocks been handy, and had not the worthy Cobdenites been quiet peaceable citizens. They did their best, ineffectually, to soothe the just anger of

Dr Strauss, and their best was bad indeed. M. Yves Guyot, who proudly declared that he had not read Dr Arndt's letter, attempted to make a difference between the political and the economic question. He wasted his labour. Politics and economics are inextricably confused. Cheapness itself is a moral, not a commercial issue. To isolate economics from politics is merely to bolster up a sham science. Should Germany be held to her pledged word, as she will be if we are not meanly led astray by the sophistries of Cobdenites and others, the political results of a just and enforced payment of money due from her will have an immense and lasting effect upon international relations. If prices or taxes rise or fall, the result of the rise or fall must always be moral and political. Many years ago Coleridge, the wise foe of the absurd thing named political economy—a "solemn humbug" he called it—set the truth in a paragraph. "You talk about making this article cheaper by reducing its price in the market from 8d. to 6d. But suppose in so doing"—thus he wrote—"you have rendered your country weaker against a foreign foe; suppose you have demoralised thousands of your fellow-countrymen, and have sown discontent between one class of society and another, your article is tolerably dear, I take it, after all. Is not its real price enhanced to every Christian and patriot

a hundredfold?" Of course it is, and this is what the Cobdenites will not remember. They believe that foreign corn is better of itself than home-grown corn, if only it be cheaper; and that, if we can fill our pockets by trading instantly with a spared, encouraged Germany we shall do better for ourselves and for Europe than if by the proper punishment of Germany we teach the world a needed lesson of justice and humanity. They are futile folk the economists, and they live in a vacuum.

However, M. Yves Guyot's distinction availed him nothing. He left the last word to Dr Strauss, who for the sake of irony agreed with his adversary about the separation of economics from politics and sentiment. "All nations," said he, "make treaties and establish trade relations with the savages of Africa, and why should we not make trade treaties with these who have proved themselves barbarians during the war, since between savages and barbarians the difference is not great?" The Cobdenites, who care only for free ports and open doors, and who do not question the decency of those who can make their pocket-knives or shoe-laces a little cheaper, shuddered no doubt at the comparison of these dear Boches with savages; but it is certain that morally and intellectually Dr Strauss of Antwerp had the best of it, and left the apostles of Manchester regretting that ever

they set the winged words of Dr Arndt into English.

Herr Edouard Bernstein, a member of the German Reichstag, was overcome by the same modesty which withheld the illustrious Dr Arndt from his friends and colleagues. He wrote a paper, and, alas! was forced to be content with its circulation in the Conference. He condescended, kindly, to give us a brief history of England during the nineteenth century, and held out little hope for the future. "Protection made for war," said he, "and war for protection." With a complete ignorance of the facts he declared that Mr George's Fiscal Reforms had for their object to close the door for ever on protection. Mr George's "Fiscal Reforms" had no other object than to stir up class-hatred, in which amiable purpose they succeeded. In all else they failed miserably, and have to-day no other than an archæological interest. "But a tragic irony of fate decreed"—thus proceeds Herr Bernstein—"that, under this very Government, England entered, in August 1914, into the world-war, which was let loose by the protectionist continent, and which, as it proceeded, aroused such intense bitterness in both camps that it now threatened to become the foster-parent of protection." From Herr Bernstein's point of view the fate was assuredly tragic, which drove England into the war, and yet it does not seem that her staying out of it would have helped the cause of free

trade. And why did not the member of the Reichstag make a full confession of the facts that Germany was, and is, and ever will be protectionist, and that Britain, by her foolish policy of one-sided free trade, injures herself and benefits her enemies? But the virtuous Cobdenite remembers nothing and discovers nothing. He has already forgotten that the submarines brought us to the verge of starvation, and is praying that the land of Britain may speedily go out of cultivation. For him it is not ignoble that we should eat the bread of idleness and should pay others to collect eggs and to make butter for us. He has elevated what should be a policy into a sentimental dogma; and if in the next war we are all starved to death, he will still be found muttering to his German conqueror and taskmaster that there is nothing like free trade after all.

The present situation in Ireland has the same effect upon our old bemused politicians as a late summer has upon surprised hibernating flies. It brings them all out to buzz noisily and ineffectually upon the window-panes of the daily press. And the wonder is not that they should buzz ineffectually, but that they should buzz at all. They have, every one of them, shameful pasts, which we should have thought they would like to conceal. The temptation is too strong for them. They must still be talking, though



a little knowledge or a spark of humour would have kept them silent. They are, in truth, responsible by their negligence and folly for the bloodshed which they pretend to deplore, and had they been anything else than politicians, debauched by the cynicism and levity of their trade, they would surely have kept silence. They have nothing of any value to suggest or propose. Yet they must take refuge in speech. It was Lord Morley who began it, and Lord Morley was followed at brief intervals by Viscount Grey of Fallodon and Mr Asquith. There remains only Mr Birrell. Is it possible that he will not let us share the fruits of his shameful experience?

It is many years since Lord Morley first pointed out the easy path of inaction. He cared nothing for law and order. His natural sympathies were for the criminal. A murdered policeman seemed to him a plain inconvenience, and he was never so happy, it seemed, as when he let a murderer out of jail. That which he did at Gweedore has been ever since a beacon light of hope to the assassin and the incendiary. Yet he has his plan ready, and is eloquent in denunciation of those who would restore by a just policy of repression peace and justice to rebel-ridden Ireland. His sin is bad enough; it is venial in comparison with the sin of Mr Asquith. And Mr Asquith, who by this time has probably forgotten all about Easter Day and Lord Hardinge's Commission, if indeed he ever took a

passing interest in them, comes forth, unashamed, with a proposal of Dominion Home Rule, and urges that Ireland should have complete control over her own navy and army. What Mr Asquith means by coming out at all from his retirement we do not know. Triple indeed must be his brass covering if he thinks that any citizen of Great Britain can look back without horror upon his disgraceful record in Ireland. Even though he has been reckless enough once more to call attention to his failure, it must be as clear to him as to others that we shall never yield to Ireland the control of her armed forces until we have been beaten in the field. The question is not worth arguing. We are content to quote once again the well-measured opinion which Captain Mahan held and explained many years ago. "It is impossible," said Captain Mahan, who spoke with authority, "for a military man or a statesman with appreciation of military conditions to look at the map and not perceive that the ambition of the Irish Separatists, if realised, would be even more threatening to the national life of Great Britain than the secession of the South was to that of the American Union. It would be deadlier also to Imperial aspirations; for Ireland, by geographical position, lies across and controls the communications of Great Britain with all the outside world, save only that considerable but far from preponderating position which borders the

North Sea and the Baltic. Independent and hostile, it could manacle Great Britain, which at present is, and for years to come must remain, by long odds, the most powerful member of the Federation, if it take that form. The Irish question, therefore, is vitally important not only to Great Britain but to the Colonies. The legislative supremacy of the British Parliament . . . cannot be yielded in the case of an island where independent action might very well be attended with fatal consequences to its partner. The instrument for such action in the shape of an independent Parliament could not be trusted even to avowed friends." There is Mr Asquith's answer, and we can hardly believe, even in the confused state of public opinion, that any sane man would prefer the authority of Mr Asquith to the authority of Captain Mahan.

But to take the true measure of Mr Asquith's indelicacy in interfering in the matter of Ireland at all, we have but to turn back to the report of Lord Hardinge's Commission. It is unlikely that Messrs Asquith and Birrell were ever at the pains to read this report. It is certain that Mr Asquith found its discussion "inexpedient," and neither of the two statesmen, so far as is known, has donned a white sheet or stood in the pillory. Their callousness, indeed, is not easily intelligible. Here is the explanation of the Easter Day rebellion given by the

Commissioners, unbiassed men and wholly free from partisan prejudice. "The main cause of the rebellion," they wrote, "appears to be that lawlessness was allowed to grow up unchecked, and that Ireland for several years past has been administered on the principle that it was safer and more expedient to leave law in abeyance if collision with any faction of the Irish people could thereby be avoided." So the gamblers, Mr Asquith and his colleagues, applied the same principle to Ireland which served them in their relations with foreign powers. They subordinated everything to political expediency and hoped for the best. The logical result was the rebellion of Easter Day and the wanton slaughter of English soldiers. And whose direct fault was it? "We are of opinion," say the Commissioners, "that the Chief Secretary, as the administrative head of your Majesty's Government, is primarily responsible for the situation that was allowed to arise and the outbreak that occurred." Mr Birrell was "primarily responsible," and Mr Asquith was responsible not only for Mr Birrell's appointment but for his abject policy of submission to Mr Redmond and the Nationalists.

Nor can Mr George escape his share of the infamy. He was a member of the Cabinet which made Ireland's conspiracy with Germany certain, and which deluged Ireland in blood. Mr George, too, is an adept in that fatal policy

which subordinates law and order to political expediency. For a year he has permitted murder and rapine to stalk through Ireland. The blood of many a slaughtered policeman is upon his inactive hand. And then suddenly he was moved to make the speech of a man and a statesman. It has been said by a wit that the most powerful man in England is the last one who spoke to Mr George. Who was it, we wonder, who inspired Mr George with the rudiments of truth and wisdom when he spoke out at Carnarvon?

Whoever was the inspiration, the speech itself was brave and fearless. Mr George pointed out with an admirable lucidity that more had been done to redress the errors of the past in Ireland than in any country. He pictured, with excellent force, the brutality and cunning wherewith policemen and soldiers going quietly about their duty had been murdered. "Five policemen," said he, "were driving along a road in Ireland. They are suddenly fired at by civilians. If a policeman had seen the assassins ten minutes before he would have thought they were harmless-looking farmers looking after their flocks or the crops. They used soft-nosed explosive bullets. A second car with police comes up in two minutes. It was what the assassins did not reckon with. Finding these men not merely killed but mutilated almost beyond description, they found the men who were undoubtedly the assassins and they shot

them. Are you surprised?" We are not surprised that the policemen shot the assassins. We are surprised at the anger, a trifle belated, of Mr George, who hitherto has not shown much sorrow at the murder of heroes, and whose government in Ireland has been the negation of government.

Thus greatly daring, he swept away the cobwebs of falsehood with which the sentimentalists have besmirched what have been called reprisals. "The police," says he, "naturally feel that the time has come for them to defend themselves." It has indeed, and since Mr George's Government has hitherto refrained from defending them, they are right to defend themselves. Nor, in his present mood, is Mr George content to stay at that point. "You must restore order," says he, "by measures very stern. You cannot permit the country to be debased into a condition of complete anarchy." It is a pity that Mr George did not make that simple discovery before. "A small body of assassins, a real murder gang," thus he goes on, "are dominating the country and terrorising it and making it impossible for reasonable men to come together to consider the best way of governing the country, . . . and it is essential in the interests of Ireland that that gang should be broken up, and unless I am mistaken we shall do it." Again we regret that Mr George did not take this essential duty in hand years

ago. How much bloodshed and misery would he have spared us and Ireland.

Then with excellent justice he compared the situation in Ireland with the situation of the Southern States of America. "There is a limit," he said, speaking with the voice of statesmanship, "as Abraham Lincoln discovered, to the disruptive rights of a minority. . . . The Southern States had just as good a right to set up an independent Republic as Ireland, Wales, or Scotland. . . . History now shows that Abraham Lincoln was absolutely right in saying there is a limit to the right which even a separate community has to tear up a large combination that has been working together for common ends. That is the limit in Ireland." That is also the limit, if Mr George had only found it out before, in India, which has been rent asunder to please Messrs Montagu and Gandhi, and in Egypt, which for no motive that is visible has been handed over to Zaghlul and his friends.

For Mr Asquith and his policy of Dominion Home Rule Mr George reserved his fiercest scorn. He pointed out with unerring force the danger of Dominion Home Rule, which would give Ireland a navy and an army of her own, and leave her ports wholly uncontrolled by us, with the power of closing them against us if she chose. This is what Mr Asquith would give Ireland in order to satisfy her. As though Ireland would be satis-

fied, even if we put England, Scotland, and Wales under her vindictive heel! She doesn't want to be satisfied. She wants a grievance, which she can growl and snap over as a dog growls and snaps over a bone. And Mr George had no difficulty in proving that Mr Asquith, in his foolish desire to deprive Ireland of her grievance, would endanger at once and destroy finally the British Empire. "Do you know," he asked, "that Ireland was our worry during the war? . . . Ireland was a real peril. They were in touch with German submarines. There it stands at the gateway of Britain; you cannot turn to the right, you cannot turn to the left, except by either the right or left gate of Ireland. . . . It is girdled with British wrecks; yes, and British seamen are there too; and we are to hand over Ireland to be made a base of the submarine fleet, and we are to trust to luck in our next war. Was there ever such lunacy proposed by anybody?"

No: there never was such lunacy proposed, not even by Mr George himself, who, now that he is momentarily awake, sees plainly enough the danger which confronts Great Britain. "Don't you take these risks," says he. "This is a great country—a great country; it has done more for human freedom than any other country. Don't risk its destinies and its future through any folly or any fear of any gang in Ireland. We saw the great

war through at gigantic cost; we are not going to quail before a handful of assassins in any part of the British Empire. Hand our ports over to Ireland, the gateway of Great Britain! They might starve us." Starve us they certainly would, and it has taken Mr George two years to enunciate this simple truth.

He has (or should have) many sins upon his conscience, and not the least of his sins is that sin of inaction of which he has been guilty in Ireland. As soon as the Armistice was declared, it was his business to formulate a strong policy and to restore law and order to Ireland. Being the victim of political expediency he has done precisely nothing. He has looked on while brave men and peaceable citizens were foully and treacherously done to death. And now, at the eleventh hour, he discovers the risks with which we are faced. He sees at last that in the next war we should lie at Ireland's mercy, that even in time of peace abroad Ireland might starve us out. And he says, boldly and clearly, that he is not going to quail. What does it mean? Is it politics or is it repentance, or is it merely the last comer? Does he see that the mass of British voters are opposed to murder? Is he sorry for the criminal neglect of the last years? Has a wise adviser got at his listening ear? We do not know, nor do Mr George's brave words give us much confidence for the future. We

remember what he has done, or rather left undone, in Russia, and we quail, as he pretends that he does not, before the future. If only he would translate his words into acts there would be some hope for us. Unhappily this is not his practice, and maybe to-morrow he will make another speech which shall soothe the assassins. For the moment we must be content with the speech that he has given us. After all, a pious aspiration is perhaps better than nothing.

Yet if Mr George were the master of his own eloquence, if his mind were bound by the words that he speaks or by the opinions which he shapes, the logical conclusion of what he said at Carnarvon could be summed up in one word—Union. Truly if the Union did not exist to-day it would be necessary to invent it. If Ireland can defeat us in the next war, and in the meanwhile contrive our starvation, as she could if Mr Asquith, the chief begetter of the Easter Day Rebellion, had his way, then Ireland is as little to be trusted with a parliament as with a port. As Mr Lloyd George says, after Abraham Lincoln, "there is a limit to the disruptive rights of a minority." In a crisis of far less danger than our own, Lincoln fought until the revolting States were compelled to remain within the Union, and the task which lies ahead of us is the same task from which Lincoln did not shrink. As a result of his courage and firmness he has

won the admiration of Messrs George and Asquith, who each, after his own fashion, has fought hard for disruption. That they have not detected the signs of their own hypocrisy in this praise of a great Unionist says very little for their sense of history. But if Mr George's references to Abraham Lincoln and his policy are any more solid than the air which carried them away, then he cannot avoid pledging himself honestly and resolutely to the preservation of the Union, the one policy which can serve Great Britain and save Ireland. It remains for him to carry into action the speech which he made at Carnarvon, and after a necessary period of martial law to strengthen the ties which from the time of Pitt until 1906 bound Ireland tightly and firmly, in weal and in woe, to the British Empire.

Wherever we look at home or abroad we shall see the same signs of disintegration. And disintegration does not come of itself. The old romantic idea that history was controlled by "movements," omnipotent and inevitable, like floods or hurricanes, has long since been proved fallacious. The troubles which beset the human race are not made by natural forces. Behind every disaster, every access of murder and brutality, there are a human hand and a human brain. To discover whose are the hand and the brain is the only sure way of making the hand and the brain innocuous, and hitherto it has been hard, indeed, to

ensure the discovery. However, with success the conspirators, become callous, have revealed their purposes, and an intelligent reading of history has shown us that, wherever there is rebellion there is a Jewish organisation to strengthen and support it. Here, then, is the danger that is always in our midst—the danger of Jewry, and we are careless indeed if we allow that danger to go unperceived and unguarded against.

The Jew has always fished in troubled waters. The disaster of the Christian has been his good fortune, and to these who are still in doubt as to his purpose and design we commend with confidence a recently published book, 'The Cause of World Unrest,' with an introduction by the editor of the 'Morning Post' (London: Grant Richards). In the pages of this book are traced with skill and ingenuity the plot contrived by the Jews against Christian civilisation, a plot which was inaugurated centuries ago, and which is still as active and as perilous as ever it was. Behind the Sinn Feiner in Ireland, behind the silly anarchist on the Clyde, there lurks the Jew, cynical and cunning, who is determined to turn to his own account the embarrassments of others. As it is now in Russia and in Ireland, so it was in France before the Revolution. Weishaupt and the Illuminati were the powers; the revolutionaries were merely the puppets. Thus is the truth sketched by the

Abbé Barruel in 1797: "You thought the Revolution ended in France, and the Revolution in France was only the first attempt of the Jacobins. In the desires of a terrible and formidable sect you have only reached the first stage of the plans it has formed for that general revolution, which is to overthrow all thrones, all altars, annihilate all property, efface all law, and end by dissolving all society." As it was in the time of the Abbé Barruel, so it is to-day. A terrible and formidable sect is attempting to get the world into its clutches, and the sect has changed neither in race nor in purpose in a century of years.

Crude as was the philosophy of Weishaupt or Spartacus, it was calculated to inflame the minds of the many fools. "Yes," said he, "princes and nations shall disappear from the face of the earth. Yes, a time shall come when man shall acknowledge no other Law than the great book of Nature. This Revolution shall be the work of our Secret Societies, and that is one of our Grand Mysteries." The language is the language of the dangerous humbug, and very well it has succeeded in the deception of human-kind. The following passage brings us still nearer to the design of the French Revolution and to the form assumed by the worst terror of all—the terror of Bolshevism. "When the object is a universal Revolution, all the members of these Societies, aiming at the same

point and aiding one another, must find means of governing invisibly, and without any appearance of violent measures, not only the higher and more distinguished class of any particular state, but even of all stations, of all nations, of every religion, must insinuate the same spirit everywhere; in silence, but with the greatest possible activity, must direct the scattered inhabitants of the earth towards the same point."

There you have as good a description of Lenin's method as you could find anywhere. Working in silence and with the greatest possible activity the Jews of Russia, clever and malignant, have done their best to debauch the opinion and the morality of the whole world. They have purchased such tools everywhere as they thought would be useful, and they have not been held back from their fell purpose by any scruples of decency or pity. Murder and torture have been the common means by which they have achieved their ends, and they have found apt pupils in Ireland and in India. If so far they have not succeeded, it is because they have tried to cast their spell upon a partially enlightened world. But the danger is not overpast, and we shall save our civilisation only if we watch the activities of the Jewish race, and bear in mind the part that has been played by the wickedest sort of freemasonry and by the ritual of revenge in this prolonged attempt to ruin us all.

In these terms it is that

Barruel sketched the sinister principle upon which the Illuminati founded their hopes: "Want and opinion are the two agents which make all men act. Cause the want, govern opinions, and you will overturn all existing systems, however well consolidated they may appear." Again it is Lenin's principle. It is the principle which ensured the infamous French Revolution, as Mrs Webster has shown in her book. "Agents employed by the Duc d'Orléans deliberately bought up the grain," she tells us on excellent authority, "and either sent it out of the country, or concealed it in order to drive the people to revolt." It is the principle which will underlie every attempt at revolution that is likely to be made in the world, and it is the principle of the secret societies and of that part of Jewry which is closely related to them.

If we did not recognise the lineal descent of one set of conspirators from another, the revelations of one Nilus which have been set forth in 'The Jewish Peril' would appear strange indeed. The book contains the text of twenty-four Protocols of Meetings of the Learned Elders of Zion, and it shows how faithful have the modern conspirators remained to the teaching of the original Spartacus. "The protocols, in truth, are the plans of a secret government of Jewry for the return of this government to Zion and for the government of the whole world by Jewish dispensation." The

way and the end are alike familiar. "The symbolism of the snake," says Nilus, "typifies a coiling and encircling movement, by which all Europe, and through Europe all the rest of the world, by the use of all forms of force, by wars of conquest, and by economic pressure, will be subjected to the influence of Jewry." That the statement of Nilus should carry weight is proved by the fact that he prophesied precisely the shape and the course which the revolution in Russia would take many years before the event, and declared that the predicted revolution would be carried out by a Jewish organisation, which brings us back to the terrible and formidable sect of the eighteenth century.

How, then, shall we combat this terrible and formidable sect? By watching its plots, wherever they be hatched, and by doing our best to frustrate them. Above all, it is essential to recognise that the evil that has been done in Russia has been done almost exclusively by Jews. Trotsky is a Jew, as is Lenin also, despite the denials of his friends. And from these examples we may learn, if it be not too late, how dangerous it is to admit Jews into our councils. Yet what have we seen during the last two years? The Jews supreme at the Conference of Paris, checking the aspirations of the Poles, for instance, because a strong Poland is not acceptable to Jewry, considering always the creed and the hopes of the



"race" before the advantage of the nations in which they were permitted to sojourn. As it was at Paris, so it is in our own Government. There are politicians in the British ministry who would not be there if their Semitic blood and connections had not given them a secret advantage. What is there of tradition or training or ability in Sir Alfred Meritz Mond, for instance, which should entitle him to the Presidency of the Board of Works? Why is Mr Montagu permitted to wreck the peace of India—a licence which would be granted, we hope and believe, to no Christian? Why is Mr Montagu's cousin, Sir Herbert Samuel, who at any rate is not ashamed of his own name, sent

forth, a Jew himself, to reconcile the Arabs to an enforced and sudden influx of Hebrews, many of them Bolshevists? There is but one explanation of these anomalies, and that explanation is the influence wielded secretly and unscrupulously by the Semites who are allowed to live in our midst. In conclusion, we are faced by a peril which it would be absurd to overlook on the foolish plea of religious toleration. It is no matter of religion but of race, and the sooner we insist that the Jews, living peaceably in our midst, shall take no part, open or secret, in the government of the country in which they are privileged to dwell, the less risk we shall run of revolution and of Bolshevism.

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VOL. CCVIII.

## A STUDY IN GREEN.

BY SALTIRE.

### I. CURFEW.

FOR an hour the city has been silent as a place of the dead. The moon casts its light upon the waters and on a tangle of gloomy streets intersected by docks and quays. There seems to be no person stirring anywhere save here and there a group of soldiers standing with fixed bayonets. In one quarter only there is a blaze of light. That comes from some half-dozen enormous leries, and occasionally their rumbling can be heard as they go heavily here and there, stopping at frequent intervals.

Then on a sudden a loud dolorous eerie cry, that gathers force as it spreads over the darkened streets and up into the surrounding hills, breaks the ominous silence, arouses for a moment the interest of the wearied sentinels, or disturbs a slumberer's unrestful sleep.

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What is it that rends the midnight so? Only an old woman, or perhaps many old women, screaming. And you would not believe, if you had not heard it, that they were capable of so immense a volume of sound. It is hard to distinguish any words, but the meaning of their unearthly wailing is defiance to the stranger, and the burthen of their jargon is "God curse King George and all his men!" It seems like the soul of an unappeasable restless race howling forth its discontent.

It was when the troubles of this distressful land had already reached a considerable pitch that it was found necessary to close the streets of the city to all the inhabitants from 10 o'clock at night until 3 in the morning. This order, called by the name of "Curfew,"

3 A

enjoins that they must all be inside their houses by the former hour, and picquets are placed in various parts of the city to prevent insurgents from arranging a place of rendezvous and flocking to it on a given signal. Those arrested are taken to the Police House, the place already described as ringed with a blaze of light, and there examined as to their reason for being abroad after the statutory hour.

Men speak of "the drama of the Curfew," and maybe the writer of these notes may have signified his approval of the phrase in his initial sentences. But "Comedy" may suit the case as well, perhaps better.

For when the lorry with its burden of delinquents draws up at the entrance, the same humorous procedure is repeated nearly every time. There stands the "Police House" with its vestibule, and "the minions of the British Government" sauntering about the door. And within there is a kind of private sanctum where the great man of the moment, ruling supreme over the destinies of the night, sits in a roomy arm-chair before a table covered with typewritten documents. The prevailing characteristic of the room is loyalty, as opposed to the rebellion and lawlessness that ramp in the darkness outside, for its decorations, which adorn every wall, are portraits of rulers and generals.

Facing these, the incomer is brought before his interrogator, who asks his name.

You might think it an easy question that few could fail to answer. If you do, you are under a sad delusion, for the Hibernian, for some reason that must remain a mystery, finds it an exceedingly difficult one. He is also extremely garrulous, especially when met between the hours of ten at night and three in the morning; and ignoring altogether the very modest request of the great man in the chair, bursts into a torrent of impassioned and perfectly unintelligible oratory—a flood so fast and furious that nothing can stand before it. No one else can pronounce a syllable. Broadly speaking, the length and vehemence of the outpour vary in exact proportion to the personal appearance of the questioned. Some passably well-groomed wayfarers have been known to preserve a reticent and even sulky demeanour when examined, but this is the exception. In the course of the oration, he reveals nearly everything about himself that it is not strictly necessary to know, and the only two facts which he conceals with zealous care are his name and his address, being, in almost every case, the only information that the questioner requires.

The hearers, generally numbering about six, are quite gratuitously presented with all kinds of terrible family secrets, as, to state the mildest, that he has quarrelled with his father or his mother or some other relative, who has turned him out of the house for the

night; or that he is out of work and chances to have no money, although there are always vast sums owing to him of which he has been unjustly defrauded; and he generally produces a document shewing the exact amount that is due.

A third class consists quite simply of belated revellers, who neither desire nor attempt to make any concealment of the fact. They are the most garrulous, the most humorous, and the most intractable, for they are constitutionally incapable of answering any question. When asked what his name is, one will reply that he was at school with the great man's sister; when required to give his address, he counters by inviting the long-suffering potentate to "come along to the mess and have a drink"; when the cause of his being out after ten is demanded, he will pour coals of fire on the head of his inquisitor by offering him a first-rate tip for the Cesarevitch that will prove absolutely infallible.

Of course all do not contribute to the hilarity of jaded officials, for there are some whose reason has been so entirely dethroned as to render no word of their speech coherent. But it would scarcely be fair to pass the class by without remembering one who may well be allowed inclusion in their ranks, although, according to his own statement, he was apprehended by the Government's minions when returning from the pur-

suit of his trade. This man exercised the dignified and useful calling of a sweep, and was justly proud of the fact.

Wearied with hard work, as well as cheered with porter, he had conceived the notion of lying down for a few moments to rest in one of the deserted streets, when he was pounced upon by a ruthless patrol and conveyed to the Police House.

There stood suddenly in the doorway an apparition of titanic size, bearing from head to foot the august marks of his office, for he was as black with inches deep of soot as the night out of which he came.

There he pironetted round and round, offering with gesticulations, though not in words, to fight all comers; but no one was willing to touch him, so he waltzed in the midst of an awestruck circle, who edged away to escape contamination, and shrank into walls and doorways, where at a safe distance they gave themselves up to uncontrollable laughter.

When at last he could be ushered into the inner room, the usual questions were put to him; but so filled was he with honourable pride in his profession that, though he was willing to dance or fight, and did actually sing, nothing more could be extracted from him by way of an answer than the magic words, "I am a sweep." "Evidently," was the great man's rejoinder.

In the darkness and silence

where the sentries pace to and fro, the most trivial incidents are welcomed as a slight relief to the seldom varying monotony. "Halt! that cat!" shouts one of the sentries of a picquet as a feline form glides lightly in front of him down into the enveloping darkness; and wild howls in the distance on every side prove that myriads of her companions are at large, their penetrating voices taking at times a full possession of the silence. The wearied soldiery, poor fellows! seem to derive an infinite pleasure from these savage miaulings and love to mimic them, making night hideous to their hearts' content with a thousand blood-curdling cat-calls.

But it sometimes happens that the quiet of the night is broken by sounds of a different kind, and that other more impressive occurrences serve to distract the sentry from the loneliness of his watch and to bestir him to a greater activity. A shot, or more rarely several shots, heard in the dead silence, promptly gives birth to a mighty family of rumours. Most probably a forlorn loiterer has run away in panic from a sentry, and the sentry has fired over his head when the challenge proved ineffective to stop him. Or perhaps a car will suddenly come sweeping up to the lonely picquet and carry them away on some errand that has a deep purpose in it. The great man in the Police House has just received a message from some loyal householder that his house is being raided; so he collects

his scattered posts and carries them off with him to the support of the threatened domicile. It often happens that the loyalist has had time to remove or hide any documents that might be dangerous to him, that the raiders plunder his house without finding what they seek, and that the protecting force arrives only a few minutes too late, to find that the birds have flown.

But on other occasions they are more fortunate and seize the raiders red-handed: lucky men if they should, for the city is filled with their spies, and little that passes is unknown.

Or the diversion may be caused by an incident of the opposite kind, and the loyalists may turn the tables on the insurgents by raiding and searching a house whose owner is known to be in sympathy with them. They return as a rule with a heterogeneous collection of literature, in which the strange blend of tragedy and comedy is again perceptible: manifestoes containing violent denunciations of the Government, as well as impassioned protestations of the justice of the cause, hopelessly mixed up with humorous doggerel designed to enliven proceedings at wedding-parties and christenings.

And outside the Police House, where the evidence is being sorted and examined, the hootings and rumblings of cars, the glare of lights, and the potent smell of petrol symbolise the Empire, by the side of which these frantic ebullitions seem as insignificant as

the buzzing of a swarm of bees.

At last the time comes when the weary "minions" can go off to their well-earned sleep. Civil tumults as well as foreign wars have invariably been productive of popular rhymes; and any one who cared to walk the streets at this witching hour might find his trouble repaid by hearing, if the troops were not too tired, as is sometimes the case, one of those lively ditties which the recent political troubles have created:—

"But in beautiful Piccadilly  
There is no curfew time;  
In beautiful Piccadilly,  
Where life is quite sublime,

You walk about till half-past two,  
Or later if it pleases you.  
Hip! Hip! Hurrah for Piccadilly."

After this a single voice can be heard—

"England doesn't care a jot  
When an Irish policeman's shot;  
They live a care-free life,  
Their days are free from strife.  
No wonder they don't care a jot  
If we crush Sinn Féin or not.  
Perhaps the rebels should be shot.  
Brrrrrrrr! to stop the rot!"

Then again the chorus—

"But in beautiful Piccadilly are  
precious stones and pearls,  
In peaceable Piccadilly are lords and  
dukes and earls,  
And beautiful girls in limousines,  
The sort you see on magazines.  
Hip! Hip! Hurrah! for Piccadilly!"

## II. ROOKS' CASTLE.

It is not too far a cry from the scene where the curfew is nightly enacted to Rooks' Castle, lying embosomed in trees on the outskirts of the city. It takes its name from the mighty flocks of those birds which circle continually above it, and no one looking down from the surrounding hills would ever suspect that its most notable inmates were prisoners, or that its presiding deity was a warden.

It was not so very long ago that a Prince of the Church, a friend and ally of the green party, on whose cause he deigned to look with benevolence, suddenly started forward as their champion, and drew on himself the attention of the world. For three weeks he was thought and spoken

of everywhere. On his name-day, the day when he was expected to grace the city with his presence, nearly the whole population wore the green sign in his honour. There were leading articles in the newspapers about him; his photograph was in nearly every shop window; and then suddenly his fame was eclipsed and he himself almost entirely forgotten. The phenomenon would have been amazing if its cause had not been evident.

For a greater than he had appeared, and drew the attention of all upon him as he lay in the fastness of Rooks' Castle. Within twelve hours of his being conveyed there, he too was famous. The city outside, and the whole island, of which it is one of the chief



ornaments, rang with his fame almost before the iron gate had elanged upon his footsteps.

He came there by night, but had he come by day and seen how likeable the place was in spite of its being a prison, with its avenues of trees, its banks covered with shrubs, its gardens, lawns, and peacocks—he would certainly have wished that he could have been there as owner rather than as guest. There is a peacefulness about the place which would be delightful if it was not a little too monastic. You feel on seeing it for the first time that a few alterations might very suitably be made. Say that the walls were of old red brick rather than of stone, and covered with fruit trees, and that one or two superfluous buildings were removed to make way for enlargements of the lawns and garden. Say that you were to turf the long stone pathway, and call it Peacock Walk instead of Peacock Lane, and supplant guard-rooms by lodges and cells by shrubberies. Then Rooks' Castle would be transformed into a very passable country house.

As it is, there is unmistakably a sense of something lacking. The garden plots have no flowers, the peacocks no tails, while the warden himself is, at least during the greater part of the twenty-four hours, just a shade depressed. And well he may be, for the causes of his anxiety are numerous. In the first place there is the prison. Its walls are very high and its

guardians are many. The enormous gate which is the only means of entry and exit is heavily bolted and barred, —preteoted, moreover, on the inside by two sentinels with fixed bayonets who leap to the en-guard position the instant that it opens to admit a stranger, ready to run him through if he displays any sign of a hostile intention.

Every weak spot and every dark corner has its armed warrior ready to give the alarm if a rescue should be attempted of the prisoners within. And there is a telephone ready at hand with which the warden can appeal for reinforcements in case of sudden surprise or unusual occurrence.

But, on the other hand, the trees are thick on the outside of the prison, and though its surroundings may be rural, it does not enjoy an absolute solitude. And no one can tell how far the prisoners' confederates have access to the neighbouring buildings, one of which particularly, with its spacious garden, whose trees almost overhang the outer wall, might easily afford the necessary protection to a desperate horde of intruders. With ropes and ladders they could swing themselves over the wall, overpower the sentries, and with a determined rush make themselves masters of the place under cover of the favouring night. Such is the spectacle that forms itself in the brain of the overwrought official as he tosses on his uneasy pillow.

And then there are the prisoners themselves, a constant source of disquieting reflections. For one thing, they refuse to eat the food that is brought to them, and prefer, or say they prefer, to die rather than accept it. The result of this idiosyncrasy is that a large number of them have been on the point of death for over a month, and the warden is often dragged out of bed, and robbed of one of his scanty snatches of sleep, with the news that so-and-so is close to his end, and has at the most but one more hour to live. But somehow or other the martyr always manages to survive a little longer. It is difficult to decide, however, whether the prisoners themselves are a greater cause of concern than their friends and relatives. These insist on visiting them, some scores every day, and at every hour of the day and night. The higher authorities make no objection to this, especially when the request is made on the plea that the sufferers cannot possibly live more than another four - and - twenty hours. It means incessant labour for the staff of the prison, as the only condition of their being allowed admission is that they shall be searched on arrival, to make sure that they do not carry any arms or seditious documents.

And in addition to these, there are a quantity of people who, although they do not actually claim the right of entry, congregate outside every

evening and sing, a proceeding which appears to afford them exquisite delight. They arrive about an hour before dusk, and they stay till about an hour after dark. This device has the great merit of publicity; it helps to draw the attention of the curious, and to stimulate their interest in what is going on inside. The enormous crowd proves an irresistible attraction to the wandering satellites of illustrated newspapers, who are not slow to profit by it. But this very fact contributes an additional cause of perplexity to the harassed janitors; for as well as being responsible for the safety of the prison and the safe custody of the prisoners, they are visited from time to time by eminent officials whom the green faction make the subject of attentions which would be extremely flattering if they were not at the same time inconvenient. These notabilities are regarded with so much interest that the ringleaders of the insurgents, although they already knew a great deal about them, are keen to know more, and particularly to possess their photographs. Thus it happens that, as well as newspaper agents, there are other ardent photographers planted on the wall outside in a suitable position for exercising their craft, whose object, although to all outward appearance perfectly innocent, is plainly evident to their intended victims. Of course, should they be arrested on suspicion, they have documents which prove conclu-

sively that they are engaged in the pursuit of their lawful avocations.

The warden is assisted in his arduous duties by a guard, whose commander he must sometimes envy. If you were to enter Rooks' Castle, pass through its immense bastion, and climb up the moss-grown steps past the garden where the green and gold of the flaunting peacocks lends a brilliant touch of colour to otherwise drab surroundings, you would come at last to a spiral staircase leading up to the summit of a tower where the guard-commander inhabits a small square room whence he can enjoy a view of the castle beneath, and the surrounding hills, through windows strongly protected by the massive bars of an iron grating. Here in the intervals of visiting the sentinels he spends his day reading books, writing letters, and wondering whether the troops have enough to eat.

And it was on a fine morning in early autumn that an incoming guard commander wandered up the staircase and into this curious little stronghold in the tower to take over from him who had commanded the guard for the last twenty-four hours. It was a glorious morning, a fresh breeze blew from the sea, the trees on the hills all round looked fresh and radiant after the rain of the night before. It would have been almost impossible to believe that one was in a prison had it not been that the room itself was slightly

reminiscent of the Man in the Iron Mask. Everything outside seemed so gay and bright. But, as it was, he on whom all eyes were fixed had arrived in the castle the night before. There had been an unusual flutter among the authorities, for as well as the renowned leader of the green faction ten of his confederates were to be incarcerated along with him. All kinds of precautions had been taken to provide against the possibility of a rescue; even when he was safely inside the prison the difficulties created by such a situation were by no means ended. Rather they might be said to have only begun. Even if his arrest and trial were to prevent him from serving his party as a free man, he was resolved that at least they should be able to claim him as a martyr. He was courteous and ingratiating in manner, and bore himself with patience and dignity as one who thought himself not unworthy to change the course of history and tamper with the destinies of nations.

A thousand rumours were afloat as to his ultimate disposal, but it was fully expected that after his trial he would be brought back to Rooks' Castle, and messages were received during the course of the day announcing the arrival of extra guards directly it grew dark. A car would be at the gates punctually at a quarter-past two in the morning, or perhaps before, to bear the prisoner away to an unknown destination.

There were frequent watchers after dark from the loophole in the wall from which the sentinel commands a view of the approaches to the gate. But nothing could be seen and nothing heard, save the hooting of the owls in the trees above the moat.

Then an hour after midnight, and with surprising suddenness, a car flashed round the corner out of the main road and up the broad avenue. The great gate opened. A figure wrapped in a huge coat stepped into the gate-room, silent, mysterious, impassive.

The reinforcing guard would be withdrawn: nothing further would take place to-night: that was all he had to say; and having said it he went away as swiftly and as silently as he had come.

The warden breathed a sigh of relief. The commander of the guard was left in a maze of mystification. Said the warden to him, "Well, I think a tot of whisky wouldn't do us any harm, and then an hour or two of sleep." The guard-commander concurred. It was a cold inclement night, and in the warden's snug little room with a fire and the cheerful twinkling of the lights, and above all the whisky-bottle and the soda siphon, the warden, reserved and diffident during the day, relapsed into an easy vein of cheery conversation.

He was even ready to discuss the possible reasons of this sudden and entirely unexpected change of plan. . . . They might

have sent him away to some other place, or they might not have the necessary means of transport,—surely it was not possible they could have released him, or perhaps—well, he had better not say that. . . . Blessed be the immortal gods who caused the vine to grow to gladden men's hearts and to unloosen their tongues.

Thenext morning the mystery was solved. The insurgent chieftain had stood his trial the day before, and had been taken away without returning to the Castle of Rooks. At an early hour some time before daybreak, attended by one trusted official and lighted by a solitary candle, he had come down the stairs from the room where he slept, and entered a car that bore him away on a long journey.

The almost solitary witness of his departure described later how he had gone to see him as he was going to bed the night before, and expressed the tumult of his feelings as he looked for the first and perhaps the last time on the man who had signed the death-warrant of his old friend and former chief. It was a large bare room where the prisoner spent his last night in the green island. On the wall was a curious document called a rhyme-sheet. And this was the rhyme:—

"O what shall the man full of sin do,  
Whose heart is as cold as a stone,  
he black owl looking in at his window,  
And he, on his death-bed, alone,

When the spirit, half-freed from its  
bare case,  
Goes shrinking away in the gloom,  
With a whisper of wings on the stair-  
case,  
And a shudder of feet in the room.

And they bear him, with horrible  
laughter,  
Though he cling with the strength  
of despair,  
To bed-post and lintel and rafter,  
Away to the prince of the air."

### III. AMBUSHES.

A state of civil war produces this very equivocal condition of affairs, that the defenders of the established government are marked men known to everybody, whereas those whom it is their duty to suppress have the advantage of being concealed.

It also enables hot-heads and hooligans to continue the excesses which they perpetrate under normal conditions, while persuading themselves and other people that they do these things for a legitimate political object.

Even those who would disapprove of their doings, if this pretext could not be put forward, are very liable to overlook them at present. And the following story, though the writer refuses to vouch for its absolute veracity, clearly indicates the attitude of mind:—

A priest was hearing the confession of one of his parishioners. "Father," said the penitent to him, "on Sunday I laid an ambush with several more of my friends, and we killed three constables; on Monday I crept up behind a soldier who wasn't looking and blew his brains out; on Tuesday I laid wait with two other accomplices and killed two soldiers who were passing

through the woods; on Wednesday——"

"Whist, man!" said the priest, "be done with your politics, and get on with your sins."

It is natural that these people are always ready to answer to the call of the Sinn Féin recruiting sergeant. The routine of regular work makes only a very mild appeal to them; they are fond of adventure, and not scrupulous about the means of gaining their ends. And they are specially adapted to the particular form of guerilla fighting now in vogue in a country which, though not exactly in a state of war, is neither entirely at peace.

Their favourite forms of activity are ambushes, in which bodies of men well concealed lie in wait for groups of two or three, or even for single persons, or raids upon mails and convoys. These ambushes are nearly always carefully prepared in well-chosen spots, where the natural features of the ground lend themselves to the scheme. Often, if they intend to waylay a vehicle on the road, they cut down a tree and make a barrier, so that the driver, if completely unsuspecting, will run blindly into it, and the occupants can be

fired on while they are still in the toils and before they have recovered from their surprise.

At first this method was successful; but later, when the intended victims became more fully acquainted with the wiles of their adversaries, they knew that a man on a motor bicycle, travelling fast and looking behind him frequently, with an obvious display of interest in their movements, was a sure sign of some hostile intention. They were aware, too, that a piece of road that was hidden from a distance, or the first few yards after turning a corner, were the most likely spots for an ambush.

The insecurity of the ordinary post as a means for the conveyance of official documents very soon made it necessary to send all correspondence by road, and the more active partisans of Sinn Fein, who had hitherto found scope for their energies in raiding post-offices, speedily turned their attention to the more profitable resource of holding up the cars that carried the mails. At first the insurgents did nothing more than lurk on the sides of roads behind trees, and fire at the cars as they passed, a proceeding which very seldom produced any notable effect, for their weapons were generally old and rusty. They were not as a rule surpassing marksmen, and the drivers simply forged ahead at breakneck speed out of reach.

When it was found that these tactics resulted in failure,

subtler devices were resorted to. They organised over the countryside an elaborate system of spies, by which they could make sure of knowing when the mails started and the route by which they travelled.

They told off one of their number to patrol the roads on a motor bicycle, and to supply them with information of any movements of "the military." The scout made it his business to note the outgoing journey of the mail, to report the fact to Sinn Fein Headquarters, and then to race on by a different route to a spot which it was certain to pass. Here the main body, who were to carry out the surprise, would cut down trees and lay them across the road; and if time allowed, they would dig a trench behind and conceal themselves.

On two or three occasions this plan succeeded. The drivers of the swiftly-travelling Crossley cars tore along at a pace that would horrify the zealous guardians of the speed-limit in a more law-abiding country, and confident of defying and outdistancing any one who attempted to check their course with rifle-fire, crashed blindly into a mass of logs and branches, while a shower of bullets pelted on them from somewhere unseen.

The first of these occurrences was, in the main, a triumph for the insurgents.

Of the twelve men of the escort and two drivers, fourteen in all, seven were killed or wounded in the first shock.

By some means news of what had happened was conveyed to a neighbouring barracks, and a rescue party was soon on its way to the scene of action. When it arrived, every one of the fourteen occupants of the car was wounded, and four of them were dead. The fight had lasted considerably more than half an hour, for the Sinn Feiners, in this instance, were dogged in their determination to get hold of the car and the rifles. But when the rescue party arrived the new factor of fresh men and full supplies of ammunition turned the balance, and the sharpshooters drew off, balked of their prey.

It is not too much to say that escorting mails was the duty in which the troops took the greatest pleasure. The remark may savour of braggadocio, but if this should be the impression conveyed, remember that they were allowed out of barracks only on the rarest occasions; that their ordinary routine duties, as well as inlying picquets, patrolling of roads, ourfew patrol, and frequent guards, were occupations attended with almost insuperable monotony, and that the conducting of the mails supplied the diversion of a mad drive through miles of glorious country and the fresh air of the hills, accompanied by new scenes and the prospect of novelty and adventure.

And it is true to say that service in Ireland, with all its obvious disadvantages, is more popular than the dull routine

of soldiering at home. Many of the men are young, and not having had experience of the war, are anxious to have something to their credit of what, if not called by the name, at least partakes of the nature of active warfare.

To go back to the Sinn Fein emissary on his bicycle. He would ride on madly ahead of the Crossley car and appear almost as if he was taking a friendly interest in their welfare, and then suddenly dart on like an arrow and disappear. The first time or two they took no notice of him, but later the portent became known, and the officer in command of the car would order the driver to change his route, and frequently by this means the hunters would be robbed of their prey.

The first successes of Sinn Fein were not followed up by others, for the military authorities got wind of their methods; and whereas it had been the rule for mail escorts to sally forth armed only with rifles, they were afterwards provided with a Lewis gun and bombs, weapons which succeeded on several occasions in dispersing the conspirators a very few moments after their appearance.

Strict orders were given that if the mails were attacked the escorts were to fight; and it was surprising to see what a feeble stand was made against their endeavours. It was just about this time also that several of the ringleaders of the rebellion were arrested and sentenced. This fact may have

discouraged the smaller fry, for all they did, on occasions when attempts to trap the mails were tried, was, in the words of the song, to "throw their bombs and run away."

#### IV. ESCORTING THE MAIL.

It was a brilliant morning in the latter half of August when an officer, eight men, and two drivers received orders to form an escort to the Dolney mail. Dolney is a town distant some twenty-three miles from the city which boasts of Rooks' Castle among its possessions.

The car was a specially selected car, new, and in perfect running condition, while the drivers were old and tried hands who were accustomed to the work. The men were armed with rifles and bombs, and in the middle stood a Lewis gunner, a keen, lively, active man with shining black eyes, who had seen much service during the war, and looked the very embodiment of strength and efficiency. The first part of the journey lay along the banks of a river through small villages of grey stone. Occasionally, rather to the surprise of the soldiers, they were cheered by the civilians—and the cheers, be it emphasised, were not ironical, the reason being that the part of the country through which they were passing is one much patronised by people of loyal sympathies, retired sergeants from Irish regiments, their wives and families, and others still well affected to the British rule.

Farther on appeared people of a different kind and cast

—dark, silent, sly, suspicious. They gave unmistakable signs of the restless and disturbed state of the country, looking at the troops as if they were some unusual kind of monster very rare in those parts, an object both of curiosity and fear.

Alertness and uncertainty are the prevailing elements of life in these times. The necessity of continual watchfulness is constantly brought home. Even when revolver practice takes place close to the barracks, an escort with fixed bayonets accompanies the party down to the range, and soldiers with their rifles at the firing position and pointed at the surrounding hills lie on the bank above the pit.

All may be comparatively quiet for twenty days, and on the twenty-first something may occur to show that the country is really in a state of war.

To a certain degree under tranquil conditions, and to a still greater extent in the existing state of affairs, Ireland reminds one of a foreign country. There are many parts of this land which, owing to the scarcity of buildings and the long tracks of moor and plain that the eye travels over with hardly a notable object to break the continuous vista, recall the sweeping downs of Languedoc



and the unending slopes of Castile. There is no crowding in of villages and parks and avenues of trees, while everything is on a large scale.

The people too have a very un-English appearance. It is said that there is a great deal of foreign blood, particularly in the south of Ireland. Many of the people whom one sees on the quays of the ports in the south and west of Ireland, as well as in the surrounding country, must be descended from Spaniards who came here in former ages to trade. There is a habit, when this is mentioned, of repeating the absurd figment about their being descended from the shipwrecked mariners who were cast on shore from the Armada. But these unfortunate castaways can scarcely have amounted to several thousand, nor is it likely that they found their way into almost every seaport town in Ireland. These ports did a considerable trade with Spain in the sixteenth century, and you can see its legacy in the aspect of the buildings as well as of the people.

In Seville and Malaga the inhabitants love to congregate in the streets and talk. You see the same thing here. In Spanish towns there are an astonishing number of beggars. There are countless beggars too in Ireland, and beggars who request an alms in the same lordly way that the Spanish beggars affect—not with the downcast demeanour of the occasional individuals who ply

that trade on the other side of the St George's Channel.

It is said that men acquire the nature of the animals they tend—that bullock drivers are silent and stubborn, horse-masters lively and animated, muleteers human mules, and so on. Conversely, animals acquire the temperaments of humans, and so Irish animals display that easy indifferent attitude to things in general which is characteristic of their masters, and affords so much amusement to casual visitors who are not accustomed to it. A donkey lying in the road as the car approached paid not the slightest attention to the whir of the engine or the wild blasts of the horn. He monopolised not half but three-quarters of the highway, and the driver unable and unwilling to pull up or slacken his speed, passed by within an inch of the nose of the animal, who gave no other sign of life than the lazy wagging of his tail in the dust, while the vehicle went in imminent risk of embedding itself in the ditch.

The Lewis gunner might well sweep every tree and bush as he passed with the searching glance of a hawk, for no country was ever more admirably made for an ambuscade. Behind these grey walls, these grassy mounds, these trees and hedges, there might at any moment be a party of the enemy ready to hurl their bombs, or pour in a hail of bullets. Every one of these solitary, dark-looking loiterers whom the car rushed swiftly

past, might be in league with an assassin, and off to spread the news directly it was out of sight.

And yet how strange that one should connect all the features of this country only with thoughts of death and strife. How cool and delightful the streams appear glittering in the sunlight; one's thoughts inevitably turn to the trout and salmon lurking in the pools beneath the willows, and longing arises for a few days' sport free from any other care or distraction. And then there is the scene of the far-off mountains as the summit of a hill is reached, and the long expanse spreads out before the hurried travelers. They seem so peaceful under the soft mists that clothe their farthest ridges. And then the mail rushes down through forests of beech and pine into the village of Rathdooley. Soon after it ascends a steep hill, and from the eminence that it has gained, commands a view of a broad river as noble as the Severn or the Thames. On its farther bank stretch the spacious lawns of a park, and its margin is overshadowed by majestic elms. For a moment it seems as if a piece of England had been removed and taken into a foreign land. Then the eye travels farther to where the closely-packed town of Dolney clusters round its narrow, winding, precipitous street, with its small low-fronted houses, and the people crowding shy and inquisitive at their doors, gazing suspiciously at

the soldiers as they cross the bridge and begin the steep ascent.

Everywhere there is a ragged uncared-for look, as if nothing that had been begun had been properly finished off; as if in every case some one had started off enthusiastically to do something, and then had suddenly wearied of it, and left off in the middle. The barracks stand high on the top of the hill in a commanding position like a mediæval fortress. It is seldom that they stand anywhere else in the chief towns of Ireland; and the sight of these towering strongholds contributes another cause for the resemblance to places remembered abroad. In Winchester and Shrewsbury the barracks are not built on hills, though there are hills to build them on if such had been the intention. It would seem rather that the valleys had been specially chosen for their site. The gate opens, the car travels in; a tall silent staff officer with fair hair and blue eyes receives the imposing sheaf of documents. They are safe. He hands out others, a smaller packet, and during the interval the party of men regale themselves on their frugal meal of sandwiches and cheese.

For a short moment they are among friends, and can exchange a few jests and the news of the hour with their comrades. What a contrast between the neatness and orderliness of the barracks and the happy-go-lucky world

outside. Not that there is any rooted antagonism between the troops and the people of the country. If there is any enmity, it is a purely artificial one, created by the exceptional circumstances of the moment; for during long years the soldiers of the garrisons and the folk among whom they dwelt were the best of friends. Frequently they shared their sports and amusements in the most perfect amity. It is a bitter reflection that a small minority of mischief-makers has been able to ruin the good feeling that once prevailed, and to replace it by doubt and suspicion and mutual distrust.

On their return journey they passed along the northern side of the wide park of which they had a sight on their arrival from the south. The outward journey had been the more important of the two, but the other might be equally perilous. And they were fully conscious of this. If they had been missed the first time, which was possible, their pursuers might try to waylay them on their return. And the route which they would be forced to take, at least for the first two miles out of Dolney, unless they were prepared to make a tremendous detour, was as well suited for an ambush as the road along the valley.

For the first mile and a half it descended continually with one or two sharp turnings, and the ground on either side sloped away swiftly from it. On either side for the whole

of that distance, there was a boundary wall of about three feet in height; on the left of the route this wall ran down into the park of Dolney to a depth of ten feet. And half a mile farther on the park gave place to an immense wood which stretched away on either side of the highway, the wall still continuing.

When they entered the dark shades of the wood, as if in answer to an irresistible intuition, the men looked to their rifles, and made sure where the bombs lay. The Lewis gunner grasped his weapon more firmly and placed his finger on the trigger, while the officer took out his revolver and laid it across his knees.

They gazed intently into the thick screen of foliage, which hid the sunlight, for the sign of a head over the wall. "Now, steady round the corner," said a man's voice between his teeth. "I've been this way before. This is the devil's death-trap." Then every one listened for the note of the motor-horn of the despatch-rider in front. But no sound came. "Ferrard away, then. We're out of that." And the driver pressed his foot down on to the accelerator and pushed back his gear to top speed.

All this had needed only a few seconds. The tension relaxed slightly, an easy light-heartedness was taking the place of the sombre attitude of expectation.

And then suddenly one of them pointed to the man on the motor bicycle. He was

holding up his hand and waving it. Surely it couldn't be—and then, without further time for investigation, bang!!! just in front of the car; and a score of high-pitched notes hummed through the air, following the first explosion by the smallest fraction of a second, like the sudden release of a group of angry hornets.

Then came briskly the retort as the rap-rap-rap of the Lewis gunner out through the bushes.

And there was no further sound from the wood as it lay there, contrasting with the sunlight that broke in above them, almost as black as night.

The bicycle had turned round, the car had stopped. "Are there any casualties?"

"No; only one man, sir! Turton, a graze on the ear."

And then to the bicyclist as he came up to them: "And why didn't you blow your horn?"

"I did blow it, sir, but I couldn't get any sound out of it."

Pursuit through those trees, and in an unknown country, was hopeless. So they pressed on again full steam ahead, the despatch-rider keeping only a few yards in front of the car, with instructions to shout on the appearance of anything suspicious.

Another ten minutes and they were topping a rise, leaving the forest far below, as they rose into the clear air and the wide expanses of the hills. A glorious sensation of triumph was added to the exhilarating influence of the wind as it rushed past. Far away before them lay a series of crests, growing purpler and purpler in the distance. And all round the green of the trees in the valleys contrasted with the bright colours of the heather that crowned the heights. Occasionally down below them glittered the silver of some stream or lake, while a hawk poised himself above them for an instant, and then swooped with unerring stroke over a shoulder of the hill.

*(To be continued.)*

## YOU CHANGE AT CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

BY EVELYNE BUXTON.

MR PECKLEBURY, one Saturday afternoon in January 1920, was assiduously gardening in the front garden of the neat detached villa-residence in which he dwelt with his step-aunt, when some one coming from the direction of the suburban station, not a stone's-throw away, passed the gate, paused, returned, looked over it, and said—

"I beg your pardon, but can you tell me the name of this place?"

"This is Puddispor, sir," said Mr Pecklebury, looking up from the minute grass border he was clipping at his step-aunt's behest in case it should grow.

"What a delightful spot it appears to be!" said the well-dressed young man at the gate, gazing blissfully about him upon the little red villa-residences which surrounded Mr Pecklebury's in their hundreds along the neat laburnumed roads.

Mr Pecklebury's eyes left the young man's face. He sat back on his heels, and his gaze also travelled round as much of the villa-residences as he could see. He looked at them pensively, as though he had once or twice before gazed round on them thus and wondered what they really looked like.

"Have you lost your way, sir?" he inquired, his eyes returning to the young man.

"Well, not *here* exactly," said the young man. "I couldn't exactly be said to have had a way here to lose, you see. Not as yet! I've only just arrived."

"Did you come by mistake?" inquired Mr Pecklebury, selecting, after a brief pause of not unnatural bewilderment, the question which seemed most likely to lead to enlightenment.

"I can't call it a mistake," said the young man. He gazed intensely round him. "I feel as if all other places in the world were a mistake, and this alone were the place to come to. I feel as if I had come to the place of my dreams—dreams I had never so much as realised I was dreaming, I do assure you," he added with a change of voice, bringing suddenly puzzled eyes back to Mr Pecklebury's surprised face.

They gazed at each other a moment, and then Mr Pecklebury made an earnest effort to reduce what he could not help feeling to be a rising element of incomprehensibility in the situation.

"If you came here in a train by mistake, sir," he said, "that is, if you have arrived here without meaning to, perhaps you took the wrong train."

"I can't call it the wrong train," said the young man, smiling rapturously.

"Perhaps, for instance, you forgot to change at Clapham Junction," continued Mr Pecklebury firmly. "It frequently happens that people forget to change at Clapham Junction, and one or two trains run straight through to Puddispor."

"I did change at Clapham Junction," said the young man. "I had to change there to catch a train for my grandfather's place in Hampshire, and a porter took me across several platforms and put me——"

At that moment a lady hurrying by, apparently in some agitation, jostled against the young man as he stood talking earnestly in the middle of the path.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she gasped.

"It's granted, I'm sure," said the young man, skipping round and beaming and smiling.

The lady hurried on and entered the next gate, and the young man turned and looked at Mr Pecklebury with a gaze of blank bewilderment. "What *did* I say just now?" he demanded.

"What did you say just when?" inquired Mr Pecklebury, still seated upon his heels.

"Just now," said the young man.

"What *did* you say just now?" said Mr Pecklebury with interest.

"That's what I'm asking you!" said the young man. "It's impossible that I really said what I believe I said."

"How on earth can I know what it is you believe you said,

sir," replied Mr Pecklebury with some warmth, "when I haven't the least idea what it is you're talking about?"

"Well, never mind," said the young man, sighing. "It was only that I seemed to myself to have said something I never said in my life before, and that I didn't know any one *ever* said. But it's clear they do! At least *I* do! At least I do *here*!"

Mr Pecklebury looked at him again a moment in silence, and then remarked gently, "Don't you think, sir, that it would be almost better if you went home? You wouldn't have to wait long for a train back, you know, for we are a terminus——"

"A terminus!" cried the young man rapturously. "Did you say a *terminus*? Impossible! Incredible! Is there really such a thing as a terminus still to be found in this boundless, breaking, cracking, whirling world, where there doesn't seem to be a single thing left that isn't leading straight to something else, and nearly always something dreadful! A terminus! We are a terminus! Beautiful! Incredible!"

"I do really advise you, sir," said Mr Pecklebury earnestly, "to go instantly straight home."

"I *am* home," cried the young man. "I'm never going away. I'm never going anywhere but farther and farther into this delightful spot," and he bounded away among the detached villa-residences.

"Poor fellow, poor fellow," murmured Mr Pecklebury, shaking his head as he prepared to get back on to his knees to continue clipping the garden border. "Mad, or drunk, or both, I'm afraid;" and at that instant an agitated voice said over the neat little privet hedge that divided his step-aunt's garden from the next villa garden—

"Oh, Mr Pecklebury, Mr Pecklebury, have you heard the dreadful news! The Vicar's gone!"

It was the lady who had jostled the young man in her hurry a minute before.

"God bless my soul, Miss de Wilkin!" ejaculated Mr Pecklebury, sinking back upon his heels in his surprise. "The Vicar! Gone! Dead! Impossible! Why, only last Sunday——"

"No, no, not dead, Mr Pecklebury," cried Miss de Wilkin, clasping at herself in profound agitation. "At least we *hope* he's not dead. We don't *know* that he's dead. We don't know *what* he is. We really don't. He's merely gone."

"But, God bless my soul! Miss de Wilkin," said Mr Pecklebury, scrambling to his feet, "where to?"

"Nobody knows," said Miss de Wilkin. "They really don't. He went up to London for the day by the 8.15 without so much as a bag in the hand five days ago, his housekeeper says; and he's never come back, and there's not been a sight or sound of him since; and they kept it quiet at first, in the hope there would be news of him; but now it's

everywhere, and I heard the rumour from the milkman, and I hurried round to ask; and oh, Mr Pecklebury, it's perfectly true, it really is. He is known to have changed at the Junction, like you always have to by the 8.15, but where he went to when he changed nobody knows. He's gone."

"If the Vicar's gone, Eliza Wilkins," said a lofty voice behind them, "there's only one place he's gone to, and that's over to Rome."

"Oh, Mrs Bath," quavered Miss de Wilkin, clasping at herself.

"And he hadn't far to go either," continued Mrs Bath majestically. "I wonder it's taken him five days, for he was practically there already. The bowings and courtseys and processings and workings of the Puddispor congregation could have told anybody *that*! I regret to hurt your feelings, Eliza Wilkins, but I must refuse to pander. If the Vicar's gone, he's gone over to Rome; and it's where he belongs. Henry, come in to your tea."

"But you don't go over to Rome through Clapham Junction, Step-aunt Bath," protested Mr Pecklebury, struggling against the muddled sensation which the remarks of Mrs Bath not infrequently produced in the brain.

"As it's impossible to get to any part of the Continent from Puddispor *except* through Clapham Junction, Henry," replied Mrs Bath; "and as I have always understood Rome to be on the Continent, I fail to perceive the force of your conten-

tion, the war-dances of the Vicar in Puddispor Church having long been enough to make a dervish turn."

"They turn anyhow, I believe," said Mr Pecklebury.

"Then let them," replied Mrs Bath majestically. "Kindly come in to your tea, Henry."

"Wherever the dear Vicar's gone," faltered Miss de Wilkin, clasping at herself, "we all do feel it to be such a mercy he wasn't married, we reelly do. Only think of his poor wife."

"I believe the ladies of Puddispor have not waited till now to feel the mercy of the Vicar's not being married, Eliza Wilkins," replied Mrs Bath, commencing to sweep back to her villa-residence, "and as his wife doesn't exist, I find myself unable to think of her. Henry, come in to your tea."

A few days later Miss de Wilkin, wearing her London costume, addressed Mr Pecklebury across the privet hedge.

"I've made up my mind that I reelly must have a little change, Mr Pecklebury," she sighed.

"Really?" said Mr Pecklebury, pausing in his task of clipping the hedge at his step-aunt's behest in case it should grow.

"Yes, reelly," said Miss de Wilkin, "and I think of going to Gondokkoro."

"God bless my soul!" said Mr Pecklebury, surprised, "where on earth's that?"

"It's in Africa," said Miss de Wilkin.

"God bless my soul!" ejaculated the astonished Mr Peckle-

bury once more. "But what on earth fer?"

"Well, I feel to want a little change, Mr Pecklebury. I reelly do," said Miss de Wilkin, sighing again. "Our little circle somehow seems so sadly altered without the dear Vicar, it reelly does. Mr and Mrs Snedkips and their ten children are all that could be desired in the way of a most respectable *locum tenens*, of course, till something is found out about the dear Vicar; but when will that be, you know? fer they've discovered nothing yet, and our little circle is so sadly altered without him that I reelly feel to want a little change. So I think of going out to visit my second cousin once removed who lives in Gondokkoro collecting paper-knives from elephants, and is the only relative I have in the world, and I've decided to go up to Cook's this morning by the 10.17 to ask about the ticket."

Mr Pecklebury, with an interested and thoughtful air, watched Miss de Wilkin walk out of her garden gate on her way to ask about a ticket to Gondokkoro, and pensively resumed his clipping. At twelve o'clock, much to his surprise, he beheld Miss de Wilkin walk in again. "What, back from town already!" he exclaimed.

"Well, I never got there, Mr Pecklebury," said Miss de Wilkin coyly.

"You never got there?" ejaculated Mr Pecklebury.

"No," said Miss de Wilkin, "I never did. It was a most extraordinary thing, and I'm



sure I don't know how it happened. I got out to change at the Junction; but you knew they've been altering the platforms lately, and I wasn't quite sure where the London train started from, so I asked a porter, and he put me into a train which he said was the right one, and it was the return train to Puddispor, and here I am."

"Well, upon my soul!" said Mr Pecklebury strongly.

"Yes," said Miss de Wilkin.

"The truth is," said Mr Pecklebury, "that during that strike they let all sorts of strangers in, and the half of them don't know their business, and this kind of thing is the result. But never mind, Miss Wilkins—Miss de Wilkin, I mean—I beg your pardon."

"It's granted, I'm sure," said Miss de Wilkin, bowing and smiling.

"Never mind, Miss de Wilkin," resumed Mr Pecklebury. "I've got to go up to town myself to-morrow, and you can come with me, and I'll see that nobody puts you into a wrong train."

"Well, do you know, Mr Pecklebury," said Miss de Wilkin coyly, "I'm not quite sure that it *was* the wrong train; I'm reelly not."

"No?" said Mr Pecklebury, surprised.

"No," said Miss de Wilkin; "I somehow seem to feel different about it. When I got back to Puddispor again it did seem somehow to be such a delightful spot. Of course I've always known it to be that but it somehow all

seemed to come over me again in the train; and whoever do you think I met coming down, Mr Pecklebury? You'll never guess, you reelly won't."

"Who can it have been?" said Mr Pecklebury.

"It was a young priest," said Miss de Wilkin with bated breath, "a curate. Such an interesting young man. Coming down to help Mr Snodkips till something is found out about the dear Vicar. And oh, Mr Pecklebury, what do you think?" said Miss de Wilkin, clasping herself—"he's a celibate!"

It should perhaps be explained that Miss de Wilkin had humbly let it be known among her friends that, if there were no objection, her sense of the romantic would be greatly gratified were she to be designated as Doris de Wilkin instead of Eliza Wilkins, which she felt to be a name to depress even the humblest aspirations, and which she fully and disarmingly admitted there was small prospect of her ever otherwise being able to change. Mr Pecklebury had immediately practised the desired alteration with such assiduity that his gratification of Miss de Wilkin's sense of the romantic now rarely knew a lapse; but Mrs Bath, while regretting the necessity of hurting Eliza Wilkins' feelings, had refused to pander.

Early next morning, equipped for town, Mr Pecklebury stood at his front door, ready for one of his occasional journeys up to London to consult his solicitors upon the business

affairs of himself and his step-aunt.

"Good - bye, Step - aunt Bath," said he. He had once made an endeavour to call his step-aunt Aunt Anastasia, but Mrs Bath had replied that she was not his aunt, and that she considered the use of the surname a mark of respect in the young.

"Good - bye, Step - aunt Bath," said Mr Pecklebury mildly.

"Good-bye, Henry," replied Mrs Bath majestically. "*Trust* securities, you will please to remember! and as few as possible even of those. The spirit of gambling that has developed since this war is one to which I refuse to pander."

Mr Pecklebury was so busy bearing this in mind with regard to certain recent investments which were returning so excellent a dividend that he was unable to help wondering rather guiltily whether his step-aunt might not consider them pandering, that he reached Clapham Junction and descended to change into the London train in a preoccupied state of mind. He was marching thus unobservantly towards the familiar platform when a voice said: "Sir, *that* is your way," and he looked up to see a porter standing before him with an outstretched arm, pointing to another platform. The porter was so tall a man that Mr Pecklebury had almost to gaze heavenwards before he could see his face.

"Oh, thanks," said Mr Pecklebury. He turned ab-

stractedly, walked in the direction indicated, clambered into the train, and opened his paper. At that moment he heard a surprised voice saying outside, "But is *this* my train?" and another voice replying, "Yes, madam, this is certainly your train."

"By Jove!" ejaculated Mr Pecklebury, suddenly remembering, and he sprang to his feet and thrust his head through the window. "Is this the London train?" he shouted to any one who would hear and answer him; and the guard, who happened to be passing, replied—

"No, sir; of course it ain't. The London train goes from No. 4, and you've only three seconds to catch it in."

"God bless my soul!" said Mr Pecklebury, and he clutched his belongings and scrambled out. As he rushed down the platform, he was aware of some one running behind him. The doors of the London train were slamming, but Mr Pecklebury wrenched one open and flung himself in, and a breathless lady sprang in after him.

"Well, upon my soul, that was a near thing!" he ejaculated as he sank panting on a seat and the train moved out.

"I am so thankful I happened to hear your question," gasped the lady. "I was just going off in the wrong train too. And yet the porter assured me it was the right one!"

"Really, you know," said Mr Pecklebury, "a complaint ought to be made about this.

It was a porter sent me wrong also, and it's not the first time I've heard of it happening."

The other passengers in the carriage agreed that the railway services were becoming outrageous and the railway servants most inefficient, and that strong complaints must certainly be made; and then the carriage took up its daily papers again, and silence reigned, while Mr Pecklebury, contemplating the financial articles of the 'Morning Post,' gradually returned to his pensive meditation on the difficulty of reconciling dividends of 20 per cent with the lofty principles of his Step-aunt Bath.

By the time he reached Clapham Junction on his return journey at midday, a black fog had descended. The Junction was submerged in an impenetrable gloom, through which large crowds of travellers groped with anxious faces like perturbed ghosts seeking a way out of hell. Mr Pecklebury, wondering anxiously the while whether it might not have been altered on account of the fog, pushed cautiously in the direction of the usual platform of the Puddispor train, and he was well on his way thither when a tall and stately figure loomed out of the darkness immediately in front of him, and a voice said: "Sir, you are going in the wrong direction."

Mr Pecklebury awoke to instant suspicion. He stood stock-still, tilted back his head, and carefully scrutinised

the countenance of the man before him.

"You're the porter who sent me wrong this morning!" he announced triumphantly. "I thought so! Now what on earth do you do this kind of thing for, my good fellow! Why don't you learn your business better? I know my own way to my own platform quite well, thank you."

"And I know this business better than any man on earth," said the porter.

"I don't believe you even know what train I'm wanting!" said Mr Pecklebury warmly.

"I know that you are looking for the Puddispor train," said the porter.

"Yes, I am," said Mr Pecklebury firmly, "and, what's more, I'm going to it. You sent me wrong once, and I'm not going to let you do it again; and, God bless my soul! there's the whistle and I shall be left behind," and he clutched his bag and dodged the porter and rushed into the fog. For the second time that day he found himself pulling open a slammed door and plunging into a moving carriage.

"Sir, that's neither the way to Pire nor *Peu d'Espoir*!" called the porter, gazing with a half-smile after Mr Pecklebury's disappearing coat-tails; but Mr Pecklebury was triumphantly in, and an irate guard had reslammed the door, and the train was off.

"Some bloke got away in the wrong train, mate?" said a passer-by who had half-caught the porter's words.

"Oh no," said the porter, "in the right one. Both of them," and he went away.

There was one other passenger in the compartment into which Mr Pecklebury had flung himself—a lady—who had greeted his sudden and tumultuous entry with a faint squeak; and Mr Pecklebury, as soon as he had a little regained his breath, entered into earnest apologies.

"I am most sincerely sorry to have startled you, madam," he said, "but the fact is I was escaping from a porter who has twice this very day tried to put me into a wrong train, and has once succeeded. I shall have to have that fellow reprimanded!"

"How strange," said the lady. "There's a porter at that station who has twice to-day tried to put *me* into a wrong train too! I wonder if it can have been the same man." They looked at each other—and simultaneously recognised each other.

"It's very curious that we should meet again!" said Mr Pecklebury, beaming over the interesting coincidence. "It was you who followed me into the London train this morning, was it not? But we are in the right train *now*, I hope?—the train for Puddispor," he added, looking with slight misgiving at the blank walls of fog through which the train was cautiously moving.

"Oh yes," said his companion. "I'm sure it's right, chiefly because the porter was so sure it wasn't! But I know the platform quite well. Any-

way, it's the train to Pirrie, and that's the station before Puddispor, isn't it?"

"It is," said Mr Pecklebury with relief. "One can be sure of nothing in this fog. It's dreadful weather for you to be travelling in, madam."

"Educational journeys can't take account of the weather," said the lady.

Mr Pecklebury was unable to restrain a delicate glance of survey and surprise. The lady, still young, in a well-cut travelling-coat, and a sable cape and sable muff, and a gold chain-purse and a first-class carriage, did not in the least resemble Mr Pecklebury's idea of an educational person, save perhaps for a slightly resigned and suffering expression of countenance which appeared to be habitual to her.

"Are you making an educational journey, madam?" he inquired respectfully.

"Yes," said the lady. "I have to make a great many. I am starting Educational Centres in a great many places, you see. I'm staying in Pirrie just now, starting an educational centre *there*. I come up every Wednesday to report to my G.H.Q. in town. Not that I believe in education," she added. "Or in centres."

"No?" said Mr Pecklebury, once more surprised.

"No," said the Educational Lady, with decision. Mr Pecklebury coughed slightly, looked out of the window, and earnestly refrained from even a glance. "Are you wondering why I do it if I don't

believe in it?" said the Educational Lady, sighing.

"Well—perhaps—you see—that is——" murmured Mr Pecklebury apologetically.

"I hadn't much choice," said the Educational Lady, sighing again. "There are only two things to choose from in this country nowadays—since the war. You can either be callously mad or solemnly mad. But mad you've got to be."

"God bless my soul!" said Mr Pecklebury, hurriedly endeavouring to review the activities of the United Kingdom in the new light, as it were, of this remark.

"If you're callously mad," continued the Educational Lady, "you dance, dress, gamble, spend, flirt, grab, marry, grow harder and uglier every minute, and care nothing whatever for all the things you might alter if you tried. If you're solemnly mad, you speak, write, fight, resolve, revolve, dissolve, never sit down except on Committees, and make endless Leagues to alter things that no League has ever altered yet or ever will."

"God bless my soul!" said the startled Mr Pecklebury, "and which are you?"

"I'm solemnly mad," said the Educational Lady. "The other was too vulgar. I'm in every League there is, and on every Committee there is, and I'm quite well known now among the most solemnly mad there are. Which are you?"

Mr Pecklebury hastily pondered. "I'm neither," he said; and added with sudden sur-

prised conviction, "I'm neither, because I'm nothing. I never have been anything. I'm nothing now, when you come to think of it, though I somehow never have come to think of it before—at least not clearly. I lived in Puddispor before the war, and I went back to live in Puddispor *after* the war, and I'm still there, just living."

"I wish I could just live," said the Educational Lady, sighing once more. "I couldn't find any life left to just live. They seemed to have all vanished—after the war. There seemed to be no life left fit to live except a made one. And I do so hate a made life."

"It isn't worse than no sort of life at all," said Mr Pecklebury. They looked at each other. "My name's Henry Pecklebury," said Mr Pecklebury politely, producing a card.

"Mine's Elizabeth Draye," said the Educational Lady. "I'm afraid I haven't a card with me."

"If you don't mind my asking," said Mr Pecklebury, with great delicacy and courtesy, "is it Miss or Mrs?"

"Lady," said the Educational Lady.

"There would never be any need to tell any one that," said Mr Pecklebury, unalterably polite, if slightly puzzled. "What I meant was, if you don't mind my asking, do I address you as Mrs or Miss?"

"Well, as neither, you see," said the Educational Lady. "I'm not married, and my

name is Lady Elizabeth Draye."

"Oh," said Mr Pecklebury. He sat a moment gazing out of the window, and then turned his gaze upon his companion. "I hope you don't think the worse of me for not having apprehended your meaning," he said with pensive melancholy; "I think I may say I'm a gentleman—yes, I think I may safely say that—but I'm afraid I don't need to explain that I'm not in Society."

"Oh, Society!" said the Educational Lady contemptuously. If her voice had been a nose there would have been a tilt to it.

"Don't you like Society?" inquired Mr Pecklebury, surprised, but with renewed hope.

"Somebody defined Society the other day as a large quantity of people whom one hasn't the faintest intention of knowing," said the Educational Lady. "It's a little sweeping, perhaps, but there's no denying one does get very tired of perpetually going into drawing-rooms and finding the servants there."

"Not dusting?" said Mr Pecklebury, after a moment's thought.

"Oh no, not dusting," said the Educational Lady. "Now tell me in your turn how to address *you*! Are you Captain Pecklebury or Major Pecklebury, or what?"

"I'm nothing," said Mr Pecklebury, flushing. "I remained a second lieutenant throughout the entire war."

"Well, you couldn't help *that*," said the Educational Lady consolingly. "You were fighting, anyway, and that's all that matters."

"I was *not* fighting," said Mr Pecklebury.

"No?" said the Educational Lady.

"No," said Mr Pecklebury. "Not an inch." They looked at each other again.

"Why not," said the Educational Lady.

"Because I never got the chance," said Mr Pecklebury bitterly. "I joined up in August 1914, and they instantly put me into Folkestone, and there I sat the whole war, keeping accounts."

"Why?" said the Educational Lady, surprised.

"Because I'm good at accounts, and they knew it," said Mr Pecklebury. "I was an accountant before the war, you see. I kept myself and my step-aunt that way. It was all she and I had to live on. But just after the war—I'm talking a great deal about myself," said Mr Pecklebury earnestly.

"No," said the Educational Lady, though he certainly was.

"Well, just after the war, you see," said Mr Pecklebury with a grateful smile, "an old uncle of ours died in America, and he left a good deal of money to my Step-aunt Bath and me, which surprised everybody very much, because he was a naturalised American. But when the Americans put 'We won the war' on their war medals he un-naturalised him-

self in a burst of rage, and left all his fortune to his English relatives. So there we were, you see. Hullo, we're slackening speed."

The train had been travelling quite fast for some time, though neither the Educational Lady nor Mr Pecklebury had noticed it. Now it suddenly slowed down, and the two companions looked out of the windows.

"Surely the fog is beginning to lift a little," said the Educational Lady.

"It certainly is," said Mr Pecklebury hopefully.

Brighter and brighter grew the walls enclosing them. The colour changed from black to yellow, and from yellow to white—and the train bowled out of the fog altogether into a landscape that neither the Educational Lady nor Mr Pecklebury had ever set eyes on before. They gazed at it, and then they gazed at each other, and then they gazed at the landscape again.

"Good heavens!" said the Educational Lady.

"God bless my soul," said Mr Pecklebury, "they must have altered the platform at Clapham Junction after all!"

A few minutes later the train stopped at a very small country station, and two travellers pensively descended. Remembering the urgent asseverations of the porter, they perceived that they could not even allow themselves the comfort of indignation.

"All the same," said Mr Pecklebury, "if that porter hadn't been so determined not

to let me get into the wrong train, I *shouldn't* have got into a wrong train!"

"No more should I," said the Educational Lady.

"Only I don't see how we can exactly *blame* him for it," said Mr Pecklebury.

"No more do I," said the Educational Lady.

It appeared that the small station belonged to a little village called Lammer, about half a mile away, and that there was no train back to Clapham Junction for two hours and a half. So Mr Pecklebury and the Educational Lady walked out into the country. They came by a road of limes to Lammer. Lammer lay on a river, and was full of bridges and trees; an old village, at the foot of wonderful empty rising downs looking over miles of lonely water-meadows without a dwelling on them.

So warm was that still, sweet, windless February afternoon out of London, that they walked into a water-meadow and sat down on a fallen tree by the river. The Educational Lady remained in silence, with her elbow on her knee and her chin on her palm, looking at the river. Its voice was the only one in the peace of those wide places. Her face changed and changed.

"I had forgotten this," she said.

"You had forgotten what?" said Mr Pecklebury.

"This," said the Educational Lady. "For more than five years I have never remembered it." Mr Pecklebury sat

smoking in silence, also looking at the river. "I suppose," said the Educational Lady after a time, "that there are *some* places still left in the world where a made life isn't the only one possible!"

"I suppose there are," said Mr Pecklebury, "and perhaps there are even places still left in the world where lives that are no lives at all aren't the only ones possible."

"Perhaps there are," said the Educational Lady.

They remained in silence a moment longer, and then Mr Pecklebury said: "I've changed my mind about getting that porter reprimanded for putting us in the wrong train this morning."

"Have you?" said the Educational Lady. "But it was really almost his fault that we came in the wrong train again this afternoon."

"I don't call it the wrong train," said Mr Pecklebury.

Later that evening, as he walked pensively out on to the road from the station approach at Puddispor, he suddenly perceived again the young man who had bounded away from him among the detached villa-residences. He knew him at once, chiefly because he was still bounding. The road lamps were bright above him, and the young man's happy countenance beamed below them like another lamp. He was no longer well-dressed. His blue serge suit was tight in the legs, and his tie was a gay maroon. He seized Mr Pecklebury by the hand.

"Good evening, good even-

ing," he cried. "I *am* pleased to meet you again. You were the first person I spoke to in this delightful spot."

"Have you been here ever since?" said Mr Pecklebury, surprised.

"Of course I have," said the young man. "Why should I go away? I'm never going away. I've got a most delightful villa-residence here, and I'm just off to a tea-party. We often give tea-parties in our little circle. Our little circle!" repeated the young man rapturously, "isn't it delicious! Our little circle! Good-bye, good-bye! I must be off," and he bounded away.

Mr Pecklebury pushed open his gate a moment later, and as he did so he paused and looked slowly round him. Far and wide shone the lights of the neat little villa-residences. Their little gates creaked as the comfortable residents walked in and out to join their little circles, and the smoke of the little tea-parties went up from the high-art chimneys, and in the next garden he heard the tripping steps of Miss de Wilkin returning home from her blissful celebration of evensong under the young and celibate curate. Mr Pecklebury let his step-aunt's gate swing to with a crash. He suddenly knew that he knew what the little red villa-residences really looked like.

Mrs Bath, on perceiving at breakfast on the next Wednesday morning that Mr Pecklebury was once more wearing his London suit, laid down her knife and fork, and remarked



in a majestic manner: "If you intend to spend your days travelling up and down en railways, Henry, may I venture to suggest that it would be more reposeful if you dwelt elsewhere."

Mr Pecklebury looked at her thoughtfully. "Would you mind if I did?" he inquired mildly.

"Certainly not, Henry," replied Mrs Bath. "May I inquire why you ask?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr Pecklebury, smiling in an embarrassed manner.

"Sooner than behold you perpetually travelling on railways," said Mrs Bath, "I may mention that I should *prefer* you dwelling elsewhere! A person of my inward resources is really scarcely aware where *any one* dwells, and I may take this opportunity of remarking that that spirit of unrest which is so lamentably increasing since the war, and of which I have observed serious symptoms in you lately, is one to which I must definitely refuse to pander."

"I've only been up once this month so far, step-aunt," protested Mr Pecklebury.

"If you go up once you may as well go up a hundred times, or, indeed, not at all, Henry, for all I care," replied Mrs Bath, majestically resuming her breakfast; whereupon Mr Pecklebury, after the usual struggle with the muddled sensation generally induced by Mrs Bath's remarks, relinquished the effort, and went on with his breakfast also.

At Clapham Junction at noon

that day he came walking down the platform towards the Puddispor train with an anxious countenance, glancing furtively from side to side. There appeared to be nobody on the platform who was returning from making a report to Educational Headquarters in London. There was therefore, as far as Mr Pecklebury was concerned, no one on the platform at all. He glanced into every carriage on the train, and then walked up and down till it gave a shriek and departed. Whereupon Mr Pecklebury gave a sigh and departed also. He found the platform he wanted, and was proceeding dejectedly along it when suddenly his countenance changed, for walking ahead of him he perceived the Educational Lady. He paused, summoned up his courage, and overtook her. Not in a direct line, however. Earnestly preparing himself not to be remembered, he circled past her at a little distance, catching her eye as he did so and bowing sideways in a modest manner. The Educational Lady had thus every opportunity of letting him go by with no more than a pleasant nod. She stopped, looked at him, hesitated, and laughed. The resignation and suffering of her aspect appeared to be lessening.

"This is *not* the Puddispor platform, Mr Pecklebury!" she said.

"I know it isn't," said Mr Pecklebury humbly.

"Do you mean me to understand that you also are deliberately changing into the

wrong train?" said the Educational Lady.

"Yes, I do," said Mr Pecklebury.

The story of Mr Pecklebury ends here, chiefly because after this Mr Pecklebury began. Whether the story of the porter ends here too, I cannot say. I think his may be the kind of story that does not exactly end. It is certainly the kind of story of which it is impossible to state the beginning. But as far as his connection with Clapham Junction is concerned, it came to an end very shortly afterwards, for Mr Pecklebury, that same afternoon, happened to become the surprised spectator of the incident which, amid considerable uproar, brought it finally to its close.

The moment of departure had arrived, and a porter was coming down the train, shutting the doors of the carriages. He was very tall, and he trod the platform as if it were a field. His abstracted face was like a sheathed knife; and as he came he called, "L'Amour, L'Amour! First stop, L'Amour!" Without a glance he swung to the door of the carriage in which the Educational Lady and Mr Pecklebury were seated; but his call, as he went on his way, half caught the ear of the Educational Lady—"L'Amour, L'Amour! First stop, L'Amour!" She looked up surprised.

"First stop *what* does he say?" she said. "How queerly he pronounces Lammer! Do you think it possible that we

aren't in the right train, even now?"

Mr Pecklebury sprang to his feet. "Are we right for Lammer?" he called out of the window; and the porter replied without turning his head as he went down the train.

"You are quite right. 'L'Amour, L'Amour! First stop, L'Amour.'"

At that moment a very stout gentleman suddenly burst on to the platform. He was in a high state of agitation, and also in the highest state of clothing. Everything about him—his top-hat, his patent boots, his gold chain, his diamond rings, his silk umbrella—shone with richness. "Lammer, Lammer," he panted, "I want the train to Lammer. Is this the train for Lammer, sonny?"

The porter looked at him for an instant, pausing to consider him with a suddenly thoughtful countenance. "Oh no, this is not *your* train," he said. "I will show you your train, sir. You have just time to catch it. Come with me."

"Thanks, thanks, my good feller," gasped the stout gentleman, and he rushed off with the porter.

Mr Pecklebury, his mouth open with astonishment, beheld them bound down the platform together, the porter's tall figure full of dignity and encouragement, and the coat-tails of the stout gentleman flowing out behind him with the speed of his going.

"God bless my soul, how very curious!" said the astounded Mr Pecklebury, and

he cried to another porter in the middle distance: "Porter, porter, for goodness' sake, is this the train for Lammer or is it not?"

"Yes, sir, of course it is," called the man, and at that instant the train moved off, and Mr Pecklebury and the Educational Lady moved off with it—out of Clapham Junction and out of this story.

But about an hour later the Station-master of Clapham Junction was called to the telephone by the Station-master of Brookwood. In agitated accents, the Station-master of Brookwood informed the Station-master of Clapham Junction that, to the consternation of all concerned, a stout gentleman, who declared himself to be no less a person than Mr Julius P. Sicke, the well-known and enormously important international American millionaire, had suddenly arrived at Brookwood Station on a special funeral train, in a state of frenzy and in the midst of a party of horrified mourners, and was even then rearing on the platform, foaming at the mouth, and rapidly qualifying for a funeral of his own, and demanding a Special back to Clapham Junction at once, at the Company's expense and the point of his silk umbrella—at the same time swearing, with oaths which the Station-master of Brookwood could not bring himself to repeat, that he would send in a claim for huge damages for the delay in his business and the waste of his simply priceless time, which had been caused by his

having been sent to Brookwood instead of to Lammer, whither he had believed himself to be taking train in order to decide on the best site for an immense electric-power station on the Lammer river.

At this point the communication from Brookwood broke off with a suddenness which it was feared indicated the onset of personal violence at the Brookwood end of the telephone, and the dismayed Station-master of Clapham Junction was left listening anxiously to nothing.

An immediate inquiry was set on foot, and it was then discovered that this was by no means the first complaint of the kind which had lately reached the archives of Clapham Junction. It seemed that a well-known architect, for instance, had been reduced to a state defined by the doctors as catalepsy induced by artistic shock, by finding himself, whenever he travelled at night or in a fog, or during a change of platforms, perpetually arriving at his own Garden City. In yet another case, that of a young member of a highly-connected family, it had become known that the suburb into which he had suddenly plunged, and from which it now appeared impossible to extricate him, was one to which he had originally gone quite by mistake, owing to a porter at Clapham Junction having put him into the wrong train. This young man had, it seemed, long been the object of stern endeavour on the part of his highly-connected family. He had been arranged on

cricket fields, for instance, and had never made a run; he had been put on horses and had always fallen off them; he had been taken out shooting and had always shot himself; he had been placed on a platform to represent his family at a national meeting to Consider the Condition of Russia, and had been led out in the middle of the first speech weeping with indignation at being obliged to have his feelings so harrowed. Now, beaming and bounding, he had wedged himself deep into the suburb of Puddispor and defied all efforts to get him out.

Still another instance was that of a popular music-hall Star, whose splendid political gifts, natural to her profession, were at that moment the admiration of all earnest statesmen. She, no fewer than three times, after starting in what she believed to be the night train for her constituency, had been discovered in Brighton in hysterics.

None of these complaints having been international, however, they had merely been pigeon-heled for "future reference." But the matter was new seen to wear a different aspect. The "future" was turned into the present, with a celerity most unusual in railway circles, and the culprit was indignantly sought.

He was discovered almost immediately. It may indeed be said that he did not need to be discovered at all. The complainants all united in a description which could fit but one man on the station; and the

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porter himself, when confronted with the charges, scarcely seemed able to realise that he was expected to regard them as such. It appeared that his superiors knew very little about him, save that his name was registered as Jonas, and that he had been taken on as an extra hand during the confusion and carelessness of the Great Strike, and kept on afterwards on proving himself an industrious and satisfactory worker. This in itself was very irregular, since to be an industrious and satisfactory worker is fully recognised as constituting no sort of a recommendation; and it was not quite understood why the other men had not resented it, or the Trades Unions interfered. But perhaps the explanation lay in the fact that the porter appeared to be immensely popular with his comrades. They said there was nothing he could not do, and nothing he would not. He never talked to any one, and he made no friends; but his great strength was at the service of anybody who called upon it. Moreover, many curious stories and rumours centred round him. His nickname on the station was "Mr Back-of-the-'Ed," because of his extraordinary quickness of vision; and twice, during shunting operations, this capacity of his for seeing all round him at once had saved a comrade's life. The men informed their superiors that he might be a queer chap, but he was certainly a scollard. He spoke what was known to be French,

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and experienced no difficulty in understanding even the most excited travellers of that nation. He also spoke what had been vouched for by an ice-cream vendor as Eytalian. Where he came from originally no one knew, but he was scarred with the marks of many old wounds, and no demobilised man from any theatre of the war could speak of the scene of his own campaign without discovering that the porter was as familiar with it as he was with the platforms of Clapham Junction. In short, it appeared that, while all the lower ranks on the station spoke well of him, even with eagerness, there was nobody who knew anything about him, and everybody would have liked to.

He stood, a tall abstracted figure, before the meeting of the L. & S.W.R. authorities to which he was summoned, and listened at first in silence to all that was said about him and to him and against him. But presently, in the midst of the furious indiotment of Mr Julius P. Sieke, there in person to identify and convict him, he lifted his head and looked round the assembly. Managing Directors, Managers, Station-masters, officials, accusers, he passed them all over till his eyes came to rest on the one Director present. The Director sat in his arm-chair, his elbow on its arm and his chin on his palm, watching the porter with moody and indifferent eyes. He was a great man. He was only there as a concession to the frightful fuss which was being made by

the international Mr Julius P. Sieke. It was rumoured that he was also a disappointed man, in that he considered himself to be one of the few discoveries of the war that had not been made. The porter looked at him, and spoke, and the immense flow of Mr J. P. Sieke's words suddenly dried up and became inaudible.

"Sir," said the porter, "a Junction is a place where travellers change. To what purpose shall a man change unless he changes?"

"Be quiet, Jonas!" hissed a station-master, scandalised at this calm disregard of the international Sieke.

"And to what purpose shall a man change," continued the porter, "unless, having done so, he go to his right destination?"

"Till you are called on to speak, my good fellow," remarked a Managing Director drily, "you would serve your cause better by remaining silent. These people did not go to their right destinations, thanks to you!"

The porter turned his gaze in the direction of the speaker. "Without one single exception," he said, "they did. And not only they, but many others also. They went where they belonged. They went where they could behave as they were born to behave. If that be not the right destination of a man, and the one object of his journey, then is the travelling of mortals verily in vain."

This being the first time such language had ever been heard in connection with the

passengers carried by the L. & S.W.R., it is perhaps no wonder that it occasioned a temporary stupefaction, mingled with a vague feeling that some one was being irreverent, though no one quite knew who. There was a gasp, and then several began to speak at once; but the Director, still sitting staring at the porter with his chin in his hand, made a motion for silence.

"How do you account for *that* gentleman then, Jonas?" he said, indicating Mr Julius P. Sioke. "I suppose you admit you sent him to Brookwood?"

"I did," said the porter. "He would be better buried."

Amid the ejaculations of astounded indignation which broke out at this remark, the voice of Mr Julius P. Sioke was not heard. His condition rendered him speechless.

"Do you dare admit such a thing before the very faces of the Directors, sir!" cried a furious Managing Director.

The porter lifted his head.

"*Directors!*" he repeated, and his contemptuous voice rang down the Board-room. "Where are the Directors? Who directs on this railway the silly journeyings of little men? No man! Not one. Who directs upon the earth the restless thrust of this uprooted generation? No man! Not one! And behold its misery whose children struggle where none of them belong. But in these years the gates are down and the barriers broken, and many may gain entrance now to whom the Junctions of your world with older

places have long been barred. And if I, weary; I, the doors of whose dwelling are open still upon this unhappy earth; if I turn for a moment to these little roads——"

There were shouts of "The man's mad. Stop his nonsense. Shut him up." But the Director leant forward in his chair and sent his question through the noise. "Come now! Who *are* you?" he said; and the porter turned his gaze on him and answered—

"I am the Porter. What else should I be upon these roads of travel! Mine are the gates and the doors, and mine the undertakings of men. I open and shut; I forward and check; I send, I begin. I am the Porter."

He lifted his head again and stood a moment looking with thoughtful eyes across the crowd, head and shoulders taller than any there. Then, with a curious, balanced, leisurely tread, as though he were panoplied, he went away down the room and out at the door, and was gone before any one could sufficiently recover from the universal petrification to stop him.

The Director watched him go; and then—whether it was that he thought that he himself was where he didn't belong, or wherever it was that he thought he *did* belong, nobody ever quite knew—but he leant forward and beckoned to the Station-master. "Follow that man," he said. "Bring him to see me. Oh yes, I know he's mad. But I've a fancy to see him again. Get hold of him somehow."

And the Station-master sought for the porter far and wide, and high and low, but he never did get hold of him, either somehow or otherwise, for he was gone.

The general conclusion was, of course, that he was a lunatic — some orank with a permanent obsession who had descended from a higher position in society in order to secure a place in which he could give effect to his queer ideas with regard to his fellow-creatures. And that explanation would certainly account for very nearly everything. It is, indeed, the only really sensible explanation available.

But whether it is the true one or not, nobody ever saw the porter again. He passes out of these pages as shadowy and unexplained a figure as he passed out of the Board-room that day, and out of Clapham Junction for good and all.

But for Mr Pecklebury the thing was done. Though Mrs Bath still dwells in unmitigated stateliness in Puddispor, majestically unmoved by the presence or absence of anybody, and sustaining to the full her permanent refusal to pander, her step-nephew is with her no longer. He had "changed" for ever at Clapham Junction.

#### L'ENVOI

Gods there were in the days of yore,  
 So those tell us who lived here then.  
 Gods omnipotent, gods galore,  
 Lords of Nature, of Love, of War—  
 What if they some of them came again?  
 He, for instance, whose temple stands  
 Dark and void on the hills of Rome,  
 Whose terrible path in grave-strewn lands,  
 'Mid broken litanies, outstretched hands,  
 Never and never leads him home.  
 What if *he* for an instant turned,  
 Wearied and sick, from the fields of war?  
 Came—attentive—and undiscerned—  
 Past posts unguarded and barriers burned,  
 To wield for mortals a subtler power?  
 For more than the God of War was he!  
 To Him, twice-visioned, the Doors were given.  
 His the Beginnings on land and sea;  
 Of Seasons, of Thresholds, the Deity!  
 Janus—Patulous—Porter of Heaven!  
 Well, let the fancy pass! I draw,  
 Of one thing sure, to the end of my song.  
 If ever He came, He is here no more.  
 Look where, faster than ever before,  
 The world's fools crowd where they don't belong.

## THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" IN MOROCCO.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS.

## I.

FEW people in the world really appreciate radical change, especially if radical change is forced upon them by foreigners in race, in language, and in religion. Yet, on the whole, the Moor of Morocco is meeting it in the same stolid spirit of disinterest as he bore the former persecutions of his own Sultans and Government. He accepts all as the will of God, but finds that he has now for the first time—I am speaking of the French Protectorate of Morocco—security of life and property. He dislikes all foreigners, but he acknowledges the improvement in his situation. He is richer, happier than he was. This he puts down to the merciful providence of God. In return he has to pay regular taxation, which he particularly dislikes, and that he puts down to the intervention of the French. He eases his conscience and takes advantage of the situation.

Yet gradual as the change is, much has already been accomplished. Only those who knew the country before and who know it now can realise the extent of what has been done. When the French bombarded Casablanca and thus opened the road to their occupation of the greater part

of Morocco, they entered a closed house, tenanted by suspicion, fanaticism, and distrust. The country considered itself impregnable, and the people looked upon the "Christians" as a despised race, condemned by their religion, unwarlike by nature, and ridiculous in appearance. The Moor imagined that with a small Moslem army, aided by divine assistance, he could easily defeat all the "Christian" forces of the world. "Your shells and bullets will turn to water," they said, "for the Saints and Holy Men who protect us will never allow the infidel to invade our land. Storms will wreck your ships, and even should your soldiers land, a handful of our horsemen would suffice to drive them back into the sea." They really believed it.

What a change has come about since then, and it is only thirteen years ago that the bombardment of Casablanca took place! From time to time I accompanied the expedition that invaded the Chaouia and the highlands beyond it, when one by one the tribes gave way and acknowledged that those two French columns, advancing and ever advancing, were stronger than all the Saints in their tombs and than all



the Holy Men with their promises of victory. The Moor had to realise a fact. It was very difficult at first. It changed his whole aspect of life, his whole mentality. A few thousand Christians were conquering his country! And the two columns were as irresistible as the fact itself. He took refuge in the supreme solace of his religion, cried, "It is the will of God," laid his rifle aside, and either went back to the fields or enlisted in the French army.

Behind the show of force there was another and still more important factor at work. As district after district was occupied and the troops passed on, there sprang up a new organisation, a new administration that safeguarded the interests of the people, their lives, and their properties. They experienced, for the first time for centuries, security. The ever-present fear of death, confiscation, and imprisonment, under the shadow of which they had passed their whole lives, as had their parents and their ancestors before them, disappeared. The extortion of the "Kaida" ceased, or was greatly curtailed, and justice was obtainable.

In the introduction of civilisation the French have shown admirable tact. Their every act and thought has been influenced by a desire to ameliorate the condition of the people and to render them prosperous. They have built endless roads. They have opened hospitals and dispensaries, and everything has

been avoided that could wound the religious susceptibilities of the people. They have had the experience of Algeria and Tunis. They have studied our action in Egypt. They have known what to adopt and what to avoid. They have maintained upon the throne a descendant of the ancient line of Sultans, and, governing in his name, they have been able to obtain an elasticity of administration which the codified laws of France could never have given, had a system of direct government been adopted. They have met with far less opposition than might have been expected. In fact the introduction of civilisation into Morocco, in times of great difficulty during the war, has been a fine example of the true spirit of pacification and progress. I, who have known Morocco for over thirty years, can bear witness that in the parts of the country occupied by France the improvement in the welfare of its people is immense. There is yet much to be done. Decades must pass before the work is complete, but I am convinced that the great policy inaugurated by General Lyautey in Morocco will be accepted in the future as the basis of government—to the mutual benefit of the "Protecting" and the "Protected."

Yet there are those who still talk of the "good old days" of Morocco before the French came to the country. That any one can regret that time is incredible. Only those who failed to see beneath the

surface—and how little surface there was to hide the facts—can possibly compare the two periods. The most that can be said against the French régime is that the native finds the introduction of regulations annoying. He has a regular tax to pay instead of suffering the extortion of his own authorities, as he did in the past. He dislikes regularity, and some Moors would probably prefer the uncertainty and gambling chances of the past to the uneventful prosperity of the present. It is true there was the risk of death, of confiscation, of imprisonment, but there was also the chance of loot and robbery, of acquiring a position by force or by bribery, and of being able in tolerable security to confiscate the property of others and put others in prison: and if in the end one died in prison oneself—well, it was God's will. The Moor is a gambler. He staked under that old régime not only his fortune but his life. Often he lost both; but sometimes he won, and it was the lives of others that were sacrificed and their properties that accrued till a great estate was built up, till palaces were built in all the capitals, till his slaves were legion and his women buzzed like a swarm of bees—and then one day the end came. If fate was kind, he died in possession of his estates—and they were confiscated on the day of his death; but more often he died in prison while his family starved. Meanwhile, nothing

could be imagined more pitiable than was the lot of the country people, victims of robbery of every kind, for, from the Sultan to the village Sheikh, the whole Makhzen pillaged and lived on the poor. No man could call his soul his own. Thank God, the "good old days" are gone and done with.

I sometimes wonder whether, in spite of all that has been written on the subject, the state of affairs existing in Morocco, up to the date of the introduction of the French Protectorate in 1912, is fully realised.

While Mulai Hafid was Sultan, from 1908 to 1912, in which year he abdicated, the palace was the constant scene of barbarity and torture. The Sultan himself, neurasthenic, and addicted, it is said, to drugs, had his good and his bad days. There was no doubt that at first he meant to reform his country—or perhaps, more correctly, to save it from the encroaching intervention of France. He was possessed of a certain cunning intelligence and with an idea of government; but disappointment met him. Things had gone too far. Morocco was doomed. Finding all his attempts to preserve his country's independence futile, he gave way to temptations, and became cruel and avaricious.

Rebels taken in war—many no doubt were harmless tribesmen—had their hands and feet cut off. Twenty-six were thus tortured at Fez in one day. Twenty-five succumbed, mostly

to gangrene, for though the European doctors in Fez implored the Sultan to be allowed to attend them, Mulai Hafid refused. Publicly the butchers out and hacked from each of these unfortunate men a hand and a foot, treating the stumps with pitch. The one survivor of that particular batch is living to-day.

Earlier in his reign—in 1909—Mulai Hafid became jealous of a young Shereef, Sid Mohamed el-Kittani, a member of a great family, who, having taken to a religious life, had gathered round him a group of cultured men and founded a sect. People spoke much of him; his popularity and reputation were great. From the precincts of the palace the Sultan followed his every movement, and spies reported his every word, but no excuse could be found for his arrest. But Mulai Hafid was determined that he must be got rid of. He let the young Shereef understand that he was in danger, that the Sultan meant to arrest him, and, influenced by a spy, the young man was persuaded to abandon Fez. He fled by night—straight into the trap. He was allowed to reach the Beni Mtir tribe-lands, and there he was arrested. Meanwhile the report was spread that he had tried to get himself proclaimed Sultan, and evidence to this effect was easily produced. He was brought back to Fez—I saw him brought a prisoner into the palace—and in the presence of Mulai Hafid he was flogged. Blow after blow from

knotted leathern cords was rained upon his back and legs till, life almost extinct, he was carried away and thrown into a prison in the palace. He was not even allowed to have his wounds tended. He lived for a few days only, and the slaves who washed his dead body for burial told me that the linen of his shirt had been beaten so deeply into his flesh, which had closed in hideous sores over it, that they had merely cut the more exposed parts of the evil blood-stained rags away and left the rest.

Perhaps the most tragic of the tortures perpetrated by Mulai Hafid were upon the family of the Basha Haj ben Aissa, the Governor of Fez, a man whose reputation was certainly no worse than that of the majority of Moorish officials and very much better than that of many.

Believing that he was very rich, Mulai Hafid had the Governor arrested and thrown into prison, with several members of his family. The usual floggings and privations took place, and Haj ben Aissa surrendered all his properties to the Sultan. But Mulai Hafid was not satisfied. He believed in the existence of a great fortune in money. As a matter of fact, the Governor of Fez had been a keen agriculturist and had invested all his gains—licit and illicit—in land, but nothing could persuade the Sultan that this was the fact. He gave orders that the fortune was to be found; and thus fresh privations and more floggings, but all to no

avail. Then the women were arrested, amongst them the aristocratic wife of the Governor of Fez, a lady of good family and high position. It was thought that she would know and disclose the hidden treasure. She was tortured, but disclosed nothing, because there was nothing to disclose.

The whole of this story came to my knowledge, and the barbarity of the Sultan's proceedings determined me to let the world know what was passing. The evidence I had was legally slight, but I determined to see it through. The Sultan denied, threatened, and denied again, but the repeated efforts of 'The Times' were sufficient to move even the Foreign Office, and it was decided that some action must be taken. The late Sir Reginald Lister was British Minister at that time, and his encouragement and help assisted me in my campaign. At long length the British Government decided to ask the Sultan to produce the lady—as no other proof would be sufficient to persuade them that great cruelties had not been perpetrated. The French Government stood side by side with our own in the interests of humanity. The Sultan agreed willingly, but failed to produce the lady. The energy of Mr M'Leod, the British Consul at Fez, was untiring. At length, driven by the force of circumstances, the Sultan allowed the Basha's wife to be visited by two English lady medical missionaries, accompanied by the wife of a French doctor. They saw her in the recesses of the palace, and in

spite of protestations and threats on the part of the slaves, they insisted on examining her. Her crippled body and the terrible scars of recent wounds amply justified their action. The Sultan had lied throughout. The woman had been cruelly tortured.

With that humane spirit which he has shown throughout his whole life, Sid el Haj Mohamed el-Mokri, who was Grand Vizier then and to-day so ably fills the same post, took the injured wife of the Governor of Fez into his own house, where she received all the medical assistance of which she stood in need, and all the kindness of the Vizier's women-kind.

I have two letters referring to this incident which I value. One is from Mr J. M. M'Leod, C.M.G., then British Consul at Fez, dated 28th July 1910, in which he writes to me to tell me that the surviving members of Haj Ben Aissa's family had been to see him for the purpose of asking him to let me know how grateful they were for the "great efforts I had made on their behalf, which had been an immense solace to them." The second is a letter from the British Minister, Sir Reginald Lister, dated 22nd February, from the Dolomites, in which he says: "I write first and above all to congratulate you on your triumph in the matter of the tortures." After all, my part had been small. It was the publicity that 'The Times' gave to my telegrams and messages that obtained the success. Two years afterwards, when circumstances

had brought Mulai Hafid and myself together again, I asked him to explain his action. He told me that he knew the woman had been tortured—she was not the only one—but that he personally had not intended it. He said that when he had been informed that Haj ben Aissa's fortune could not be found, he had ordered the arrest of his womenkind. A little later he was told the women "wouldn't speak," and he acknowledged that he had replied, "They

must be made to speak." Such words from such a source were taken to mean one thing and one thing alone—torture; and they were tortured.

Of the end of Bou Hamara I have written elsewhere,—his long confinement in a small cage—his being thrown to the lions in the presence of the Sultan's women—and eventually his being shot after the savage beasts had mangled and torn his arms.

Those were the "good old days."

## II.

It was not only in the palace that there was cruelty. In every Governor's Kasba, deep in damp dungeons—as often as not holes scooped in the earth for storing grain—there lay and pined those who had committed, or not committed, as as the case might be, some crime; and still more often, those who were rich enough to be squeezed. In suffering and in darkness, receiving just sufficient nourishment to support life, men were known to have existed for years, to emerge again long after their relations had given up all hope of seeing them. But there was always a chance—a chance that the Governor might die or fall into disgrace; and then the dungeons in his castle would be opened and the wrecks of his prisoners be released. And what prisons, what horrors of prisons, they were, even those above ground and reserved for the ordinary class of criminal. Chained

neck to neck, with heavy shackles on their legs, they sat or lay in filth, and often the cruel iron collars were only undone to take away a corpse. The prisons in the towns were bad enough, but those of the country Kasbas were far worse. Mulai Abdul Aziz, who reigned from 1894 till 1908, and who still lives at Tangier, deserves at least some credit, for at one period of his reign he put the prisons of Fez in order. They were largely restored, a water supply was added, and they became less hideous than they had been before; but gradually the old system crept back again, and the improvements lasted only a little while. With all the good intentions in the world, a Sultan of those days could not break down the traditions and corruption of his surroundings.

Amongst the great Berber chieftains of the Atlas, life was even harder, but at all events there was not the same per-

seoution and squeezing as existed in the plains and richer districts. The more than semi-independence of the Berbers freed them from the perpetual exactions of the Makhzen, though by no means from the extortion of their own chiefs. Yet the very climate, the hardships of life in those inhospitable peaks, the constant warfare in which the tribes were engaged with one another, made men of them, and all the traditions of their race were democratic. But if the same oppression for the sake of extorting money did not exist, their treatment of prisoners taken in war whose lives were not forfeited, or of those held as hostages, was harsh enough. They, too, the great Berber Kaids, had their castles and their dungeons, and the latter were seldom empty. The whole life in those great Atlas fortified Kasbas was one of warfare and of gloom. Every tribe had its enemies, every family had its blood-fends, and every man his would-be murderer. Since quite my early years in Morocco I have visited these far-away castles, and with many of the Berber Kaids I enjoy to-day a friendship that has lasted over many years. With the family of the Kaids of Glaoua I have long been on intimate terms. When I first knew them Sid Madani Glaoui was merely the Governor of the Glaoua tribe, and his younger brother Sid Thami—a youth then—held no official position. Remarkable for their skill in warfare, and for their ability in tribal diplomacy, the members of the Glaoua family

seldom left the high mountain peaks, except to pay periodical visits to Marrakesh, three days' journey from their home. Their Kasba at Teluet, the grandest of all the Atlas fortresses, is situated over 7000 feet above the level of the sea. Such ability did these young brothers possess, that it was not difficult to foresee that they must be destined to play a rôle in the history of Morocco. They began by consolidating their power in the Atlas, both by diplomacy and by a series of little wars in which they surpassed themselves in feats of arms, and in which both were repeatedly wounded. As Commander-in-Chief of the Shereefian forces the elder was employed by Mulai Abdul Aziz in his wars against the Rif tribes. Meanwhile the Glaoua faction in the south was becoming all-powerful, and when Mulai Hafid in 1908 unfurled the standard of revolt against his brother, the Glaoui chiefs supported him. Without them his cause must have failed at once. Madani became his Minister of War, and then his Grand Vizier; his brother, Haj Thami, was appointed Governor of Marrakesh and the surrounding tribes. Capable in the art of native government, they were equally capable in the management of their own affairs. Their estates—the most extensive of any except, perhaps, the Sultan's Makhzen properties—were admirably worked and conducted, and vast revenues flowed in. At the moment when the French Protectorate was declared, both these able

men threw in their lot with France, and have served her loyally. Intelligent, realising for years past that the end of the independence of Morocco might be staved off for a short period but was eventually inevitable, the Glaoui brothers had never disguised their preference for reform and their desire for the opening up of Morocco wealth. The Berber race possesses not only a keenness of intellect but also an activity that is wanting in the other inhabitants of Morocco. Roads, railways, machinery please them, and they are eager for their introduction. Their mentality is European and not African.

Madani Glaoui died two years ago, a man who was really regretted—not only by the French, to whom he rendered great services, but also by the natives. He was one of the greatest, the richest, and the most generous of Berber chiefs, a man of delightful manners and much learning. His brother, Haj Thami, still a comparatively young man, is to-day Basha of Marrakesh. He lives a simple life in the midst of much splendour, and spends all the hours that he can spare from his official duties in visiting his estates or in handling and reading his wonderful collection of Arabic manuscripts. On one of my visits to their Kasba at Tuelat—I think in the year 1901—I allowed myself to be persuaded to stay on and on, though I ought already to have been on my way toward the coast. First it had been

Kaid Madani who had asked me to remain another day, then one or other of his brothers or cousins, and so on. Every morning I prepared to start, and every time I was begged to stay. At last I really expected to be allowed to leave; but I was led out into a great courtyard, overlooked by the frowning walls of the Kasba. On the terraced roofs were gathered a multitude of veiled women. My host, bidding me look up, said: "To-day it is our women-folk who beg you to stay," and with a loud cry the women uttered their welcome. The Berbers are less strict about womenkind, and I often conversed with elderly ladies of the Glaoui family. On asking one of these personages—she was a very near relation to Sid Madani—why it was the women of the Kasba desired me to prolong my stay, she replied: "Because, since you have been here, there has been a truce to war and to feud. Our sons and our sons' sons are in safety. Before you came no one ever laughed in the Kasba, for the men think only of war, and we women only of death; but for a fortnight now we have laughed and sung—having no fear. But when you go the truce will end, and all our laughter will cease." It made one realise life in the Kasba of Tuelat.

When Sid Madani Glaoui was at Fez as Grand Vizier during the reign of Mulai Hafid, he had only a few of his very numerous children with him. Amongst these few was

a favourite son by a black slave woman. He was about twelve years of age, very dark, but of a remarkable vivacity and intelligence, and most amusing. Unfortunately this temperament had its disadvantages, and his conduct for his age was disgraceful. He had already indulged in the wildest life. His father had sent him to the French school, but it was only on the rarest occasions that he ever turned up there. No matter how many of the Vizier's retainers took him to the door, he invariably by some means or other escaped—and spent his days in far less eligible society elsewhere. At last things became so bad that the schoolmaster insisted on complaining personally to his father: the boy was summoned into his presence, and was asked why he played truant. He denied it—to the surprise of both. He insisted that he attended school regularly, and that it was only because the

schoolmaster disliked him that this accusation was made against him. The schoolmaster continued naturally to contradict the boy, who at last said, "Well, I can prove it. If I hadn't attended school I couldn't speak French. Examine me." Hurriedly one of the Vizier's Algerian retinue was called, and asked to address the boy in French. He did so, and the black imp replied with the facility almost of a Parisian, but it wasn't the French that schoolboys ought to learn. The expressions and words he used made the schoolmaster's hair stand on end, but undoubtedly he spoke French, and with a fluency that was appalling. It was not in a school for the "sons of gentlemen" that he had learned it—nor in a school for the "daughters of ladies" either—but in a French *café chantant*, as it called itself, which had recently been installed in the Jews' quarter of the city.

### III.

The Jews of Morocco are a race apart. There are two distinct branches—the descendants of the original Berber Jews of the country, and the descendants of the Jews who migrated from Spain, mostly in the fifteenth century. While the latter have preserved Spanish as their native tongue, the former use the *Shelha* (Berber) or Arabic languages, according to the part of Morocco they inhabit. The type, as might be ex-

pected, is very different, and it is often difficult, and at times impossible, to distinguish between the Israelites of the Atlas and the neighbouring Moslem Berber tribesmen. They even dress alike, except for the small black cap which is common to the Jewish tribes. The origin of these indigenous Jews is unknown, but their presence in Morocco is of great antiquity. A tradition exists that they were driven out of Palestine by Joshua the son of



Nun, but it seems more probable that they were native Berbers converted at some very early period from paganism.

These original Jews inhabit the interior of the country, mostly in the towns, though many are scattered amongst the tribes. They live alone, and regard the more educated Jews of Spanish origin as leaning toward unorthodoxy, if not actually unorthodox. The circumstances in which they pass their existence amongst proud and fanatical Moslem tribesmen have naturally given to the native Jews none of the facilities nor the incentives for progress. In the case of the Jews of Spanish descent there has been a remarkable movement during the last fifty years. They have seized upon every form and kind of education in order to increase their social welfare. Schools have been built, professors from Europe engaged, and all this has been accomplished almost entirely from funds locally subscribed. The "Alliance Israélite" has largely found the personnel of the schools, but the wave of education has been the work of the intelligent Jews themselves. No sacrifice has been too great, no effort too vast, with the result to-day that there is scarcely a Jew in the coast towns of Morocco who does not speak and read and write at least two languages, while the majority speak three. These Jews of Spanish origin share with their co-religionists of the East the title of "Sephardim." When they were exiled,

after a period of cruel persecution, from Spain they sought refuge in Morocco. They were already an educated and civilised race, in learning and the arts far ahead of the majority of Spaniards amongst whom they were no longer permitted to live. On their arrival in Morocco they found the Jews of Berber origin living in a position of inferiority such as it would be quite impossible for them to accept. They therefore negotiated with the Sultan an "Ordinance" as to the status they might hold in the country, which at the same time laid down certain rules for the guidance of their own conduct, lest life amongst their more ignorant native co-religionists might cause them to abandon some of their more civilised and civilising tenets. This "Ordinance" is still adhered to, and is known to the "Sephardim" as the "Decanot." It contains, amongst many other clauses, rules as to marriage contracts and on the question of succession of property.

The "Sephardim" of Morocco are a remarkable people, who have rendered, and are rendering great services to the country. Hard-working, intelligent, keen business men and capable organisers, the Spanish Jews of Morocco have progressed in civilisation, in education, and in fortune in a manner that is highly commendable.

But long before the modern "renaissance," the "Sephardim" Jews of Morocco, in spite of the great difficulties and drawbacks under which they

existed, had gained for themselves a position in Morocco. They had become, as bankers and money-lenders, indispensable to the country, while they filled also many other professions. The tailors, jewellers, tent-makers, and metal-workers were practically all Jews. The "Mellah," as their quarter is called, was the centre of trade. In their shops there was nothing too small to be bought,—I have seen boxes of wax matches split up and sold by the half-dozen,—while the same shopman, or perhaps his brother, would lead you to his house, and in an upper chamber, with the door locked, offer you a string of pearls or a great cabuchon emerald, or a diamond the size of a shilling.

In many ways their position, persecuted though they were as a race, was preferable to that of the Moslem. They had their own laws, administered by their Rabbis. Their taxation was collected apart by their own people, and paid in a sort of offering to the Sultan. They were squeezed of course, and now and again their quarter was pillaged, but there was never the individual danger of persecution such as the Moslem was at all times liable to. They were able almost at any time to gain access to the authorities, and even to the Sultans, who, in their conversation with the many Jews and Jewesses who worked—as tent-makers and tailors—in the palace, were far more intimate and affable than with their own people. Both Mulai Abdul Aziz and Mulai Hafid had personal friends amongst

the Fez and Marrakesh Jews, with whom they were on terms of considerable intimacy. The result was that the Jews of Morocco as a race were far more often able, through their friendships at Court and with the Viziers, to obtain justice for their wrongs than were their Moslem neighbours, and even in the country districts a Jewish trader was feared. He would be mocked at perhaps, or sometimes a little bullied, but seldom really ill-treated. An example of the fear in which the Jews were held came to my personal knowledge during my travels many years ago. A Jew, travelling alone from country market to country market, was murdered and his little stock-in-trade and his few dollars were robbed. The murder took place in the thickly populated Gharb district, between two of the most important markets, during the early hours of the night. I knew the man well, and he was a constant visitor of the "souks." For a day or two nothing was known except that he was no longer seen at the markets. He might, it is true, have gone back to Alcazar, his native town, to replenish his stock, but it seemed more probable that he had been done to death. His body, however, was not found, though on those level plains, thick with tent and hut villages, it would be difficult to hide it. All that could be said for certain was that he had disappeared.

Now what had happened was this. The murderers, having robbed the body, laid it

by night just outside a neighbouring village. At dawn the villagers found it, and terrified of being accused of murdering a Jew, they concealed the corpse till night, when stealthily they carried it away and laid it on the outskirts of another village. Here again the same manoeuvre was practised, and day by day and night by night the body was concealed and carried on. It mattered little that in time the state of the corpse would have clearly demonstrated that the murder had taken place already some time back. It would have been sufficient evidence of guilt merely for it to have been found near a village, no matter how decomposed. The inevitable punishment would have been severe—imprisonments and confiscations—for the innocent villagers. Had the murdered man been a Moslem little heed would have been taken, but the murder of a Jew was far more serious. The matter reached my ears, for the inhabitants of a village confided in me that they had found the body that morning, and that owing to death having occurred some weeks before, its transport to another village was a matter of extreme difficulty. I intervened, and notified the discovery to the authorities, and the villagers did not suffer.

The business instinct is naturally very strong amongst the Morocco Jews. Their existence has always been a struggle in the past, and life has been hard. One of the many friends I have amongst

the race told with a delightful sense of humour an anecdote of his early childhood. He had just begun to study in Hebrew the details of his faith, and his soul was aflame with the idea that the promised Messiah might come at any moment. Bidding good-night to his parents and his relatives, he whispered to his old grandmother, a lady of great influence in the family, "Do you think the Messiah will come to-night?" She patted his head gently and said, "Don't worry, my dear, about that. He will come in his own day. Learn to add up—learn to add up." She was a practical old lady, and her grandson followed her advice. He is to-day the leader of the Jewish community in one of the most important towns in Morocco, an honourable and wealthy man, of great generosity, and of unswerving devotion to the interests of his people.

The Jews keep very strictly to the letter of the law; and though I have every respect for devotion, I once was really very seriously annoyed by the rigid adherence of an elderly Israelite to his commandments.

I was camping in the Gharb province in winter. The rain was falling in torrents and the ground deep in mud. During dinner a Jewish youth arrived, and bursting into my tent, began to cry. As soon as he could make himself intelligible he stated that his father, who was camping in a neighbouring village, was very ill. He had heard of the arrival of a "Christian," and begged me

to go and see him. I went, my men accompanying me with lanterns. It was a long walk, and it was raining cats and dogs; but at length we arrived where the camp of the Jews was pitched—a couple of big tents such as the travelling Jewish trader always uses. Everything was in darkness. I was welcomed, by the light of my own lanterns, by the youth's father, who, surrounded by his bales of cloth and cotton goods, seemed the picture of health. After the usual compliments I asked what I could do.

It was Friday night, and therefore the Jews had already entered upon their Sabbath. With many apologies the merchant informed me that

the wind had put their lanterns out, and as it was the Sabbath they were not permitted to strike matches, so they could not relight them. The Moors—infidels, he called them—had refused to help them, and so he had been obliged to trouble me!—and I had walked a couple of miles through deep mud, late at night, in torrents of rain—to strike a match!

I struck it, and I pride myself it was the only thing I did strike. I left him with his lanterns alight, but I made him tip my men so generously for their long and tiring walk that he would probably prefer in the future to spend weeks in darkness rather than risk disturbing another Christian.

#### IV.

A Moslem family that suffered many vicissitudes was that of a former Governor of Oulad Sifian in the Gharb. Haj Bouselham er-Remoush was at one time a great man. He owed his appointment to friends—and to bribery—at Court, and quickly became an influential and wealthy personage. As a matter of fact, he was not, as Moorish Kaid goes, a bad Governor. Extortion he naturally practised, and his prisons were full; but the tribe he governed did not inordinately complain, which meant that he must have had some good points. Those good points certainly weren't his sons. The elder, who was deputy-Governor, was a

thorough rascal. A fine horseman, always beautifully dressed, he was to outward appearances an attractive personality; but he drank copiously, and no good-looking woman or girl in his jurisdiction was safe from his attentions. He was still almost a youth when the crash came. There had been complaints to the Sultan of his licentiousness, and consequently the father was heavily "squeezed" from Court, and his fortune could not stand the pressure. When the Viziers extracted all he had to give, a band of troops arrived and arrested all the male members of the family, while the soldiers spent the following day or two in his harem. His house was

torn down stone by stone in the search for treasure, and the Kaid and his two elder sons were sent in chains to Marrakesh. His home became a ruin and his gardens were destroyed. Still to-day, in the midst of a tangle of "prickly pear," one sees the remains of what was once the important residence.

Haj Bouselham, an elderly man, accustomed to all the luxuries of wealth, succumbed quickly to the horrors of the Marrakesh prison. His eldest son died soon afterwards. The third, still a boy, was released. Some few years afterwards, riding across the hill-tops near Wazzan, a shepherd in charge of a flock of goats spoke to me. "You do not recognise me," he said; "I am Mohamed, the son of Haj Bouselham er-Remoush." I asked him to tell me his history. Released from prison, penniless of course, he had taken refuge with his mother's people, who had suffered too in the general confiscation that had succeeded his father's fall. He was now a goatherd—and only a few years before how often I had seen him mounted on one or other of his fine horses, on a saddle embroidered in gold and surrounded by his slaves.

A few years later I met him again. His luck had turned. Part of his confiscated property had been acquired again, and he was a well-to-do young tribesman in a prosperous way. To-day, under a benigner rule, he is an important landowner and farmer and once more rides fine horses.

As a rule families held together for better or for worse. Their safety depended upon their cohesion and on their numbers. The moment a man was made Kaid he collected all his brothers and his uncles and his cousins and installed them round him. He exempted them from taxation, and let them rob. It was the numerical strength of his retainers as much as his prestige that kept him immune from murder and revolt. Yet sometimes the families were split up, and then woe betide them.

Some thirty years ago, on the death of one of the great southern Kaid's, his eldest son hurried to the Sultan's Court with mules laden with money, to buy his succession to his father's post. There was a younger son who still was allowed in the women's quarters, and whose mother had been the old Kaid's favourite wife, and she had remained up to the time of his death his confidante. She knew well enough what would be her fate should the elder son succeed in buying the succession—that she and her boy would be driven out to starve, even if the youth was not murdered, for the feud between the members of the family was a deadly one. She held one trump-card—almost always the winning card in Morocco. She, and she alone, knew where the dead Kaid's secret fortune was hidden. Under the charge of some of her relations she hurried her son to the Court. He arrived to find that his half-brother was already nominated to the kaidship, and had left to

return to his tribe that very morning. Not a moment was to be lost. The youth and his advisers sought the Grand Vizier and asked how much the brother had paid for his succession. The sum was named, whereupon the younger brother offered a still greater amount in return for a letter from the Sultan appointing him to the post, with imperial authority to take such steps as he might think necessary in order to dispossess his brother. The bargain was quickly struck, and with a strong body of cavalry placed at his disposal by the Sultan he set out in pursuit. They met outside the Kasba walls, and, overpowered by the troops, the elder son of the old Kaid was taken prisoner and thrown into a dungeon in the castle. Needless to say he never emerged alive. The soldiers remained a few days, and returned to the Sultan bearing the promised price of office, for the son had dug up, from under a great fountain-basin in the courtyard of the Kasba, the buried treasure of his father.

There was no crime that the Makhzen would not commit for money. The Sultans not unseldom carried out their own bargains. Mulai Hafid had, rightly, little confidence in his entourage—it was a mutual sentiment—and there was no financial transaction, however doubtful its morality, that he would not personally undertake, and nearly always with success.

The whole atmosphere of the palace was permeated

with extortion. The Sultans never hesitated playfully—but definitely—to take possession of any article that took their fancy, if the owner were on any but the most formal terms. Over and over again I was the victim of these petty thefts—pocket-books, sleeve-links, necktie-pins. One soon learned to take nothing of value with one into the precincts of the Court. It must not be thought that presents were given in return, for it was rare indeed that any Sultan gave away anything. Now and then they were generous with some one else's property, and even that was rare. Visits to the Court of Mulai Abdul Aziz and Mulai Hafid were expensive. There were many who thought that the few lucky persons to whom those closely-shut gates were opened were making their fortunes. Some were—those who had goods for sale; but those who, like myself, were casual visitors, paid dearly enough for their privilege of the *entrées*. One of the commonest forms of robbery was this. On arriving at the palace gates one's horse was taken possession of by the black slaves. On emerging later on from the precincts of the palace the slaves were there but the horse invisible. Protests and threats were of no avail—a payment, and often a heavy one, had to be made in order to get it back. At one time my audiences with Mulai Hafid, who was then at Fez, were of almost daily occurrence, and this form of extortion became so expensive

that eventually I "struck," for it often cost me from £2 to £3 to get my horse back. On one occasion I lost my temper and cursed the slaves. Failing to obtain any redress, I returned in a justified burst of rage and complained to the Grand Vizier. The Sultan overheard me and I was summoned to his presence, where I spoke equally forcibly. I told him that in Europe people paid gate-money to go and see monstrosities in side-shows—fat women and tattooed men—but that I wasn't going to be robbed in this perfectly unjustifiable and wholesale way each time I came to see him. It was he, I added, who sent for me. As for myself, I was indifferent to these interviews, and was quite prepared not to come again if affairs were not put right. The Sultan soothed my injured spirits—spoke a little of kindness and charity, and finished up by saying, "You mustn't judge them too hardly. You see, none of them receive any wages, and they live on what they make. However, I will have them punished, so that they won't worry you again," and he ordered the Grand Vizier to have them flogged. Of course I intervened, knowing what these floggings often were, but I needn't have troubled. They were flogged, but it was only a pretence—half a dozen blows each that would scarcely have hurt a small child. On reaching the door of the palace a few minutes later my horse had disappeared again! It had been taken by the slaves

who had administered the bastinado, and who now demanded payment for the punishment they had inflicted on their fellow-slaves for an exactly similar offence. There was nothing to be done. I paid.

It is all so different nowadays at the palace. The traditional and historical etiquette is strictly followed on all state occasions, but the organising hand is felt. The slaves and soldiers are beautifully dressed. The Court officials, in their long white robes, are politeness itself, and an official reception by the present Sultan at his palace is a sight worth seeing. In the outer courtyards are his black guards in scarlet and gold, cavalry and infantry, and his band of musicians in their *kaftans* of rainbow colours; and the long corridors are filled with the palace attendants. In the throne-room, seated on a divan, the Sultan receives his guests—an intelligent affable host. It is true the "surprises" are gone—but the rest remains—even to the lions that roar in their cages in a corner of the inner garden. The palaces are the same, but swept and cleaned and garnished, for in the old days only the portion of the great buildings actually inhabited by the Sultan was kept in repair. I visited the palaces at Fez and Marrakesh soon after the abdication of Mulai Hafid. I had already seen certain parts of them, but the presence of hundreds of women under the old régime—many the widows

and slaves and descendants of dead Sultans—prevented one visiting many of the courtyards and buildings. On the advent of the new régime other arrangements were made for these palace pensioners, much to their advantage, and the restoration of the palaces was undertaken. But there was much past restoring: courtyard after courtyard where the ceilings of the rooms had fallen in, and where it was literally unsafe to walk. The impression that the ensemble gave one was that, with the exception of some of the oldest and some of the most modern parts, the Sultans had been terribly "done" by their builders and the men responsible for the upkeep. No doubt this always was so. The Court functionaries and the Viziers demanded and received commissions—and what commissions!—on all the work done at the palaces. As a rule the decoration in the palaces is no better than that existing in the splendid private residences of Fez and Marrakesh, and the workmanship is often distinctly inferior. The greater parts of the existing palaces were constructed by Mulai Hassen, the grandfather of the present Sultan, Mulai Yusef, who died in 1894. He must have destroyed, in order to raise these acres and acres of buildings, much of what existed previously. Of the palaces of former dynasties nothing but the merest ruins remains—a few walls at Fez of the palace of the Merinides, and at Marrakesh the great walls and enclosure of what

must have been the finest of all Moroccan buildings, the palace of the Saadien Sultans, whose dynasty came to an end in the seventeenth century. Their mausoleum, dating from the sixteenth century, the most beautiful building in Morocco, still remains intact as an example of perfect Moorish art, and there is no doubt, from descriptions still extant, that the neighbouring palace was of unparalleled beauty and magnificence. The ground-plan of its great courtyard, with its immense water-tanks and its fountains, can still be clearly traced, while at one end, facing a long straight tiled walk, between two of the great basins, are the ruins of the Sultan's audience-chamber, a vast square room. The walls are still standing, but the roof has fallen long ago. The description of this palace in the days of its glory reads like a page from the 'Thousand and One Nights.' What had taken a century to build was destroyed in a day. The Saadien dynasty fell, and the cruel despot Mulai Ismail seized the throne. His first act was to order the destruction of this famous palace of his predecessors, and the great building was looted by the soldiery and the crowd. Many of the old houses in Marrakesh to-day have doorsteps formed of small columns, or parts of larger ones, of rare marbles—the remnants of the colonnades that once decked this magnificent palace of the most intellectual and civilised dynasty that Morocco ever boasted.



## V.

Perhaps the most noticeable change that has come about in Morocco is in the attitude of the people to medical and surgical aid. The Moor was often ready in the past to accept the assistance of European doctors, and had a certain faith in their medicines, but the opportunities were few. The Medical Missions at Fez and Marrakesh were well attended and rendered great services, and the doctors attached to the Sultan's Court had a certain clientele. As a rule the native's faith was half-hearted, sufficient to accept medicines if given free, but rarely of the kind that would pay a fee. Often, too, the medicine was not taken, and secretly in his inmost heart the patient had sometimes far more faith in the good that might accrue from the presence of the doctor than from the remedies he recommended. A short time since I experienced a good example of this. A Moor, a neighbour of mine, was very ill with typhus fever, and at my recommendation his womenfolk summoned an excellent doctor to attend him. I always accompanied the doctor on his visits. The man was desperately ill. The doctor and I carefully explained to the women how his medicines should be taken, and they apparently followed our advice to the letter. But one day, arriving unexpectedly at the house at the hour in which the patient should have taken his medicine, I saw his wife care-

fully measure the dose into the glass and deliberately pour it away. I remained concealed for a few moments and then made my presence known. I asked if the man had had his medicine. Holding up the bottle, and pointing to the diminution in its contents, the woman replied, "Yes, he has just taken it." I told the woman that I had seen her throw it away. She showed little or no confusion, but said, "The doctor's presence is sufficient without his drugs. His knowledge is what is useful—who knows what his drugs contain?" I have experienced many similar cases, one that was so absurd that it is worth repeating. Happening to meet an old native who had a terrible sore on the calf of one of his legs, I asked him if he would go as an outpatient to the hospital to have it treated. He willingly assented, and I wrote on a visiting-card a line to the doctor in charge. The man took the card and went his way. A day or two later I met him—his leg was bound up with a filthy rag. I asked him if he had been to the hospital. "No," he replied, "there was no need. My leg is already better." I insisted on seeing the sore. Under the reeking bandage, bound across the open wound, was my visiting-card! I asked the man why he had put it there. "Your kindness," he said, "and the knowledge of the doctor to whom it was ad-

dressed is sufficient cure, so I applied the oard to the sore. It is better already." It wasn't. If anything it was distinctly worse, so I took the old man by force and walked him up to the hospital myself, where he was treated. Finding almost instant relief from pain, he followed the docter's advice, and continued his visits until his leg was healed. I attempted to show him the folly of his own idea of cure, but he would only reply: "Your oard was sufficient. It would have got well just the same if you had allowed me to leave it there."

The women were, and are still, the most difficult. But even in their case a great change has come about, and the Medical Mission to women at Fez, so admirably conducted by two estimable English—or rather Irish—ladies has rendered immense service. It is curious that it is at Fez, the most fanatical of all the Moroccan cities, that the most headway has been made in this women's medical work. Elsewhere there has been a considerable measure of success, but nowhere else, I think, have the houses and hearts of the native women been so opened to "Christians" as they have at the Northern Capital. No great function in any of the aristocratic houses is complete if the ladies of the Medical Mission are not present. Speaking the language with perfect fluency, they have succeeded by their good works—and perhaps still more by their good natures—in making themselves most

justly and most sincerely beloved. Part at least of the secret of their success has been what is often so wanting,—cheerfulness and love—which constitute, after all, perhaps the most important equipment of real Christianity.

Formerly the mass of the people were satisfied with the healing power of their Shereefs, and with the charms of the "Tholba," or students of religion. They visited certain holy places, mostly tembs, where prayers were offered. Others, still more ignorant, summoned to the bedside of their sick, negro dancers and the devotees of the "Aissaoua" sect, the noise of whose music and chants should have been sufficient to drive away all the djinns of Morocco. At the same time there is a certain knowledge of herbs existing amongst the country people, and many of the remedies to which they have recourse are by no means to be despised. Bone-setting is regularly practised, and well practised, with splints of wood and cane.

The Moors have long been aware of the medicinal value of certain hot springs, which are largely resorted to for the cure of skin diseases and other maladies common to the country. Particularly famous are the hot baths of Mulai Yakoub, not far from Fez, and the benefit derived is unquestionable. I have known natives, scarcely able to ride to the spot and covered with sores, who after a sojourn of from twenty to thirty days at this spot have returned healed.

Apart from the vendors of strange medicines who can be seen in any of the Moroccan markets, with their stook-in-trade set out before them—hideous dried animals and the skins of moth-eaten birds predominating—there are a certain number of native doctors. The most renowned are Shereefs from Dades, an oasis situated to the south of the Great Atlas. These men pretend to inspired and hereditary knowledge, and there is no doubt that there still exists amongst them some trace of medical learning. They operate for cataract, not by removing the cataract but by dislocating it, by which sight is often restored, but without any certainty that the cure is more than temporary. They are also skilful in removing portions of broken skull. There is no actual trepanning of the bone, but the broken part is removed and replaced, the scalp having been opened and drawn back by a portion of the dried shell of a gourd, which, overlapping the uninjured part of the skull, covers the aperture and protects the brain. The scalp is replaced and sewn up.

Perhaps the most ingenious practice in use amongst the Berbers of the Atlas is the use of the large red ant for closing skin wounds. The art of sewing up wounds is known and practised, but they have no means of disinfecting the material used, and they state that the stitches often either open or form sores. They therefore employ the following method. Holding the two

edges of the skin together, so as to leave a little of both edges protruding, they apply a living red ant to the wound. The ant closes his strong mandibles on the skin, and is promptly decapitated with the aid of a pair of scissors. The mandibles remain closed, holding the two edges of skin together. As many as four or five of these "clips" are applied to a wound of a few inches in length. By the time the ant's head falls away the wound has closed. This system is in common use in the Atlas, and the Governor of Marrakesh, Haj Thami Glaoui, told me that he insists on his men using it in preference to sewing, unless the sewing can be performed by a European doctor with disinfected material.

The Sultans Mulai Abdul Aziz and Mulai Hafid both took an interest in medicine and dentistry, and had confidence in their doctors. An English dentist who attended the ladies of the palace in the reign of the former of these two Sultans was only allowed to work on the mouths of the inmates of the imperial harem through a small hole cut in the sheet which entirely enveloped the patient as she sat in the dentist's chair. So successfully, however, did he mend up the teeth of the ladies of the palace that the Viziers followed suit, and the dentist had a busy time. The Minister of Foreign Affairs sent for me one day, and after some general remarks asked me if I knew the dentist. I replied that I did, and that he was an adept at his art. The Vizier com-

tinued that he knew personally very little about dentistry, and would I tell him whether every time his wife sneezed it was necessary to sneeze her new row of upper teeth half across the room. I replied that I doubted whether this was an absolute necessity, but I would ask the dentist. I did so, and the lady's set of teeth was quickly altered to fit her better. "It is wonderful," said the Vizier to me later on: "she sneezes and sneezes, and her teeth never even rattle."

In the days of Mulai Hassen, before the advent of a resident physician to the palace, Kaid Maolean, then a young officer, used to dabble in medicine, and so great was the confidence that he inspired in the Sultan's eyes that even His Majesty allowed himself to be treated. Kaid Maolean's knowledge was limited to the contents of his medicine-chest and a book of explanations. On one occasion the ladies of the palace had been suffering—from indigestion probably—and at the same time some disinfectant was required for some one in the palace who had been injured in an accident. Kaid Maolean sent the two medicines, with instructions how they were to be used, but by some mistake the ladies swallowed the compressed tablets of permanganate of potash instead of the tonic. The tablets dissolved inside, but brought on violent attacks of sickness, and to the horror of the Sultan and the ladies themselves, they began to vomit what appeared to be vast quantities of blood. The more

sick they were the more terrified they became, and in reply to an anxious message Kaid Maolean hurried to the palace. The Sultan was beside himself with fear, but an explanation was forthcoming and the ladies recovered.

Mulai Abdul Aziz's first experience of the use of chloroform might easily have led to more serious results. Dr Verdon, his English doctor had operated on a slave under chloroform, and the Sultan had been present. The operation over, His Majesty retired into the palace carrying with him a large bottle of the anæsthetic. The doctor tried to obtain possession of the bottle, but in vain; and all he could do was to warn His Majesty to be very careful with it. He no doubt was, for apparently nobody died; but rumour has it that his ladies lay all over the palace as insensible as logs of wood—for he had a grand chloroforming evening all to himself. Mulai Hafid, too, quite appreciated the use of chloroform, and insisted on its being administered to a lion that was suffering from overgrown toe-nails. The lion, whose temper was not of the best, took none too kindly to the whole operation, which was, however, eventually successfully performed, to the satisfaction of his Shereefian Majesty.

To-day the people flock in thousands to the hospitals and dispensaries which the French have opened throughout the length and breadth of their Protectorate. There is yet room for more medical work,

for disease is rife, but what has already been accomplished is admirable. The Moor who would never have thought of accepting the assistance of a doctor in the old days now hurries to the nearest dispensary as soon as he feels ill; and any man who meets with an accident is immediately taken by his fellow-workman to the native hospital. Crowds patiently wait their turns in the gardens and corridors, and the women's days are almost as congested as are those for the men. Whatever may be the people's real sentiments toward Europeans, their confidence in "Christian" doctors is undisputable. Yet the very people who flock for medical aid would probably not acknowledge that any change has taken place in their views. They don't realise that only ten years ago, even if the possibilities had existed, they would never have dared to show this outward respect for and belief in the skill of the "infidel." But the change has come gradually, and is unnoticed by those to whom it is owing. The same sequence of mentality is noticeable in many other ways. The "universities" — "Medarsas" — of Fez and Marrakesh, closed for centuries to Europeans, are now open once more to the Christian visitor, who is allowed to enter and admire these gems of Moorish architecture. The religious authorities could no longer insist on their being kept closed when they acknowledged that a few centuries

ago Christian scholars were actually being educated in their precincts, so after a little hesitation they decided to permit the "Medarsas" being visited. The authorities of the Department des Beaux Arts immediately set about the restoration of these architectural masterpieces. At first the students were shocked at the presence of the "Christian," and on one of my visits to the beautiful "Medarsa" of Ben Yusef at Marrakesh, they complained rather bitterly that the French architects were restoring the old work and taking liberties with the structure. They would rather, they said, have it left alone in its ruined condition than have it tampered with by "unbelievers."

A year later I returned to the "Medarsa." The same, or many of the same, scholars were there. The Department des Beaux Arts had completely restored one side of the great courtyard, but were waiting for further funds before beginning the rest. Again the scholars complained, but their complaint was a different one — the French architects had abandoned their work. What right had they to leave it unfinished? Would I use my influence to see that the restorations were continued and completed? I reminded them of their complaint of only a year ago, and of their objection to the work being undertaken at all. They laughed and replied, "Well, you see, yesterday was yesterday, and to-day is to-day."

## ON HAZARDOUS SERVICE.

BY MERVYN LAMB.

## CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCING JEAN BART.

ON a hot evening at the beginning of August a blue motor-car, which had evidently travelled far and fast, entered a small village in Picardy, and passing down the main street drew up in a cloud of dust before a little red-bricked school-house, outside of which one or two men of the British Signal Corps were standing.

Out of it stepped a French officer, wearing the brassard of the Liaison Staff, whilst from the front seat next the chauffeur descended a square-built infantry soldier of about forty years of age.

Telling the chauffeur to wait, the officer entered the brick courtyard, which served as a playground for the children, and mounted the wooden stairs leading to the upper class-room, where four or five tired-looking British staff officers were engrossed in writing on wooden trestle-tables, or in studying maps which seemed to cover every square inch of available space. Passing through this room the officer entered a small boarded-off compartment and greeted the solitary occupant, saying, "Sir, I have brought the soldier, Jean Bart, who has been placed at your disposition by the *Dixième Armée*."

The British officer rose from the solitary chair in front of

the solitary trestle-table in the room, thanked him cordially, and suggesting that Monsieur le Capitaine would probably be glad to get back to his billet and get some food, added that he need have no further anxiety as regards the soldier, since the British Intelligence Department would assume all further responsibility for his support from that moment.

And indeed this particular officer was more than a little pleased to see this particular French soldier.

For days lengthening into weeks, the women and children, who alone were left in the fields, had stopped from time to time to gaze nervously towards the east, and at night when the clouds came down low they had shuddered as the windows in the little village rattled and the distant rumble rose to a shattering roar.

For this was the fifth week of one of the great battles of the war, and, as the reader may already have guessed, the energies of a huge army were being directed from this unsophisticated little village.

In the school-house, in conditions very different to the popular ideas of high life on the gilded Staff, was located the Intelligence branch of the

General Staff, and the upper room was in communication not only with every army on the Western Front, but also with every part of the globe where German troops were fighting.

Nor were things going altogether well. A great success had unquestionably been won, but progress was every day becoming harder and more costly; in fact, it was bludgeon work, the effect of which on the enemy's plans was difficult to gauge, and it was precisely this problem which the officers in the school-house had to solve.

Actually on the British front, the documents, prisoners, intercepted cipher messages, &c., at which the Staff slaved all day and far into the night, gave a fairly accurate picture of the situation. But what lay behind? Ah! that was indeed the question.

Was the enemy bringing troops across from Russia? Had he definitely abandoned his great offensive in Eastern France? Was he about to organise a great counter-stroke against the flank of the spear-head which had been thrust by the British into his side, or did he intend to straighten out the line by a retirement?

Unfortunately at this crisis a series of misfortunes had befallen the Intelligence Service.

The worthy miner travelling with important messages in the lining of his cap from Mons to Hal had thought fit to try and take them on to Brussels, where he had a lady friend,

instead of placing them in the rear axle-box of the second carriage of the vicinal train, from which they would have quickly reached the little school-house, and swept away many awkward doubts.

This error of judgment had led to the death of several devoted patriots, and had enabled the German police to make wholesale arrests which had destroyed at one blow much of the patient work of many months.

The delicate web could and would be rewoven in time; but time was not available if the present problem was to be solved before the Germans had themselves supplied the answer.

Consequently all northern France, including the French armies, was canvassed for a man willing to take the greatest risk; and Jean Bart was that man.

A determined cheery-looking fellow, he was new in voluble conversation with the Staff Officer, and the latter had established the fact that in private life he was a "fraudeur" in a big way of business apparently, and thoroughly proud of the fact. Did he not possess a fast lorry and a motor-car? And had he not, on one of his last trips, got across the frontier with 20,000 francs' worth of tobacco, and only one man wounded. As the two pored over a large-scale map, Jean pointed out the wood near Bohain where he had unfortunately wounded a garde champêtre, who attempted to interfere with one

of their midnight operations, and the little lock bridge near Cendé where on another occasion he had stopped pursuit by breaching petrol-tins and setting them on fire. His cheery face shone as he recounted the various exploits which the familiar landmarks recalled. "Ma foi! but this life in trenches, like a rat in a sewer, at the beck and call of fat-headed sous-officiers, was très-ennuyant. No scope for a man of brains and intelligence," said he, twirling his moustache. "Only put me over there in my own country amongst my friends, and I will give the 'sales Boches' something to think about."

"Money! You insult me, mon Commandant. I am a soldat français and chief of fraudeurs, and what I do, I do for la gloire et la patrie," and his blue eyes sparkled as he threw out his chest.

Then more thoughtfully he added that the English officer might be of some assistance, "après la guerre," in that small question of the garde champêtre and the five years' imprisonment which was still waiting to be liquidated—but that was a matter of no immediate importance.

After a further close study of the map the officer took up a telephone on the table, and shortly after an alert-looking sergeant appeared.

"You will take this French soldier, and will provide him with a billet and food for the night, and I will see him again at 10 A.M. to-morrow. In the meantime I have warned him

not to discuss his business with you, nor with any one else in the village."

When they had gone the officer again took up the telephone, and after a few minutes conversation with a Flying Corps Squadron Commander returned to the study of certain little pieces of paper on which he had previously been engaged, and which lasted far into the night.

Next morning a young major in flying corps uniform might have been seen in earnest conversation with the staff officer over the map. Finally, the former said, "Well, if it must be done and can be done, my lads will do it, but I don't like it. You see, this front is stiff with Boche machines, and though they don't venture over our side much, my people have to fight whenever they go across the line. We spot new aerodromes nearly every day, and any lame duck has a pretty poor chance of getting home. These places west of the Canal du Nord are out of the question, as our 'planes are shot at heavily whenever they go over them.

"These two farther east might be better, but it's the deuce of a long flight for a slow two-seater machine, and of course it's out of the question to try and land a fast machine in such conditions; it would not have a hundred to one chance of getting off again.

"It's all very well for these French fellows, who can select a place they actually know and generally on a quiet front.



I suppose you haven't sounded them on the subject?"

The Staff Officer nodded, and added laconically, "Nothing doing; they've lost too many already."

"Well," said the Flying Officer, "our only chance is in an east wind; the Huns don't care about coming too close to the line for fear of our forcing them over our side, and we might get a flying start. We must reconnoitre the place beforehand, as there's a ground mist most evenings, and that is the devil, as you can't see what you are going down into.

Anyway, we'll make a strong fighting reconnaissance to-day to see whether there are any fresh aerodromes about and try and draw their 'Arobies.' We'll also photo the place suggested, if we can get anywhere near it. In the meantime you'll be getting all possible information from refugees, and teaching the Frenchman your side of the business before I take him on? Right-o!" and out he went, a very fine type of the determined young Englishman who made the British Flying Service the first in the world.

## CHAPTER II.—JEAN BART TAKES THE AIR.

For Jean Bart the next few days rather reminded him of his village school-days. He learnt all the intricacies of the German uniform, how to tell a guardsman from a fusilier or field artillery from foot artillery, where to look for the regimental number, which were the important marks on vehicles, the difference between Divisional, Corps, and Army pennants, and other similar details. He wrote apparently meaningless messages on little pieces of flimsy paper, rolled them up and fitted them into little aluminium cases; he was taught how to look after pigeons, and when to release them. At night he practised sending a simple code by means of an electric torch.

Certain names, certain places, and certain dates he committed to memory, and with the marvellous adaptability of the

intelligent Frenchman he absorbed it all with the greatest ease.

At the end of three days he was ready for instruction at the Aerodrome, to which he looked forward with keen pleasure, having never been in an aeroplane.

Here, things had not turned out too well.

The fighting reconnaissance of four machines had crossed the line at a great height, and headed straight for the objective, which they reached without opposition, except from "Arobies" near the line. One pilot then dived down to get a better look, and was promptly attacked by seven enemy machines, which had been following and waiting for such a chance. A general mêlée ensued, in which both sides lost a machine, whilst one of ours only struggled back over the

line with great difficulty, covered by the remaining two, who fought a gallant rear-guard action against ever-increasing odds. It also crashed on landing, the pilot being badly wounded, and the camera unfortunately was smashed. However, the general impression gained was that Jean Bart's statements were correct, and that it might be possible to land him there and for the aeroplane to get away again.

It was decided to make the attempt as soon as the wind was favourable. Meanwhile Jean Bart was shown how to swing the propeller, and practised getting in and out quickly, in which he displayed great agility. He was also taught to use the Lewis gun, and given short flights to train him in picking out landmarks on the ground, in all of which he showed great aptitude, and established a firm *entente* with his instructor; the latter, a fair-haired, blue-eyed youth named Archer, aged eighteen or nineteen, with the frank cheery face of the public schoolboy, no vestige of even an incipient moustache, and a pink-and-white complexion.

On the fifth day the wind had shifted to the north-east, and it was decided to make the attempt, the start being timed so as to reach the landing-place just at dusk, whilst there was still light enough to see the ground, but close enough to darkness to give Jean Bart a chance of getting away with his stock-in-trade.

The latter consisted of a

large basket containing seven of the finest carrier-pigeons in France, a bag of grain, message forms and carriers, an electric torch, an automatic pistol and some food, whilst under his uniform he wore an old corduroy suit.

The sun was well down below the horizon when, at 9.15 P.M., Jean Bart, after a last word with the Staff Officer, stepped into the machine, followed by the pilot who had instructed him. The latter, after some preliminary tests, gave the word "stand clear," and the machine left the aerodrome, closely followed by two fighting scouts, which were to see it a short way on its eighty-miles outward journey, in case any enemy machines, contrary to their usual custom, should still be in the air.

Steadily they made their way eastwards, whilst to the south the roar of the guns on the Ancre grew ever clearer. Soon they were crossing the great Canal du Nord, over which the mist was beginning to gather, and in another twenty minutes came in sight of the little wood just beyond which lay the landing-ground. The pilot throttled down his engine and began to lose height, coming down so as just to skim over the trees. It was already nearly dark, and he decided to fly low over the ground, which was evidently short grass, to see how best to land and get out again. It was indeed fortunate that he did so, for a large

herd of cattle, which had been lying down, jumped up and scattered over the field in all directions, making any landing impossible. At the same time, from a shed at the side, a number of men in uniform came out and stared open-mouthed at the aeroplane prior to running back to their rifles.

The pilot opened out his engine and just cleared the wood; but what was the next step?

Evidently they had come down into the middle of a big German supply convoy, probably driving cattle requisitioned from the unfortunate inhabitants.

There was still half an hour before dark, and the pilot was loath to abandon his mission, so he flew on, looking for another place to land, trying to ascertain from Jean Bart by signs whether each field was any good. The latter had, however, now lost his bearings, and it was getting too dark and misty to see the ground distinctly from the air. Archer therefore rose to try and get his bearings with a view to making his way home. Unfortunately the mist had already softened out the edges of the woods, none of the distant landmarks were visible, and he found that he was dependent entirely on the compass, a most uncertain guide in a strong wind. However, he steered a westerly course, and after an hour saw the long line of Very lights which from Switzerland to the sea marked the opposing trench

lines throughout the hours of darkness.

He crossed them, but could see no sign of the rockets which he knew were being sent up from all the aerodromes near his starting-point.

It was now past midnight, and his petrol would soon be running out, so selecting an apparently open space he came down, turned on his wing lights, saw that it was a field of standing corn in which a proper landing was impossible, and "pancaked" artistically.

Thus it was that next morning the squadron commander received a telephone message to say that Lieutenant Archer and his machine and passenger were down undamaged 100 miles to the south in the French lines, and would be along in the course of the day.

That evening, after hearing Archer's story, the Squadron Commander had a long consultation with the Staff Officer.

He thought the pilot would have a better chance by going a little earlier, since this would enable him to see the ground and perhaps obviate any preliminary reconnaissance, which was a costly business, and put the Hun on the watch. Obviously the enemy would know now what was in the wind. A young pilot in the squadron was very anxious to be allowed to try, and if any one could do the trick he fancied this lad Albert would. So two evenings later, but considerably earlier than on the first occasion, Jean Bart again mounted

a machine in front of a small youth whose name was destined later to become famous throughout the Empire.

There was nothing to show that he appreciated the danger of flying alone in daylight into the middle of the Huns, except possibly his sole remark, "I suppose the Froggie can use the gun. Tell him to keep it handy."

Escorted as before, the machine left, heading in the direction of Le Cateau. So soon as they crossed the lines, they were heavily "archied," but going straight ahead the pilot in about fifty minutes after crossing the line came in sight of the appointed place, and dived down towards it.

At that moment Jean Bart saw two German machines standing, and another just landing on an aerodrome a couple of miles to the south, whilst not far to the north there was another large aerodrome. Nor was this all—for as they lost height they were heavily fired at from the ground, and the pilot recognised the fact that even if he did land Jean Bart, the latter had not the faintest chance of getting clear away.

Without an instant's hesitation he swung his machine round, and went straight for the aerodrome to the south just as an enemy machine started to rise. Jean Bart's eyes brightened as he guessed what was up, and cleared the Lewis gun for action. By the time they were over the aerodrome the enemy was still only some 100 feet above the

ground, and without sufficient air room to manoeuvre. Amidst an ill-directed fusillade from the ground Albert dived at him, and Jean Bart emptied a drum somewhere in his direction, as the Hun turned quickly to the right.

Whether the Frenchman hit him, or whether, as is more probable, the Hun merely side-slipped in trying to avoid them, they saw him crash sideways on to a hangar, and Albert promptly headed his machine across the aerodrome to where a crowd of mechanics and pilots were trying to get two more machines ready for the air.

These ran for cover to the hangars, into which Jean Bart emptied another drum, and then the pilot headed for home, with the conviction that it would be some little time before they recovered sufficiently to pursue him, and that darkness would then cover his retreat.

Needless to say the Frenchman's share in this exploit lost nothing in the telling, and the Staff Officer had some difficulty in curbing his ambition to blossom out as an "Ace," and bring him back to the less romantic but more important work in hand.

In spite of two fine efforts success seemed no nearer, and time was passing. After much anxious discussion it was decided to make one more attempt, and if that failed, to wait for the full moon about the end of the month and try a night landing, which had never yet been attempted or

been regarded as a feasible operation.

The two attempts had shewn that if the first had been too late the second had undoubtedly been too early. The new place selected was rather north of what appeared to be the main area of German rest billets, and about five miles from Jean's village, where he said he knew of a suitable place.

Archer, at his own urgent request, was again to be the pilot, and about nine o'clock the two left the aerodrome, determined but perhaps a little less hopeful than on previous occasions.

Ground mist was already lying thick in the valleys, which boded ill, but shortly after 10 P.M. Jean pointed towards a round hillock on which three trees were plainly visible rising out of the mist, and beyond which was apparently a level blanket of fog lying between two woods.

This was the place, but what the landing would be like it was quite impossible to say. However, Archer put the nose of his machine down, went into the mist, skimmed a high hedge, and seeing that the visible part of the field beyond was lucerne, instantly decided to chance it and touched ground. As the machine ran on, to his horror out of the mist appeared a line of uncut corn, and beyond it again a high hedge similar to that over which he had come in. He switched off his engine, and the machine just stopped in time to avoid the corn.

"Très bien," said Jean Bart with emphasis, and in a second was out and putting the pigeons, &c., in the corn, blissfully unconscious of the awkward predicament in which the pilot had landed himself.

The latter, after a hasty glance round the field, rapidly decided that he had only one chance of getting out, and that was to go back to the hedge over which he had come in. From there, if he could clear the corn, he might be able to clear the hedge beyond it. It was a poor chance, but there was nothing else for it. Fortunately he knew a tolerable amount of French, and calling to Jean, he explained that the latter must swing the propeller to start up the engine, and then slew the machine round and take him back to the hedge.

Although Jean knew that the alarm must by now have been given, and that every minute's delay endangered his prospects of escape, he carried out Archer's instructions with perfect *sang-froid*, walking back with the machine whilst it taxied to the hedge, and slewing it round again there. Then he held it till told to "stand clear," and watched the machine dash across the field, where to his dismay he saw it half rise and then crash heavily in the corn, turning over on one wing.

He ran after it, and found Archer scrambling out, with blood streaming from a cut on the side of his head, but otherwise apparently unhurt.

Looking at his machine, the latter remarked, "Well, that's torn it," and then to Jean in French, "You'd better clear off and get on with your job; never mind about me."

Thus it came about that the watchers in the aerodrome waited in vain for the machine which came not, and that anxious inquiries to other aerodromes that night and next morning produced no result, and that a gloom descended on the squadron for the boy who had taken more than an ordinary risk, and had last been seen by the escort disappearing down into the clouds beyond the Canal du Nerd.

Likewise the two elderly privates sitting sleepily after tea in the kitchen of the little white cottage in the main street near the school-house seemed depressed, to judge from their occasional remarks, such as "poor little beggars, done in, I guess," or "—— hard lines, I calls it."

It was past six o'clock when the sharp ring of an electric bell brought them both to their feet with a jump and

sent them dashing up the rickety stairs with surprising agility.

At the top they opened a door leading into a loft in which were some fifty pigeons, and in a solitary compartment was one bird with the magic carrier on her leg.

The two privates, beaming with delight, gently released it, and whilst one of them took the message to the school-house, the other attended to the pigeon with all the British soldier's love of animals and special affection for this particular tired bird.

When the Staff Officer opened the message he read,

"Vive les Anglais.  
Deux Amis."

Then, calling up the squadron commander, he said, "They've got down and away with the birds and your lad is all right. He must have made a bad landing, but I don't despair of seeing him back again, and I hope there will be something good waiting for him when he does come."

### CHAPTER III.—IN THE LIONS' DEN.

We must now go back to where we left the two standing by the crashed aeroplane. Jean absolutely declined to budge unless Archer accompanied him, and since every moment's delay was probably bringing nearer the miscellaneous assortment of cyclists, security police, dogs and Landsturm who

might be expected to be in motion towards the aeroplane, there was no time to be lost. The machine was sure to be found in the morning in any case, and the enemy would be on the track of a certainty instead of following up the usual rumours which plague the nerves of the occupants of

back areas in every army, and of the Germans in particular.

Jean evidently had already made up his mind as to what he intended to do, for, picking up the pigeons, he made for a wood a few hundred yards to the N.-W., into which he plunged. It was now nearly dark and the mist was getting thicker, so that Archer began to feel more secure, though it was eerie work.

After about two hours' steady walking, mostly through weeds, they reached a ruined shrine in a small clearing. Here Jean proceeded to divest himself of his uniform, and pulling an old cap over his ears and rubbing earth on his face, he announced that he was going to visit some friends and see how the land lay, but would be back before dawn—meanwhile Archer had better lie down in the undergrowth, see that no vermin got at the pigeons, and listen for his whistle.

Evidently the shrine was quite close to a village and to a main road, as presently some mounted men clattered down it followed by a long column of either transport or artillery.

Hours passed and Archer was beginning to wonder whether anything had happened to Jean, when he heard the latter's low whistle and he appeared carrying some bundles. He seemed considerably put out, and it transpired that the village was full of Boches, that Jean's house had been turned into a bureau, and that a fat swine of a Feldwebel had taken up his abode in his aunt's

house, which would otherwise have been a comfortable hiding-place.

Also the news about the aeroplane had been spread by some mounted police who had just ridden in. He much regretted that he should be unable to offer Monsieur le Lieutenant the hospitality which he had hoped, at any rate for the present, and he would have to put him in "les caves."

For the benefit of these who have not heard of the Caves of Monohy, or how the best part of two Divisions assembled in the caverns under Arras prior to Allenby's great assault, it may be mentioned that the frugal Frenchman does not cut the huge open chalk pits which scar the face of England, having instead too much regard for the value of the land. In the limestone country, when he wishes to build a village, he makes a few shafts into the ground and then tunnels out below without further breaking the surface, building the village probably on the top or close at hand. Jean's village had been built on this sound economic principle, and the smugglers had had frequent reason to bless the foresight of their ancestors.

The first pale light of dawn was beginning to show as Jean led the way through the wood in the direction of the village. When apparently quite close to it he crawled under a large clump of bushes, and pulling aside some loose dead branches, flashed his torch into what appeared to be a round hole

leading into the chalk, down which he promptly disappeared. Aroher following him, slid down it for a short distance, and then found himself on roughly-cut steps leading to a large vaulted chamber in the white limestone. Jean meantime had gone back to rearrange the cover at the entrance, and then rejoining him led the way for several hundred yards through an apparently endless labyrinth of passages connecting large chambers similar to the first. At one point Jean stopped, and pointing to some steps leading up, said, "My house." A little farther on he again stopped before similar steps, and explained that they led up to the floor of the room of his aunt's house, in which lived the accursed Feldwebel, and that a heavy chest of drawers was placed over the trap-door to conceal it.

Jean then remarked that he must send one of the pigeons off to "le Commandant" to let him know they had arrived, but that he would have to wait until the sun was up, otherwise the bird might hang about or go into a loft and then anything might happen to it. The Germans had killed all the pigeons in the country except those in lofts kept for their own use, and therefore it was a ticklish job sending a pigeon off. However, Adrienne was "très débrouillard" and would manage that.

Adrienne, it appeared, was his so-called niece, living with her grandmother, Jean's aunt. He went on to tell Aroher that

at least for the next ten days he would be employed in carrying out "le Commandant's" instructions. For this purpose he would have to collect some friends, and send them out on various missions over the country as far south as St Quentin and up to the Belgian frontier in the north. He hoped to be able to send off six pigeons with messages at intervals of not more than two days, as he got the reports in, and in one of the last ones he was to give a rendezvous for an aeroplane bringing a fresh lot of pigeons, which would come when there was a full moon in about twelve days' time. This would mean sending signals from the ground, hence the torch.

The Commandant and he had tentatively fixed on certain possible places, which "les aviateurs" thought they could find, but they would have to be reconnoitred to see which was safest, and this he proposed to do himself, being now an expert in all flying matters.

The whole thing was not going to be easy. The Boches had registered the occupants of every house, and all had to be at home from 6 P.M. till 6 A.M., during which time Security Police made surprise visits and compared the occupants with the descriptions on the doors. François, Pierre, and several others of his best men had already been deported, and the whole countryside was terrorised by frequent perquisitions and arrests on the evidence of agent's provocateurs recruited by the enemy from



amongst the meaner spirited of the population. Let these ours wait till after the war! and he drew his hand expressively across his throat. Then again, no one could move a mile outside the village without a pass stamped by the *Kemmandatur*, with which the *Feldwebel* was apparently connected.

In the meantime Archer must just lie low, and he would see what could be done to extricate him when the hue and cry had subsided a little.

Presently he took a message form, wrote a few words on it, and taking a pigeon from the basket, fixed a carrier to its leg. Then taking off his boots, he crept quietly up the steps, and when six feet along a passage, sat down at the foot of a wooden ladder fixed to the side of a short vertical shaft.

Some time elapsed before the movement of a heavy weight above was followed by the lifting of a trap-door. A long whispered conversation followed, the pigeon was handed through, and Jean returned, blowing out the little oil-lamp, and saying that they could now sleep till night as there was nothing more to be done.

Archer woke to find Jean standing over him, saying that he was now going out and that if Archer wanted some fresh air he could come too. Looking at his watch, he saw that it was 11 P.M. Jean suggested that he should change into the clothes which he had brought in one of the bundles; but Archer preferred to stay in uniform, as otherwise if caught

he would certainly be shot off-hand as a spy, and also implicate the villagers as having supplied him with civilian clothes.

Jean led the way through the "caves" to the shrine in the wood, where they were shortly joined by five or six men, mostly of middle age, and one girl, who so far as Archer could see was about the same age as himself, and who was evidently *Adrienne*. A long whispered consultation followed, Jean issuing instructions in a very clear and precise manner; and after about an hour the men disappeared quietly into the darkness, only Jean and *Adrienne* remaining.

"I have told them to come back here in two days' time to report," said the farmer, "and I am now going to make the reconnaissances for the aeroplane. If I am not back, *Adrienne* will arrange to collect reports and send off the pigeons."

"Yes," said *Adrienne* with a charming smile, "and I will charge myself with Monsieur's welfare during the absence of my uncle. Monsieur will be well cared for, but I fear he will find it somewhat dull down in that horrible cave. And Monsieur is wounded," she added sympathetically as she noted the gash on the side of his forehead.

Several days passed, days of intense boredom for Archer, broken only by occasional visits from Jean and by glimpses of the pretty face of *Adrienne* through the trap-door during the absence of *Feldwebel*, when

she handed him food and dressed his wound with tender care. Five pigeons had now been sent off with information covering the country for 30 miles round, whilst Jean had decided on a place about 8 miles away as being the best for the aeroplane, which was to come with

the full moon and was due in six days' time. After talking over the matter with Archer, they decided to suggest that the aeroplane should land and take Archer back, instead of merely dropping pigeons from the air as had been planned by the Commandant.

#### CHAPTER IV.—A NEAR THING.

One morning Jean came in in a state of great excitement. It seemed that there was a big movement of troops taking place. All numbers had been covered up, and he could not find out where the troops had come from, but they all seemed to be passing towards the west, moving only at night, and staying in the woods and villages by day.

Every day the village was full of drowsy troops who passed away in the night, only to be succeeded by a fresh lot, and the same thing was reported on other roads right up to the Belgian frontier. He must get some information as to the unit numbers for "Monsieur le Commandant." A German officer had taken up his quarters in the aunt's house, leaving only the kitchen and one room for the family. Apparently he had something to do with the staff directing the movement, as Adrienne said his room was full of papers, and telephones had been put in. Unfortunately neither Jean nor Adrienne could understand their "sale language," but perhaps Monsieur Archaire did, in which

case there might be something to be done. On Archer's saying that he had learnt German at school, Jean and Adrienne, who had no knowledge of how languages are taught in England, at once decided that he should raid the officer's room when Adrienne gave the word, which would probably be about 11 A.M., as both the Germans went out somewhere to feed about that time.

To understand subsequent events, a brief description of Adrienne's house is necessary.

This was the ordinary single-storied four-roomed farmhouse, two rooms being on either side of a passage which ran through from the front door to a back door opening into a courtyard behind. On the right of the passage the German officer occupied the front room, whilst the Feldwebel lived in the rear room looking on to the courtyard. On the other side of the passage the front room was a kitchen opening into the back room where Adrienne and her grandmother slept. The whole of the top of the house was one big attic, reached by a wooden staircase

half-way down the centre passage.

Across the courtyard was the usual type of two-storied French barn, the lower half being divided in the middle to separate the carts from the horses, whilst the whole of the upper storey was used for straw and hay.

Aroher, after climbing the ladder, found himself in the back room, where Jean replaced the trap-door and put the chest of drawers in its usual position on the top. Then they went along the passage to the door of the front room, which was locked. However, Jean produced some wire, with which he opened it, and whilst Adrienne watched from the window, Aroher made a hasty inspection of the interior. On the table were two telephones and a mass of telegraph messages neatly arranged in clips, some being apparently messages received and others copies of messages sent to different addresses. The ones not in cipher apparently all related to the supply of provisions to troops, and he thought what a gold-mine this would be to any one who understood intelligence work. To him they conveyed very little, but he noticed that one file was all addressed to A.O.K. 16, and that another contained messages from the same addressee, but all in cipher, and he could of course make nothing of them. The message on other files appeared to be addressed to 51 R.D., 7 B.D., 125 I.D., and 126 I.D., which numbers

he wrote down on a piece of the German's paper with that gentleman's penoil, whose name he ascertained was General-Stab-Major von Brittsstein. He could make nothing of any of the various papers in the drawers of the table, and a tin box, which probably he thought contained the cipher, he could not open. He debated for a moment whether he should take it away bodily, but remembered that he could never get it across the lines, and would certainly cause the arrest of Adrienne and her grandmother as soon as it was missed, so he decided that the game was hardly worth the candle. More than half an hour had passed and Adrienne was obviously getting anxious, so he called to Jean, who was talking to Grandmère in the kitchen, to come and look the door again. In spite of Adrienne's protestations, Jean then insisted that he should go and see the old lady, and this delay had serious consequences, for they had been in the kitchen barely two minutes when the little gate outside clanged and heavy boots mounted the steps and entered the passage.

There were apparently three men, and Aroher heard the words "Engländer" and "Taube," whilst, apparently, the third man, probably the Feldwebel, was protesting that the occupants were *gute leute*.

Adrienne was the first to recover, and pointing to the back bedroom whispered, "*Vite!* go in there, and when you hear me drop a pail get

out of the window and go to the hay-loft." Then, picking up a pail, she went to the door and said "Good afternoon, gentlemen, we have no room, as Monsieur le sergent will tell you; we have an officer billeted here besides himself, unless," she added, "you wish me and grandmère to sleep in the attic with the rats."

One of the two men, both of whom were of a strong Jewish type, replied roughly in good French, "we believe you have been harbouring a cursed English swine. A carrier-pigeon was shot down close to this village two days ago, and that blackguardly uncle of yours has been seen in the neighbourhood. We'll find him or you will go to jail."

"Monsieur le sergent here can say whether any Englishman could have been in this house without his knowing it, and I beg to inform Monsieur that my father fell at the Marne, and that my uncle, like my father, is doing his duty in the ever-victorious French Army," said the girl proudly.

The police officer was about to reply when von Brittstein entered, and seeing the police uniform, asked haughtily what they were doing in his billet. At this moment Adrienne dropped her bucket, whilst the man elbowed his heels and explained their mission at considerable length.

Adrienne then started on an impassioned speech, appealing frequently to the Feldwebel, which, however, was cut short by the Major turning to the policemen and telling them to

hurry up about their business, and to take care that they did not disturb him, or it would be the worse for them. He then went into his room and banged the door.

Rather crestfallen, the two told Adrienne to come with them. She gave the Feldwebel a look and he followed, partly no doubt from curiosity, but also to be able to say "told you so" to the police. The latter searched the house thoroughly, but, needless to say, without any result.

Adrienne hoped that they would now depart, but one of them, noticing the barn, said, "Ha! that looks a likely place; we have not tried that yet. Come, mademoiselle."

Picking up her pail again, as if going to draw water from the pump in the yard, Adrienne followed them across the courtyard. She then unchained a fierce-looking sheep-dog, which resented the approach of the Germans to the barn, and holding it by the collar, remarked, "Charles does not love Messieurs les Allemands, and I will hold him whilst you search."

Archer and Jean, lying close to the edge of the loft, were listening breathlessly, and Archer for one thought that they were now surely cornered.

In the lower half of the barn, in the far corner of which the ladder to the loft was situated, was a great farm waggon piled high with straw, filling half the floor space and almost touching the boards above, and com-

pletely concealing the ladder from the courtyard.

Adrienne, whose quick brain had already decided on a plan, stood just outside in the courtyard watching, as the three men, after searching the lower half, reached the bottom of the ladder. As the first man put his foot on the bottom rung, she slipped off the dog's collar, dropping her pail, and shouting, "Attention! Attention! The dog, the dog. He will devour you."

Attacked suddenly in the rear, the two security policemen both tried to get up the ladder simultaneously, and Charles got his teeth into the gaiter of one, who yelled with terror. The Feldwebel, whom the dog knew, stood at the foot of the ladder shouting with laughter at the undignified discomfiture of the men who, apart from being Jews, had annoyed him by their self-importance and air of superiority. Also, if the truth be told, he had a sneaking admiration for the pretty French girl, and now took her part against the irate police.

Meantime Jean, followed by Archer, had jumped down on to a manure-heap and slipped across the courtyard into the back door of the house, and by the time Adrienne had again secured the dog they were up in the attic. Major von Brittstein, immersed in his work, if he heard the fracas, did not consider it consistent with his dignity to leave the front room. Thus it happened that shortly after the two policemen left the

house uttering threats against Adrienne, her family, and more particularly her dog; but she rightly concluded that they would not return for some time to come, and that the stowaways would be safe in the attic, since escape to the "caves" was now out off by the return of the Feldwebel to his room.

When Adrienne arrived there she threw her arms round Jean's neck, half-laughing, half-crying, and kissed him; and then, somewhat to Archer's embarrassment but not altogether to his distaste, followed suit with "Monsieur Archaire."

That evening was spent in writing out the information gained. Archer wondered whether the numbers he had got were any good. He came to the conclusion that the four were the 51st Reserve Division, the 7th Bavarian Division, and the 125th and 126th Infantry Divisions, probably formations which were using the route through the village, or anyway were in the neighbourhood, in which surmise he was quite correct. His reminiscences of Otto's German Grammar threw no light on the "A.O.K. 16." It sounded like some Army Ordnance Corps unit, but equally it might be something more important, and he eventually put it in on chance. Jean also decided that, as there would be only one more pigeon after this, he would put down the identity number of the place for the next aeroplane, with details of their plan, and repeat it on the seventh and

last pigeon to make sure that the Commandant got it. What the police had said about shooting a pigeon was rather disturbing, and it would not do to trust over much to the safe arrival of a solitary pigeon.

#### CHAPTER V.—THE COMING OF THE AEROPLANE.

The sixth pigeon had been safely despatched, and Archer was back in the caves, sleeping by day and only going out at night to lie up on the edge of the great road and watch the endless procession of guns, infantry, and transport which passed towards the West. As he timed the columns, how he prayed that the Intelligence Department would be able to fathom the secret of this great movement from the messages they got.

The seventh and last pigeon was to go that morning confirming the rendezvous previously given, but when Jean came in from his nightly prowling his first words were a cold douche. "The accursed clumsy swine have started to build a camp in the wood within a few hundred yards of our landing-ground, and they are digging practice trenches in our field. If the aeroplane tries to land there, as we suggested, it will be crashed to a certainty. We shall have to change to the other place three miles beyond. Thank God, Adrienne has still got the last pigeon, and we must get it off to-day."

So the last message was prepared with great care, and at the usual time, when the Feldwebel went out to his meal, it was handed up to Adrienne. She got the bird

out of a hiding-place in the back room and carried it in the bosom of her dress into the kitchen. The use of the aluminium carrier had been abandoned as making the birds too conspicuous, and she was just starting to tie the message round its leg with thread, when it commenced to coo loudly. She put her hand on its head, but too late, for the door of von Brittstein's room was pushed open and his hand was already on the kitchen door. Adrienne did the only thing possible, and she did it without an instant's hesitation.

When the German entered the room she was stirring a pot on the stove, the message was in her mouth, and the bird with a twisted neck was under her skirt.

"I heard a pigeon," he thundered, as he stared round the room.

"Monsieur must have been mistaken, I think," she said quietly, "but he is at liberty to search either me or the room. Has Monsieur looked on the roof? He will know that there is a German pigeon loft at the end of the road and the birds may have been loosed for exercise." The Major glanced suspiciously round the room, and then, his suspicions somewhat allayed by her calmness, went outside to look at

the roof. The dead pigeon was at the back of the stove by the time he returned to interrogate her again.

When with tears in her eyes she broke the news about "le pauvre petit oiseau" to Jean, the latter looked very grave. Their only hope of returning by air was now entirely removed. For himself he did not mind, as he still had many arrangements to make for the Commandant up in Belgium, and besides he had other means, but it would be a bitter blow for the boy. Worse still, there was a good chance of the aeroplane and its pilot being captured, unless it could be warned, and this meant signalling to it from close to the new camp. "N'importe," that would have to be risked, and when Jean told Aroher, the latter insisted that he would accompany him. They bitterly regretted having proposed an actual landing instead of leaving the arrangement as originally made by the Commandant at merely dropping pigeons from the air.

The route to the rendezvous was a long and circuitous one, and as they had to be there by 11.30 P.M., this meant starting the night before and lying up during the day. Carrying stout bludgeons, they emerged from the wood about midnight, where Adrienne at great personal risk and in spite of the moonlight came to wish them "bon voyage." As she pressed his hand, Aroher raised it to his lips and endeavoured to thank her for all she had

done, but, blushing, she snatched it shyly away and was gone.

Jean, like Aroher, had decided to go in uniform, "for this may be a fighting job," he said, "and if I have to hit a Boche it is well that he should know it comes from a French soldier. Also it may save reprisals against the inhabitants."

After a long tramp they lay up before dawn under the tarpaulin on the top of a haystack about a mile or more from the rendezvous, where they remained undisturbed throughout the day. As the sun went down the moon rose, but fortunately it was obscured behind a heavy bank of clouds.

"Come on," said Jean, "we must get to these trenches before the moon gets high," and led the way behind hedges to a point where Aroher could see a green field about 400 yards across and lying somewhat below them. A party of Germans were apparently still at work, and the two had to wait some time before they saw figures leaving the trenches and going up the slope on the far side, where they disappeared into the wood. Jean, after watching for a few minutes, walked boldly out, saying, "Turn your cap round, they'll think we are part of the working party in this light," and made straight for the nearest trench, along which he proceeded to walk. Suddenly he stopped and sank down, and Aroher heard voices round the next traverse and the clatter of entrenching tools. Probably the last men straight-

ening things up before going back to camp, thought Archer at the time, though in the light of subsequent events he came to the conclusion that they were sentries left for the night over the tools. Whoever they were, they were very distinctly in the way.

Seemingly they also had heard something, as one called out in German. Receiving no reply he discussed the matter with a companion, and then Archer heard their footsteps advancing towards the traverse behind which the two were standing. Jean moved from the corner, sat down on the fire-step, and leaned back against the parapet in the shadow, motioning to Archer to do the same.

One man, then another, came round the corner wearing steel helmets and carrying spades. They stared at Jean and Archer sitting motionless, and then advanced uncertainly, drawing their bayonets and saying, "Wer da." When they were well beyond the traverse Jean sprang at the leading man and the two went down together at the bottom of the trench. Archer to this day does not clearly recollect what happened, but he remembers jumping on to the fire-step to get past at the second German, and dashing his club in the latter's face just as he was making a cut at the Frenchman in the bottom of the trench.

Two minutes later all was quiet, and the two, breathless and dusty but otherwise undamaged, were peering over the parapet in the direction of

the wood, where, however, no alarm seemed to have been raised amongst the Germans, who were having a concert of some kind.

They waited until nearly 11.30, and then they went cautiously along the trench till they were well in the middle of the field, and not more than 200 yards from the wood, where all was now quiet. Jean stopped where a high traverse concealed them from the wood, mounted the fire-step and drew out the electric torch with which he was to warn the aeroplane to keep away.

The ground mist was now lying in wisps, partially obscuring the features of the ground from the air, when they heard the distant drone of an aeroplane gradually getting louder. The moon was half veiled, but though it was quite light they could not see the machine. Then they heard the engine throttle down, and when Jean judged it was about within range he commenced to signal. To his dismay the torch made no response. It had been tested before they left the hay-rick, but evidently had been damaged in the recent struggle.

Nearer and nearer came the machine, and suddenly it appeared almost over their heads and only some 50 feet up. Jean drew his pistol and fired rapidly in the air, but well below it. The engine above opened out with a rear and the machine commenced to rise rapidly as Archer heard shouts from the wood, whether



as the result of the shots or from hearing the aeroplane he could not say. "Come on," said Jean, "let's get out of this quick before they discover the dead Boches and that it was not they who fired at the aeroplane." The two reached the hedge without mishap, and there we must leave them.

But before closing this chapter we will return for a moment to the little school-house, and the day when the last pigeon reached the loft. As each preceding message had arrived it had become clearer that a big concentration was in progress in front of the British left, but the numbers of the units given presented a puzzling problem.

Certainly there were two Divisions from the French front, but of the remainder some corresponded to no known formations, whilst other units given were part of Divisions still being reported as on the Russian front. The messages were no doubt genuine, but it looked very much as if Jean Bart had somehow got mixed up.

When the last message was opened by the Staff there was a shout in the little upper room. "By Jove! the Hun

has formed three new Divisions, and old von Biffen's army is over on our front—and the Russians haven't even missed him." For A.O.K. 16 stood for *Armee Ober Kommando* (Army Headquarters) of the 16th Army, which up till that moment was reported as pressing the Grand Duke beyond Warsaw, and where, in fact, only a skeleton remained in the front line to prevent its departure becoming known to the Allies.

And that is why the British Army closed to the left, whilst the French railways were crowded with troops moving from East to West, and why the Russians suddenly stopped their retreat and resumed the offensive with great success. Also why, six weeks later, the D.S.O. was pinned on Archer's breast, and Jean Bart is the proud possessor of both British and French decorations.

But that is another story, as also why Grandmère, released from a German prison after the armistice, looks proudly but sadly at the little case containing the Cross of the Legion of Honour and a curl of brown hair, which hangs on the wall beside the stove in the old kitchen.

*(To be continued.)*

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COLONEL EDWARD HAMILTON OF THE HONOURABLE EAST  
INDIA COMPANY'S SERVICE.

BY LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR J. SPENCER EWART, K.C.B.

I HAVE in my possession a memoir of the life of Colonel Edward Hamilton, who was, many years ago, in the service of the East India Company, and who in the later years of his life witnessed some of the events on the Continent which arose out of the French Revolution. This memoir was dictated by him to his wife,<sup>1</sup> I believe at Clifton, when he was eighty-one years of age, and the last few pages of it, now almost illegible, were apparently added by his widow subsequent to his death. It is written in those ponderous and pompous periods which passed for elegant English with our ancestors, but much of it seems extremely interesting, especially that part which takes us back to the days of Clive.

Edward Hamilton was born in Geneva about the year 1733. His father was the second son of the Hon. George Hamilton, of Chilton, Kent, brother of the sixth Earl of Abercorn. Much kindness was shown to Edward through life by his cousin, James, seventh Earl of Abercorn, and by the latter's mother, the then Dowager-Countess, both of whom seem

to have been most solicitous for his welfare and anxious to help him. His grandfather and his grandfather's brother, the sixth earl, were evidently gentlemen of expensive habits, and allusion is made at the outset of the memoir to their friendship with the Prince of Wales, the eldest son of George II., and the doubtful privilege which they enjoyed of "having the honour of the Heir Apparent's Company for many weeks together at their house in the country, of advancing money to His Royal Highness, and of receiving the most solemn and gracious assurances of everlasting gratitude."

Edward's father seems to have inherited his father's tastes, and, ruined in fortune, he went abroad, settled at Geneva, and married a daughter of the Baron de Vassarot of Amsterdam. This lady, one of several children, had inherited from her father some property in Savoy and £30,000, a fortune which her husband now appears to have spent as rapidly as circumstances permitted. One of her sisters became the mother of "the celebrated Hubert, the friend

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<sup>1</sup> Miss Jane Ewart, daughter of the Rev. John Ewart, minister of Troqueer, near Dumfries, and sister of Mr Joseph Ewart, British Minister at the Court of Berlin (1787 to 1792), and of Mr William Ewart, after whom the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone was named.

of Voltaire," whilst a brother became the father of a Baron de Vassarot, who joined the service of the East India Company, served under Clive, and is mentioned, so the memoir states, in 'Cambridge's History of Hindoostan.'

Edward alludes to the extravagance of his parents, and remarks that their example led him "to think that a coach and six and all its appendages were necessities of life, which were too often employed in conveying me from their country house to a school in Geneva." The Earl of Darnley, who happened to be staying with his father at the time of Edward's birth, was the latter's godfather, though he tells us that he never saw or heard from his godfather afterwards. We also read in the memoir that Hamilton's only and elder brother joined a Swiss regiment in the French service, and that "to the late Earl of Warwick my young heart was warmly attached. He had asked my eldest sister in marriage, but unfortunately her affections were engaged to M. de Salle, Syndic of Geneva, whose wife she afterwards became."

When, in the year 1742, the boy had attained the age of nine, the Earl of Abercorn came to stay with his father

at Geneva. He strongly urged that Edward should be sent to England to be educated under his supervision, and it was finally decided that this course should be adopted as soon as the boy was twelve years old. The father was too proud to accept the earl's proffered financial assistance; he insisted on bearing all the expense of his own son's education and outset in life.

On arrival in due course in England, Edward found that the Earl and Dowager-Countess were at Bath, whither he followed them, and where they received him with the utmost kindness, introducing him, as he tells us, "to the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, the present Lord Minto, father and family, and the celebrated Mr Nash."<sup>1</sup>

On his return with the earl to London, Edward was placed at a school at Enfield, where he "had the happiness of forming the strictest friendship with Lord Strathnaver,<sup>2</sup> afterwards Earl of Sutherland, who possessed every virtue and excellence of which human nature could be capable at that interesting age." Another school-fellow appears to have been "an amiable Scotch youth, the late William Hepe Vere, who had lost his hearing by some early misfortune."

Lord Strathnaver and Mr

<sup>1</sup> Richard Nash—"Beau Nash," the "King of Bath"; born at Swansea, 18th October 1674; Master of the Ceremonies and leader of fashion at the Bath Assemblies; died 3rd February 1761.

<sup>2</sup> William, Lord Strathnaver, afterwards 18th Earl of Sutherland; born 29th May 1735; an officer in the Army; died at Bath, 16th June 1786, aged thirty-one. He and his wife, Mary, daughter of William Maxwell of Preston, Kirkcudbright, were buried at Holyrood.

Hamilton were evidently precious boys, for we next read of "the interesting circumstance of his Lordship and myself being chosen at a ball given there (Enfield) to introduce for the first time to public notice the two Miss Gunnings, afterwards Countess of Coventry and Duchess of Hamilton."<sup>1</sup>

After being fifteen months at school, Edward Hamilton, through the interest of his noble kinsman, was appointed "to walk the quarter-deck on board the *Surprise*, 20-gun frigate, Captain Baird, a distinguished and valuable officer, who had been long with Lord Anson, and was not less remarkable for severe discipline than excellent conduct."

Apparently amongst his shipmates, or fellow-passengers, were several sons of Scottish noblemen and gentlemen, including "Lord Lindores,<sup>2</sup> two Somervilles, two Dalrymples,<sup>3</sup> two M'Donalls, and several others,—all long since in their graves." Yet another passenger on board was "no less a personage than the African Prince, William Anساه Siceracoo, Prince of Anamaboo, son of the King of Anamaboo, who had been committed by his father to the care of Lord Halifax, then Minister, to have the benefit of an English education, which, unfortunately

for him, he had enjoyed and was now to be returned to his native country."

The *Surprise* touched at Madeira, Cape-de-Verde Islands, and Senegal, and then sailed along the African coast, visiting Seconde, Cape Coast, and Castle Dalmina. At the last-named place Midshipman Hamilton, who from his residence in Switzerland had acquired a fluent knowledge of the French language, was able to make himself extremely useful to the commodore on the station (Jasper) by acting as interpreter in the settlement of a violent dispute which had arisen between the Dutch Governor and some of the British and foreign residents.

"From there," we then read, "we sailed down the coast to Anamaboo, where His Majesty the King received us with all possible kindness and dignity. We delivered to him his son, with, alas, all the feelings of an Englishman, magnificently equipped in a full-dress scarlet suit, with gold lace à la Bourgogne, point d'Espagne hat, handsome white feather, diamond selitaire buttons, &c. The King bore no other mark of Royal dignity than a piece of broadcloth thrown over his shoulders. He carried his son on shore in full dress, under a Royal Salute from our men of war, and the moment

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, second daughter of John Gunning, Esq., of Castle Coote, in the county of Roscommon; one of the three beautiful Misses Gunning.

<sup>2</sup> Francis John Leslie, 7th Lord Lindores; served in the Marines, and died 30th June 1775 without issue, since when the title has been dormant.

<sup>3</sup> One of them, no doubt, Alexander Dalrymple, an eminent hydrographer. He was in the East India Company's service. A son of Sir James Dalrymple, 2nd Bart. of Hailes.

he landed stripped the poor Prince, giving him no other mark of distinction from the other savages than that borne by himself."

Great fêtes were subsequently held in Anamaboo, which "gave a perfect and painful idea of savage life," and one is not surprised to learn that the distressed and humiliated prince did not appear again on board the ship in his undress uniform.

Midshipman Hamilton now appears to have fallen foul of his captain, who frequently sent him to the fore-topmast. In this situation he was "heedless enough" to drop a hatchet, which fell close to the captain. "He being very passionate, threatened severe punishment," we read; "the dread of dishonour was ever the strongest influence on my mind. I remained for three days and three nights at the masthead, and did not come down until invited to dinner with the captain, who was kinder to me than ever and made me quite drunk."

After a visit to the island of St Thomas the *Surprise* was ordered to England to convey despatches relating to West African affairs, but the voyage seems to have been far from pleasant. "Soon after we sailed," writes Hamilton, "we discovered that our Purser had left behind at Spithead six weeks' provision of every description, and so imperfect was the knowledge of navigation at that time that we had not even one Hadley's quadrant to make

our observations, but a simple Davies. We were first exposed for forty days to complete want of bread with every other sustenance, except some very hard stock fish, which we were all glad to assist in beating for a whole day before a mouthful could be swallowed. We were soon eat up with scurvy, lost our way, mistook the Bristol for the British Channel, and must all have inevitably perished upon the Island of Lundy, when I, upon the foreyard, espied breakers and cried out in time to put about."

The ship arrived at Portsmouth in a shocking state, but, after a refit, was employed off the coast of Ireland and in conveying King George II. to Helvelslys.

On his return from this last service Mr Hamilton was appointed to H.M.S. *Penzance*, Captain (afterwards Sir Charles) Saunders, in which ship he sailed for Newfoundland. There is little in the memoir relating to this period of service, but one next learns that on getting back to England Mr Hamilton was destined to experience a sad disappointment and reverse of fortune. As soon as he reached London Lord Abercorn sent for him and broke to him the news that, owing to his father's financial circumstances, the latter was not in a position to support his son any longer in the Navy, and that Edward was to return at once to Geneva. The earl very kindly presented Mr Hamilton with £25 for his journey to Savoy, but the young man was deter-

mined not to return to be a further burden to his family, and decided to endeavour to make his own way unaided in life.

Turning the black horse which he had ridden from Portsmouth to Lord Abercorn's London house back towards the coast—for there were no coaches in those days—he “procured a passage to Plymouth in a miserable little fishing boat in the depth of winter.” On arrival at his destination he lost no time in seeking out and calling upon M. Bordier, Swiss Pastor to the French Church there, who had formerly been a tutor in his family. M. Bordier proved himself a friend in need, and at once introduced Mr Hamilton to Mr Vanbrugh, Commissioner of the Dockyard, who in turn recommended the young man to Captain Knowles of H.M.S. *Salisbury*, 64 guns, which was lying in the Hamoaze and fitting out for service on the East Indian Station. Satisfied with the boy's certificates from Captains Baird and Saunders, Captain Knowles was sympathetic, and immediately accepted Mr Hamilton for his ship as a midshipman, assuring him that he would be so graded.

Extremely short of money, for he honourably returned to Lord Abercorn the £25 which he had given him for his journey to Geneva, Edward was now compelled to sell to the purser his right as a midshipman to extra provisions—worth about £12—for which he received £9. With this

sum he bought the kit necessary for a long voyage.

The *Salisbury* set sail for the East in the year 1755, and called at Madeira, where young Hamilton “experienced a new mortification.” During the ship's stay at the island, the captain's secretary (Curtis) confided to him that he had been basely deceived by Captain Knowles, who, to make a little money, had rated his own cook as midshipman in his stead. So utterly disgusted was Mr Hamilton at the treatment meted out to him, that he left the ship and nearly succumbed to the proposal of the Roman Catholics on the island that he should change his religion and stay amongst them, a suggestion which was apparently reinforced by the arguments and influence of “a beautiful daughter of one of the wine merchants.” Happily for our young hero, “a dear friend and fellow midshipman” went in pursuit of him and induced him to return and demand from his captain an interview, and a promise that he should have the next vacancy as midshipman. In the meantime he had to be content with the cook's grading.

From Madeira the *Salisbury* sailed to Madagascar, where some violent storms were encountered; and Captain Knowles was compelled to make signals of distress, being ordered by Admiral Watson to make his way, if possible, to Point de Galle in Ceylon. As this port was approached, a Dutch pilot was picked up,

who, however, positively refused to take the ship in without previous authority from the Dutch Governor. Captain Knowles, who seems to have been a man of action, accordingly put a rope round the pilot's neck, stood on, and in answer to a warning shot from the fort, fired a round at its flagstaff with such good purpose that the shot reached the room in which the Governor and his staff were at dinner. Strange as it may appear, this preliminary interchange of compliments does not seem to have produced any unpleasantness, for we read in Mr Hamilton's memoir that on getting into port everything they wished for was granted, and the officers were invited to a ball in the evening.

Hamilton gives his opinions very freely about his commanding officer, Captain Knowles. "He was," he says, "a truly brave and good officer, but miserably fond of money. He had likewise an unfortunate idea that prayers could supply the place of some other duties. We had regularly prayers twice a day. A fine parrot of mine had soon got some of the responses by heart, so the Captain ordered his head to be cut off. My next favourite was a monkey, who presuming to take some liberties with him in his way, the Captain himself shot him dead. How necessary," Mr Hamilton adds, "in all situations is it never to forget the mischief which is done by such failings," the failings alluded to being apparently the captain's predi-

lection for family worship and the destruction of pet animals.

From the Malabar Coast, to which the *Salisbury* now proceeded, the ship was sent to assist in the operations undertaken against Gheriah, the stronghold of the pirate Angria, which was captured on the 13th February 1756, by a combined British squadron and landing force under Admiral Watson and General Clive. After this service the *Salisbury* returned to Bombay, where Mr Hamilton was promoted to be an acting-lieutenant in H.M.S. *Cumberland*, the flagship of Admiral Sir George Pocock, commander-in-chief on the East Indian Station. At this time Edward Hamilton had been ten years in the Navy, during which period he had never had one line or news of any kind from his own parents or family at Geneva. As a matter of fact his father was dead, but he did not hear of this until a later date.

On reaching Bombay, Mr Hamilton got into touch with and now came under the influence of the cousin already referred to — the Baron de Vassarot — who was "then commanding the English Cavalry in India," and who had been very favourably mentioned for his conduct at the siege of Madras. On hearing of his kinsman's arrival, De Vassarot at once wrote to the young lieutenant and asked if he was really "le cher petit Edouard" whom he remembered at Geneva, and whom he had so often held on his knee in the old home. On learning

that such was really the case, he at once directed his agent (Mr George Mackay) at Madras to supply Hamilton with whatever money he wanted, and he forwarded to his cousin "a complete suit of blue velvet uniform and a quantity of linen."

While Edward was serving in *H.M.S. Cumberland*, the flagship took fire, and he relates that, when he rushed into Sir George Pocock's cabin to report the alarming news, the old admiral quietly remarked, "Then you must put it out again." To achieve this, however, it became necessary to scuttle the ship, which "was saved to the astonishment of the whole fleet, who had slipped their cables expecting every moment to see us blown up." Unfortunately on this occasion "my fine new velvet cloathes were destroyed."

Following upon this occurrence, Hamilton was present "in a sharp engagement with the French under Admiral Dache, when nothing but honour and blows were gained."

De Vassarot new strongly urged his young relative to quit the Navy and join the military forces in India, a step which Hamilton was all the more disposed to take because Sir George Pocock professed himself unable to confirm his acting rank of lieutenant. Edward left the sea service

"with every pang of regret," and "with the strongest and kindest certificates from the Admiral." "I had now," he writes, "reached my 23rd year, which to me appeared tremendously late to begin a new trade." However, De Vassarot successfully combated all his cousin's objections, pointing out that he had power to push the latter on in the Company's service, and a regretful and affectionate parting between the young lieutenant and the veteran admiral "finished the business."

Unfortunately, however, for young Hamilton, no sooner had his transfer to the military forces been carried out than De Vassarot was ordered to the Coromandel Coast. Left to his own devices, the young officer soon got into debt and fell into very straitened pecuniary circumstances. "Often," he says, "a solitary walk in the woods served me in place of my dinner," and he danced in the evening with his heart as light as his stomach. He speaks at this time of the kindness of a Swiss officer named De Ziegler,<sup>1</sup> who, finding that Hamilton had had no breakfast, contrived to leave 100 rupees upon his bed—a sum which Hamilton repaid later, out of the first prize-money he earned, when he ascertained whence the loan had come. He also mentions the friend-

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<sup>1</sup> Captain de Ziegler commanded the Swiss Company of the European Regiment. He arrived in India in October 1752 with 100 Swiss Protestant recruits for this company. There were quite a number of Swiss officers at this time in the service of the East India Company.



ship he formed for Mrs Draper (wife of the Secretary of the Presidency), "the celebrated Sterne's Eliza,"<sup>1</sup> who appears to have been extremely good to him. Society in the East must have been somewhat mixed at this period. "Manners," says Hamilton, "such as I had been accustomed to in my youth, were not very common in India, my own Captain having been the Governor's barber."

Hamilton's first military service was in command of some Portuguese and sepoys, who were detached to protect a very valuable fishery; but in February 1759 he was ordered to join an expedition, which was undertaken by a force of 800 men of the Bombay European Regiment and 1500 sepoys, under Captains Maitland and Lane, against Surat, where the natives had assumed an aggressive attitude. In this campaign he was placed in command of a bomb-ketch mounting one 13-inch mortar and sixteen smaller guns. The expedition sailed up the Taptee river and found the enemy in great force holding a Dutch factory and battery, which Hamilton was ordered to silence. In the subsequent landing, which led to some desperate fighting in the narrow streets of Surat, Hamilton was grievously wounded, one of his assailants plunging a long dagger up to the hilt in his body. He was apparently saved from death by the prompt assistance of his ser-

geant, George Derey, who killed Hamilton's antagonist with his halbert and secured the poniard.

For eight months following upon this affair Hamilton lay in hospital upon his back, his life being often despaired of, and it was long before he could be moved with safety to Bombay. During this prolonged illness and period of convalescence he amused himself by learning to play the flute, a diversion which he varied by kindly efforts to console a fellow-sufferer, "whose death was occasioned in the end by a wound which had only run through his arm."

On his return to Bombay he was promoted to be lieutenant and adjutant of the European Regiment, and had "the unspeakable satisfaction" of seeing his cousin De Vassarot appointed to be commandant at Surat. Very honourable mention, he says, was made in despatches to Europe of his own services in the recent fighting.

Hamilton, it would appear, had by this time learnt to pick up some of the perquisites which added such an attraction in early days to service in India, for he narrates that he now despatched to Lord Abercorn a ring, "worth about £200," "as some indemnification for any expense he may have incurred for me in England." A little later, he mentions that his lordship responded to this by sending

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<sup>1</sup> Laurence Sterne, born 24th November 1713, died 1768; author of 'Tristram Shandy.'

out to him "a very handsome watch, with Scottish pebble, magnificently engraved with all the arms I was entitled to bear."

His cousin De Vassarot was not destined to command at Surat for long. Within two months of his appointment, Hamilton received "the agonising account of his death from a fever which carried him off in a few days."

For the next few years Hamilton acted as aide-de-camp to Mr Cromland, Governor of Bombay, an appointment which he held until the massacre of Europeans at Patna and a mutiny at that station called him to more active work.

He was ordered to join a force consisting of three companies of European infantry, one of artillery, and three of Bombay sepoy, which was directed to proceed as quickly as possible as a reinforcement to Calcutta. These troops, which were under command of Captain Pemble, embarked at Bombay in the transports *Earl of Middlesex* and *Lord Mansfield*, and sailed for their destination on the 12th October 1763. Hamilton was apparently on board the latter ship as senior officer, and it was three months and seventeen days before the *Lord Mansfield* reached Calcutta. Blown out of her course, the vessel was nearly lost off Cape Pullaway, on the coast of Sumatra, and those on board were reduced to

the greatest extremity for want of food and water, which they tried in vain to obtain from the cannibals of the Andaman Islands. "A fine young man," writes Hamilton, "my lieutenant, in an attempt to get water, was shot by the arrows of these wretches and devoured within sight of the ship."

Eventually, after a trying and stormy voyage in the monsoons right up the Bay of Bengal, the ship dropped anchor in Belasore Roads, and Hamilton, proceeding to Calcutta, reported his arrival to the Governor, Mr Vansittart,<sup>1</sup> who was rejoiced at the appearance of this long-expected reinforcement.

The situation in Bengal at the moment of Hamilton's arrival at Calcutta was extremely critical. The forces of Sujah Dowlah, Nabob of Oudh, and his overlord, the Great Mogul—the Emperor of Delhi—together with those of Meer Cossim, the temporary successor of Surajah Dowlah, were threatening the settlement of Patna, which was held by Major Carnac, who had already been joined by a portion of the reinforcements from Bombay under Pemble. The troops of these Indian rulers, in arms against the British, were by no means to be despised in a military sense, having been trained and disciplined by a renegade Frenchman, who went by the name of "Sumroo"<sup>2</sup> amongst the

<sup>1</sup> Mr Henry Vansittart of Foxley, Berks, M.P. for Reading; a Director of the H.E.I.C., and Governor of Bengal from 1760 to 1764; he died December 1769.

<sup>2</sup> His real name was "Sombre."

natives. This individual was in reality responsible for the recent massacre of 400 Europeans at Patna.

The forces at the disposal of the British, on the other hand, seemed thoroughly unreliable; the European element, composed of English, French, Germans, and Dutch, being generally indisposed to advance, whilst the sepoys were almost in a state of mutiny. Carnac, the officer in command, was quite unequal to the task imposed upon him: he had failed to instil any confidence into his army, whilst, owing to his adherence to defensive tactics, so fatal in dealing with Orientals, he had forfeited also the confidence of the Bengal Council.

Hamilton, after his interview with Governor Vansittart, lost no time in disembarking his men, and in marching them the four hundred miles which lay between Calcutta and Patna.

He was, he says, very cordially received by Carnac, whom he found intrenched under the walls of the last-named city, but he gives a melancholy account of the state of discipline into which the force of 6000 men had drifted. "The rapacity of the officers," he writes, "equalled the want of subordination. Carnac and his whole staff were continually at cards." "I have come," he continues, "to headquarters, after seizing an *hisnara* (spy)—come to inspect our positions in order to attack us,—and have been told by the Commander himself not to speak one word

until the deal was over, as £800 depended on the game."

The enemy, in the meantime, with 60,000 men, including a numerous cavalry, were threatening to storm the British intrenchments, and had they decided to pass by Patna and occupy Cassim Buzzar and Calcutta, Bengal, in the opinion of Hamilton, must have been lost to Great Britain. Several partial attacks on Patna were repulsed, including one in which 600 Indian rockets were used against our lines; but nothing whatever in the way of counter-attack was attempted by the supine Carnac. Happily for the prestige of our small army in Bengal, this incompetent officer was relieved in his command by the arrival in Patna, on the 14th of August 1764, of Major Hector Munro, a man of a very different disposition, and cast in another mould. Carnac was recalled and censured.

Munro, who on arrival selected Hamilton as his brigade-major and adjutant-general, instantly took the field against the enemy, and brought back a whole regiment of sepoys who were trying to desert. Twenty-four of these men he blew from guns, and Hamilton, who appears to have been in charge of the executions, remarks that "this had a very desirable effect, and was absolutely necessary." 'Crown and Company,' the historical records of the 2nd Battalion Dublin Fusiliers, formerly the Bombay European Regiment, to which corps Hamilton seems to have belonged, thus refers to this incident:—

"Arriving on the 14th of August, he (Munro) at once set about preparations for a more active campaign, speedily asserting his claims as a disciplinarian and tactician. Encouraged by the easy treatment met with by former mutineers, a native regiment broke away. Munro shot twenty-four of them—blew them away from the guns—an awe-instilling punishment held in great dread. Of the selected two dozen, four came forward: they claimed that, being of the Grenadier Company of their regiment and accustomed to lead in the field, they should now be allowed to lead the way to death at the mouths of the cannon awaiting them. Their request was granted amidst the admiring acclamations of their comrades, white and black alike. Then the native troops said it was enough; they would not allow any more executions. Perhaps, had they adopted a less dictatorial tone, Munro might not have gone further, but to stop by their order would have been to sacrifice the discipline of the force. One of the most humane men, he saw clearly that to save many he must sacrifice a few. Other guns were laid on the native regiments, and the grim scene was continued. It had the desired effect: no more murmurings were heard. The troops recognised that they were now led by a man."

On the 6th of October 1764 Munro advanced against the forces of the Mogul, and of Sujah Dowlah, his Vizier, who had taken up a position

at Buxar with 60,000 men. Munro had at his disposal only 6200 of all ranks, supported by twenty-two pieces of artillery. In the great battle which followed he utterly defeated the enemy, inflicting enormous losses, and captured 132 guns and much treasure. His own casualties amounted to 834 officers and men.

Edward Hamilton, who had two horses killed under him, tells us that he "had the honour to drive the enemy's right wing into the Caramnassa river, where they had a bridge, but so great was the press made by them and their elephants in flying over, that the bridge fell in and thousands were drowned at that moment, the river being very large. The carnage everywhere was dreadful, and never was success more brilliant. In pursuing the enemy I came upon a part of the Mogul's treasure, and of course seized it. My orderly sergeant, who was more experienced in plunder than myself, said, 'Sir, that is yours according to the established custom.' I instantly sent it under escort to the common stock, and the Honourable Charles Stuart, Commissary for Prizes, who received it, told me afterwards that it constituted the most valuable booty of that glorious day; but, alas! plunder was too plentiful and the love of it shamefully great. That occasioned an order to halt upon the field of battle—much against my inclination—because it was clear that by immediately pursuing the enemy to the gates of Benares.

which we could easily have done, a speedy and equally glorious end would have been put to the war, and much blood and treasure spared without further exertions. The immediate effect of that day was to separate the Army of the Mogul from that of the Vizier. The Mogul surrendered into our hands and made us magnificent presents, after which we marched to Benares and settled the Articles of Capitulation, when some very infamous conduct took place. A British officer was known to betray his trust and received a large bribe."

A hard campaign followed, under the leadership of Sir Robert Fletcher, who occupied Allahabad on the 11th of February 1765. "Major Munro," we are told, left the army within a few days after the battle of Buxar, "loaded with money and jewels." Hamilton himself accompanied Fletcher on his march to Chunargur, Allahabad, and Juanpore, and in the subsequent pursuit of Sumroo in the direction of Lucknow—a pursuit which was continued until an order of recall to Allahabad reached the force from Clive, who, landing at Madras early in the year, now assumed once more the control of the army in India.

On his return to Allahabad, Hamilton was placed in command of the Fort at that station, and was entrusted with the custody of the person of the Great Mogul. "In the course of his campaign," Hamilton remarks, "Sir Robert

Fletcher had saved the country of Nisaphkawn, in consequence of which that ruler made Sir Robert and his family a present of two lacks (sic) of rupees, the half of which was meant for me, but was never paid." He (Hamilton) remained at Allahabad for about three months, during which period Clive and his staff arrived at Benares. He mentions that on one occasion he was detached to the latter city with 200 horse to escort Clive from Benares to Allahabad, where the final peace negotiations with the Mogul and his Vizier were completed. "Carnac," we read, "who had been sent back to Europe as a disgraced Major, was now returned with Lord Clive as a Major-General," and was once more reinstated in command, "the brave Sir Robert Fletcher" being relegated to a subordinate position under him. Hamilton seems to have found his position as commandant at Allahabad and custodian of the Mogul an extremely lucrative one, and when pressed by Carnac to resume his old position on the staff, he first declined the offer. Taunted, however, by Carnac with the suggestion that he must be "tired of fighting," Hamilton reluctantly resigned his appointment at Allahabad into the hands of a Major Dow, who "thereby made his fortune." He then rejoined the army in the field and was ordered on service, being severely wounded in the hip "in an attack on Merero, the famous Moratte

General." Thus incapacitated, he received instructions to return to his own Presidency of Bombay, and shortly afterwards he embarked at Calcutta, "only thirteen of the brave fellows" who had accompanied him with the reinforcements from Bombay being available to return with him.

The ship in which he sailed was nearly wrecked on the coast of Ceylon, put into Point de Galle, and eventually reached her destination, when Hamilton resumed his former duties. He remained at Bombay for about a year, being offered, he tells us, the command of an expedition to Persia, the departure of which was, however, countermanded. His health was failing him greatly, and after trying a visit to Fort Victoria for the benefit of the "baths," during which excursion he "made an acquaintance with the mermaids of the river Banceota," he returned to Bombay, when the Governor, Mr Cromland, who was sailing for England, induced Hamilton to accompany him on leave of absence.

In January 1769 he sailed for home in the *Speaker*, Captain Dewar. Twelve years had elapsed since he had received the slightest tidings of his family at Geneva, though he had written to Mr Duval, a London friend of his cousin, the late Baron de Vassarot, asking him to remit some of his prize money for the relief of his mother's necessities. The *Speaker* touched at St Helena, and in July Hamilton once more set foot in old England.

On landing he proceeded direct to London, and "got into Tom's Coffee House, opposite the Exchange," with his two black servants. He immediately wrote a letter to Lord Abercorn and despatched it to the latter's house in Cavendish Square, only, however, to receive a reply that his lordship was absent in Scotland. Hamilton speaks in his memoir of the terrible feeling of depression which then came over him from his sense of loneliness in the world and from the debilitated state of his health, broken down as it was from the effects of his wounds and the dropsy from which he was now suffering. He bethought himself, however, of Mr Duval, De Vassarot's friend, whom he at once visited, being fortunate enough to find him at home at his residence in the City.

"I found," he writes, "Mr Duval employed in setting a necklace of pearls and diamonds for Lady Clive, valued at £28,000, in which I recognised the identical jewels which had been publicly offered by the Vizier of the Mogul to Lord Clive, which in public had been refused, but had found some means of getting into his possession afterwards. Lord Clive told the Vizier that he was come to prevent everything of the kind, and positively prohibited that which was presented to me by Nisaphkawn and which my blood and services had so dearly purchased!

"I afterwards saw Lord Clive in England, the most wretched of men, and witnessed

afterwards the death of many so well known during these conflicts in India, who all afforded a tremendous proof of the vanity of such pursuits as theirs had been."

Mr Duval was able to give Hamilton the comforting assurance that his mother was alive and well, and the sad news that his only brother had died in London "in afflicting circumstances."

At the latter end of August 1769, after several enjoyable weeks spent in the agreeable society of Mr Duval, Hamilton set out for Savoy upon a visit to his mother. The splendid view from Mount Jura, as he approached his old home at Thonex, recalled to him his happy boyhood and the days when he used to swim as a lad in the Lake of Geneva, and he recounts that the sight of the glistening snow on the mountain-tops drew from his two native servants the exclamation, "Oh! what a quantity of sugar!"

Geneva at the time of his visit was invested by French troops, but as peace had been declared in 1762 between France and Great Britain, he found that the "regimentals" in which he travelled were a sufficient passport through their lines, the French officer who stopped him at Nion merely remarking when he recognised the British uniform, "En voilà assez!"

"M. de Voltaire," he tells us,

"was close by at Pregny and had opened his little theatre to entertain all the French officers. He immediately came out with my cousin, M. Hubert, paid my country and myself the handsomest compliments, and having been informed that the Mogul had been my prisoner, that subject occasioned much enquiry. He would not permit me to go on without giving every proof of the greatest kindness, after dinner conducting me to his theatre where was representing that evening a little piece composed by himself."

Passing on to his beautifully situated home at Thonex, overlooking the Lake of Geneva and facing Mont Blanc, Hamilton now once again found himself reunited to his mother and to a nephew and niece, the charming children of his sister, Madame de Salle, who had died during his absence in India. Though he found many debts to liquidate out of the apparently ample means which he had accumulated in the East, he seems to have spent four months of unalloyed happiness in the place of his birth, being fêted, as he says, after all his exploits and experiences abroad, "comme la bête curieuse pour tout le pays."

From Savoy he returned to Paris, where he was received with the utmost affection by several of his old school-fellows of his early Geneva days: Messieurs Necker,<sup>1</sup> Thal-

<sup>1</sup> James Necker, a native of Geneva, financier and Ambassador of the Swiss Republic to France; settled in France, and was twice Prime Minister under Louis XVI. The Revolution destroyed his popularity, and, yielding to the storm, he fled for safety to Switzerland. He died at Coppet in 1804, aged 72.

lussion,<sup>1</sup> Deodati, and many others. "I was introduced," he writes, "to the Court of Louis XVth, Lord Stormont<sup>2</sup> being then our Ambassador."

"Paris in 1770 was 'un séjour des Dieux.' Literature, music and every agreeable attainment had reached the highest pitch. My time was passed in the first society at Versailles and Paris, living with Madame Necker,<sup>3</sup> D'Alembert,<sup>4</sup> Diderot,<sup>5</sup> Thomas,<sup>6</sup> Marmontel,<sup>7</sup> L'Abbé Raynal,<sup>8</sup> Madame du Deffand,<sup>9</sup> and all her coterie; in music with Gluck,<sup>10</sup> Puccini,<sup>11</sup> Gretey D'Albaret, and with all the first professors in Europe. By all I was caressed; I know not for what. All the paternal cares of Doctor Trenchin<sup>12</sup> greatly benefited my health. Messieurs les Dues De Biron and De Richelieu at that time

did the honours of Paris. Twice a week all the first people were entertained by them. A cover was always laid for me, and the kindest attentions paid."

Paris was indeed a city of gaiety and luxury at this time. "Qui n'a pas vécu avant 1789 ne connaît pas la douceur de vivre" is an observation attributed to Talleyrand; but over the capital was slowly and silently creeping the shadow of the French Revolution. Hamilton was very loath to leave his pleasant surroundings, but he was under engagement with the East India Company to resume his military duties as soon as the state of his health permitted, and the hope and prospect of a renewal of his strength now took him to London, although

<sup>1</sup> Peter Thellusson, born at Geneva; he settled in London, amassed an enormous fortune, and died at his seat, Plaistow, Kent, on 21st July 1797.

<sup>2</sup> David, 7th Viscount Stormont, was British Ambassador in Paris from 1772 to 1778.

<sup>3</sup> Madame Necker was the daughter of a Protestant divine. She was a clever writer, a benefactress of the poor, and an intimate friend of Buffon, Thomas, and other well-known men. She died at Coppet in 1795.

<sup>4</sup> Jean le Rond d'Alembert, an illustrious philosopher and mathematician; born in Paris 16th November 1717, died 29th October 1783.

<sup>5</sup> Dionysius Diderot, celebrated writer, born at Langres; with D'Alembert, compiled the 'Dictionnaire encyclopédique'; he died 31st July 1784.

<sup>6</sup> Anthony Leonard Thomas, born at Clermont 1732, member of the French Academy and secretary to the Duke of Orleans; he was highly esteemed as a writer; he died 17th September 1785.

<sup>7</sup> Jean François Marmontel, eminent French writer, born at Limousin 1719; a friend of Voltaire; imprisoned in the Bastille; died at Abbeville 1798.

<sup>8</sup> Guillaume François Raynal, French historian, born at St Gêmes 1718, died 6th March 1796.

<sup>9</sup> Madame la Marquise du Deffand, born 1697. Her salon in the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. was the centre of all the wit, sarcasm, and intrigue of the capital—the rendezvous of foreign diplomats, scandalmongers, and all the leaders of literary and political thought in Paris.

<sup>10</sup> Christopher Gluck, musical composer, died at Vienna 1787, aged 73.

<sup>11</sup> Nicholas Puccini, celebrated musician, born at Bari near Naples. He divided with Gluck the applauses of Paris; died 7th May 1800.

<sup>12</sup> Théodore Trenchin, born at Geneva 1704; physician to the French Royal family; he died in Paris in 1781.



his friend, the learned Docter Tronchin, predicted an early termination to his life should he endeavour to return to a hot climate.

In London, however, his leave of absence was extended for a further period of twelve months, and he tells us that, after an interview with the Duke of Richmond, he found himself summoned to the Bar of the House of Commons to give an account of the state of the army in India, the mutiny at Patna, and other matters. Of this experience he remarks: "I had imagined that the House of Commons had something about it very awful and dignified, but I had not been ten minutes at the Bar until I felt perfectly at ease. During two hours and three-quarters I underwent a strict examination, and, as some matters began to press rather hard upon some of the friends of Lord Clive, likewise some home questions being put from the opposite side, which would have led to replies no less decided against Lord Clive's members, of which there were seven in the House, the Speaker interposed and begged to put an end to the discussion, observing that I was quite exhausted; so I was permitted to withdraw."

Hamilton's health now took a turn for the worse, and, advised by Lord and Lady Abercorn, he consulted Doctor Fothergill,<sup>1</sup> a London physician

of the highest repute, who said he would not be answerable for his life if he stayed a week longer in London, and ordered him to Bristol Hot wells, where he joined a congenial circle of friends and fellow-patients, which included the Bishop of Chichester (Dr Ashburnham), Sir Cornwallis and Lady Maude (afterwards Lord and Lady Hawarden), and Mr and Lady Bridget Lane. From Clifton he moved to Tunbridge Wells, where he stayed with Lady Abercorn, and had the pleasure of meeting the Duke of Leeds, his "very old acquaintance" the Duchess of Hamilton, the Countess of Pembroke, Lord and Lady Spencer, and many others.

About this time he received the mortifying intelligence that his rooms in London, containing his papers, documents, naval logs, military notes, books, and many valuable Indian shawls, palankeens, &c., had been destroyed by fire. Some few of these latter articles were, however, recovered, for it transpired that his landlady had insured her premises, removed his possessions to a pawnbroker's, and then set a light to the house. The woman was transported, and Hamilton subsequently learned that she had taken in Charles Fox, the statesman, to the tune of £1500.

After spending a winter

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<sup>1</sup> John Fothergill, an eminent physician; born at Carr End, Yorkshire, 8th March 1712; he practised in London and amassed a fortune of £80,000; died 26th December 1780.

with Lord and Lady Abercorn in Grosvenor Square, Hamilton applied for a further period of twelve months' leave, as his wounds still caused trouble and he was very dropsical. His case was referred to Doctor Vanswieten<sup>1</sup> of Vienna, who declared that he could not live, and he therefore decided to take up his residence once more in Switzerland and to place himself for treatment in the hands of Doctor Tissot<sup>2</sup> of Lausanne. This medical gentleman took the view that all previous diagnoses of his case had been wrong, stopped his wine, and put him upon a diet of stewed apples, *un peu de bouillon de grenouilles*, and a plentiful supply of weak veal-tea; he also ordered him to Camargue, an island on the Rhone, in order that he might partake of land turtle, which the worthy doctor thought "preferable to boiled frog." One is not surprised to learn that under this treatment the patient at once began to improve and resolved to return to London, fortified with the hope that he would yet again see India. Alas, this was not to be: discontinuance of Dr Tissot's treatment led to further relapses, and Hamilton was finally induced to abandon all further thoughts of military

service, and to apply to the East India Company for the pension to which he was entitled. During the several succeeding years he divided his time between London and the South of France.

In the spring of 1776 both the Dowager Lady Abercorn and Hamilton's mother passed away, and he subsequently paid a visit each summer with Lord Abercorn to Scotland, a practice which he continued until Lord Abercorn's death, which occurred a year or two later at Boroughbridge in Yorkshire.

It was upon one of these visits to the north that Colonel Hamilton, as he now was, made the acquaintance of Miss Jane Ewart (daughter of the venerable minister of Troqueer), to whom he was shortly afterwards married in Edinburgh by the Rev. Principal Robertson.<sup>3</sup>

After taking leave of their friends in Scotland, Colonel and Mrs Hamilton journeyed on their honeymoon to Paris, where they had the happiness of meeting our Ambassador, the Marquis of Stafford (then Earl Gower)<sup>4</sup> and his wife (Countess of Sutherland in her own right), the only daughter of Colonel Hamilton's "earliest and beloved" friend, Lord

<sup>1</sup> Gerard Vanswieten, celebrated physician; born 7th May 1700; was physician to the Empress Maria Theresa; died 18th June 1772.

<sup>2</sup> Doctor S. A. D. Tissot, an eminent Swiss physician; died at Lausanne, 15th June 1797.

<sup>3</sup> William Robertson, D.D., Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and minister of the Greyfriars' Church; born 1721, died 11th June 1793.

<sup>4</sup> Earl Gower succeeded his father as second Marquis of Stafford, and on 14th January 1833 was created Duke of Sutherland. He was recalled as Ambassador from Paris when Louis XVI. was guillotined.

Strathnaver, his schoolfellow at Enfield. They also had the pleasure of meeting there Lady Alva, the countess's grandmother. During their stay in the French capital, Colonel Hamilton introduced his bride to many of his old friends, and he mentions that he "saw for the last time the Royal family by whom I had been honoured by the kindest notice, but were then, alas! so depressed."

In the month of April 1791 Colonel and Mrs Hamilton reached their home at Thonex, where they remained in perfect happiness, "enjoying the delights of a society which never fatigued, yet produced the most exhilarating varieties, which arise from meeting constantly with the best-informed people from every country, and where the habits of life are such that the mind was never obscured by any degree of intoxication."

They continued to live peacefully in this happy and respectable circle of friends—which included M. and Madame Necker, M. Bonnet,<sup>1</sup> M. de Saussures,<sup>2</sup> M. Benedict Pictet,<sup>3</sup> and others—until their tranquillity was rudely disturbed by the sudden invasion in 1792 by the French Revolutionists of the province of Savoy, upon the Swiss border

of which Colonel Hamilton's small estate was situated. War was declared by the Revolutionists upon Austria in April 1792, on the ground that the latter country was sheltering the French *émigrés* who were intriguing for the overthrow of the revolutionary government, and a similar motive prompted them to overrun Savoy, where many members of the hated noblesse had taken refuge. In the following June the Prussian King, Frederick William II., joined the Coalition against France.

On the 17th September, while Colonel Hamilton and his wife were seated at breakfast, their servants rushed into the room and announced that the French were upon them, and that the Swiss and Savoyard troops were everywhere abandoning the frontier and retiring upon Geneva. Emerging from his house, Colonel Hamilton found that this was only too true, the first individual he encountered being the Chevalier de Verne, the local commandant, who was falling back with two battalions and six pieces of artillery. Colonel Hamilton remarked to the Chevalier that he "was not on the road to meet the enemy," to which De Verne replied that every

<sup>1</sup> Charles Bonnet, a native of Geneva, devoted to the study of natural history and metaphysics; he died there on the 20th May 1793.

<sup>2</sup> Horace Benedict de Saussures, born at Geneva 17th February 1740; Professor of Philosophy at Geneva. He explored Vesuvius, Etna, and Mont Blanc. On the union of Savoy to France he was elected to the National Assembly, but the disorders of the Revolution ruined him, and he died broken-hearted in 1799.

<sup>3</sup> Benedict Pictet, a native of Geneva; was offered the Chair of Theology at the University of Leyden, but preferred to remain with his own countrymen.

one was flying through the mountains by Mont Blanc, that one battalion had been out to pieces already, and that the best thing Colonel and Mrs Hamilton could do was to save themselves by instant flight. Upon the heels of the gallant De Verne came the Commandant de St Suffrein, who was also in retreat with his Swiss troops and some guns; he was equally insistent that the Hamiltons had no time to lose, stating that he had already sent his own wife, plate, and money across the lake into Switzerland.

Numbers of people were escaping in this way in boats, and when Colonel Hamilton mounted his horse to warn some English friends, named Newdigate, of their danger, he found the roads also blocked with fugitives terrified at the approach of the "murderers of Paris."

Upon his return to his own house, Colonel Hamilton marked upon the gate that it was the property of "Le Colonel Edouard Hamilton, Ancien Colonel au Service de la Grande Bretagne," and then taking sufficient money, plate, and baggage in his carriage, drove with Mrs Hamilton to the town of Geneva.

From Geneva, where the panic and confusion were indescribable, they proceeded to the inn at Sécheron, whence they sent back their carriage to assist the Newdigates in making their escape. During

their stay at this village, several other British subjects arrived, amongst the conveyances which reached the inn being those of the Scottish Lord Gray<sup>1</sup> and of an English clergyman named Taylor.

From Sécheron, Colonel and Mrs Hamilton made their way to the nearest barrier which had been established by the Revolutionists, to ascertain if his nationality would secure passports for himself and his wife. These, thanks to his being a British subject, he was able to obtain, but not until he had been dragged from his carriage and assailed with cries of "Aristocrate." In reply to his inquiry as to who might be in command, he was informed "Tout le Monde." Furnished with such security as the passports afforded, the Hamiltons then drove as quickly as possible to the residence of M. and Madame Necker at Coppet, picking up on the way a little boy, a nephew of General Villettes, who was running along the road in an effort to reach his parents in Switzerland.

Though the castle at Coppet was only six miles from Geneva, M. Necker, who knew that he was an especial object of popular fury, had been unable, until the Hamiltons arrived, to obtain any definite news of what was happening. They warned him of his danger, and then proceeded to the local inn, where they were able to obtain accommodation for

<sup>1</sup> William John, 14th Lord Gray, an officer of the Scots Greys. He died unmarried 12th December 1807.

themselves and the little boy for the night. The whole place was crowded with *émigrés* flying from Savoy, now threatened with occupation by their bitter enemies. Many of these unfortunates had been plundered when crossing the lake by Revolutionists, who manned boats to go in pursuit of them. "Some of the ladies," says Colonel Hamilton, "came to the inn with even their clothes torn off and with the loss of everything they possessed in the world, yet anxiously enquired the moment they arrived if any one could lend them a little rouge."

From Coppet, the Colonel and his wife went on to Lausanne, where they met with General Villettes (uncle of the little boy they had befriended and brought along with them), the Comte de Narbonne,<sup>1</sup> and the Vicomte de Vaux, who had all, by the aid of good horses, escaped from the clutches of the Revolutionists.

Many of the old noblesse, who had fled from France, had congregated in Lausanne, whilst amongst the English in the town were the Duchess of Devonshire and Mr Gibbon,<sup>2</sup> "who did the honours of Lausanne very kindly" while keeping a purse of money and his

horses harnessed, ready to fly at a moment's notice.

The Hamiltons remained at Lausanne for three weeks, and then, hearing that their house at Thonex had been occupied by an officer of the staff of General Montesquieu, the Republican commander of the troops invading Savoy, they decided to run the risk and return home. Before, however, taking this step, they resolved to pay a brief visit to M. and Madame Necker, who, with their daughter Madame de Staël,<sup>3</sup> had betaken themselves from the castle of Coppet to safer quarters at Rolle. "We found them all quite happy," says Colonel Hamilton, "with the idea that a new production from M. Necker's pen was to save the lives of the King and Queen, then, alas! on the brink of their fate."

From Rolle they drove to the inn at Geneva, where at the *table d'hôte* they were witnesses of a fracas between some Swiss and French officers, one of the latter, a general, having boasted that he was the first man to enter the Tuileries, and that he had killed some of the Swiss Guards with his own hands. High words were used and swords were drawn, but Mrs

<sup>1</sup> The Comte de Narbonne was Minister of War under the ill-fated Louis XVI.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Gibbon, author of the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'; born at Putney 8th May 1737. He resided at Lausanne, was at one time engaged to the lady who became Madame Necker, and was a friend of Voltaire. The horrors of the French Revolution disturbed his tranquillity of mind, and he left Lausanne and died in England on the 16th of January 1794.

<sup>3</sup> Madame de Staël, daughter of M. and Madame Necker, was the wife of Baron de Staël, Swedish Ambassador to the Court of France. She was the author of an abortive scheme to smuggle the King and Queen out of Paris in her carriage.

Hamilton and some other ladies were courteously escorted from the room by a out-throat-looking man (*un coupe-tête*), whose manners were more pleasing than his appearance. In the town a truce of some kind had been patched up, but the streets were thronged with ill-favoured-looking ruffians dressed in strange costumes and uniforms, looted no doubt from the wardrobes of the wealthy in Paris.

The following day Colonel and Mrs Hamilton reached Thonex, when they had the pleasure of finding that, as a result of the notice they had placed on their gate, everything they possessed had been scrupulously respected by the party of sixteen dragoons who were billeted in the house. Only the dining-room had been occupied, the soldiers sleeping upon some straw which had been scattered on the floor, and neither poultry, vegetables, nor fruit had been touched. Colonel Hamilton at once unlocked his cellar, and the rough Republicans drank cordially to the health of himself and his wife with cries of "*Vivent les Anglais.*"

Strangely enough, the officer in command of the party turned out to be a Scotsman named Douglas, who informed the Hamiltons that his father, a native of Stirling, had followed the fortunes of Prince Charlie in 1745 and then fled to France, where he had placed his son in the French service. The dearest wish of the exile seemed to be to find some excuse for returning to his

own country, and Mr Douglas greatly bemoaned the fate which placed him in his present situation and surroundings.

The following morning the Hamiltons, accompanied by this Scottish officer, drove over to Carouge to pay their respects to General Montesquieu at his own headquarters. They found the General attended by a brilliantly-attired bodyguard clothed in green and silver, thanked him profusely for the protection afforded to their house and belongings, praised the excellent conduct of the dragoons, and obtained his permission to return to Lausanne. The General expressed his intention of withdrawing the soldiers from Thonex, but Colonel Hamilton begged that he would not think of such a thing. He reminded Montesquieu that this was not their first meeting, as they had previously been acquainted with each other at the hospitable table of the Due de Biron in Paris. To Hamilton's remark that his occupation of Savoy had not cost him much powder, the General replied, "Some, but only by the rain."

"Montesquieu," says the Colonel, "was completely the gentleman in manner and appearance," and as he had spent a considerable sum in proving that he was descended from Clovis, King of France, no doubt he considered that his connection with royalty made him none too safe with his present associates, though, as a measure of prudence, he had taken service with the Republicans for the time being.

Colonel Hamilton saw plainly enough how uneasy the General was in regard to his present position, more especially because he was being denounced by Clavière<sup>1</sup> for having failed to sack and destroy Geneva. He kindly invited the Hamiltons to dine with him, and then despatched them, provided with Republican cockades and a suitable escort, back to Geneva *en route* for Lausanne. Three days later Montesquieu escaped from his own army.

At the *table d'hôte* of the inn at Nion, Colonel and Mrs Hamilton were surprised to encounter Madame la Marquise de la Valette, one of the most beautiful women in France and one of the first ladies of the court of Marie Antoinette. Now, most meanly dressed, she informed them that she had just been successful in escaping from Paris with £10,000 worth of her jewels. These she was anxious to despatch to Turin for sale, as apart from them she had no money to buy bread or provide the necessities of life. She and her two daughters were living in a miserable garret, without even a fire, though it was the depth of winter. They were now on their way to Lausanne, where they stayed for some little time with the Hamiltons, who

were fortunate enough to secure a large and commodious house on La Grand Place.

During this return journey the Colonel and his wife paid yet another visit to the Neckers at Rolle, when M. Necker related how narrowly he had escaped the guillotine in his escape into Switzerland; he remarked that he had been well acquainted with General Montesquieu in happier days in Paris.

When the Hamiltons reached Lausanne they found that the colony had been reinforced by the arrival of many notable people, and they did all they could to relieve the misery and assist those in need in such distressing times. Amongst their new neighbours were M. le Baron d'Erlee, the Cerjot family, Madame la Comtesse de Galofskin, the Princesse de Talmont, and the Duchesse de Charrot, daughter of Madame de Toursel, who, under the superintendence of the unfortunate Madame de Lamballe,<sup>2</sup> was governess to the Dauphin and his sister on that dreadful night in September 1792, when Madame de Lamballe with many others were murdered in the prison of the Abbaye in Paris. Upon that occasion a man all covered with blood rushed into the cell of Madame

<sup>1</sup> Clavière, a native of Geneva, was one of the most rabid and fanatical of the Revolutionists in Paris. It was largely at his instigation that they invaded Savoy to hunt out the members of the French nobility who had taken refuge therein.

<sup>2</sup> Thérèse Louise, Princesse de Lamballe, born at Turin 8th September 1749, the youthful and beautiful widow of the Duc de Bourbon-Penthièvre, was the close and intimate friend of Marie Antoinette, who treated her as a sister. She was brutally murdered by the Revolutionists at the Abbaye Prison on the 3rd September 1792, her head and heart being carried on pikes to be exposed to the view of the unfortunate Queen.

de Toursel and commanded her to prepare for instant death. She, with the utmost composure, replied: "Vous n'avez pas la mine d'un homme capable d'un tel horreur. Que vous ai-je fait pour mériter la mort de vos mains?" The man answered: "Vous trouvez que j'ai une bonne physionomie? fort bien; je ne vous tromperai pas." He instantly wrapped her up in a blood-stained cloak, safely conducted her through the scenes of horror then in progress, and kept her at his own house until he found the means of conducting her to one of her own châteaux, from which she wrote the following note to her daughter, the Duchesse de Charrot, at Lausanne: "Soyez parfaitement tranquille sur mon compte; un homme apparemment le plus farouche se présentera à vous. Ne craignez rien; mettez vous sur sa protection."

At this time Madame la Duchesse was prohibited from returning to France under pain of instant death, so her mother's missive seemed fraught with great risk.

Colonel Hamilton's memoir continues: "Soon after she had received the above-mentioned little note from her mother, there arrived at her door, in a tremendous storm of hail and snow, a miserable-looking carriage, and from it alighted a man of truly ferocious aspect. He ran upstairs, and commanded her to follow him immediately, without her maid or any of her clothes.

She burst into tears, but he told her it was to no purpose, 'et qu'elle aurait assez de temps pour pleurer par chemin,' and immediately forced her into his 'vilain voiture,' seated himself by her side, and drove off."

Captain O'Brien, nephew to Lord Inchiquin, who happened to be in Lausanne, hearing of the abduction, at once mounted his horse and went in pursuit of the couple. He overtook them at Nion, where they had been obliged to make a halt to rest their horses, when the man, observing that O'Brien was drenched to the skin, invited him to enter the carriage and discuss matters. O'Brien soon found that this apparently ferocious scoundrel was a sensible and well-informed gentleman, and expressed great surprise that the latter should be sailing under such strange colours. "Alas, sir," said this mysterious follower of the Scarlet Pimpernel, "we live in times when we must assume the appearance of monsters as the only means of doing good." Captain O'Brien accompanied the couple as far as Chambarri (? Chambéry), when, feeling satisfied that the Duchesse was perfectly safe and in good hands, he turned back his horse and took the road to Lausanne. He returned direct to the Hamiltons' house, where he was loaded with the caresses of the *émigrés*, who praised his romantic pursuit, and dubbed him "un cavalier du treizième siècle," a title which he confirmed shortly afterwards by successfully escort-



ing the Princesse de Talment into Paris.

Towards the close of the year 1792 the Hamiltons received intimation that, unless they returned at once to Thonex, they would be declared *émigrés*, and their property would be confiscated. Despite the warnings and entreaties of their friends, they decided to comply with the instructions received, and, on reaching home, were very pleased to notice that the same friendly feeling actuated the French soldiers in occupation of their house.

Everything was in perfect order, and the same party of well-behaved dragoons was still billeted upon them. Mr Douglas had departed, and General Montesquieu had wisely betaken himself to safer and more congenial surroundings; but a Lieut.-Colonel de Lorne and a subordinate captain occupied a detached room in the house, and showed themselves most disposed to be friendly. Many other French officers courteously called to pay their homage to the British colonel, and Hamilton speaks of the "respectful attention" accorded to him by the rank and file.

Mrs Hamilton often expressed to the officers her horror at reading the accounts in the newspapers of the dreadful scenes which were being enacted in Paris, and those of the better class amongst them used to reply: "You should pity us, madam; none can detect such scenes and such

a Government more than we do; but we are obliged to fight for our country against external enemies, and we can never desert our country by joining the emigrants." On the other hand, those who had sprung from the ranks would say: "No doubt it is all very bad, but had the ancient Government continued, even in the best hands, all the merit in the world would never have made me a Colonel."

Here Colonel Hamilton's memoir comes to an abrupt termination. The remainder of his life's story is contained in a few badly-written and nearly illegible pages, penned by his almost blind widow at Clifton, in the year 1821, apparently in her extreme old age, when writing had become painful and difficult.

One morning their butler returned from Geneva with the alarming news that war had again broken out between France and Great Britain. From this time onward the lives of the Hamiltons were in some jeopardy, especially as friends in Lausanne continued to write injudicious and compromising letters, which were conveyed to them from Geneva by a blind peasant woman, and which might any day fall into the hands of the Revolutionists.

Eventually, however, after a period of great anxiety, they were able, with the aid of a French general in the neighbourhood, to obtain passports enabling them to leave Switzerland altogether, and they decided to make their

way to the Prussian army then operating against the French upon the Rhine, under King Frederick William. Mrs Hamilton's brother, Mr Joseph Ewart,<sup>1</sup> had lately been accredited to His Majesty as British Minister in Berlin, so they must have felt sure of a cordial welcome.

After taking leave of M. and Madame Necker and other friends, they set out in the direction of the Black Forest, where an Austrian general presented them with a letter of introduction to Baron Fyfe,

a German nobleman of Scottish extraction, then residing at Freiburg, who received them with the utmost kindness.

"Nothing," writes Mrs Hamilton, "could have been more interesting than the whole of our journey to Frankfurt, where we joined William, King of Prussia, then besieging Mainz (Mayence) with the flower of his army." The commandant at Frankfurt was an old school-fellow of Colonel Hamilton's, and with the Prussian army Mrs Hamilton found many friends

<sup>1</sup> Mr Joseph Ewart, Mrs Hamilton's brother, was born at the Manse, Troqueer, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, on the 30th April 1759. He studied medicine at Edinburgh University, but going abroad as the tutor and companion of young Macdonald of Clanranald, he made the acquaintance of Sir John Stepney, British Minister at Dresden, who took a fancy to him, and when transferred as Minister to Berlin made Mr Ewart first his private secretary and afterwards a Secretary of Legation. In these capacities he gave evidence of such great ability that, after acting as *Chargé d'Affaires*, 1787-1788, he was on the 5th of August of the latter year, at the youthful age of 29, appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Prussia. As British Minister at Berlin he vigorously opposed the partition of Poland, incurring the bitter hatred of the Empress Catharine of Russia, who, when his premature death occurred a year or two later, was, no doubt unjustly, accused of having caused or accelerated his death by poison. This story was apparently based on an allegation, referred to in the memoirs of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, that the Empress endeavoured to prevent the participation of Ewart as British representative in the Treaty of Reichenbach by the administration or attempted administration of poison, and on a statement that Ewart received a hint to be on his guard from a brother Scotsman, Sutherland, the Empress Catharine's private physician. Mr Ewart gained great credit for putting down the revolutionary party in Holland and reinstating the Prince of Orange as Stadtholder; he was also the moving spirit in bringing about that alliance of Great Britain, Prussia, and Holland which was at this period the corner-stone of Pitt's foreign policy. Wraxall, in his memoirs, states that "Ewart, placed on such a diplomatic eminence to which his talents had conducted him with such unexampled rapidity, rendered himself master of the Cabinet and councils of Frederick William II., which he governed and directed with a sort of absolute sway." Mr Ewart married in 1785 Elizabeth Countess von Wartensleben, a lady-in-waiting to H.R.H. the Duchess of York, and daughter of Friedrich Count von Wartensleben, Hofmarschall to the King of Prussia, the representative of one of the oldest military families in Germany. This alliance seemed to augment his influence until, as Wraxall remarks, "it is difficult to conceive or credit the ascendancy attained by him over the sovereign and administration of Prussia." Unfortunately Mr Ewart's health completely broke down towards the close of the year 1791, and he was recalled from Berlin at his own urgent request. Apparently he was suffering from some internal disorder, which in these days would probably have been diagnosed as appendicitis, and he died shortly afterwards at Bath on the 25th of January 1792, at the early age of 32.

of her brother, the late Joseph Ewart, who had died in the early part of the year, after a short and brilliant diplomatic career. She also mentions her acquaintance in Frankfort with the Earl of Fingall, whose daughter, Lady Harriet, was a great invalid.

Maintz, held by the French Revolutionists and besieged by the Prussians, at length surrendered after a sanguinary and protracted siege, and Colonel and Mrs Hamilton enjoyed the privilege of entering the town with King Frederick William and his staff.

The closing scenes connected with this event are thus described by Mrs Hamilton:—

“Maintz was one of the best fortified towns in Germany. Custine<sup>1</sup> had made the best preparations for any siege. He had failed in nothing but in foreseeing that the many desperate sorties made by his troops upon the Prussians would have demanded a larger supply of clean rags for the wounded or mere rigid economy in that article. At last they had none. The surgeons were forced to wash the wounds with salt and water, and the extreme heat of the weather increased every worst effect. The agonising cries of the wounded soldiers pained the hearts of their companions. Any of them were ready to die in battle, but the bravest

shrank from anguish so protracted and so extreme. Universal mutiny followed. The General was forced to surrender, but no capitulation could be more honourable. We entered with his Prussian Majesty, who was obliged to be preceded by numerous workmen cutting a road—before impenetrable from the strong fortifications being covered by all the fine trees, which before so beautified and surrounded Maintz, being cut down to erect an immense barrier. 15,000 effective troops marched out before us with all the honours of war: above 8000 were lying sick and dreadfully wounded. . . .

“After having dined with the King and generals, a walk was proposed to see how much the town had suffered from the many bombardments. Even the Cathedral was like a riddle.”

Here the story ends altogether. Colonel and Mrs Hamilton made their way from the Continent to England and eventually settled at Clifton, where the Colonel, despite wounds, dropsy, and the advice of renowned physicians, lived to a patriarchal age. What became of their pretty property at Thenex, with its pleasant garden, orange groves, and vineyard, of which they speak so often in their narrative, is not related.

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<sup>1</sup> Adam Philippe, Count de Custine, born at Metz 4th February 1740; served as a volunteer with the revolted Americans in the War of Independence. He commanded the Army of the Rhine of the French Revolutionists, and took Spire, Maintz, and Frankfort. Reverses, however, at the hands of the Prussians compelled him to retreat and forced him to surrender Maintz; his want of success brought him to the scaffold, and he perished by the guillotine, 27th August 1793.

## THE WISDOM OF TI YUNG SENG.

BY ST JOHN LUCAS.

THE Pang-los, or book of Wise Rules of the Empire of Morosophia, consisted of a hundred thousand maxims which had been compiled through five centuries by various Bonzes, Professors of Learning, and Holy Hermits who dwelt apart in monasteries and temples, and to whom fasting and meditation had revealed all the secrets of Life. Unfortunately, the immense size of the book prevented any person from mastering its contents until he was too old to put them into practice, and the greater number of students perished prematurely and gloriously in the attempt. But at the end of the fifth century a youth of extraordinary precocity was born, Ti Yung Seng by name. After a brief period of study he learnt all the maxims by heart—an achievement which, in the judgment of the Bonzes and Professors, was nothing less than miraculous. He passed one hundred examinations with the highest distinction, and was victorious in the same number of disputes with Hermits. The omnipotent eye of the divine Emperor cast its august effulgence upon him: he was promoted to the highest scholastic honours and received the Grand Button of the Sapient Owl. The income tax of the country was raised in order to lodge and feed him

adequately, and mean men, when they encountered his palanquin in the public ways, were required to render him the Extreme Obeisance of striking their bellies thrice with the palm of the right hand.

Ti Yung Seng was still a youth when he rose to these honours, and the effect of them on his manners and morals was evil. In spite of the magnificent altruistic precepts of the Wise Rules he thought of no one but himself, and he adopted an attitude of such superb disdain towards every one, that even the Emperor occasionally felt jealous of him. He contradicted the Sages and snubbed the Professors and entirely ignored the existence of the vulgar herd. He traced his descent directly from the Goddess of Wisdom, who had previously been regarded as a man-eating spinster, and he renounced his own parents, declaring that he was the offspring of the Sun and Moon. Every one believed him except the Professors and Bonzes and Hermits, and they were too greatly afraid of him to protest. Two or three of them who had attempted to do so had been clothed, by order of the Emperor, in dresses fashioned of pink feathers, and had been exposed in the market-place from noon until the going down of the sun, during which period the multitude

continually tickled their legs and pelted them with the immature fruits of the earth. After this event Ti Yung Seng was in a stronger position than ever, and took full advantage of it. He became Chief Counsellor to the Emperor, and any persons who were sufficiently rash to question his decisions were instantly refuted by a Wise Rule, and were subsequently thrown into deep pits inhabited by very active serpents.

Thus, for a period of one hundred moons, Ti Yung Seng dwelt in great prosperity. And at the end of this period it seemed to him fitting that he should take a woman to wife, in order that he might impart his wisdom to his own children rather than to mere disciples. Now of all the women in Morosophia there was none more comely, more learned, and more accomplished than the daughter of the Emperor, who dwelt in a palace of jade and porcelain which her father had built for her beside the lake in the Imperial Precinct; Ti Yung Seng therefore produced a Wise Rule which decreed that it behoved the direct descendant of the Goddess of Wisdom to mate with a Princess, and he demanded her hand from the Emperor.

That mighty potentate was delighted at the prospect of so brilliant an alliance, and issued a decree commanding that public festivities should be held throughout the Empire on a superb scale. The fountains spouted pink and yellow lemonade; roast sucking-pigs,

stewed puppies, and great fricassees of land-snails were distributed freely to the enthusiastic population; the gaols, workhouses, and asylums for the weak in wit were thrown open, and the Emperor himself wrote a poem of great length which was read in all the temples instead of the customary sermon. Meanwhile Ti Yung Seng repaired to the porcelain palace in a palanquin of red lacquer with green silk curtains and was received by his bride, who made him the Seven Obeisances reserved for personages of divine origin. To these Ti Yung Seng replied with the Five Lesser Condescensions. The Princess performed twenty genuflexions and made eight Important Bows, kissed the threshold where his feet would tread, and shut the door in his face with a scream of terror. Ti Yung Seng beat on the door seven times with his golden sword-hilt, threw a yellow silk purse containing a priceless ruby into an open window, and retired to his palanquin, holding his hand over his eyes to signify that he had been blinded by the splendour of the royal countenance.

When, however, the mere formal preliminaries of courtship were ended and he was permitted to speak to his betrothed, Ti Yung Seng experienced a severe disappointment. It had seemed fitting to him that he should at once begin to impart to her the wise rules; but as soon as he attempted to do this he was disgusted to find that the

Princess had occupied her long days of leisure within the silent palace by the lake in compiling a *Pang-lo* of her own. It already extended to seventeen volumes, and contained flat contradictions of all the Rules which her suitor had so painfully and wonderfully digested. Ti Yung Seng remonstrated with her in vain, and eventually complained to the Emperor, who offered to execute the Princess, but could suggest no other solution of the difficulty. Ti Yung Seng was greatly perplexed, for none of his Wise Rules was of any assistance in argument with a recalcitrant young woman of imperial birth who had never been contradicted in her life; on one occasion, indeed, when he had persisted in reasoning with her, she had ordered a slave to whip him, and only the timely arrival of the Emperor had prevented a painful scene. Her temper, he discovered, was of the most primitive kind in spite of her great wisdom, and she had a habit, when annoyed, of making a bonfire of all her garments and retiring to bed until new ones could be obtained.

Ti Yung Seng was troubled by her obduracy, but he decided that he would postpone any further attempt to reason with her until after the marriage ceremony, when he would be able to employ the more cogent methods that are usual between husband and wife. This pious resolution, however, was defeated by the arrival of the Heir Apparent of the King

of the Orphrites, a hardy and thriving race that inhabited the plain beyond the hills of Ping. This young man knew no Wise Rules, but he was exceedingly well-favoured, rode a magnificent black horse, and was followed by a retinue of a hundred masked archers with gaudily-painted bows. He wore body-armour of bronze-green lacquer, and on his head a cloth-of-gold mitre that was set with emeralds and seed pearls. His eyes were like the eyes of a falcon, and quite unlike the eyes of Ti Yung Seng, who wore spectacles, and in physical stature he mightily excelled that philosopher. When he entered the Palace to do obeisance to the Emperor, the Princess, who was standing at her father's side, contemplated him with deep interest and became thoughtful. Ti Yung Seng, who by this time had a seat in the Throne Room, received the congratulations of the Prince with complacency, and quoted several extremely Wise Rules relating to the behaviour of young men; they did not appear to impress the Prince, who frowned and made remarks in his own language. The Emperor invited the Prince to be his guest until the wedding festivities were ended, and the Prince consented gladly. He was lodged with his retinue in the alabaster garden-house beyond the lake.

Ti Yung Seng continued to visit his betrothed, and was pleased to note that she became less recalcitrant, and that she even consented to

learn some of his Rules. She invented various pleasant devices for his entertainment, and it became her habit when he was visiting her to heist a yellow flag from the highest tower of the Lake Palace. All went well until the morning before the day appointed for the marriage ceremony, when Ti Yung Seng, as he approached the Lake Palace, heard the strident and reiterated sound of female lamentation. At first he supposed that such unpleasing discords formed part of some bridal custom, but on entering the palace he discovered that the Princess had departed during the night, taking with her a confidential female slave, and all her dresses and jewels in thirty-five camphor-wood boxes. In fact, she left nothing of any value except her seventeen volumes of Wise Rules, and these she had addressed to Ti Yung Seng, with a short covering note expressing her fervent desire that he might benefit by a careful study of them. Further investigations showed clearly that the Prince and his retinue had also departed.

The Emperor was exceedingly angry when he heard of the eccentric behaviour of the Princess. He lay face downward on a bed of dried rose-leaves for a whole day, ordered the Court to wear *crêpe* bows on their pig-tails, and caused the great Gong of Lamentation to be beaten incessantly for twenty-four hours. Then he sent for Ti Yung Seng, and held a con-

sultation with him. Ti Yung Seng had been equally annoyed with the Princess, and for a certain space the fountain of his philosophy had been choked by the hot sand of anger; but when he became calm he realised that the affair might be turned to his own ultimate advantage. He produced a Wise Rule which showed that any insult to the child of the Sun and Moon and the descendant of the Goddess of Wisdom was punishable, not merely with death, but also with the sequestration of all the possessions of the culprit, these becoming the property of the insulted divine one. It behoved the Emperor, therefore, to declare war on the King of the Orphrites, to conquer his country, and to set up Ti Yung Seng as king in his stead, with the Princess as his Queen. After some debate the Emperor, being one of those monarchs whose rage most easily found alleviation in the slaughter of other men, consented, though he decided privately that although his respect for the Goddess of Wisdom was great, it was scarcely profound enough to induce him to set up Ti Yung Seng as a rival potentate.

Then the Emperor sent men with trumpets into every part of the Empire, and they summoned the population to arms. Every one who was capable of fighting was compelled to join the Army, with the exception, of course, of Ti Yung Seng and the Benzes and the Professors; rich men also, by paying a great price, were

able to escape. Soon a mighty host that was armed with stinkpots and great bows and painted flying dragons began to march on the Orphrites, and the noise of rattles and gongs was like the thunder of the angry gods. But the Orphrites were undismayed, and came out to meet the Army of the Emperor with a multitude of archers who were mounted on small, very swift horses, and the Prince of the Orphrites led them. There was a mighty battle and great slaughter, and the region of the mountains of Ping was devastated by both armies, for it was inhabited by unwarlike shepherds and farmers. Then the two armies erected barricades and fortifications and dug great pits, and hurled stinkpots continually for two months. And they blew horns and beat gongs until the whole world was filled with the noise.

In the meanwhile Ti Yung Seng sat in his palace and evolved many Rules of War, all of the most bloodthirsty and terrible character, and the Professors were full of rage and fury, and made plans concerning the vengeance that should overtake the Orphrites as soon as that race was conquered. Also they invented many novel and deadly stinkpots, but owing to a misunderstanding these engines exuded noxious vapours before they were hurled at the enemy, and slew many of the soldiers of the Emperor. The Bonzes breathed forth destruction and slaughter in the temples, and

the old men and the women were unwearied in hurling vituperation and insult at the young men who were too sickly or too lame to fight.

Now when Ti Yung Seng had evolved a great number of Rules of War, the Emperor sent them to his Generals and ordered that they should immediately be put into practice. Three of the Generals committed suicide as soon as they received this command, but the remainder were obliged to obey. The Emperor's Army fell into an ambush and was defeated with great slaughter; the survivors fled back to the Capital, pillaging their own country as they went, for they had received scanty rations and no pay. And when they reached the Capital they prepared to defend it against the advancing Orphrites; but they deposed the Emperor and shut him in an iron cage that hung from the city wall, and they forced the Bonzes and the Professors and the divine Ti Yung Seng to join the army as common soldiers, and to perform the last and most menial of offices.

Then Ti Yung Seng suffered great anguish, for the brutal soldiery sacked his palace and took away his fine raiment and his golden sword and his Button of the Sapient Owl; he was clothed in coarse and dirty garments and was beaten with punctilious regularity, and he lost his spectacles. Furthermore, when he meditated on the advancing hosts of the Orphrites, his bowels were turned to water and his knees



trembled. None of his Wise Rules afforded him any assistance in performing the squalid and disgusting duties that were assigned to him, and his back was sore and bloody from the stripes which he received and from carrying great burdens of stinkpots. And the fear of death was a shadow on his eyes and a parching drought in his mouth. He thought of all the examinations that he had passed, and of all the wisdom to which he had attained, but it was no comfort to him; and when he tried to utter a Wise Rule, they loaded him with mere stinkpots and kicked and reviled him. Then he received a direct revelation from his ancestor the Goddess, which showed that War was not, as he had formerly taught, a splendid and glorious thing, but that it was cruel and brutal and senseless; but when he tried to reveal this truth to others he was beaten again. And they made a song of his Wise Rules and forced him to sing it.

Very soon food became scarce in the city, and therefore the Commander of the Army ordered his troops to sally forth and to attack the Orphrites an hour before dawn on a certain morning. Ti Yung Seng found, to his dismay, that he was expected to assist in the attack. He wept, and protested that he was extremely unwell; but his pleading was of no avail, and a fierce and brutal soldier with a sharp goad was ordered to assist his progress towards the enemy. In the dark hour

when weak men's hearts die within them and even the bravest are troubled, Ti Yung Seng, burdened with a mighty load of stinkpots and repeatedly falling in the slime, went staggering over the marsh that surrounded the city with a great horror of death in his soul.

Dawn had not yet broken when they reached the enemy's camp. The Orphrites, who were aware of their advent, suddenly discharged a quantity of fireworks and raised a loud shout. Ti Yung Seng dropped his load and began to run towards the city, but he fell headlong in the slime, and the man with the goad pricked him and compelled him to take up his stinkpots and advance to the attack. The Orphrites discharged a cloud of arrows and came rushing out of their camp like a swarm of angry bees from a hive, brandishing great swords and torches and shouting their war-song. Ti Yung Seng uttered a yell of terror, hurled all his stinkpots at the man with the goad, who fell heels over head into a deep ditch, and ran towards the Orphrites, crying out that he was Ti Yung Seng, the great philosopher and the Apostle of Peace. The Orphrites rushed at him and would certainly have carved him into small fragments with their swords, but at that moment their Prince came among them and, recognising Ti Yung Seng, ordered that he should be made prisoner. So they led him into their camp, and placed him in a small hut with a sentry on guard at the door. And the

Orphrites drove their enemies back to the city, killing many.

When day broke Ti Yung Seng was brought into the presence of the King of the Orphrites, who was wise and just and a great captain. The King received him courteously and ordered that a chair should be placed for him. Wherefore his soul revived, and he counted his troubles as ended. But when he offered to lead the Orphrites by a secret way into the city, the King frowned and said: "Doubtless, O Ti Yung Seng, you are the most learned of all the philosophers, but you seem to be singularly ignorant in matters pertaining to chivalrous conduct. My beloved daughter-in-law, whom you doubtless remember, has employed her leisure during the absence of the Prince, her husband, in compiling Rules of Honour in several large volumes, and has sent them to me. They shall be placed in your present residence, and I trust that you will benefit by a careful perusal of them. And if you do not know them by heart after three days and three nights, you shall indubitably be hanged."

Ti Yung Seng pored over the books for two days, but the effulgence of his intellect had become darkened by adversity, and the learned maxims of the Princess seemed to him the ravings of one demented. And on the evening of the second day, when he knew that his wisdom had left him, he wept; and when he thought

of the hanging on the morrow, he beat his breast and grovelled on the floor of his prison, and lamented bitterly. And he thought of all his Wise Rules, but there were none that availed to render the aspect of imminent death less hideous. And he howled like a dog and beat on the bars of his prison.

After he had done this for some time he perceived that one of the bars of the window was loosened in its socket, and a faint hope awoke in his heart. He worked at the bar very quietly, in order that the sentry might not hear him, and at last he was able to remove it from its place. There was an aperture sufficiently large for his body to pass, and looking out, he saw that the sentry was sitting by the door with his back towards the window. Ti Yung Seng forgot all the Wise Rules and Rules of Honour; his soul was empty of everything except a fierce desire to kill the sentry. He climbed through the window silently and pulled the iron bar after him. Then, as the sentry turned, he heaved up the bar and smote him on his helmet. The sentry fell without a sound, and Ti Yung Seng crept silently away into the darkness.

For some time he wandered to and fro within the circuit of the camp, and exceeding fear possessed him, for he expected every moment to hear a shout proclaim that the body of the sentry had been found. Whenever he heard

footsteps he flung himself down on the earth, and lay there trembling until the sound died away. At length, after much wandering, he reached the palisade that guarded the camp, and was able to climb it without being observed by the sentries. He fell heavily into the wet ditch on the other side, and as he crawled forth from it he heard a loud clamour arise in the camp. Then he cast off his outer garment and fled into the night with a speed that had rarely been attained by any philosopher. When, at last, being utterly breathless, he was obliged to halt, he saw lights moving about the camp, and the noise of shouting came faintly to his ears. Then the lights died out and the clamour ceased, but the silence that followed was even more terrifying to Ti Yung Seng. He felt that stealthy pursuers were close on his track, and he bounded and ran like a frightened hare until his limbs collapsed from utter weariness. So he crept into a wood, and lay there till the day broke.

But when the dawn had painted the east with her pageant of colour his spirits revived, and he began to think once again that he was an extremely clever person, and that the Goddess of Wisdom had specially protected him, and that the Orphrites were bad sentinels and very great fools. And he composed several Wise Rules which demonstrated that philosophers of divine origin could

easily outwit kings and military commanders, and that no prison might long contain them. And he resolved that he would not return to the city, but that he would journey towards the mountains of Ping, and take refuge with certain Holy Hermits who dwelt in those fastnesses.

Now, when it was discovered in the camp that the prisoner had gone, there was a great outcry, but the King immediately gave orders that Ti Yung Seng was to be allowed to escape. This clemency was due to the intercession of the Princess, who had stated that Ti Yung Seng was a complete imbecile, and that it was cruel to expect him to understand or to remember even one of her Rules of Honour. The Prince, also, was of the opinion that Ti Yung Seng was not worth the trouble of a ceremony or the expense of a rope. So the hanging was cancelled from the orders of the day, and the Orphrites advanced and easily took the city. And they released the Emperor from his iron cage and treated him with the honour due to the father of the Princess; but he had passed so long a time in the cage that he continued for the remainder of his life to regard himself as a bird, and he would twitter and sing, and the light of his mind was darkened.

Ti Yung Seng journeyed for three days towards the mountains of Ping. He was exceedingly hungry, and found nothing to eat but berries and roots; nevertheless, his heart was exalted within him, and he

gloried in the magnificence of his wisdom, and anticipated with great pleasure the enthusiastic reception that would be accorded to him by the Holy Hermits. In the afternoon of the third day he arrived at the mountains, and after crossing the lower slopes he found a small wooden shrine which was built at the foot of a precipice. The shrine contained a bronze image of the Goddess of Wisdom and a large gong; Ti Yung Seng made the minor obeisances to the goddess, resolving that a statue of himself should be set up in the shrine by the side of the bronze image. Then he smote lustily on the gong, and after a few moments a large basket hung on ropes began to descend the precipice, and Ti Yung Seng could see the Holy Hermits far above him watching its descent. He made the Five Gestures of Attainment, and the Hermits did likewise; then he climbed into the basket and was drawn slowly up the face of the rock.

But some of the Hermits were they who had been dressed in pink feathers by command of the Emperor, and when Ti Yung Seng was sufficiently near for them to recognise him, they ceased to haul the ropes, and took counsel together. Ti Yung Seng was very angry, and quoted the Wise Rules, and put curses upon them; but when they heard the Rules and the curses they began to lower the basket. And Ti Yung Seng stamped in lordly anger, and almost fell from it. But the Chief Hermit,

an aged man who possessed great wisdom and foresight, rebuked the others, and caused him to be drawn up to the edge of the rock. Ti Yung Seng was still very angry when he stepped from the edge of the basket, and demanded that the Hermits who had held the ropes should be punished instantly and severely; the Chief Hermit, however, appeased him with soothing words, and led him into the monastery, and gave him food and wine. The Chief Hermit, also, had been one of those who were clothed in pink feathers and exposed to public insult, but he made no allusion to that painful incident.

Now when Ti Yung Seng had eaten much food and had drunk great draughts of wine, his heart was yet more exalted, and he informed the Chief Hermit that he had been appointed by the Goddess of Wisdom, who had appeared to him in a vision, to be the head of the monastery; he also made allusion to his divine origin, and gave orders that an image of himself was to be set up in the temple of the Hermits. The Chief Hermit bowed, but said nothing, and presently led Ti Yung Seng to his own dwelling, which was situated near the edge of the precipice, and commanded a wide prospect of the plain below. And the tongue of Ti Yung Seng was unleashed, and he gave an account of all his exploits—how he had compelled an Emperor to send forth a mighty army, and how he had himself fought with

great valour, and how he had escaped from the prison and the camp, and the matter of the slaying of the sentry. And Ti Yung Seng waxed exceeding eloquent and shameless, and he cried: "I am the King of Life and the Lord of Learning; the Armies of the Unbeliever saw me and were scattered; the mighty Captains fled like dogs before me. The Holy and Wise of Earth shall kiss my sandals, and the man upon whom I look askance shall become even as a dead worm." And he commanded the Chief Hermit to fetch more wine; and when it was brought, he drank and cried: "I am a God; yea, one of the chief of the Gods, born of the mighty Sun and the tender Moon. The earth is mine, and all men shall worship me. For it is so written in the Wise Rules."

The Chief Hermit bowed low and said: "What is written is written." And presently he said: "Come, O Ti Yung Seng, child of the Gods, a little nearer the edge of the rock, to the end that you may more conveniently survey the Earth which is yours." And he led Ti Yung Seng to the platform whence the Hermits were wont to let down their basket. And Ti Yung Seng surveyed the world, and uttered much foolishness, crying out that he was bountiful and beneficent, and that the Earth should flourish exceedingly under his rule. And the Chief Hermit waxed wroth, but he dissembled, and said: "Bountiful you will

doubtless be, O Omnipotent One, but was it truly beneficent to make wars wherein so many young men suffered torture and were slain, and so many women and children were left desolate, and so many fair lands devastated and peaceful dwellings pillaged and burned?" But Ti Yung Seng laughed in scorn and cried: "I made wars in a just and righteous cause, and therefore I rejoice in the destruction that I have wrought and in the slaughter that I, even with my own right arm, have accomplished. And my sword shall flame out over all the world, until all men hail me as Chief God."

"Dear me!" said the Hermit, appearing embarrassed. "Yet we are taught that mildness and pity are attributes of the Gods. But perhaps you possess these also?"

"Verily do I possess them," answered Ti Yung Seng. "And I will give you a proof. I have not ceased to lament the fate of the unfortunate sentry whom I was compelled to smite, and the memory of that regrettable action haunts me continually." And he wiped away a tear.

Then the Chief Hermit was more angry, and said in his heart: "Now do I know that the man is a fool and a hypocrite as well as a braggart, for the smiting of the sentry was the only sensible act that he ever performed in his life." But he dissembled again, and said: "Wherefore, O Ti Yung Seng, should so small a matter trouble your

divine intelligence? For it was necessary for the good of the world that the sentry should be removed from your path." are a menace or a hindrance to the Wise may be removed, even by force, from their presence."

And Ti Yung Seng shed more tears. Then he answered: "Assassination is forbidden by Rule four thousand one hundred and twenty-three A." "I have no recollection of any such Rule," answered Ti Yung Seng curtly, for he disliked greatly that other men should venture to quote the Wise Maxims.

The Hermit said inwardly: "O fool absolute and unteachable, and pedant vile beyond the vileness of a dog." And aloud he said: "But Rule nine thousand five hundred and eighty-two teaches us that knaves and vulgar men who to remember it," said the benevolent and patient Hermit. Then he lifted up his foot, kicked Ti Yung Seng over the edge of the precipice, and went thoughtfully home to tea.

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## MAHSUDLAND, 1919-1920.

BY GANPAT.

## CHAPTER VII.—A CHUPAO.

"MORNING, oh, my merry buzzer. What's the trouble that fetches you out of your downy couch before nine o'clock of a spring morning?"

The staff officer, stretched in luxurious ease upon a sand-bag settee built around the stone-and-mud fireplace in the dug-out tent of the 1st Infantry mess at Khaksar camp in Mahsudland, cast his cigarette-case over to the signals officer who, slipping down the worn sandbag steps, flopped despondently upon the settee.

"Wire's gone again, Major. Bally blinkin' wire's out again both ways as usual."

He lit a cigarette and relapsed once more into a gloomy silence which the staff officer sympathetically shared.

For many days now the Signal Section at Khaksar camp had led a topsy-turvy life, spending their days trekking disconsolately up and down the river, putting new lengths of wire into the telephone cables leading either way, and their nights sleeping the sleep of the unemployed. Their proper programme should have been iddy-umptying messages most of the night, and restfully fishing the pools in the river by day. The fighting had died down even right in front where

Derajat column sat about Kaniguram, and save for occasional sniping, peace lay upon the land. But the Mahsud had developed a fondness for telephone wire, hence this story. Knowing the Mahsud—his childlike habits, his glorious lack of cohesion as regards any systematic harassing of our L. of C.—one can rule out any idea of Musa Khan's general staff arranging widespread wire-cutting on Sinn Fein lines as part of its plan of campaign.

No, the Mahsud presumably annexed wire from sheer *joie de vivre*, though what he did with it, except possibly tether his animals, Heaven only knows. But for days now the R.E. sergeant-major (who went net out upon repair work) gleefully reported half an hour after dark: "Up wire out, sir," disappeared, reappeared fifteen minutes later: "Down wire out, sir," and retired joyfully to bed. The wretched lineamen, on the other hand, retired sleepily each night, muttering their sole adjective, to crawl out in the cold thankless dawn in the wake of the picketing troops with drums of cable, returning late each afternoon, still blasphemously using the forceful but threadbare adjective.

So when Signals collapsed on the settee with his daily refrain of "bally blinkin' wire's out again," the staff officer was sympathetically silent.

"Can't some one put the kybesh on the baggars?" said the expert eventually.

The staff officer knocked the ashes out of his pipe and dragged himself to his feet.

"Tell you what, old thing, we'll go round to the 'Baggy Breeches' and get them to try their luck with a chupao. You can put 'em up to some likely spots."

"Somewhat!" quoth the blue-and-white banded one bitterly, but without enthusiasm. "But it's sure to be another bally dud. Every one's tried the 'chupao' stunt and got nothing except pneumonia, so far. Can't you burn a village, or something pleasing like that?"

"Village-burning's off at the moment. The authorities are dangling peace-baits. But a well-laid chupao might catch something. Anyway, we'll have another shot."

They walked across the camp to the mess of the "Baggy Breeches," officially known as the 51st Bombay Foot, a newly-arrived unit thirsting for Mahsud blood. The C.O., enjoying a leisurely late breakfast, greeted them cheerfully, and listened to their tale of woe.

"My idea, sir," concluded the staff officer, "is that some of your fire-eating youngsters might like to lay a chupao."

The C.O., an enthusiast, leapt at it and shouted for

his adjutant, who, muffled in fur-collared British warm and Gilgit boots, appeared, rabbit-like, from the office tent.

"Send for young Greene," said the Colonel. "I've got a job for him."

Greene appeared, and for the third time that morning Signals told his tale.

"And what I want you to do," said the C.O. at the end of it, "is to take a dozen of your men and sit up. Being a shikari, you may get something."

Despondent noises from the signaller were interpreted to mean that needle-hunting in haystacks was more lucrative, but the Baggy Breeches were nothing if not optimistic; so he indicated various likely places.

Later in the morning Greene, with two of his out-throats and a fishing-rod, departed downstream. He fished many pools over a long length, but for a keen fisherman his methods were careless. His bag, to be precise, was *nil*—not surprising, since his gaze was never upon the water, and he spent quite a long time fishing a most unlikely run under a collection of small trees at the edge of a banked-up field.

Anybody casually wandering about the Baggy Breeches lines that evening, had they been observant, *might* have seen one or two unusual sights. Item, groups of two or three men swathing their bayonets in strips of thin khaki; item, Greene and an Indian officer breaking whole volumes of King's Regulations by pasting strips of white paper between



the sights of a score of rifles; item, certain men in very much undress practising crawling quietly over a heap of stones.

Next morning, when the linesmen were out repairing for the nth time, Greene, accompanied by an Indian officer and a havildar, both conspicuously lacking the trappings and adornments of their rank, fished that same run again with equal ill-success. During the morning came a party of men with tools, *en route* for a picquet on the opposite bank. One of the mules—strange to say, a peculiarly docile one as a rule—took vast fright at the group of fishers, shedding most of his saddlery and load round about; and it took that party over an hour to collect their stuff and move on again, which also was strange, for the Baggy Breeches pride themselves on the discipline and quickness of their working parties.

Later it transpired that it was ration and water day for the same picquet, and another party passed by. Evidently a blight was upon the Baggy Breeches this morning, since, as they started up the farther bank with their strings of laden mules, a flour-sack burst, and the sudden loss of weight that side caused the badly-girthed saddle to slip round. The full sack on the opposite side, slipping between the mule's legs, caused it to kick the mule behind, who retaliated, thus producing shortly a complete mess-up of mules

on the hillside. It was a long delay ere they got going again, and fortunate indeed was it that no Generals were about.

Still later, the afternoon relief of the working party came along, and with them came a party of twenty men carrying their bedding, from which the most unintelligent observer could gather that the picquet was being relieved. Altogether there was a good deal of to-and-fro movement, and it was late in the afternoon ere the last of the parties had returned into camp. I regret to say that march discipline was poor, and the Baggy Breeches moved in endless groups of fives and sixes, straggling hither and thither, and at one time there must have been as many as forty dotting the river-bank.

The staff officer, sitting on the edge of the camp, watched the scene for some time and showed a strange disregard of duty in not writing a "stinker" to the Baggy Breeches on their lack of soldierly behaviour. On the contrary, he appeared rather to enjoy the display, and when a long-legged, fair-skinned young Pathan sepoy came up the hill carrying Greene's fishing-rod with—disgraceful to say—Greene's helmet upon his head, and a most obvious mimicry of Greene's walk and manner, followed at respectful distance by two grinning armed orderlies, he lay back on his pile of sandbags and chuckled instead of reproving the jester.

. . . . .

Night had fallen some time back, and bush and rock and tree showed ghostly in the diffused moonlit mist which hung about the river-bed between the shadowy hills. A few pin-pricks of lights and smudgy blurs of cooking fires marked the camp perched on the precipitous cliff face, while up and down stream an occasional twinkling signal-lamp marked the position of a piquet. Save for the faintest splash of the fast-running water of the streams in front, a dead silence hung over all.

Crouched behind a low bank of earth, Greene, cuddling his rifle, peered out across the stream to where, barely visible even in the bright moonlight, a great break in the hills flanking the river marked the entrance of a nullah which served as a Mahsud highway. Beside him crouched his orderly, a shot of no mean repute, and to left and right in the shadows of the trees that fringed the bank you could make out, if you knew where to look, odd figures pressed into folds of the ground or against the ghostly trunk of the willows. But even from Greene's vantage-point you would only have seen them had you known they were there, so still did they lie.

The pantomime was concluded, and out of the 150 men who had been moving about over the ground all day, fifteen had remained hidden; and in the witching hour of dusk, when the daylight had faded, and ere yet the moon-

light had dissipated the faint mist in the river-bed, had taken up their position. Remained, therefore, to be seen whether the enemy's mathematical limitations and the value of those brief minutes of half light had been correctly estimated.

The light grew stronger as the moon's full circle swung up higher above the dark jagged hills, and rock and stone and black glinting water showed in sharp contrast to the intense shadows of velvety black under the bank and trees. The old shikari instinct woke in Greene's mind as he played with the safety-catch of his rifle, and memory after memory of similar waits came into his thoughts. But this was far bigger game than ever before, more cunning, more dangerous; and a funny little thrill played up and down his back as he thought of the possibilities if the enemy had spotted the game and decided to hunt the hunters.

An hour passed like an eternity, and the river-bed remained void of life. Time and again he and the watching men around him craned their gaze into the shadows ahead, now concentrating on men's heads newly showing behind a rock, now on crouching figures that alike proved five minutes later to be but yet more queer-shaped stones thrown into sharp relief by the ever-changing light.

Once again the subaltern bent his gaze down stream, and as he did so felt his heart hammer in his throat and a

tense quivering run through all his muscles, the nervous quivering of repressed excitement, that died away as his fingers closed lovingly around his rifle. Surely those blurs were moving. He stared again, one, two—three—four—five. . . . Yes! moving certainly, there, on the far side of the water diagonally to his position. The blurs drew nearer and revealed themselves unmistakably as human figures. He heard to left and right faint movement; the men had seen them too.

Too far off as yet, but they seemed to be getting closer. If they crossed the stream he could bag the lot, but it was no good trying to chase them since they would melt into the hills. They came close to the water, and then, to his disgust, turned right-handed along the far bank, working away once more. The range was longish for night work: what he had prayed for was fifteen yards, this was nearer sixty, but he cuddled his rifle into his cheek, the orderly imitating, and pulling the barrel down on the leading dim figure until the white card strip disappeared, pressed the trigger, the orderly's shot following on the echo, to be instantaneously succeeded by a ragged burst to either hand. The leading figure crashed to the ground and rolled down a little bank, head first, into the stream, to lie motionless half in and

half out of the rippling water. Another behind crumpled up and dropped, and lay struggling a space ere stiffening out still in the vivid moonlight, and the rest melted into the rocks around as only tribesmen can. Next moment from beyond them came spurts of fire as bullets zipped past, cutting through the branches or burying themselves in the bank. The Mahsud never moves in a heap, he knows too much. The five in front had as many more in position at the foot of the hill to cover them.

For five minutes more the noise continued as the Baggy Breeches endeavoured to recover the corpses, an operation proving too expensive, since the Mahsuds by now had the stream well covered, and to advance into the light from the shadows was to reverse the rôle too much in the enemy's favour.

So Greene gathered his party and withdrew to camp, with the comfortable feeling that he had correctly estimated the value of the dusk and the enemy's counting ability in the matter of scattered bodies of men.

That night and for some nights after the signallers iddy-umtied continually, and the linesmen lay abed till the sun got warm, and then luxuriously descended to the river to catch snow trout with bent pine, praising the Baggy Breeches with liberal use of the G.S. adjective.

## CHAPTER VIII.—“IN SURE AND CERTAIN HOPE.”

The 80-lb. tent in the field ambulance was comfortably warm compared to the cold dark without, and the oil-stove, which stood in the middle, shed a pleasant glow on the tent walls and over the blanket-heaped stretchers, where, side by side on the ground, lay the infantry major, the sapper captain, and the Gurkha subaltern.

Outside, the darkness was lit from time to time by the unearthly brilliance of Very lights, and stabbed continuously by the yellow splashes of rifle-fire, while at uncertain intervals a section of 3·7-inch howitzers filled the narrow river valley with crash of H.E. shell.

Listening to the noise, the major felt that after all he had by no means the worst of the game—a feeling accentuated, perhaps, by the knowledge that such of his pals as were not actively engaged in making the din lay curled up in their sodden clothes on the stones of the river-bed between the fast-running streams, which—shifting periodically as they were blocked higher up with dead mule or camel (dead men were not such serious obstacles)—washed out the weary men trying vainly to get a little rest in the general disturbance.

The occasional whine and slap of bullets about the stone retaining-wall in whose shelter the tent was pitched, only

added to the comfort of lying in warm dry blankets, after a welcome meal of hot bovril and bully stew, under passably good cover.

All things considered, a bullet in the shoulder was not a big price to pay for such pleasant surroundings on such a murky night. If only things would quiet down a trifle one might really get a comfortable sleep.

The sapper captain, whose knee was very badly perforated and painful, must have been given a dose of morphia, for he was getting happily drowsy, and replied to the major's occasional remarks in a voice that seemed to be sliding farther and farther down the road to joyful oblivion.

As for the Gurkha subaltern, he was far away out beyond speech or hearing, and lay very still, with arms downstretched under his blankets, the tight bandages about his head above the closed puffy eyes, and his stertorous uneven breathing, showing that he was past all worrying as to whether or when the camp was likely to be rushed.

A very callow British ward orderly—evidently new to the land—came and suggested taking off the major's boots, a proposal flatly negatived forthwith, the wearer of the boots considering that if he did have to run for his life over the cold wet rocks in the midst of hairy men with knives,

it were preferable not to do so barefooted.

When the noise was at its height around a very much unfinished picquet a hundred yards away, the orderly—presumably obsessed by Geneva Conventions—returned and tried to take away the major's revolver, being most obviously unversed in the pleasant ways of Mahsuds regarding wounded men. This time the wounded man, firmly clutching the bone of contention in his sound left hand, refused with oaths, and the orderly departed discomfited.

Later, when things had quieted down somewhat, came various visitors seeking news of friends, and once a doctor came in to fix up the sapper's leg in a cradle, and put new bandages on the major. The subaltern he did not touch at all—it was too clearly a case of leaving well, or rather extremely ill, alone.

Still later, when the firing had died away, except for intermittent bursts on the high ground above, punctuated by occasional bombs, an assistant-surgeon came in for a final look, and then, turning down the hurricane-lamp, departed again into the night to deal with the steady stream of wounded still coming in.

The sapper by this time had slipped into the blissful coma of morphia-induced slumber, and the major—worn out but wakeful—was left alone with his thoughts, the chaotic inchoate thoughts which surge through the mind of any one who, at the end of a strenuous

day crammed with incident, lies unable to sleep from sheer fatigue.

He was of a somewhat reflective disposition, given at times to speculation on various subjects, more particularly perhaps those of the psychic type rather than the concrete facts of the daily world around him.

To-night, however, it was his brain that was thinking rather than himself; and one salient memory kept insistently surging up before his tired mind—that of a man to whom he had been talking earlier in the day, and who in the very act of speaking had gone down, shot through the brain.

The only very clear impression, however, that the major retained of the fleeting incident was a certain breathless pause of silence and the other's half-whispered, half-spoken word as he dropped: "Christ!"

Why this should now come continually into his mind puzzled him. It was quite an ordinary remark of a man suddenly hurt, but somehow it hadn't seemed like that—it had not been said in quite the way one might have sworn if caught on the shin at hockey, for instance.

Also the whole moment had felt peculiar. There had been just that space of time—was it a second, or a fraction of a second, or an age, or what?—when everything had seemed to stand quite still and all was strange as, turning, the major caught that single word, and then saw the other stretched on the ground,

his head in a growing pool of blood.

No; he was vaguely conscious of something more behind it: something he felt he *ought* to understand, yet couldn't quite grasp.

What did happen when one died? That of course was a pure speculation, which he had often pondered on in the past, evolving in the process certain ideas of his own, none of which were in the least susceptible to proof, but yet which he felt agreed with his own ideas of the general fitness of the universe as he interpreted it.

When you died you passed on beyond the limitations of time and space, for the major was entirely convinced that you did pass on somewhere: death was to him a transition, not an ending. If, then, you passed out of time your quickness of perception would increase to an infinite degree, and therefore just on the threshold as it were, all the actions and movements in this limited world would seem immeasurably slow in comparison with the light-like speed of your half-released mind.

Consequently, he argued, if you were just about to die, everything would seem to stand still—just, in fact, the feeling that he had had for an instant that afternoon. On one occasion he himself had been down into the dark gates, and his chief recollection afterwards was one of a feeling of “timelessness”—a strange slowing of everything around him.

But why the passing rustle

of the wings in another's case should to-day produce the same effect on him, even for an instant, was not clear. Doubtless, Death had passed very near, but no nearer than on a score of other times to-day, and many another day for that matter. No; that explanation hardly sufficed.

Then again, he pondered, what kind of a transition could it be? This point he had never quite clearly settled in his own mind. Was it, for instance, like taking chloroform, a blank gap between the going under on the operating-table and the coming-to in a pleasant fire-lit room?

Or was it perhaps—as so many people insisted—a lonely journey through a darkened valley of fear, where the soul—swept suddenly out of its depth—looked helplessly back to see the familiar smiling plains vanish round the turn as the plucking, hurrying waters dragged it forward into the dark tunnel of black dripping rocks, while the call of well-known voices died away, lost in the eerie silence broken only by the wailing of the wind that sweeps down the great divide.

Or was it not rather a more gentle transition, an awakening to the fact of other worlds about you, into which this one was gradually merging at the “Open Sesame” of kindly, grey-eyed, dark-browed Death—laughing sunlit worlds which livened around you, as this one slowed and died to your ever-quickenings senses.

Surely that was more likely

to be the real way of it, for there seemed to be no sudden transitions in nature—everything was slow and gradual, never a dividing-line that you could point to—in the merging of winter into spring, in the unfolding of the bud into the flower, in the brightening of the night into the dawn. Why, therefore, should death be an exception, a sudden violent change? Rather would it more probably conform to normal rule, the two states merging together so insensibly that though like light and darkness each was clearly recognisable, yet none could show the demarcation.

His shoulder hurting him, he shifted his position and pulled up his rolled greatcoat under his arm to ease it. Then slowly and laboriously he performed the unaccustomed task of lighting a cigarette one-handed.

Thereafter he fell again to wondering who would meet one at the threshold of the further life. Surely some one very dear, who had crossed the stream a little earlier—wife, sister, friend.

Think of the joy in those last moments as you lay dying, perhaps in agony, with all your world turned dark, unfriendly, hostile even, at seeing some one very dear whom you had not seen for years.

Think of the pain stilled as if by magic at the cool touch of your friend's hand; of the joy of listening to the well-remembered voice and looking into the dear familiar eyes—the same still, but luminous

now with brooding knowledge of a hundred worlds, and rich with all the sympathy that knowledge gives.

Surely to pass that way were fitting to a scheme of things meant to be beautiful, as witness the wondrous beauty of this little earth of ours. Because man sits down methodically to make his fellows' life as much like hell as possible with endless horror of war, and oftentimes greater horror of peace, all alike sprung from the senseless desire of unlimited possessions, of place or power, of grabbing something more, it did not follow that other worlds would be the same.

Because half humanity was at heart Mahsud, it did not therefore follow that the whole universe was conceived on Mahsud lines, and that the Creator designed the bulk of His creatures for the sole purpose of pulling off their wings and sticking pins through them to see them wriggle, as some people would have us think.

On the contrary, it seemed more logical to the major to assume that happiness was intended to be the rule, and unhappiness a peculiarly human invention sprung from some flaw in man's character which impels him to torture his fellow whenever the torturing process can be made profitable to himself.

Such was the major's philosophy, and he felt sure that the chief question one was likely to be asked by one's Creator was as to how much

unhappiness you had inflicted on your fellows and how many of them you had helped towards happiness. That being so, the transition to a further state where the flaws of humanity were to be left behind should be an entry into happiness, and so, apart from the mere animal shrinking from the unexperienced, a process free from pain or fear.

Consoling thoughts, indeed, if they were true. And somehow to the thinker, lying there in the shadows intensified by the glow of the oil-stove, they *were* true—true because they fitted in with his innate conviction that He who made life meant it to be beautiful, and those who lead it happy.

Then his thoughts slipped back again to that incomprehensible fraction of time when everything had seemed to stand still and all the world seemed hushed to listen to one word from the lips of a man reeling into death as a rifle-bullet crashed through his skull.

Why? Why? Why should that instant have somehow touched him, who was in no way connected? Then his brain took to running in aimless circles of thought, about everything and nothing, about the sound of bullets as they moan and whine amid the rocky frontier hills, not so much the audible crack or whimper that strikes the physical sense of hearing, but the inaudible psychic sound which tends, if you be highly strung, to take your mind off the work in hand, and calls for utter

self-control, lest you find yourself thinking of nothing else.

His wandering mind circled from picture to picture of the past until at last, just before dawn, he fell into a doze and dreamed of a staff office in the distant peace of the pine-clad Himalayas. It was a vivid dream, and one insistent feature of it was the clamour of the telephone-bell which, placed just outside the door, served for him and three other staff officers.

There was a telephone orderly too, who used to answer the bell, and then call whichever officer was wanted, poking his head in at the door to say in the broadest of Wessex—

“Zum-un vur tu speak tu yeou, zur.”

The dream was vivid, and when the major woke stiff and cramped in the chill dawn, the orderly's phrase was about the most salient memory of the half-remembered dream, and as he opened his eyes he half expected to see the office and hear the telephone-bell.

But instead there was the stuffy tent, the stretchers, the sapper with his foot stuck up, a queer-shaped silhouette, and the Gurkha subaltern still in exactly the same position, his closed eyes, perhaps a little bluer and puffer, and his breathing a little weaker.

The picketing troops cleared the road back down stream, and a couple of hours later the long convoy of wounded men slung in kajawahs on camels moved out four and five abreast, led by



a doctor with a first-aid party and a long line of stretchers. And in this wise some 250 useless crocks started out on the first stage of their long journey back to a land flowing with cream and honey, where milk and butter, fruit and vegetables grow naturally in cows and gardens, and not unnaturally in tins, and passing presently out of the shadows of the blood-stained Ahnai tangi into the wider sunlit stretches of the river about Gana Kaoh, thanked their stars for being still alive and out of it all *pro tem*.

That night, too, at Kotkai, the major slept but poorly, for his shoulder had stiffened and he could not get comfortable on the narrow stretcher. Again he lay thinking, thinking, and once more the insistent memory of that strange pause, and the recollection of the office telephone surged up continually before his mind, though where the connection lay, for the life of him he could not see.

That telephone-bell had worried him rather when he first joined the office—it was so loud and insistent. But one learned to take no notice of it, and in time really not to hear it, anyway with your conscious brain, unless the orderly poked his head in to say the call was for you. Then, and then only, did you take your mind off the work in hand and go out to answer; otherwise the bell might ring all day and leave you undisturbed.

That made him think of the dead man's imperturbability

under fire, a quality one envied so; always intent on the work in hand, and not to be distracted by whimper of passing bullet.

"Bullets . . . telephone-bells? . . . Telephone-bells . . . bullets?"

What on earth was the connection? And still puzzling, he fell into a fitful slumber from which he awoke with a feeling as if he had been groping in the dark for a key that once his fingers had touched but which had slipped away ere he could grasp it.

In the cold morning sunlight the bubbling camels called the wounded to the road once more, somewhat fewer in number, for some were now too bad to move and others had passed beyond all need of moving. But of these last, four came on in the long convey of kajahwahs which followed the slow moving hand-borne doolies, since whenever possible British officers were always sent down for burial to Jandola, where their graves lie under the fort out of Mahsud reach.

Down the long road through Palosina, over the stony Spinkai Raghza, passed the slow caravan of pain, until crossing the river it came into Jandola camp, and decanted its wounded into the hospitals and staging sections.

Late that afternoon as the sun was sinking, a heavy mass of red gold in the cloud-flecked sky above the purple hills, a party of Gurkhas of the 3rd Guides came to a halt with oloik of heels outside the tent which served as mortuary for

the Indian General Hospital at Jandola.

A doctor unlaced the fly of the tent and stood back to let the first four men enter. They emerged again slowly, bearing a stretcher on which, covered with a Union Jack, lay a stiff form sewn up in a brown blanket, and moving off a few paces, halted.

Four times was this repeated by successive squads, and then the whole party moved down the path picked out in white stones, which leads through the perimeter to where in a little fence of barbed wire lies Jandola's "God's Acre," extending apace the last few weeks, alas! a tiny bare plot of stony Waziristan soil on a plateau ringed with jagged hills.

As the funeral party passed out of the perimeter a knot of officers standing at the salute fell in and followed silently. Another red-tabbed, gold-splashed group joined in a little farther on, for the Force Commander happened to be in Jandola that day, and with three more Generals came to say farewell to these his officers at the finish of their last journey down.

The chaplain in surplice and stole stood at the head of a line of open graves, and as the stretcher-bearers, passing in where a mixed company of the Guides stood stiffly at the "present," laid their burdens down, broke into the opening words of the Burial Service—

"For I am the resurrection and the life," saith the Lord."

The major, standing opposite

to the first grave, removed his helmet, and laying it on the ground at his feet, stood nursing his slung arm, whence the ripped-up jersey sleeve fell away in blood-stiffened tatters.

As he listened to the measured words, the haunting idea of telephone-bells and bullets came back once more, but this time the two distinct ideas fused and merged into one, until at last he understood, and understanding, felt a great comfort sweep over his soul.

Of course, the orderly's picture had naturally recurred to his memory, with the familiar phrase—

"Zum-un vur tu speak tu yeon, zur."

So *that* was why the dead man lying under the flag by the open grave yonder had looked up from his work and answered.

The picture of another orderly fashioned itself before his mind—

"The golden pinions folded down,  
Their speed still tokened by the  
fluttered gown."

That suddenly breathless pause had been the dead man's realisation that this time the call was for him, and then had come the recognition of the caller. The meaning of that half-spoken, half-whispered word seemed very clear now: "Christ!"

Who else, indeed, but the Master and Friend of all the world should greet those who have made the supreme sacrifice, out short the way of

purgation by mastering the lesson in their utter negation of the claims of self, laying down their lives as things of no value that others might thereby live.

The officers of the Guides stepped forward, and lifting the bodies off the stretchers, lowered them gently one by one into the graves, and the words of the Funeral Service passed on into what is the real farewell from this side:—

"In sure and certain hope of the resurrection."

Yes, undoubtedly, the hope is sure and certain: almost the major thought he would word it, "in sure and certain foreknowledge."

The insistent clamour of the "why and wherefore" was hushed now, and things balanced in due proportion as he realised that life is after all a moment's space for a lesson to be learnt. He understood clearly at last that he was only here for just the

space of time his Creator designed for him, and that peace lay in the grasping of the relative values of this small world and the infinity of the other, and while doing with all one's might one's work in the world, yet guarding an ever-present realisation that the call, "Friend, go up higher," may come at any moment, a call to be answered cheerfully and with good heart.

Presently came the rattle of arms of the salute, and then as the fading purple of the hills changed to the indigo of coming night, the Guides' bugles broke out into the farewell strains of the "Last Post."

But the major felt that those blanket-swathed figures lying there would hear but little of it, for their ears would be filled with the sound of Azrael's reveille, the first call of the new day, since surely for such as these "the long night is over and the day at hand."

#### IX.—THE END OF THE SHOW.

Summer has come to Mahsudland, and over the lower-lying stretches sweep hot blinding dust-storms, while even up at Ladha, Piaza, and Sorarogha, the narrow rock tangis, where not so long ago you shivered in the icy blast of the northern gale under the scudding snow-clouds, are now pleasant shady halting-places where you may rest awhile on the road, and baring your head, mop a perspiring brow.

The clear far vistas of pine-clad uplift and snow-topped peak are rarely visible in the dust-laden atmosphere—indeed the last time we saw Pir Ghal it seemed quite void of snow.

New troops are coming up the line, and the units of early days look daily for orders down. Leave has opened, and the rest-camps are crowded with batches of cheerful souls, bound for India, for Kashmir, and best of all, for Bombay,

*en route* for home. Ten days ago General Skeen and the bulk of the staff of Derajat Column, now officially deceased, passed through, and spent the night with us at Sorarogha, to say good-bye to the 2/76th and ourselves, at the corner of the camp where you see the Ahnai hill-tops.

The fields abound in Mahsuds returning to their villages and crops, though gangs of irreconcilables still snipe the picquets now and then. One such collection of desperadoes started a battle with one of our camp picquets the other night, and kept it up well into the small hours, causing a hurried rush to bed in our funk-holes, since the camp was sprinkled impartially with friendly and enemy bullets.

But for some of us that was a memorable night, since we had appeared in orders for leave *ex* India on the conclusion of operations; and after weeks of waiting, that very afternoon a wire had come through to say that we might go.

We packed our scanty kits, and next morning saw us sweeping down the road in the wake of the convey picqueting troops. From Ladha, Piazza, Sorarogha, and every camp and picquet in Mahsudland we sprinkled the road: drafts of cheering sepoy on foot, Indian officers on borrowed hospital ponies, British officers in twos and threes on horses and camels, double and treble staging, some pushing ahead, anxious only to shake the dust of Mahsudland off their

feet, others more slowly, stopping from time to time to take a last look or a photo of some well-remembered place of blood-stained memory, or to bare their heads in farewell near a peculiar-shaped rock or tree which they knew to mark the otherwise unmarked grave of one of those who had fallen by the wayside.

Clattering into Jandola in the afternoon, le! a motor road and Ford vannettes in scores. We piled ourselves aboard on milk-vans, on ice-cars, in empty Red Cross motors, and raced through the Hinis tangi out into the foothills past Khirgi and Manzai, and so in the stifling heat of the evening to Tank.

Thence by car or rail across the Indus; and in carriages packed with kit and stored with ice, in the full blaze of the Indian hot weather, we sweated unto Bombay, and with fluttering cheque-books and wads of notes laid siege to the shipping offices. All India seemed to be homeward bound with passages booked months and years before, and there seemed but little hope for us down from forgotten Mahsudland. So we had to hang about Bombay, waiting for some peaceful plutocrat to die or miss his train, and so leap from the pier-head into his berth.

But by degrees we got passages—some earlier, some not so early; and one of the lucky ones, I boarded the P. & O. mail, and saw on the deck above me that same cavalry man of the Hinis and Piazza,

and in the companion-way ran into General Skeen; while seeking for tables in the saloon, we found other Was-a-force folk.

So as Bombay dropped astern, we searched out long-forgotten boiled shirts and creased dress-suits, and went down to a many-course dinner amid shimmer and rustle of satin and silk, buzz of voices, and all the long-forgotten sights and sounds of civilisation.

We had all of us past experience of returns from war, and, needless to say, did not expect bands and red carpets or even the flowers that London flung into the ambulance-cars in '15. But perhaps some of us had faint ideas that upon occasion we might be people of potential interest, and that should the subject of the frontier arise, less travelled folk (especially the fair sex) might say: "Oh, you're from Waziristan! How interesting! Do tell us something about it."

If you have struggled over a painful path off the beaten track, I suppose it is only

human nature to imagine that others may sometimes like to hear about it. Not that we raised the subject—far from it. But we were prepared to talk if called upon.

It was therefore doubtless for our proper and final chastening that the cavalryman and I fell in with the commercial magnate at evening drink-time. After the manner of travellers, he inquired whence we had come; and the cavalryman, with possibly recollections of the Ahnai and half a dozen more fights at the back of his mind, answered modestly, "Waziristan."

The magnate puckered his brow as though in doubt, and then with a flash of remembrance, replied—

"Ah, yes. There's going to be a show up there soon, isn't there?"

Through a haze I heard the cavalryman, a temperate soul, who drinks mostly water as a rule, call to the waiter for two large brandies and small sodas, ere he deftly turned the conversation into the paths of the fluctuation of the rupee.

## THE ISLE OF SAINTS.

BY J. A. STRAHAN.

I HAVE been thinking a good deal lately of an anecdote related by the late W. R. Le Fanu in his 'Seventy Years of Irish Life,' a book witty enough to be worthy of the great-grandson of Sheridan. The anecdote concerns Whately, when that distinguished scholar and logician was Archbishop of Dublin. The prelate was an able man, but eccentric; and one of his eccentricities was a habit when entertaining his clergy of laying down in an authoritative voice paradoxes which always startled, and sometimes shocked, his hearers. Having accomplished this, which was his object, and after the puzzled clergymen had silently revolved in their minds the strange saying for a sufficient time, the Archbishop would proceed to explain it in such a way as to show that it was merely a truism turned inside out.

Once at a luncheon given at his palace in Stephen's Green to some of his clergy, his grace gave a sample of this habit of his. Speaking in a loud voice, which silenced all other talk at the table, he said, "Is it not strange that there should be no connection between religion and morality?" The confused and speechless spell, which usually settled upon the audience after such an observation as this from their Archbishop, was on

this occasion broken by a louder voice from the other end of the table. "If your Grace means," it said, "that there are heathen religions which have no connection with morality, it is a truism; but if your Grace means that there is no connection between the Christian religion and morality, it is false." It was the Archbishop's turn this time to become silent—and angry. He gave no explanation of his statement; and perhaps he was right. For once he had met more than his match: the speaker was the Rev. John Jellett, then a youthful Fellow, and later a distinguished Provost, of Trinity College, Dublin.

Still I am sorry that Jellett's reply prevented Whately's explanation of his saying. And what I have been thinking of lately is what that explanation would have been. Is it possible he would have justified his proposition by pointing to the state of affairs in the land of his hearers' birth and of his adoption, Erin, the Isle of Saints?

To any one who knows that land there can be no doubt as to the fervour and devotion with which the working-class non-Saxon part of the population cherish their brand of the Christian religion. Not very long ago I spent a Sunday in Dublin. The evening before I

arrived an inoffensive policeman, himself an ardent Catholic, had been shot down in the open street by two or three assassins in the presence of scores of passers-by who made no attempt to interfere. The half-dozen bullets which had passed through the victim's body had left their marks on the neighbouring walls. That Sunday was, I believe, some very holy day—it was, I know, a very wet one; and as I passed along the quays of the Liffey in the forenoon I came to a Catholic Church where divine service was being celebrated. Every seat in the Church was filled with worshippers; every passage and corner of it were crammed by them; while outside the Church the quay was blocked by a mass of devotees who stood bareheaded in the pelting rain catching what glimpses they could get through the open doors of the ceremonies within, and waiting patiently till the exodus from the Church, which had already begun, would permit them to enter and touch their brows with holy water and make obeisance before the altar of their God.

As I say the exodus from the Church had already begun, I noticed that a large part of the worshippers coming out took a particular direction, and I followed. They went straight to the spot where the policeman had the previous night been murdered; and when they reached it, they stopped and examined and put their fingers into the bullet marks in the walls, and ex-

changed jokes and pleasantries with one another before they passed on home. It was then that Archbishop Whately's remark recurred to my mind; and I began to wonder if he was thinking of the Christian religion in Ireland when he made it.

This close association of religious devotion and murder seemed to me at the time very strange; but since then Irish piety has been seen in other stranger associations. Lately a Lord Mayor of Cork, who was at least reasonably suspected of being connected with a gang of murderers, starved himself to death in Brixton Prison. While he did so, hundreds of Irish Catholics outside the walls were counting their beads and reciting their prayers for the benefit of his soul; and, after he had done so, his body was taken to a Catholic Cathedral for further religious services with a lie inscribed on the coffin—that he had been “murdered by the foreigner.” Again, lately, a young student, found guilty of being party to the murder of three soldiers as young as himself, was hanged at Mountjoy Prison; and again beads were counted and prayers were recited outside the walls for the repose of the soul of the convicted murderer.

All the other commandments, except perhaps the one which refers to bearing false witness, are as well, and some are much better, observed by the proletarian non-Saxon Irish as by most other peoples confessing and calling them-

selves Christians ; but the command "Thou shalt do no murder" seems never to have reached Irish ears. The distinction they make between homicide and other offences, generally regarded as much less heinous in other so-called civilised societies, is sometimes sufficiently startling. Years ago I was told by an elderly English barrister, who was the son of an Irish landowner, an experience of his youth which I scarcely credited then, but which I fully believe now. He was returning home from England for a holiday, and as Ireland was as usual in a "disturbed" condition, he thought it prudent to carry a pistol with him. He was met at a roadside railway station by a jaunting-car driven by one of his father's "boys." As it was a dark night and a lonely road, he took his pistol out of his pocket and put it in the "well" of the car ready for instant use. On reaching home, the warm welcome which was awaiting him put out of his mind all memory of his pistol; but the next morning his recollection returned and he went to the car to get it. It was gone. Rather angry, he concluded that the boy must have stolen it, and he went to the boy's mother's cabin and told her so. The mother was furious at the charge. She took the pistol out of a cupboard and handed it back to its owner. "There's it for ye," she said, while her dark eyes flashed fire; "an' den't you be so riddy agin, ser, to call my bhoy a thafe. He

only borrowed yer pistol for the night to thry and shoot a neighbour on his way home."

This amazing contempt for the sanctity of human life among a labouring class, deeply religious and otherwise as virtuous as their fellows in other lands, and, in most relations of society, kindly and even generous, is at present perplexing the people of Great Britain and their Parliament. Both seem to think that the constant butcheries of policemen and soldiers can originate in nothing but an overwhelming sense of injustice, and both also seem to think it is a phenomenon of yesterday's growth. I venture to say they are mistaken both as to its birth and as to its age. It is not the creature of oppression, and it is a modern survival of ancient society in Ireland.

To take the latter point first, I will go back no farther than one hundred and sixty years: I might go back one thousand and sixty.

About the peasant revolt in South Ireland in 1760 Arthur Young wrote as follows:—

"The Whiteboys began in Tipperary. It was a common practice with them to go in parties about the country, swearing many to be true to them, and forcing them to join by menaces which they very often carried into execution. At last they set up to be general redressers of grievances—punished all obnoxious persons who advanced the value of lands or held farms over their head; and



having taken the administration of justice into their own hands, were not very exact in the distribution of it. They forced masters to release their apprentices, carried off the daughters of rich farmers, ravished them into marriages, levied sums of money on the middling and lower farmers in order to support their cause in defending prosecutions against them, and many of them subsisted without work, supported by these prosecutions. Sometimes they committed considerable robberies, breaking into houses, and taking money under pretence of redressing grievances. In the course of these outrages they burned several houses, and destroyed the whole substance of those obnoxious to them. The barbarities they committed were shocking. One of their usual punishments, and by no means the most severe, was taking people out of their beds, carrying them naked in winter on horseback for some distance, and burying them up to their chin in a hole with briars, not forgetting to cut off one of their ears."

That is the description of the practices followed by the non-Saxon peasants in 1760, by an Englishman who was a sharp observer but a warm friend of the peasants. Later, by some sixty years, an Irishman, as sharp an observer and an even warmer friend of the peasants, in a series of sketches of his experiences on the Leinster Circuit, gives a picture more concrete but not in the

least different from that painted by Arthur Young. Lalor Sheil, writing of the assizes in Tipperary in 1827, gives us graphically and in detail accounts of a number of murder trials. The first is the "Murder at Holycross." There a land agent—who seems to have treated the farmers with fairness—was murdered before many spectators by one Patrik Grace. Grace relied on the general terror of murder to prevent any of the spectators giving evidence against him. One was superior to this terror and gave evidence, and Grace was hanged. The witness was taken out of the country by the Government to save him from vengeance; but he left three brothers behind, and vengeance was duly taken on them, though they had nothing to do with their brother's evidence. He describes in a striking way how the three brothers went about their business without apprehension, while everybody they met knew they were doomed to death and who were to kill them. Another was the "Burning of the Sheas," when, because one farmer claimed possession of a small potato garden which he had let to a cottier, he and his family and his servants, to the number of sixteen, were burned alive in his own house, the doors and windows of which were nailed up before the thatch was set on fire. Two other cases were one of the murder of a husband by his wife's paramour, who, like Thurtell,

had supper and slept with the wife in the same room with her husband's dead body; and the murder of another husband by the five brothers of his wife, with her mother's sanction, because the husband paid somewhat too much attention to a young and pretty girl.

In the last case the chief witness was a child of eight years. He saw the five brothers preparing a noose on a rope with which they later strangled their unhappy brother-in-law. The child asked the men, "Is it slaughtering ye're going?" Shiel adds the comment, "Strange state of things when the first idea that offers itself to a child on seeing five men together is associated with blood!"

Arthur Young could suggest no "radical cure" from the lust for murder of his day, but he was sure it was caused by Protestant ascendancy. In Shiel's time the Protestant ascendancy had been pretty well abolished; but he was sure the continuance of the lust for murder was caused by the fact that certain Catholic gentlemen like himself were excluded by statute from the Houses of Lords and Commons. This exclusion was abolished shortly afterwards, but the lust for murder continued. In the tithes' war it ran red; Mr Le Fanu tells how the populace of his neighbourhood, with whom his father and family were on excellent terms, tried to murder him merely because he called on a boycotted clergyman.

(Boycotting in Ireland is of recent origin only in name: it has existed time out of memory, in fact—as have all the other incidents of civil warfare.) The tithes were abolished, and then came the land war; in it the Mamtrasna massacre of a whole family is precisely on the lines of the "Burning of the Sheas." The landlords were abolished. And now we have the murder campaign of the Sinn Feiners, which might be described in the same words as those which Arthur Young used about the murder campaign of the Whiteboys one hundred and sixty years ago. On looking over that description again, I see only one necessary alteration: they do not carry off and marry by ravish rich farmer's daughters now. Sexual morality—if no other—is higher at present in Ireland than it was once. As to murder, the situation is unchanged. Would the murder campaign cease if British rule were abolished? I doubt.

The whole case against the British Government in this horrible business is, I think, stated fully and fairly by the late Sir Henry Maine, the best thinker of his time in England:—

"The Anglo-Norman settlement on the east coast of Ireland acted like a running sore, constantly irritating the Celtic regions beyond the Pale, and deepening the confusion that prevailed there. If the country had been left to itself, one of the great Irish tribes would almost certainly have conquered the

rest. All the legal ideas which, little conscious as we are of their source, come to us from the existence of a strong central government lending its vigour to the arm of justice, would have made their way into the Brehon law, and the gap between the alleged civilisation of England and the alleged barbarism of Ireland during much of their history, which was in reality narrower than is commonly supposed, would have almost wholly disappeared" ('The Early History of Institutions,' Lect. II.)

So far as English misgovernment of Ireland is responsible for the Irish approval of murder as a political or social remedy, it is responsible only as the force which retarded the advancement of civilisation in Ireland. The tolerance of murder there is merely a survival of savagery. In primitive society murder is no crime: it is simply the one mode of righting wrongs and enforcing rights. And it is inflicted not merely on the wrong-doer, but on all his family. The family in early times is in the nature of a modern corporation; every member is liable for the misdeeds of any of his fellow-members. If we remember these two archaic ideas, we will understand how it is that the Irish peasant or labourer—stunted as he is in civilisation—regards the killing of a fellow-man as a negligible offence, and the murder of a whole family for the offence

of one of it as a just retribution. His views of crime are the views of a pre-Christian, pre-civilised age; and he never tries to reconcile his Christian convictions or civilised practices with them. In practice he is a pagan; in opinion a Catholic. This is no more inconsistent than being a Puritan and a grinder of the faces of the poor, which many good English Nonconformists are.

Not merely does the Irish peasant and labourer regard murder as a negligible offence, but his wife and daughters regard it as a proof of courage and manhood (just as the Indian squaw reveres the brave with the most scalps at his belt). This is not the opinion of an unsympathetic Ulsterman merely, but of every one who has studied the character of the Irish non-Saxon peasant. Shiel, in the essays from which I have already drawn, again and again refers to the admiration and even devotion with which a notable murderer was in his time regarded by the populace, and especially by the female members of it. A later study of the subject has been made by another Irishman and lover of the Irish, the late J. M. Synge.

In that remarkable drama, "The Playboy of the Western World," he takes as his "here" a youth who has (or is supposed to have) murdered his own father. This promising boy arrives in the first act at a public-house in Cennaught. He tells the publican, his

daughter (Pegeen), and his customers that he is a fugitive from justice. This secures him sympathy, but only mild sympathy; they think at first that he has merely committed some minor offence. Pegeen had just been talking about the brave criminals she had known, and lamenting the absence of their like in that degenerate time. "Where now," she asks, "will you meet the like of Daneen Sullivan, knocked the eye from a peeler (policeman); or Marcus Quin, God rest him, got six months for maiming ewes; and he a great warrant to tell stories of holy Ireland till he'd have the old women shedding tears about their feet." (Once more we see crime and religion closely connected.) But Daneen Sullivan and Marcus Quin must hide their feeble light when the star of Christy Mahon, who murdered his "da," rises over the horizon. "Is it killed your father?" asks Pegeen in surprised admiration. Christy replies with deep and devout feeling, "With the help of God, I did surely."

So soon as the news of that achievement of Christy Mahon spreads over the country, peasant girls come flocking to Pegeen's public-house to make the here offerings. Pegeen herself falls violently in love with him, and finally proposes marriage, casting off her pledged lover (who is a timid and feeble person) with contempt. Everything is arranged, when to her horror Christy's father comes seeking his

criminal son, not merely alive, but threatening vengeance on the son who had tried to kill him. Christy is denounced at once as an impostor, and Pegeen despises and repudiates him. His father attempts to punish him—he resists, and again he is thought to have killed his father. It turns out, however, that again he has failed to kill him, but he has succeeded in cowing him; and the miserable parent submits himself absolutely to the blackguard son. Pegeen on this repents her repudiation of Christy, and leaves the scene screaming her sorrow for losing this heroic "Playboy of the Western World."

When this drama was produced at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin it was hooted off the stage as a slander on the Irish people. It has, I believe, been since reproduced there and received with enthusiasm as a perfect study of primitive Irish character. And a nice character it is.

I do not blame the Irish people for this toleration of murder and admiration for murderers. A nation's character, like a man's, is the slave of circumstance and of events of a long past. English misrule has had its share in making Ireland's lower classes what they are—victims of a survival of savagery. That cannot be altered now: the immediate and pressing point is, can anything be done to undo the evil results? Many are saying that all that is necessary is to give the gunmen self-government. If they are

given self-government, is it at all certain they will cease to use their guns? Let us remember the same thing was said a dozen times before when the remedy proposed was emancipation of the Catholics, abolition of the tithes, disestablishment of the Church, or extermination of landlordism. All these have been achieved, but the gunman still pursues his unpunished and pleasant career. Will he cease it even if the last of all concessions is made to him and Ireland is evacuated by the British army and the Irish police? I doubt it. Whether the new objects of their guns will be Protestants or priests, employers or "warm" farmers, tax-collectors or police, until the survival of savagery which holds human life to be valueless dies out—and it will take, like Charles II., an unconscionable time in dying—the murders will go on.

When well-meaning leaders without followers—like Sir Horace Plunkett—talk, as he has lately been doing in 'The Times,' about force being no remedy for this murder mania, he should direct his words rather to the Sinn Feiners than to the British Government. The Sinn Feiners believe force is a remedy for their grievances—if they have any. The only reply to force is force. He talks of moderate opinion. When a disaffected subject attacked the Government of Frederick the Great, he asked: "How many riflemen can be put in the field?" If he could put none,

Frederick ignored him. How many gunmen can the moderates take off the field? If they can take off none, then they also should be ignored, because the struggle in Ireland is between the gunmen and the Government.

That struggle is now taking a very acute form. Not merely the persecuted soldiers and police, but also the people of Ulster, are turning to reprisals as a remedy. This has horrified such kindly gentlemen as Mr Asquith and the editors of the English anti-English press. Can one wonder at reprisals when Ulstermen read in their newspapers a notice such as this concerning the children of a widow living in their midst:—

"SMYTH—Murdered at Cork, 17th July 1920, Bt.-Colonel Gerald B. F. Smyth, D.S.O., R.E., aged thirty-four.

"SMYTH—Murdered at Dublin, 12th October 1920, Bt.-Major G. Osbert S. Smyth, D.S.O., M.C., R.F.A., aged thirty.

Only children of the late George Smyth, Esq., I.C.S."

There is no mention here of the now childless mother; but we may be sure that the Ulstermen who read this notice remembered her.

These "hellish" reprisals have not so far resulted in one Sinn Feiner being killed for every dozen of British soldiers and Irish policemen and loyalists who have been murdered. Yet an American

magazine has had the impudence to appoint a committee of Americans to inquire into the tale of English atrocities in Ireland. Its object, it says, is to prevent American indignation becoming so strong as to cause war between the United States and Great Britain; and to ensure this happy result it has put on the committee such a friend of British and American friendship as Mr Randolph Hearst, the owner of the 'New York American.' In the last issue of the same magazine to hand I find a record of American

proceedings in Haiti. The United States, shocked at the disturbances in that island, which were nearly as bad as those in Ireland, sent some four years ago an army to restore order. Order, I understand, has been restored; and in restoring it thirteen Americans fell, and three thousand two hundred and fifty native "bandits" were shot. And these are the people who are inquiring into Irish reprisals!

Oh, many a cup of *their* forbidden  
wine  
Must drown the memory of that  
insolence!

## MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE BOREDOM OF THE COAL STRIKE—INDUSTRY OR POLITICS?—  
MR HODGES' TWO VOICES—THE INTERNATIONALISM OF ORGANISED  
CAPITAL—OXFORD AND THE GERMAN PROFESSORS—AN UNEQUAL  
BARGAIN—THE REBUFF OF OXFORD—THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR—  
CIMON AND THE BONES OF THESEUS—THE CEREMONY IN THE  
ABBEY.

WHEN the coal miners, befogged by the noisy speech and false logic of Mr Smillie, decided to strike, they believed that they would bring the country to its knees in a few days or a few weeks. With a sort of pride they contemplated the cessation of all work. They saw in their mind's eye empty factories and chimneys without smoke. The devastation which would follow their policy of idleness would be caused by them and them alone. They were moved by the same vanity which moves a mischievous urohin to fling a brick through a plate-glass window. They boasted to themselves that they could show their strength by doing an infinite amount of harm. And they succeeded only in becoming bores.

That, indeed, was the end of the coal strike—boredom. England's flesh refused to creep. England could not keep up an interest in a strike which lacked both purpose and sincerity. The leaders of the coal miners shifted their ground from day to day. At the outset they informed us that they were guarding the interests of the consumers, and were determined to save them from the hardship of paying

an extra 14s. 2d. a ton for their coal. Before the strike was declared they had dropped this benevolent aspiration, and were content to ask a higher wage for themselves. At every stage in the deliberations they introduced a fresh argument. Now they demanded their two shillings as their just share of the profits. Now they insisted that the rise in the cost of living entitled them to a higher wage. But so often did they change their plea that it was evident that they had made up their mind to strike with or without a reason, and the country was doomed to suffer for the mere caprice of the miners.

Clearly, to begin with, the strike was not industrial. The Trades Union was not attempting to accomplish its common object of a higher wage. Wages cannot be paid out of an empty till, and the coal miners, whether they had won or lost, must have been all the poorer for the strike. In truth, the victims of the miners' leaders were fighting for no end, which could or should have been legitimately reached. Their object was nothing less than

political. They had done their best to achieve revolution by what they called "direct action," and they had failed because the whole country was against them. So they tried to destroy the commerce and the peace of the country by other means. To believe what is said by this or that leader is impossible, because the leaders never tell the same story. They have not arranged one with another to stick to the same falsehood. But there is little doubt that at the beginning of the business the half-baked demagogue, Mr Hodges, was aiming to reach nationalisation. Writing to what he thought was a sympathetic public in the *Humanité*, he loudly and clearly proclaimed that the object of the strike was the abolition of private capital in the coal trade. "If the wages claim is granted," said he with his customary urbanity, "the British public will have to pay, and it appears to me that the nationalisation of the coal mines of this country will be secured far more quickly when the public realises that they are compelled to pay for the wasteful unorganised system of private enterprise than by years of educational propaganda such as the Labour movement of Britain has engaged in for the last two or three years." The policy thus sketched by Mr Hodges is plain enough. The blackmail of a strike is to do the work which commonly is achieved by propaganda. The strike, in other words, is a short cut to dispossessing the owners of the mines. It was

not inspired by the desire of higher wages. It was not industrial, but political. The legitimate desires of a Trades Union had nothing whatever to do with it. The leaders of the coal miners pretended to support the common interests of the trade, and all the while aimed at upsetting the constitution of the country. Mr Hodges fondly believed that the candour which he displayed in Paris could not cross the Channel, and thought that his fellow-countrymen would not unmask this policy of the ostrich.

However, with the reckless folly of his kind, he pulled his head out of the sand as soon as ever the strike was over. He permitted himself to be questioned by 'The Times,' and he gave an excellent imitation of what he thought an industrial statesman should say. In complete contradiction to what he had proclaimed before, he spoke with the voice of moderation. "The miners," he said, "recognise that they must drop political considerations from their plans for the future of the industry. They must leave such questions as the nationalisation of the mines to the development of the political consciousness of the people. It is a mistake to think that by reducing the state of the industry to the verge of bankruptcy nationalisation will be brought about more quickly, for if it were on the verge of bankruptcy nationalisation would be worthless." To this obvious elementary truth Mr



Hodges was converted at last. Had he stated it at the beginning he might have saved his country and his victims a vast deal of loss and discomfort. You need not be a labour leader to know that if the till is empty you cannot distribute higher wages to your friends. But Messrs Smillie and Hodges were determined to go as far on the road of revolution as they thought prudent, or as the miners, their masters, could push them. They blustered and they argued, and they persuaded themselves at any rate that if they shouted loud enough the walls of London might fall down at the mere echo of their voices. And they shouted to a people which was merely bored. They received no support for their extravagant claims. They were told in terms which they could not misinterpret that they were tiresome. And they brought the strike to a close with what speed they might.

The strike was insincere in its end as it was in its beginning. It was made without a definite purpose, and the miners returned to their pits without achieving anything profitable to anybody. Their pride persuaded them that they could hurt a whole nation, and that seemed to their folly and indiscipline a useful end. It was the poverty of their thought and the impetence of their "action" which made them supremely tedious. We were told daily to admire the "moderation" of Messrs Smillie

and Hodges, who, having believed that they could hold the country to ransom and been assured of failure, were doing their best to keep their followers behind them. Daily we heard sung the praises of the "moderate" Mr Thomas, who, having discovered that the railwaymen resolutely refused to follow the miners in a revolutionary strike, pretended to the world that he was using all the strength of a superman to hold his followers back. It was all a mischievous comedy, and it says a great deal for the sound sense of Great Britain that in the end, as we have said, it bored us all.

We have heard the two voices with which Mr Hodges spoke. Now listen to Mr Smillie as he lifts up his "moderating" voice. "I would not be at all surprised," says he, "in fact I had a hint of it last week, that the probability was that, in the event of the miners striking in Great Britain, an attempt would be made to import into this country the German coals which the French are taking from the Germans at the present time. (Shame.) Yes, and the ordinary politician would just as soon use the Germans against you as they used you against the Germans. Organised capital has no nationalities and no boundaries." Of course there is no truth in what Mr Smillie says, and of course if he remembers the splendid part he played in the war he might find it prudent to hold his tongue about the Germans. But what

nonsense it is! Nonsense so obvious that the cries of "shame," which it evoked must have emerged from a gramophone. Now suppose that in the dearth of coal, caused wantonly and foolishly by Mr Smillie and his friends, we warmed our hearths and baked our bread (and Mr Smillie's bread too) with German coal, the fault would be the miners' and the miners' alone. Or does Mr Smillie believe that, if he choose to call a strike, we must not seek coal anywhere at all? That, to be sure, is a pleasant battle in which only one combatant is permitted to fight. And best of all, we like Mr Smillie's righteous indignation at the mere thought cherished only in his own mixed and tangled brain, that "organised capital has no nationalities and no boundaries." Why, for years we have been told that it was precisely from "nationalities and boundaries" that all the woes of the earth came to us. The red flag is never run up except to an international accompaniment. Have we not been promised that internationalism shall save the world? And now at last we find organised capital placed within the inner circle of the international elect by Mr Smillie himself! Vain men they are to aspire to government who cannot control their clapper-cawing tongues, and who do not understand the plain definitions of politics.

Knowing not what they wanted, nor by what means they should get it, they clam-

oured noisily for revolution. Many of them had been upon cheap trips to Russia, and had witnessed the rich fruits of Lenin's merry reign. Could they not achieve in England a like joyousness of misery and extinction? Might they not witness happily the slow starvation of those—scholars, doctors, poets, philosophers—who had served them loyally and with small reward? Envy, no doubt, was strong in them, and the desire to break that which they did not and could not possess. But even revolution, if it is to bring with it beer and skittles, as well as death and cruelty, needs a little reflection. And the hot-heads, of course, had not reflected. They thought that it was enough to shout and throw stones. It is not surprising, then, that the speech of one practical man, as reported in the 'Democrat,' effectually cooled the ardour of those to whose ears the sound of breaking glass (and broken heads—not their own) is the sweetest music. "All right," said the practical gentleman. "You are out for a revolution. In that case let us have a business-like revolution. Name your Cabinet; name the commanders of your armies; decide from what source you will obtain your machine-guns, and how you will keep those supplied with ammunition; decide who are to replace the fallen—but, above all, make out a list of those you intend to hang, to prevent them hanging you." And they had nothing to reply

*with except the garrulity of Mr Smillie, and Mr Thomas posed, as usual, in an attitude of forbearance.*

Thus the coal miners put a very poor figure, because they cannot see through the folly and selfishness of their leaders. Poor dopes! They mistake vague desires and indiscipline for a settled policy. The mere fact that they hoped to drag out the railwaymen and transport-workers is a clear proof that their end was revolutionary and not industrial. For years they have clamoured for the extension of the franchise, and now that they have got what they asked for, they scream aloud that they themselves — a mere minority — should govern the country or down tools. And they are not checked by strong sincere leaders. One by one these who have undertaken the thankless job of controlling the working man surrender to the pressure of revolution. We were not surprised at the lack of logic and understanding which befogged the brains of those who made themselves into a council of direct action. But when Mr Clynes, once an able and fearless leader, went over to the enemies of the State, we saw that the game was up. The excuse which he made for "direct action" would persuade nobody; and it was plain that Mr Clynes, like the rest, was ready to follow anybody who would acclaim him "leader." Indeed the only words of sense spoken throughout an unnecessary controversy were spoken by the Lime Street

(Liverpool) staff of the London and North-Western Railway: "No alliance with Bolshevism! We have not forgotten the sacrifice of our boys who lie in France and Belgium. The crippled, the blind, and the soldiers unemployed are hindered, not helped, by these damnable strikes! We also call for the immediate resignation of the extreme section of the executive." How pompous and absurd must these wise, true words have seemed to Mr Smillie's levity! Yet they explain, briefly and clearly, the failure of the strike. The leaders very soon discovered that the vast majority was bitterly opposed to them, and that the day has gone by when one section of the people will bring starvation upon England and ruin on the Empire for the mere fun of displaying the destructive force that they call "power."

The reckless scholars who, under the guidance of the Poet Laureate, hastened to advertise their love of the Germans in the public press, are (we hope) repenting at leisure their anxious temerity. They have been renounced by their fellows and solemnly rebuked and disowned by the Vice-Chancellor of their University. Why they took this unauthorised step and persuaded Europe (for the moment) that they represented the learning of England, we do not know. We do know that they have caused an unnecessary misunderstanding between the French and ourselves, and

have suffered (as was certain) a rebuff from the Germans, whom they hoped to conciliate. Moreover, had they desired individually to make friends of those who have been England's bitterest enemies, they might have done it through the twopenny post, without advertising their ill-timed magnanimity to the whole world.

They approached their German colleagues with the humility of sycophants. They assumed unwarrantably that the German professors "fully shared their heartfelt sorrow and regret for the breach that the war has occasioned in our friendly intercourse." On the German side the intercourse was rarely friendly. The German professors were (as we all know) engaged by the State to preach the sort of lessons which the State desired to inculcate. They were the warriors of what they called *Kultur*, whose first mission it was to destroy the learning and discipline of other countries. Friendly intercourse was the last thing in the world that they wanted with us, or with the French. They might use it as a cloak wherewith to cover the nakedness of their ridiculous vanity. They bragged loudly that there was a gulf fixed between them and others, and they rejected (at home) all community of *kultur* with other peoples, and especially the so-called Western European Ideas. The famous Professor Sombart spoke for all his colleagues when he proclaimed the German exclusiveness. "It is said that it is un-German"—these

are his words—"to wish to be only German. That is a consequence of our wealth. We understand all foreign nations; none of them understands us, and none of them can understand us." By this time, no doubt, many foreign nations care little enough whether they understand *kultur* or not. But Professor Sombart's attitude is not the attitude of one who desired before the war, or desires in this time of peace, the friendly intercourse of Englishmen or Frenchmen. And he and his fellows might well have been left to find their way back as best they could to civilisation.

In one sense the great war was made by the German professors. As they looked to their "army and the corps of officers to endow them with, and educate them in, higher values," so they were ready to preach the doctrine of "militarism" in all their chairs. It was for that purpose that they were paid by the State, and they did not forget that they were civil servants before they were scholars. No doubt, if Mr Fisher is permitted to remain long enough in power he will Teutonise our universities and our scholarship and our professors. He is not likely to take warning by the example of Germany. But notice with what different voices the professors—German and English—spoke when war was declared in 1914. "Our belief is"—thus said the manifesto signed by 3500 professors and lecturers of Germany—"that the salvation of the

whole kultur of Europe depends upon the victory which German 'militarism' is about to achieve." Such was the tone of the Germans. In the meantime a set of British professors were hastening to explain how much they liked their German colleagues, who had permitted them to drink beer and smoke pipes in their presence, and how fervently they prayed that we should not, even under the bitterest provocation, take arms against them. These two attitudes were preserved right through the war, and the complete difference between them makes it impossible that we should publicly acknowledge a friendship which never existed except on one side.

It is, therefore, in defiance of the truth that some few scholars of Oxford assure the Germans that "we personally approach you with the desire to dispel the embitterment and animosities which, under the impulse of loyal patriotism, may have passed between us." This understatement of the truth is not even humorous. Whatever impulse has passed between the Germans and the friends of the Poet Laureate it is not the same. On the one side there has been ferocity always. On the other, sometimes a tepid benevolence, sometimes even a convinced pro-Germanism. And the scholars of Oxford do themselves—for whom alone they speak—a great wrong if they pretend that the moment has come for an equal and a public reconciliation. Moreover, not

only were the German professors foremost in the campaign of insolence, they were busily employed in drawing up for the benefit of their future dominion sublime plans of annexation. Boasting that they alone were favoured of God, that no German soldier had ever inflicted pain upon an innocent human being, they shouted aloud that they should inherit the whole earth. "The territory open to future German expansion," thus Professor Hasse, "must extend from the North Sea and the Baltic to the Persian Gulf, absorbing the Netherlands and Luxemburg, Switzerland, the whole basin of the Danube, the Balkan Peninsula, and Asia Minor." There is a simple plan of conquest sketched by a professor, and it is not the professor's fault that the sketch has not by this time become a finished picture.

And as the German professors would, if they could, have laid hands upon the whole of Europe, they uttered no word of protest against the acts of violence done to universities and libraries. They cared not that priceless treasures were destroyed at Louvain, in defiance of the law of nations. They were not their treasures. They, in full knowledge of the approaching conflict, had already taken precautions and put their own "unicorns," as a professor at Freiburg called them, in a safe place. Briefly, throughout the war they showed themselves the determined foes of learning,

and if there had to have been any approach between us, the approach should have come not from us, who have the right to anger, and who in fifty years may have the forbearance to forgive, but from the Germans.

And Oxford has been snubbed by the Boche, as Oxford deserves. A little thought exercised by the anxious scholars might have convinced them that the snub was inevitable. The texts still exist which show what the Germans thought of us before the war, during the war, since the war. The German thought has not changed, and will not change. The one regret which the Germans feel is the regret that they did not emerge victorious, that they have not paid for their adventure by the enslavement of Europe, that they have not forced their kultur upon an admiring world. With those thoughts, and that one single regret, how should the Germans care to accept an offer of conciliation? The friends of Dr Bridges offered a gift which they did not value, and they rejected it with scorn.

After all, literature and scholarship are the pursuits of men, not of mobs. Our writers and scholars will not achieve better work because they have made a public attempt to overcome a just animosity, to stamp under foot a righteous embitterment. And what have the Germans to teach us that we cannot, if necessity asks us, get out of their books? Must we extend a civil hand to Herr

Wilamovitz-Möllendorf to learn from him the following lesson? "See what the war has laid bare in others," he writes. "What have we learnt of the soul of Belgium? Has it not revealed itself as the soul of cowardice and assassination? They have no moral forces within them; therefore they resort to the torch and the dagger." Thus the compatriot of the butchers of Louvain, a professor, who once affected the friendship of England. If the war has taught him to write like that, need we proffer him the hand of friendly intercourse in public? And where the greatest of all has fallen so low, what shall we expect of the rest? Would it not be better to pursue our work in peace and leave the Germans of the next generation to return to the paths of comradeship if they find that those paths are pleasant? At any rate, it is for us to see whether we will take, it is not ours to proffer, the reconciling hand.

When the Unknown Warrior was proudly carried for burial to Westminster Abbey, our mind went back to the ancient legend of Cimon, who won the goodwill of the Athenians by bringing home to Athens what was left of Theseus. "Cimon was marvellous careful to seek out his tomb"—so Plutarch tells the story—"because the Athenians had an oracle and prophecy that commanded them to bring his ashes and bones back to Athens and to

honour him as a demi-god. But they knew not where he was buried, for that the inhabitants of the island would never before confess where it was, nor suffer any man to seek it out, till he at the last with much ado found the tomb, put his bones aboard the Admiral galley sumptuously decked, and so brought them again to his country." As Theseus returned in honour to his native land, so has returned the Unknown Warrior, he too on a galley sumptuously decked. A place has been found for his mortal spoils in Westminster Abbey, the last resting-place of our greatest dead. He symbolises, all unknown as he is, the courage and the ready sacrifice of his kind. He did his duty, with a simple fortitude, and as he died for others, so he resumes in his unnamed self the glory and the gratitude owed to them all.

The thought and the ceremony were Greek in their simplicity, and their simplicity it was, no doubt, which brought Cimon and Theseus to our mind. Altars were once set up to the Unknown God. The supreme honour of Westminster Abbey is given to the Unknown Warrior. Theseus returned to Athens, because there was an oracle and a prophecy. The Unknown Warrior is carried to his place in Westminster that the whole Empire may mourn the loss of those who fell in thousands for their fatherland, and admire in one grave the sacrifice of them all. In France he gave his life. What more had he to give?

In Westminster Abbey his bones shall rest for ever among the bones of kings and captains and great poets. In Browne's noble words, he has "entered the famous nations of the dead, and sleeps with princes and counsellors." His is the immortality which all would covet. His is the better part: he has no "naked nomination"; he has, what is better, "deserts and noble acts." Again the prose of Thomas Browne echoes in our ear, suggesting comfort for the Unknown Warrior: "To be nameless in worthy deed exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief than Pilate?"

The Unknown Warrior, then, is nameless in worthy deeds, and in that nobility we can picture him to ourselves. He is brother to Francis Doyle's Private of the Buffs—

"A man of mean estate,  
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,  
Because his soul was great."

A plain man, who did as he was told, like the rest—who set duty before ambition, who was content to serve his country and to die for it, without a thought of sending his name to echo round the world. And he has won the highest reward of all. He is the Unknown Warrior; and it is the essence of his greatness and our respect that nobody will ever wonder whence he came or what acts of heroism he performed.

The wars of to-day are the

wars of nation against nation. There is no more place for professional gladiators. Men are killed by adversaries whom they never see, who never see them. But this does not mean that the hour of heroism is passed. It means that heroes are multiplied by many thousands, and it gives us the reason why, in doing respect to the Unknown Warrior, we are showing our reverence for all those who, having fought and died for their country, are nameless. But in the moment of honouring the unknown, let us not forget or belittle the services of the known and named. A careless writer, carried away by enthusiasm, was inspired by the thought of the Unknown Warrior to proclaim that all the greatest deeds are done by the nameless. Thus he missed the relative values of things done and words spoken. Though nation wars against nation, it is still the leader who makes the victory certain. Though lofty sentiments echo in the hearts of thousands, it is the poet, working in solitude, who fashions the verse which is immortally remembered. Honour and gratitude are due to known and unknown, and when we pay our just tribute to the hero who lies buried in Westminster Abbey, it is well not to forget the injunction of the Preacher: "Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us."

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